



William Shakespeare.

Plans

of

William Shakespeare



THE Swan Theatre 1613

W. SKELTON, del

J. GODFREY, sculp

CASSELL & COMPANY, LIMITED:
LONDON, PARIS & MELBOURNE.

THE
ROYAL SHAKSPEARE

The Poet's Works in Chronological Order

FROM THE TEXT OF PROFESSOR DELIUS

WITH

“THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN” AND “EDWARD III.”

AND

AN INTRODUCTION BY F. J. FURNIVALL

FOUNDER AND DIRECTOR OF THE NEW SHAKSPEARE SOCIETY

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS

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PREFACE.

THE ROYAL SHAKSPERE contains the works of the Poet arranged according to a conjectural chronological order supplied most kindly by Professor Delius, of Bonn. In reference to this matter the learned professor writes :—"The chief object in these chronological researches or experiments, as I conceive it, cannot be to fix the date of a certain year for each play—and I am very doubtful about *my* dates in this respect—but to point out the growth and the working of Shakspeare's art and genius in the course of his whole dramatical career. Of course, even this end can only be arrived at to an approximative degree, by combining, as far as possible, an unprejudiced consideration of the inherent characteristics—arrangement of the plot, personification of the character, style, and verse, all varying in Shakspeare's different periods—with an accurate criticism of those outward notices and allusions, either existing or believed to exist, in reference to the most part of Shakspeare's plays. With regard to these allusions which have so frequently and so triumphantly been held up—each generally contradicting and invalidating the latest previous discovery—I confess to an inveterate scepticism; and, unless these allusions were self-evident, I have seldom suffered myself to be influenced by them in my chronological arrangement. In the same way I have, in the progress of my Shaksperian studies, grown rather sceptical about the favourite theory, which I formerly cherished myself, that Shakspeare did really at any period of his life re-write a play which he had written before. I am rather inclined now to ascribe all those discrepancies in the text between the first and the second editions of *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Henry V.*, *Henry VI.* (second and third parts), *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, merely and exclusively to those anonymous hands that meddled with the first publications of these dramas. I am altogether sceptical, too, about another favourite theory which tries to discover the traces of an anonymous hand, other than Shakspeare's, in his acknowledged plays. Of course, I except *Timon of Athens* and *Pericles* as dramas written formerly by another author—probably George Wilkins—and afterwards completed and altered partially by our Poet. I ought to add that I do discover an anonymous hand in the Prologues to *Troilus and Cressida* and to *King Henry VIII.*, but nowhere else."

With respect to the chronology of the Poems, the following quotations from Professor Delius's letter on the subject appear to be necessary. "As to the *Sonnets*, I dare not assign them to a certain year, because they were written at different times, though all in the first period of Shakspeare's poetical career. The whole series of them may range

PREFACE.

between *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* and *Romeo and Juliet*. I think you will best place them with the latter play. *A Lover's Complaint* may belong to the end of Shakspeare's second period, or to the third and latest period. So you may place it with *Othello*. *The Passionate Pilgrim* can hardly lay claim to a definite place in our chronological order, consisting as it does, for a great part, of poems falsely attributed to our Poet. All that is really Shakspeare's in this fraudulent publication belongs to his first period. *The Phoenix and Turtle* must have been written shortly before its appearance in print (1601)."

It has been thought advisable that THE ROYAL SHAKSPEARE, which aims at being one of the completest editions before the public, should include two plays which are considered by many competent authorities to contain much of Shakspeare's work--namely, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and *Edward III.* The text of the former play has been specially revised for this edition by Mr. Harold Littledale; and, by the courtesy of Professor Delius, his text of the latter play has been used, though he wishes it to be most distinctly understood that it is not to be inferred that he regards that historical play as Shakspeare's, for, as a matter of fact, *Edward III.* is, in his opinion, a pseudo-Shaksperian play.

The Editor's thanks are due to Professor Delius and his publisher, Mr. Friderichs, of Elberfeld, for their express permission to use the text of Delius's *Shakspeare*; to Mr. F. J. Furnivall for his admirable Introduction and the many useful suggestions he has offered respecting this edition; and to Mr. Harold Littledale for his revision, as already mentioned of the text of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.

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NEAR the centre, the heart³, of England, in one of those Midland shires that gave Britain its standard speech, was the most famous user of that speech, William Shakspeare, the world's greatest poet, born. Warwickshire was his county, Stratford-upon-Avon his birth-town :

¹ The link of Mistaken-Identity or Personation couples all these together.

² The prison-scene, where Claudio's nature fails under the burden of coming death, is the centre of the play.

³ "Our Warwick-shire the Heart of England is."—1658. Sir Aston Cokain, to Dugdale.

Warwickshire, famed for its legends of Sir Guy and Rembrun; its castles, Warwick and Kenilworth; its ancient Coventry of Guilds and Mystery-plays; its battle-field of Edgehill¹; its Kingmaker, Warwick; its rolling hills and vales; Stratford-upon-Avon, famous alone as having given birth to Shakspeare.² The town lies on the river Avon, there navigable; and just as the stream reaches the bridge, it broadens to full treble its wonted width, as if to mirror duly the elm-ringed church on its bank, and show in full beauty the swans sailing on its surface. Round the town are more or less distant hills, and the view of it from the nearest, the Welcombe Hills, whose enclosure Shakspeare said he was not able to bear, shows the town nestling in the broad valley, a quiet cozy place, now numbering 7,400 inhabitants. It and Henley, not far off to the northward, are described in a Harleian MS. of 1599 as "good market townes." (My *Harrison*, p. lxxxviii.)

• The house that Shakspeare was born in is not certainly known. In 1552 his father lived in "Hendley Streete," and was "presented," or reported, with Humfrey Reynolds and Adrian Quyne for making a dunghill (*sterquinarium*) in the street.

In 1575, eleven years after his son William's birth, he bought the property, afterwards two houses, with gardens and orchards, the left-hand house of which tradition assigns as the poet's birthplace (in the first-floor room above the porch and below the gable), and which, having been "restored," now looks outside as if it had been built a week ago, though the inside has been left in its old state.

Before its restoration, the left-hand house was used as a butcher's shop, and the right-hand one, then with brick front, as the "Swan and Maidenhead" Inn. The right-hand house is now a Shakspeare Museum of relics, views, books, &c. The interior of the left-hand one has been left untouched, and the dingy whitewash of the bare supposed birth-room is scribbled all over with names of men, known and unknown, among the former being Byron, Walter Scott, and Alfred Tennyson.

Shakspeare's father, John Shakspeare (not he of Clifford, or the farmer of Inghton Meadow, in Hampton Lucy) was probably the son of Richard Shakspeare, farmer, of Snitterfield, three miles from Stratford, a tenant of Robert Arden, whose daughter John Shakspeare married. In 1552 we find John Shakspeare in Henley Street, helping to make a dunghill, as noticed above; and on June 17, 1556, Thomas Siche brings an action against him—John Shakspeare, *glouer*³,—for £8. Besides gloving, he took up corn-dealing, or farming, as, in 1556, he brings an action against Henry Fyld for 18 quarters of barley, which Fyld unjustly detains. On October 2, 1556, he buys a copyhold house, garden, and croft in Greenhill Street, and a copyhold house and garden in Henley Street. In 1557, on April 10, he was marked, but not sworn, as one of the jury of the court-leet to inquire into and reform local abuses. In 1557, he was made an ale-taster (sworn to look to the assize and goodness of bread, ale, and beer), and was fined 8*d.* for being away from three courts. Soon after Michaelmas he became a burgess of Stratford, and about the end of 1557 must have married Mary Arden, (youngest daughter of the late Robert Arden, husbandman and landowner, under whose will she took a small property, of about fifty-four acres and a house, called Ashbies, at Wilmecote⁴, £6 13*s.* 4*d.*, and an interest in two tenements at Snitterfield, and other land at Wilmecote.)

Their first child, Joan, was baptised on September 15, 1558, and probably died soon after. On September 30, 1558—some six weeks before Queen Elizabeth's accession, on November 17—John Shakspeare was one of the jury of the court-leet, and was also elected

¹ After Shakspeare's time. October 23, 1642. See the description in *Graphic Illustrations of Warwickshire*, pp. 8-9. Warwickshire is also the county of one who is often called England's Shakspeare among novelists, George Eliot (Mrs. G. H. Lewes, formerly Miss M. Evans). (N.B.—All the dates here are Old Style ones. Add ten days to each for our New Style.)

² This spelling of our great poet's name is taken from the only unquestionably genuine signatures of his that we possess, the three on his will, and the two on his Blackfriars conveyance and mortgage. None of these signatures have an *e* after the *k*; three have no *z* after the first *e*; the fifth I read *pere*, or *ere*. The *a* and *e* had their French sounds, which explain the forms "Shaxper," &c. Though it has hitherto been too much to ask people to suppose that Shakspeare knew how to spell his own name, I hope the demand may not prove too great for the imagination of my readers. The spelling of "Shake-speare" in those quartos that have it, and the poet's arms of the fluttering bird and spear, evidently arose from the desire to give meaning to the popular (and, in this case, perhaps, true) etymology-name, which so suited the conceit-mongers of Elizabeth's time. (A friend of mine explains Furnivall as Ferny-vale.) An old acquaintance who, as a boy, often came in to Stratford market with his grandmother, from their village near, to sell butter, &c., tells me that his grandfather and all the villagers and Stratford folk used then to pronounce the name "Shax-per."

³ *Glou'*, with the mark of contraction for *er*, = 'glover.'

⁴ Sly's Wincott ale, Induction to *The Shrew*.

constable. On October 6, 1559, he was again made constable, and also "affecter," or **fixer** of the fines not fixt by statute, to be levied for offences against the borough by-laws. In May, 1561, he was again made affecter; and, in September, one of the two chamberlains, which office he held for two years. On December 2, 1562, his daughter Margaret was baptised; and on April 30, 1563, she was buried.

These years, 1562-3, were bad plague years for London. Stowe says that in the city and neighbouring parishes 20,136 people died of it.¹ Of 1563 he writes (*Annals*, ed. 1605, p. 1,112):—

"Threefold plague to the poore Citizens of London. Forsomuch as the plague of pestilence was so hot in the citie of London, there was o Terme kept at Michaelmasse: to be short, the poore Citizens of London were this yeere plagued with a threefold plague, pestilence, scarcitie of money, and dearth of victuals: the miserie whereof were too long heere to write: no doubt the poore remember it; the rich, by flight into the countries [= countres], made shift for themselves.

"Earthquake. "An earthquake was in the month of September in diuers places of this realm, specially in Lincolne and Northamptonshire.

"*Ann. roy. G.* lightning and thunder. "From the first day of December till the 12, was such continuall lightning and thunder, especially the same 12 day at night, that the like had not bene scene nor heard by any man then living."

"1564. But in 1564 came glad tidings—
Peace with France—proclaimed. "an honorable & ioyfull peace was concluded betwixt the Queenes Maiestie and the French King, their Realmes, Dominions, and Subiects, which peace was proclaimed with sound of trumpet before her Maiestie in her Castle of Windlesore [Windsor]. Also the same peace was proclaimed at London on the 13 day of Aprill."

And on the 26th, at Stratford,—Wednesday, April 26, the same as our May 6, New Style,—was baptised—

"1564, April 26, Gulielmus filius Johannes Shaksperc."

[William son (of) John Shaksperc.]

Well was it for the world that the plague, on its journey northward, spared one house in that pleasant Midland town, and called on the father, not for his baby son's life, but only "towards the releeffe of the poore," for 12*d.* on August 30, 6*d.* on each of September 6 and 27, 8*d.* on October 20. The plague was rife in Stratford. "From June 30 to December 31, 238 inhabitants, a ninth of the population, are carried to the grave" (Knight).

The day of Shaksperc's birth cannot be ascertained. The inscription on his monument says that he died on April 23 (our May 3), 1616, in the 53rd year of his age. Tradition has consequently fixt on April 23 as his birthday; and of course he may have been rightly said to be in his 53rd year if he became 52 on the day he died. But one may well doubt the probability of his being baptised at three days old, in the absence of any tradition as to his illness then; and if his death-day had been the anniversary of his birthday, the inscription would most probably have mentiond the coincidence.

We leave the brown-eyd boy for a time in his mother's arms² while we follow his father's fortunes. In 1564, John Shaksperc and his fellow-chamberlain, John Taylor, having left office, gave in their account as "chamburlens," and in it are the entries, "Ken, payd to Shakspeyre for a pee tymbur, iii.s.," and on January 26, 1564-5, "the chamber is found in axerage, and ys in det unto John Shakspeyre, £1 5s. 8*d.*" On July 4, 1565, John Shaksperc is chosen one of the fourteen aldermen of Stratford. In 1566, on February 15 (8th of Elizabeth 1565-6), "Thaccompt of William Tylor and William Symthe, chamburlens, made by John Shakspeyr," is rendered; at Michaelmas, John

¹ It had spread from Newhaven, whither the soldiers from the French war had crowded.

² Shaksperc's birth-year was that of Queen Elizabeth's visit to Cambridge, and of the great frost, the Thames being frozen over, so "that, on New-yeares euen, people went ouer and along the Thamys on the ice from London-bridge to Westminster; some played at foote-ball as boldly there as if it had bene on the dry land . . . and the people, both men and women, went on the Thamys in greater number then in any streete of the city of London." Then came a rapid thaw on January 3, 1565, at night, "which caused great flouds and high waters, that bare downe bridges and houses, and drowned many people in England, especially in Yorkeshire. Owes bridge was borne away with other."—*Stowe*, p. 1,115. Marlowe, too, was born in 1564.

Shakspere is twice surety for Richard Hathaway; and on October 13, his second son, Gilbert, is baptised. No record of the family occurs in 1567, but at Michaelmas, 1568, John Shakspere was made high bailiff, or mayor, of Stratford for a year. On April 15, 1569, his third daughter, called Joan after the dead first, was baptised; and as both the Queen's and the Earl of Worcester's players performed in the town that year¹, perhaps father John took his five-and-a-half-year-old boy Will to see them. On September 5, 1571, John Shakspere was elected for a year chief alderman, which gave him the right to be called Mr.—Master, *Magister*—and on September 28, his fourth daughter, Anne (who was buried on April 4, 1579), was baptised. Did the young Will wonder, as we did, where the babies came from, and look under the gooseberry-bushes for them; or did he, later on, consult with his brothers and sisters how the youngest baby could most conveniently be made away with? At any rate, the question of his school naturally turns up in 1571, when he became seven², because boys could not be admitted to the free Stratford Grammar School unless they were seven years old, able to read, and lived in the town. Thomas Hunt, curate of Luddington, the next village down the Avon, was then master of the Grammar School, and he was succeeded by Thomas Jenkins.

§ 2. How a school-boy of the time was to dress and behave is told us by Francis Seager in his *Schoole of Vertue and booke of good Nourture for chyl dren*, A.D. 1577, reprinted in my *Babes' Book*, Early English Text Society, 1868, pp. 333-355. He was to rise early, put on his clothes, turn up his bed, go down stairs, salute his parents and the family, wash his hands, comb his head, brush his cap and put it on, taking it off when he spoke to any man. Then he was to tie his shirt-collar to his neck, see that his clothes were tidy, fasten his girdle round his waist, rub his hose or breeches, see that his shoes were clean, wipe his nose on a napkin, pare his nails (if need were), clean his ears, wash his teeth, and get his clothes mended if torn. Then take his satchel, books, pen, paper, and ink, and off to school. On the way there, he was to take off his cap and salute the folk he met, giving them the inside of the road; and he was to call his school-fellows. At school he was to salute his master and school-mates, go straight to his place, undo his satchel, take out his books, and learn as hard as he could. After school he was to walk orderly home,

"Not runnyng on heapes as a swarme of bees,
As at this day Every man it nowe sees;
Not vsynge, but refusynge, suche foolyshe toyes

As commonly are vsed in these dayes, of boyes,
As hoopynge and halowynge, as in huntynge the fox,
That men it hearynge, deryde theræ with mockes."

The model boy (which I heartily hope Will Shakspere wasn't) was, on the contrary, not to talk or chatter as he walkt home, or to gape or gaze at every new fangle; but to go soberly, be free of cap, and full of courtesy; and when he reacht home, he was to bid his fellows farewell, and salute his parents with all reverence. Then he was to wait on his parents at dinner. First, say grace; then make a low curtsy, and say, "Much good may it do you!" If he was big enough, he was then to bring the food to the table, taking care not to fill the dishes too full, so as to spill them on his parents' clothes or the table-cloth. He was to have spare trenchers and napkins ready in case any guests came in; to see that there was plenty of bread and drink, often empty the voiders into which bones were thrown, and be always ready in case anything was wanted. Then he was to clear away. First, cover the saltcellar then set a voider—dirty plate-basket—on the table, and put into it all the dirty trenchers and napkins (as forks were not yet in use, and folk ate with their fingers, the napkins would be made very dirty); then sweep the crumbs into another voider, and lay a clean trencher before every one; then set on cheese, fruit, biscuits, or carraways, with wine (if there was any), or else ale or beer. When all had finisht, he was to turn in each side of the table-cloth, and fold it up, beginning at the top. That done, spread a clean towel on the table, or if there was not a towel, use the table-cloth; bring the basin and ewer, and when people were ready to wash their greasy hands, pour water on them, but not too much. Then clear—"voyde"—the table that all might rise, and, lastly, make a low curtsy to them.

¹ It is the first recorded performance. Every year after, except two, during Shakspere's youth, players acted in the town.

² I went to a boarding-school at six-and-a-quarter, and recollect still, jumping with delight when the carriage drove round to take me. But after a quarter's taste of the cane, &c., tears came on going back for the Autumn half.

"The hungry boy is at last free to eat his own dinner; but no, he must "pause a space, for that is a sygne of nourtur and grace." Then he is to take salt with his knife; to cut his bread, not break it; not to fill his spoon too full of pottage (soup) for fear of spilling it on the cloth, and not to sup his pottage, "or speake to any, his head in the cup;" his knife is to be sharp, to cut his meat neatly; and his mouth is not to be too full when he eats:

<p>"Not smackynge thy lyppes, As commonly do hogges, Nor gnawynge the bones, As it were dogges;</p>	<p>Suche rudenes abhorre, such beastlynes fle, At the table behave thy selfe manerly."</p>
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He is to keep his fingers clean by wiping them on a napkin; and before he drinks out of the common cup, he is to wipe his mouth, so that, like Chaucer's Prioress, he may leave no grease on the edge. At the table, his tongue is not to walk; he is not to talk, or stuff:

"Temper thy tongue and belly alway,
For 'measure is treasure,' the proverbe doth say."

He is not to pick his teeth at the table, or spit too much—"this rudnes of youth is to be abhorred." He is only to laugh moderately, and is to learn as much good manners as he can, for

<p>"Aristotle, the Philosopher, this worthy sayinge writ, That 'maners in a chylde are more requisit</p>	<p>then playnge on instrumentes and othervayne pleasure; For vertuous maners Is a most precious treasure."</p>
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So our chestnut-haired, fair, brown-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy went to school, and waited on his father and mother and their guests. Was he like Seager's model lad, or Jaques's "whining school-boy, with his satchel and shining morning face, creeping like a snail unwillingly to school"? (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 145-7)¹. Did he never, unlike "the blessed sun of heaven, prove a micher [truant²], and eat blackberries? . . . a question to be askt" (*1 Henry IV.*, II. iv. 451). Did he not play "ninemen's morris"? (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. i. 98), and "more sacks to the nill," "hide-and-seek" (*Lore's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. 78), and other games³ like hockey, foot-ball, &c., that Strutt names, and that we playd at school too? Undoubtedly he did; and birds-nested too, I dare say⁴, and joined in May-day, Christmas, and New Year's games; helpt make hay, went to harvest-homes and sheep-shearings (*Winter's Tale*, IV. iii.), fisht (*Much Ado*, III. i. 26-8), ran out with the harriers (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 113-118), and loved a dog and horse (*Venus and Adonis*, st. 44-52; *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, IV. i. 119; *Shrew*, Ind. i. 18-31, II. 45; *Richard II.*, V. v. 78-86; *1 Henry IV.*, II. i. 7⁵, &c.), as dearly as ever boy in England did. It is good to think of the bright young soul's boy-life. But in one of those extra-dramatic bits⁶, that he occasionally gives us in his plays, he tells us that in his boy-days he did *not* hear of goitrous throats and travellers' lies:—

<p>"Gonzalo. When we were boys, Who would believe that there were mountaineers Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men</p>	<p>Whose heads stood in their breasts? which now we find Each putter out of five for one⁷ will bring us Good warrant of."—<i>Tempest</i>, III. iii. 43-9.</p>
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¹ Compare, too, Gremio's "As willingly as e'er I came from school" in *The Shrew*, III. ii. 149; *Romeo and Juliet*, II. ii. 156-7:—

"Love goes towards love, as school-boys from their books,
But love from love, toward school with heavy looks," &c.

² Mr. W. Watkins Old, of Monmouth, says he remembers the word in this sense in Devonshire, while in Monmouthshire the poor people still call blackberries *miches*; to pick them is to *mich*; and the pickers are *michers*. Can the words be connected with *micher*?

³ The exercises for boys that Mulcaster, the Head-Master of Merchant Tailors' School, set up 1561, treats in his *Positions*, 1581, are, indoors: dancing, wrestling, fencing, the top and scourge (whiptop); outdoor: walking, running, leaping, swimming, riding, hunting, shooting, and playing at the ball—handball, tennis, football, armball.

⁴ I hope he did not, like Falstaff as a boy (*Merry Wives*, V. i. end), "pluck geese" as well as "play truant, and whip top." "To strip a living goose of its feathers was formerly an act of puerile barbarity" (Singer).

⁵ All my line-references are to the Nos. of the "Globe" edition. ⁶ Some one should collect them.

⁷ Travellers in Shakspeare's time, like Fynes Moryson, &c., before starting on their travels, lent money to merchants, on condition of losing it if they did not return, or receiving three or five times its amount if they got home safe.

What did Shakspeare learn at school? Latin, of course; and notwithstanding bragging Ben Jonson's sneer of Shakspeare's owning "little Latin and less Greek," it is clear that he must have been well grounded in Latin at least (see Capel on Dr. Farmer's Essay on "The Learning of Shakspeare," 1767). On this subject, Mr. Lupton, the editor of Colet, the best authority I know¹, says:—"I think you would be safe in concluding that at such a school as Stratford, about 1570, there would be taught—(1) an 'A B C book,' for which a pupil teacher, or 'A-B-C-darius,' is sometimes mentioned as having a salary; (2) a Catechism in English and Latin, probably Nowell's; (3) the authorised Latin grammar, *i.e.*, Lilly's, put out with a proclamation adapted to each king's reign (I have editions of 1529, 1532, 1655, &c.); (4) some easy Latin construing-book, such as Erasmus's *Colloquies*, Corderius's *Colloquies*, or Baptista Mantuanus², and the familiar 'Cato,' or *Disticha de Moribus*, which is often prescribed in Statutes (a copy I have is dated 1558). [Also Ovid, Terence, Plautus, and Seneca.] The Greek grammar, if any, in use at Stratford, would most likely be Cleward's, *i.e.*, 'Institutiones absolutissimæ in Græcæ linguam' . . . Nicolao Clewardo auctore (my copy is dated 1543)."

The treatment of boys at school was sharp³, and Shakspeare, no doubt, got whacks on the hands and back with a cane—to say nothing of being bircht over a desk, or hoisted on another boy's back—for making mistakes, like the rest of us in later time. English, we may be pretty sure, he was not taught; it is now only gradually finding its way into schools. Of some of the university subjects, the trivials,—grammar, "logike, rhetorike,—and the quadrivials . . . I meane arethmetike, musike, geometrie, and astronomie" (Harrison, 1577–1587, book ii., p. 78, of my edition), I suppose some smattering was given in the grammar-school⁴, but I know no authority on the point.

On September 3, 1572, John Shakspeare ceased to be chief alderman of Stratford. On March 11, 1573, his third son, Richard (died February 4, 1612–13), was baptised; and in this year, the Earl of Leicester's players played at Stratford. In 1574 the Earl of Warwick's and the Earl of Worcester's players both acted at Stratford. In 1575, as the record of the fine levied on the purchase shows, John Shakspeare bought the traditional birthplace of the poet (both houses), with its garden and orchard, for £40. And in the July of that year he may have taken his boy Will to see some of the festivities that went on at the fine red-stone Kenilworth Castle, twelve miles off, at the entertainment Leicester gave Queen Elizabeth, from Saturday, July 9, to Wednesday, July 27. Shakspeare's lines in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii. 90–95, describe a somewhat like scene to that of Triton on a swimming mermaid, and Arion on a dolphin's back, at Kenilworth, on Monday, July 18; and the rough Coventrymen's play of the repulse of a Danish invasion, partly by English women (acted partly on Sunday, July 17, and fully on Tuesday, July 19), may have been the poet's first hint of historical plays. This play had been acted yearly at Coventry, but was "now of late laid doon"; they knew no cause why, unless it wear by the zeal of certain their preachers: men very commendable for their behaviour and learning, sweet in their sermons, but somewhat too sour in preaching away their pastime.⁵

In 1577 troubles begin to come on John Shakspeare. He does not attend regularly the meetings of the corporation⁶ and instead of paying, like other aldermen, 6s. 8d. "towards the furniture of three pikemen, ij billmen, and one archer," he is let off with 3s. 4d. On October 15 he and his wife sell their interest in her property at Snitterfield, to Robert Webbe; and on November 14 they mortgage her Ashbies property, at Wilmecote, to Edmund Lambert for £40, a mortgage which they never redeem⁷. In the list of debts annex to the will of Roger Sadler, a baker at Stratford, dated also November 14, 1578, is "Item of Edmonde

¹ But see the later excellent Papers of Prof. Baynes in *Fraser's Magazine*, 1879, 1880, showing that Shakspeare probably had large knowledge of Latin. On the "A B C Book," see Mr. Bradshaw's Paper in *Cambridge Antiq. Soc. Trans.*, 1866.

² Shakspeare quotes him in his first play, *Love's Labours Lost*.

³ See Ascham's *Schoolmaster*, &c., and my *Babees' Book* Forewords.

⁴ If schoolmasters know a thing, they generally teach it. It is only their ignorance of English historically, and science, which has so long kept these subjects out of schools.

⁵ Lancham, p. 27 of my edition for the Ballad Society, in which a sketch is given of all Captain Cox's (or Lancham's) books. Lancham's coxcombical racy letter should be read, and also the poet George Gascoigne's *Brief Rehearsal* of what was done at this time at Kenilworth.

⁶ On the possible, though doubtful note by Delhick, garter king-at-arms—at whose rooms the first Society of Antiquaries met (see my Francis Thynne's *Animadversions*, p. 93)—that in 1576 Clarence Cooke tricked John Shakspeare's arms for him, see Dyce's note 27, p. 21 of his *Shakspeare*, 1866.

⁷ See my letter of October 24, 1876, in *The Academy*.

Lainbarte and . . Cornishe, for the debte of Mr. John Shaksper, v./i." On November 19, when every alderman is ordered to pay fourpence a week for the relief of the poor, John Shakspeare is let off, he shall "not be taxed to paye anythyng." In 1579 John Shakspeare is returned as a defaulter for not paying his year's 3s. 4d. for pike and billmen (see above.) On April 4 his daughter Anne (born September 28, 1571) is buried, and he pays "for the bell and pall for Mr. Shaksper's dawghter, viij*d*," seemingly 4*d*. for the bell, and 4*d*. for the pall. The same year, the players of both Lord Strange and the Countess of Essex play in the Guildhall at Stratford, as do Lord Derby's players in 1580. On May 3, 1580, Edmund, son to Mr. John Shakspeare is baptised; and John Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the hundred of Barlichway, is entered in "A Book of the Names and Dwelling-Places of the Gentlemen and Freeholders of the County of Warwick, 1580."

It is probable that Shakspeare left school at the age of from fourteen to sixteen. Of what he did when he left, there is no evidence. A Mr. Buston's report, by Aubrey, is, that Shakspeare "understode Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a school master in the countrey"—possibly the A-B-C-darius, or pupil-teacher, that Mr. Lupton speaks of above. A Mr. Dowdall writes, in 1693, that the old clerk of Stratford Church, then above eighty, "says that this Shakespear was formerly in this towne bound apprentice to a butcher, but that he run from his master to London." Another tradition says that he was an attorney's clerk; and that he was so at one time of his life, I, as a lawyer, have no doubt. Of the details of no profession does he show such an intimate acquaintance as he does of law. The other books in imitation of Lord Campbell's prove it to any one who knows enough law to be able to judge. They are just jokes; and Shakspeare's knowledge of insanity was not got in a doctor's shop, though his law was (I believe) in a lawyer's office.

Shakspeare, and his life as a Stratford lad, must be left to the fancy of every reader. My own notion of him is hinted at above (pp. iv, v). Taking the boy to be the father of the man, I see a square-built yet lithe and active fellow¹, with ruddy cheeks, hazel eyes, and auburn hair,² as full of life as an egg is full of meat, impulsive, inquiring, sympathetic; up to any fun and daring; into scrapes, and out of them with a laugh; making love to all the girls; a favourite wherever he goes—even with the prigs and fools he mocks;—untroubled as yet with Hamlet doubts; but in many a quiet time communing with the beauty of earth and sky around him, with the thoughts of men of old in books³; throwing himself with all his heart into all he does.

§ 3. Of course, every impulsive young fellow falls in love; and, of course, the girl he does it with is older than himself. Who is there of us that has not gone through the process, probably many times? Young stupids we were, no doubt: so was Shakspeare. But, unluckily, he went further; and one day near Michaelmas, 1582, he of eighteen-and-a-half, and his Anne Hathaway of twenty-six⁴ "read no more." Their marriage became necessary. The bond to the bishop's officials, to enable the marriage to take place after once asking of the banns⁵ was dated November 28, 1582; and their baby, Susanna, was baptised on May 26, 1583. Such things were common enough then, as they have been since, especially in country life; and I don't think this one is helped by supposing a public betrothment of William and Anne beforehand in the presence of friends⁶. I doubt John Shakspeare, or any other father, being likely to consent formally to the pledging of his boy of eighteen-and-a-half, when both he and his boy were poor, to a woman of twenty-six, who was poor too, unless the case was

¹ I believe the "lame" and "lameness" of Sonnets 37 and 89, to be purely metaphorical. In 89, the contrast is between what is *not*, (the lameness) and what the friend's wish would create.

² These are the colours on the bust in Stratford Church. "Your chesnut was ever the only colour."

³ I don't press the books point, except they were story-books such as then existed.

⁴ She died "the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares" (so, born in 1556, eight years before Shakspeare), says the brass plate over her grave in Stratford Church. The "read no more" is Dante's.

⁵ The wording of the Condition of the Bond is awkward: "if the said William Shagspere do *not* proceed to solemnisation of marriag with the said Ann Hathwey *without* the consent of hir friendes," &c., then the bond is to be void. The words did not bind Shakspeare to marry Anne Hathaway, but only secured that if he married her, her friends should consent to it, and so clear the bishop. Of course, when she and the boy had got into their mess, her mother and father would consent to the marriage.

⁶ A form of betrothal, with long explanations about it, for those who desire to "marry in the Lord," is contained in *A Godly Form of Household Government*, 1598, &c., by R[obert] C[leaver], 4411, df. Brit. Mus. The consent of the parents and the couple being given, "the parties are to be betrothed and affianced in these words, or such like:—

"I, N., do willingly promise to marry thee, N., if God will, and I live, whensoever our parents shall thinke

traueller haue an horsse, his bed dooth cost him nothing; but if he go on foot, he is sure to paie a penie for the same: but whether he be horsseman or footman, if his chamber be once appointed, he may carie the kaie with him, as of his owne house, so long as he lodgeth there."¹

Shakspere would also go armed, for he would be liable to meet suspicious-looking fellows with—as Harrison says, p. 283 of my edition—"the excessiue stanes which diuerse that trauell by the waie doo carrie vpon their shoulders, wherof some are twelue or thirteene foote long², beside the pike of twelue inches: but as they are commonlie suspected of honest men to be theeues and robbers, or at the leastwise scarce true men which beare them; so by reason of this and the like suspicious weapons, the honest traeller is now inforced to ride with a case of dags [pistols] at his saddle bow, or with some pretie short snapper, wherby he may deale with them further off in his owne defense, before he come within the danger of these weapons. Finallie, no man trauelleth by the waie without his sword, or some such weapon, with vs; except the minister, who commonlie weareth none at all, vnlesse it be a dagger or hanger at his side. Seldom also are they or anie other waifaring men robbed, without the consent of the chamberleine, tapster, or ostler where they bait and lie, who, feeling at their alighting whether their capcases or budgets be of anie weight or not, by taking them downe from their saddles, or otherwise see their store in drawing of their purses, do by and by giue intimation to some one or other attendant dailie in the yard or house, or dwelling hard by, vpon such matches, whether the preie be worth the following or no."

Probably Shakspere on his first journey would not be worth robbing. His road would no doubt be a fair one to travel on, except perhaps on the Oxford and London clays. His Garmombles of *The Merry Wives*³—Count Mumpelgart—drove from London to Oxford, 47 miles, in August, 1592, in a day and a half, which means good roads for the lumbering coaches and posthorses of the day, or even for riding, when out on a tour. His secretary thus describes the country:—

"Between London and Oxford the country is in some places very fertile, in others very boggy and mossy; and such immense numbers of sheep are bred on it round about that it is astonishing. There is besides a superabundance of fine oxen and other good cattle."—Rye, *England as seen by Foreigners in the Days of Elizabeth and James I.*, p. 30.

§ 5. For the look of the London that Shakspere came to, I must refer my readers to the plans⁴ and views publisht in my *Harrison* for the New Shakspere Society, from Norden's *Middlesex*—with Mr. Wheatley's Notes on them—and the Sieur de la Serre's account of the visit of Marie de Medieis to England in 1638⁵, &c. Small as the city was when compar'd to its present size—say half as big again as the City proper, within the walls, with a belt of houses down the Strand to Westminster, and another on Bankside, Southwark—it was still to then visitors "lovely London" (Peele), "the flowre of cities all" (Dunbar); and its one bridge across the Thames, with its rows of houses on each side, was one of the wonders of the world. For the society, the gracious accomplisht ladies of the Court, and the jealous pushing courtiers, one turns to Spenser's *Colin Clouts come home again*, to Harrison (pp. 271–2), and the like character books. For the charming women "and by nature so mighty pretty, as I have scarcely ever beheld," to Kiechel, in Mr. Rye's *England*, p. 7, or my *Harrison*, p. lxii., &c., and to almost every Elizabethan dramatist, who but turns his lovely countrywomen into the glorious creations of his plays. The cheery working-men too, "so merie without malice, and plaine without inward Italian or French craft and subtiltie, that it would doo a man good to be in companie among them," are in *Harrison* as well, p. 151, with sketches of all other classes, and accounts of the wonderful increase, in Shakspere's days, in the wealth and well-being of his countrymen.⁶ But of course

¹ See also the interesting extract from Fynes Moryson, A.D. 1617, in my *Harrison*, p. lxx., and the rest of Harrison's bk. 3, ch. 16, ed. 1587, as to the ostler and chamberlain (waiter) being in league with the highway robbers.

² "*Gadshill*. I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers."—1 *Henry IV.*, II. i. 76.

³ So-called in the imperfect Quarto; see the comment on the play below.

⁴ The plan of London in 1593 was also published in *The Graphic* of October 21, 1876, from our plate. See too the Soc. of Antiquaries' engraving of the Procession of Edward VI., thro' the City on the day before his Coronation, and its reduction in my *Harrison*, Part III.; and Agas's Map of London.

⁵ This has been reprinted for the New Shaksp. Soc., by the *heliogravure* process (Dujardin's, Paris), and was issued in my *Harrison*, Part II. It is a most interesting view of the north side of Cheapside, in holiday finery.

there was a dark side to the bright picture; and the Puritans like Stubbes¹, Northbrooke², Gosson, the satirists like Dekker (*Gull's Horubook*), bring this dark side into view with terrible distinctness, show in their filth and grime all the vices and follies of the time, and especially paint the players as black as the devil himself is—by report—and tint their audiences but one shade lighter. Full of interest these one-sided books are, but we must not let them blind us to the new life in the land in fair Eliza's time, and to the nobleness and daring of the Sidneys, the Grenvilles, the Raleighs, the men like-minded in all ranks, ready for adventure, ready for death, who'd hold their own against the world. Into a society thus mixt, soon to be stirrd to its depths by the approach of the Armada in 1588 did Shakspeare come.

§ 6. How? As a stranger to be honoared, welcomd, and kist by "girls with angels' faces"?³ Or poor and despis'd, to pick up his first pence by holding men's horses at the theatre-doors, as one tradition says he did!⁴ The play-house with which tradition connects him was called "The Theatre," and was built by a player and joiner, James Burbage, in 1577, in the fields outside the City Walls,⁵ on the west of Bishopsgate Street, near the site of the present Standard Theatre in Shoreditch. In 1598 it was pull'd down, and in 1599 rebuilt as "The Globe," on Bankside, Southwark.⁶ Whether employ'd at "The Theatre," or "The Curtain" close by (first noticed in 1577), or any of the "other suche lyke places besides," of which Northbrooke speaks in 1577-8, or "the theaters" of which Harrison said in 1573, "It is an enident token of a wicked time when plaiers were so riche that they can build suche houses," it is clear from Robert Greene's posthumous *Groatsworth of Wit* in 1592⁷ that Shakspeare was then known, and well known, as both actor and author, though we have no direct evidence of his being a member of Burbage's, or the Lord Chamberlain's, Company till Christmas, 1593. In the accounts of the Treasurer of the Chamber, containing this

¹ See my edition, New Shakspeare Soc. 1876-7; also my Tell Troth volume, and Stafford; R. C.'s *Time's Whistle* in the Early English Text Society, &c.

² In the old Shakspeare Society.

³ Erasmus: he also says, "Besides, there is a custom here never to be sufficiently commended. Wherever you come, you are receiv'd with a kiss by all; when you take your leave, you are dismiss'd with kisses; you return, kisses are repeated. They come to visit you, kisses again; they leave you, you kiss them all round. Should they meet you anywhere, kisses in abundance; in fine, wherever you move, there is nothing but kisses."—*Harrison*, p. lxi.; and see p. lxii.

⁴ The authority for it is the poet Pope: he heard it from Rowe, who was told by Betterton the actor, and he by Sir Wm. Davenant the actor, who is reported to have said he was Shakspeare's bastard by Mrs. Davenant, the Oxford-inn landlady. The story is told in Cibber's *Lives of the Poets*, 1753, vol. i., p. 130, and in Johnson's *Prolegomena to Shakspeare*, 1765. The latter says, "When Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that in a short time every man as he alighted called for *Will, Shakspeare*, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while *Will, Shakspeare* could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when *Will, Shakspeare* was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, *I am Shakspeare's boy, sir*. In time, Shakspeare found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of *Shakspeare's boys*." I am willing to accept the tradition, for it harmonises with Greene's *Johannes fac totum*. I believe in life and go as the essence of young Shakspeare. He'd have wiped boots with a shoe-clout, cleand a horse, commanded the channel-fleet, the army, or the nation, or written a sermon for any Romanist or Puritan, to say nothing of poems and plays for young nobles and the stage. Another tradition is given in a letter, dated 1693, from a man named Dowdall to Mr. Edward Southwell, which says that the parish clerk of Stratford, who shew'd Dowdall the church, and was above 80 years old, told him that Shakspeare was bound apprentice to a butcher, and ran from his master to London, where he was taken into the theatre as a servitor. But the apprentice part of this tradition is inconsistent with Shakspeare's fatherhood of three children at 21 years old.

⁵ Builders of theatres put them outside the Walls to prevent their being shut by order of the City authorities or Proclamation, whenever there came a panic about infection or plague, harm to morality, &c.

⁶ A hundred yards or so south-west of the Surrey foot of London Bridge. The site of the Globe Theatre, Globe Alley, &c., have long been part of Barclay's Brewery there. See my *Harrison*, Pt. II., p. xvii. Playhouse Yard is by *The Times* printing-office in Blackfriars, where Burbage's Blackfriars theatre once was. These theatres were put down in 1647.

⁷ "Base minded men all three of you [Marlowe, Nash, Peele], if by my miserie ye bee not warned: for vnto none of you (like me) sought those burres to cleane: those Puppits (I meane) that speake from our mouths, those Anticks garnisht in our colours. Is it not strange that I, to whom they all haue been beholding, shall (were ye in that case that I am now) be both at once of them forsaken? Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his *Tyggers heart wrapt in a Players hide*, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you: and being an absolute *Johannes fac totum*, is in his owne conceit the only Shake-scene in a countrey."—*Allusion-Books*, New. Sh. Soc., p. 30. We must not suppose that Greene's bitter words fairly represent Shakspeare's character. Henry Chettle, who put forth the *Groatsworth* after Greene's death, says, evidently of Shakspeare, in his own, *Kind-*

evidence, Shakspeare's name occurs after that of Kempe the comedian, and before that of Richard Burbage the great tragedian.¹

What then had Shakspeare written by 1592 to move the wrath of the dying and deserted Greene? Certainly, say some critics, *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke, and the death of good King Henrie the Sixt*, &c., printed in 1595, a play enlarged by Shakspeare and others into *The Third Part of Henry the Sixt*, first printed in the First Folio of 1623. In both plays occurs the line below quoted by Greene, with the change of *serpents* (*Tr. Trag.*) to *womans* (Folio):

"*Oh Tygers hart wrapt in a womans hide!*

How couldst thou draine the life blood of the childe

To bid the father wipe his eyes withall,

And yet be seene to beare a womans face?"

the lines being spoken by York to the tigrish Queen Margaret. I however am strongly of opinion that neither the line above, nor York's speech in which it occurs, is Shakspeare's; and I suspect that the parts of 2 & 3 *Henry VI.* written by him are of a later date than 1592. Greene's quotation of a line by Marlowe, from a speech with an adage in which he may himself have had a hand, and from a play which the two had written together—with others' help?—would sufficiently point the shaft aimed at Shakspeare, without necessarily imputing his part-authorship or revision of *The True Tragedie* at that time. But this matter raises the question of the dates and order of Shakspeare's Plays. (His Life is continued in § 15.)

§ 7. It is a question that has not been yet enough attended to in England, involving, as it does, the cure of the great defect of the English school of Shakspeareans, their neglect to study Shakspeare as a whole. They have too much looked on his works as a conglomerate of isolated plays, without order or succession, bound together only by his name, and the covers of the volume that contained them. Whereas the first necessity is to regard Shakspeare as a whole, his works as a living organism, each a member of one created unity, the whole a tree of healing and of comfort to the nations, a growth from small beginnings to mighty ends, the successive shoots of one great mind, which can never be seen in its full glory of leaf, and blossom, and fruit, unless it be viewed in its oneness. Certain it is that no one work of Shakspeare's, or any other man's, can be rightly and fully valued and understood, unless it is set by his other works, and its relation to them made out, the progress of his mind up to that point followed, and the advance of it afterwards ascertained. This process can alone enable the student to get the full yield out of the play or the author he studies; while it gives him quite a new interest in the author's works, by the light it casts on the history of that author's mind. The getting Shakspeare's Plays into the nearest possible approach to their right order of writing, is thus a matter of first importance to all students of our great poet.

The evidence for this order is twofold, from without, and from within.

§ 7a. That from without, consists (1) of entries of Poems and Plays, before or on publication, by publishers, in the Registers of the Stationers' Company incorporated by Queen Mary in 1557, of which the book-entries from 1557 to 1640 have been printed by Mr. E. Arber, in four vols., 4to: the 5th or index volume is yet to come. (2.) The publications of the Poems and Plays. (3.) Allusions in contemporary books, diaries, letters, &c. These give the date at which the poem or play must have been in existence, though it may have been written long before.

Nos. 1 and 2, the Stationers' Registers, and publication, date sufficiently for us two Poems, and six plays, all printed in Shakspeare's lifetime except *As You Like It*, which, tho' not expressly dated 1600, is in such a place in the Stat. Reg. that no other year than 1600 can be meant. See Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 37:—

harts Dreame (p. 38, lines 13-17, New. Sh. Soc.'s *Allusion-Books*, 1874):—"My selfe hane seene his demeanor no lesse ciuill than he exelent in the qualitie he professes. Besides, diuers of worship haue reported his vprightnes of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approoves his Art."

¹ "To William Kempe, William Shakspeare and Richard Burbage, seruantes to the Lord Chamberlayne, vpon the councelles warrant, dated at Whitehall xvth Marcij 1594, for twoe seuerall Comedies or Enterludes shewed by them before her majestie in Christmas tyme laste paste, viz.: St. Stephens daye and Innocentes daye, xiiijth, vjth, viijth, and by waye of her majesties Rewarde vjth, xiiijth, iiiijth, in all, xxth."—Halliwell's *Illustrations*, p. 31.

² "4 Augusti" [1600]. The year is fixed by the subsequent entries [of *Henry V.*] at p. 169, and [*Much Ado* and 2 *Hen. VI.*] at p. 170. "*As you like yt* | a booke. *Henry the Fifth* | a booke. *Every man in his humour* | a booke. The comedie of *muche a doo about nothing* | a booke."

enterd -	<i>Venus and Adonis</i>	1593;	<i>Lucrece</i>	1594;	1 <i>Hen. IV.</i>	1597;	<i>Much Ado</i>	1600;
publisht	"	1593;	"	—;	"	1598;	"	—;
enterd -	<i>Hamlet</i>	1602;	<i>Lear</i>	1607;	mentioning	1606;	<i>Pericles</i>	1608;
publisht	"	1603 & 1604;	"	1608;	"		"	1609. ¹

No. 3, Allusions in contemporary books, &c., date for us four Plays: *Julius Cæsar*, 1601; *Twelfth-Night*, February, 1602; *Winter's Tale*, 1611; *Henry VIII.*, 1613. The authorities are as follows:—Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, for *Julius Cæsar*:

“The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus’ speech, that Cæsar was ambitious; | When eloquent Mark Antonio had shewn
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?”

There is no such scene in Plutarch's *Life of Caesar*, which was Shakspeare's original, so that no doubt Weever alluded to Shakspeare's play.

Manningham's *Diary* (Camden Society, 1868, ed. J. Bruce, p. 18 : Manningham was a barrister of the Middle Temple) for *Twelfth-Night* :—

" Feb. 2, 1601[-2].

“At our feast, wee had a play called Twelve Night, or What You Will. Much like the Comedy of Errors, or Menechini in Plautus; but most like and neere to that in Italian called Inganni. A good practise in it to make the steward beleive his lady widowe was in love with him, by counterfayting a letter as from his lady in general termes, telling him what she liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his appareale, &c., and then when he came to practise, making him beleive they took him to be mad,” &c.

Dr. Forman's ¹Diary, in No. 208 of the Ashmole MSS. in the Bodleian Library, Oxford. art. 12, for *Winter's Tale*, says, "In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye²;" and,—his spelling being modernised :—"Observe thee how Leontes, the King of Sicilia, was overcome with jealousy of his wife, with the King of Bohemia, his friend that came to see him, and how he contrived his death, and would have had his cup-bearer to have poisoned [Bohemia], who gave the King of Bohemia warning thereof, and fled with him to Bohemia. Remember also how he sent to the oracle of Apollo, and the answer of Apollo, that she was guiltless, and that the king was jealous, &c. ; and how except the child was found again that was lost, the King should die without issue : for the child was carried into Bohemia, and there laid in a forest, and brought up by a shepherd : and the King of Bohemia's son married that wench ; and how they fled in[to] Sicilia to Leontes, and the shepherd having showed the letter of the nobleman by whom Leontes sent away that child, and the jewels found about her, she was known to be Leontes' daughter, and was then sixteen years old."

For *Henry VIII.* 1. Thomas Lorkin's letter, in the Harleian MS. 7002 (British Museum), to Sir Thomas Puckering, dated "London, this last of June, 1613 :"—

"No longer since than yesterday [June 29], while Bourbages his company were acting at the Globe the play of Henry VIII, and there shooting of certayne chambers [small cannon or mortars] in way of triumph, the fire caught," &c.—*Singer*.

2. John Chamberlaine's letter to Sir Ralph Winwood, dated London, 8th July, 1613, in *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii., p. 469 :—

"But the burning of *The Globe*," or *Playhouse*, on the Bankside, on St. Peter's day

¹ The other dates of publication (and entry) are as follows. All are stated to imply that the works they date were written earlier, and my conjectured dates follow:—

1593-4. Titus Andronicus (? Shakspere's) (?)	* 1600. 2 Henry IV - - - - - (? 1597-8)
(1594. <i>A Shrew</i> , the basis of <i>The Shrew</i>)	* 1600. Henry V. - - - - - 1599
(1594. <i>Contention</i> , the basis of 2 Hen. VI.) } bef.	* 1600. Mids. Night's Dream - - - - - (? 1591-3)
(1595. <i>True Tragedy</i> , the basis of 3 Hen. VI.) } 1590	* 1600. Merch. of Venice (cntd. 1598) - - - - - (? 1596)
* 1597. Romeo and Juliet - - - - - (? 1591-3)	* 1602. Merry Wives (cntd. 1601) - - - - - (? 1598-9)
* 1597. Richard II. - - - - - (? 1593-4)	* 1609. Sonnets - - - - - (? 1593-1608)
* 1597. Richard III. - - - - - (? 1594)	* 1609. Troilus and Cressida (cntd. 1608) - - - - - (? 1606-7)
* 1598. Love's Labours Lost - - - - - (? 1589)	* 1622. Othello - - - - - (? 1604)
* 1599. Passionate Pilgrim - - - - - (? 1589-99)	* 1623. Other Plays : first Folio - - - - - (? 1588-1613)

A Lover's Complaint, printed in 1609, at the end of Shakspeare's *Sonnets*, I once believed spurious, but am now content to accept Dyce's declaration that it is an early genuine work.

³ The entries in Black's Catalogue, col. 169, are "12. The Booke of Plaies and Notes thereof per FORMANS for common pollicie," (leaf) 200. This book was begun a few months before his death, and contains notes of only four plays which he witnessed: namely—"In Richard the 2 [not Sh.'s] at the glob, 1611, the 30 of Aprill." 201. "In the Winters Talle at the glob, 1611, the 15 of maye." 201^b 2. "Of Cinobelin, King of England." 206. "In Mackbeth at the glob, 1610, the 20 of aprill." 207-7^a. *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6.

² Built in 1599 out of the materials of *The Theatre*: see p. xi, above. It was rebuilt in 1613, after the fire.

[June 29], cannot escape you; which fell out by a peece of *chambers* (that I know not upon what occasion were to be used in the play), the tampion or stopple of one of them lighting in the thatch that covered the house, burn'd it to the ground in less than two hours, with a dwelling-house adjoining; and it was a great marvaile and faire grace of God that the people had so little harm, having but two narrow doors to get out at."—*Singer*.

The burning of the Globe is mention'd also by Howes, in his continuation of Stowe's *Annals*, ed. 1631, p. 926; but Sir Hy. Wotton, in his account of it, (*Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, p. 425, ed. 1685), says that the play was "a new play called *All is true*."¹

§ 7b (1). The evidence of date from within the plays is (1) from allusions in them to past or contemporary events, &c. These date positively only one play, *Henry V.*, which in l. 30 of its Prologue to Act V., refers to the Earl of Essex, then in command of the Queen's army in Ireland:—

"But now behold,
In the quick forge and working-house of thought,
How London doth pour out her citizens!
The mayor, and all his brethren, in best sort,
Like to the senators of the antique Rome,
With the plebeians swarming at their heels,—
Go forth, and fetch their conquering Cæsar in:

As, by a lower, but by loving likelihood,
Were now the general of our gracious empress,
(As, in good time, he may) from Ireland, coming,
Bringing rebellion brooch'd upon his sword,
How many would the peaceful city quit,
To welcome him? much more, and much more cause,
Did they this Harry."

And there can be little doubt that the Prologue to Act I. also refers to the newly-built wooden (Q or) Globe Theatre, opened in 1599. See p. xi, above:—

"Can this cockpit hold
The vasty fields of France? or may we cram

Within this wooden O, the very casques
That did affright the air of Agincourt?"

But the date of one other play may also be taken as decided by an allusion in it. And that is *Romeo and Juliet*, by the Nurse's words as to Juliet's age:—

"Come Lammas-eve at night, shall she be fourteen.
Susan and she,—(God rest all Christian souls!)
Were of an age,—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me: But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen:

That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd, I never shall forget it,—
Of all the days of the year, upon that day."

—I. iii. 17-25.

Now the great earthquake of Shakspeare's time—to which he also probably refers in *Venus and Adonis*—was on April 6, 1580. And, unless Juliet was suckled till she was between two and three, the Nurse's 11 years should be 13. This gives either 1591 or 1593 for the date of the Play, and as it must be close to *Venus and Adonis*—entered and publish'd 1593,—either date may be held for it, tho' I incline to put it before *Venus and Adonis* rather than after it.²

Thus far, then, we have trustworthy dates³ for two poems (*Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *Lucrece*, 1594) and 11 Plays: *Romeo and Juliet*, 1591-3; 1 *Henry IV.*, 1597;

¹ Besides these, Francis Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, 1598, gives us the downward dates of some of Shakspeare's Sonnets (the whole were publish'd in 1609), of 6 Comedies and 6 Tragedies:—

"As the soule of *Euphorbus* was thought to live in *Pythagoras*: so the sweete wittie soule of *Ovid* liues in mellifluous and hony-tongued *Shakespeare*, witnes his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his priuate friends, &c.

"As *Plantus* and *Seneca* are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latines: so *Shakespeare* among y^e English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for Comedy, witnes his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Love labors lost*, his *Love labours weome*,¹ his *Middimers night dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*: for Tragedy, his *Richard the 2.*, *Richard the 3.*, *Henry the 4.*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*."—New Shaks. Soc.'s *Allusion-Books*, p. 159. Allusions in other books also give downward dates for plays, as John Weaver, 1595, for "*Romeo-Richard*"; Robert Tofte, 1598, for "*Love labors lost*"; Jn. Marston, 1598, for *Richard III.*; Primlyco, 1609, *Pericks*; J. W. von Vendenheym, April 30. 1610, for *Othello*, &c.

² As *You Like It* is sometimes said to be dated 1601 by the allusion in Act IV., sc. i., l. 153, where Rosalind, chaffing Orlando, says, "I will weep for nothing, like *Diana in the fountain*," and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry." Careless referers to Stowe's *Savay*, 1598, revis'd 1603, have interpreted the removal of the old timber cross at the top of the stone Eleanor Cross, after December 24, 1600, to imply the removal also of what was set up on its east side in 1596, "a curiously wrought tabernacle of grey marble, and in the same an image alabaster of *Diana*, and water convey'd from the Thames prilling from her naked brest for a time, but now decayed."—Thoms's reprint, p. 100, col. 2. The allusion in *The Comedy of Errors*, III. ii. 124-6, to France making war against her hoir, gives only the vague date of 1584-89, or 1581-98. See below.

³ I say, trustworthy dates, because the external evidence is confirm'd by the internal.

¹ Most likely the play recast as *All's Well that Ends Well*.

Henry V., 1599; *As You Like It* and *Much Ado*, 1600; *Twelfth-Night*, 1602; *Hamlet*, 1602-4; *Leaer*, 1606; *Pericles*, 1608; *Winter's Tale*, 1611; *Henry VIII.*, 1613.

§ 7b (2). And for the dates, or rather the order, of the rest, 26 of Shakspeare's 37 plays—18 printed during his life, and 19 after his death (including *The Two Noble Kinsmen*),—as well as part of his Sonnets, we are thrown back on the second part of the Evidence from Within, the Style and Temper of the works.

Let us first take the point of Metre, in which Shakspeare was changing almost play by play, during his whole life. Here are two passages of narrative from plays of his youth and his age. Just read them, and see which has the formality of the beginner, which the ease and flow of the practist writer:—

The Comedie of Errors, I. i. 99-121, p. 88, Folio.

"*Mereh.* Oh, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily tearm'd them mercilesse to vs;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rocke,
Which being violently borne vp[on],
Our helpfull ship was splitted in the midst;
So that, in this vniust diuorce of vs,
Fortune had left to both of vs alike,
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poore soule, seeming as burdend
With lesser waight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the winde;
And in our sight they three were taken-vp
By Fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on vs,
And, knowing whom it was their hap to saue,
Gane healthfull welcome to their ship-wrackt guests,
And would haue reft the Fishers of their prey,
Had not their burke beene very slow of saile;
And therefore, homeward did they bend their course.
Thus haue you heard me senec'd from my blisse,
That by misfortune was my life prolonged,
To tell sad stories of my owne mishaps."

The Life of King Henry the Eighth, II. iv. 186-209, p. 217, Folio.

"First, me thought
I stood not in the smile of Heauen, who had
Commanded Nature, that my Ladies wombe,
If it concein'd a male-child by me, should
Doe no more Offices of life too't, then
The Graue does to th' dead. For her Male Is
Or di'de where they were made, or shortly af'ter
This world hadayr'd thum. Hence I tooke a thought
This was a Judgement on me, that my kingdome
(Well worthy the best Heyreo'th' World) should not
Be gladdened in't by me. Then followes, that
I weigh'd the danger which my Realmes stood-in
By this my Issues faile; and that gaue to
Many a groaning throw: thus hulling in
The wild Sea of my Conscience. I did steere
Toward this remedy, wherenpon we are
Now present heere together; that's to say,
I meant to rectifie my Conscience, which
I then did feele full sicke, and yet not well,—
By all the Reuerend Fathers of the Land,
And Doctors learn'd. First, I began in priuate
With you, my Lord of Lincolne; you remember,
How vnder my oppression I did recke,
When I first mou'd you." (See, too, *Coriol.* II. ii.
105-126.)

Is it not plain that the *Errors* lines are the work of the novice, the *Henry VIII.* ones of the trained artist, with full command of his material, who has learnt how to conceal his art? Compare the formal structure of the first, with the ease and varied pause of the second. Note in the *Errors* passage, how every line but 3 dwells on its last word, has a pause after it, (tho' with 3 central pauses too,) while in the *Henry VIII.* one, every line but 8 refuses to pause at its last word, and not only runs on into the next line, making central pauses instead of end ones in every case except 3, but also, to facilitate this running-on, puts in 8 lines a light (l.) or weak (wk.) ending at the last word: this, to get the freedom and ease of natural talk.¹ Note again that the *Errors* lines have all

¹ Of course in the early plays there'll be some passages with all run-on lines, &c., and in the late plays some passages with all end-stopt lines, &c., but in each case these do not give the general character of the metre of the play they occur in. Here is an exceptional specimen of the run-on line and central pause in *Romeo and Juliet*, II. vi. 24-29:—

"*Rom.* Ah, Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter."

Any poet wanting ease must kick those end-stops out of his way, as any dramatic poet must get rid of the

10 syllables or five measures, while in *Henry VIII.*, five lines have an extra or 11th syllable, to break the monotony of the verse. Just compare then the percentages of these characteristics :—

Run-on lines	{ <i>Errors</i> - 3 in 23, or 1 in 7·66 <i>Henry VIII.</i> 16 in 24, or 1 in 1·5	Extra-syllable	{ <i>Errors</i> - 0 <i>Henry VIII.</i> 6 in 24, or 1 in 4
Central-pause	{ <i>Errors</i> - 3 in 23, or 1 in 7·66 <i>Henry VIII.</i> 21 in 24, or 1 in 1·14	Weakendings	{ <i>Errors</i> - 0 <i>Henry VIII.</i> 8 in 24, or 1 in 3

Note again that in Shakspeare's earliest genuine play, *Love's Labours Lost*, as compared with three of his latest, the proportions of ryming 5-measure lines to blank-verse ones, are as follows :—

<i>Love's Labours Lost</i>	- 1,028 ryme, to 579 blank, or 1 to 1·56.
<i>The Tempest</i>	- - - 2 ryme, to 1,458 blank, or 1 to 779.
<i>Winter's Tale</i>	- - - 0 ryme, ¹ to 1,825 blank, or 1 to infinity.

So the proportion of end-unstopt lines to end-stopt ones in three of the earliest and latest plays is as follows :—

Earliest Plays.	Run.	Latest Plays.	Run.
<i>Love's Labours Lost</i>	- - - - 1 in 18·14	<i>The Tempest</i>	- - - - 1 in 3·02
<i>The Comedy of Errors</i>	- - - - 1 in 10·7	<i>Cymbeline</i>	- - - - 1 in 2·52
<i>The Two Gent. of Verona</i>	- - - - 1 in 10	<i>The Winter's Tale</i>	- - - - 1 in 2·12 ²

§ 8 Now these changes in Shakspeare's metre are not accidental.³ They are undesigned outward signs of his inward growth. They were accompanied by other changes in style and temper that mark the progress of Shakspeare's mind and spirit. He soon gave up the doggerel, the excessive word-play, the quip and crank, of his early plays, their puns, conceits, and occasional bombast, their use of stanzas⁴ in the dialogue; he put his early superabundant use of fancy more and more under the control of the higher imagination and of straight aim; he subdued the rhetoric of his historical plays; he changed the chaff, the farce, the whim, of his early comedies, into the death-struggle of the passions, into the terror of his tragedies, laying bare the inmost recesses of the human soul: and then passed, serene and tender, to the pastorals and romances of his later age. Changing, developing, Shakspeare always was. And as his growth is more and more closely watched and discerned, we shall more and more clearly see, that his metre, his words, his grammar and syntax, move but with the deeper changes of mind and soul of which they are outward signs, and that all the faculties of

clogs of ryme, the source of so much padding and fudge in verse, since it makes men say only what they can, not what they would. My friend Mr. Hargrove adds: "When Shakspeare began to write, he and his fellow playwrights were but learning the use of blank verse, and for a time they wrote as much but just set free from shackles would walk; they rid themselves easily enough of the fetters of ryme, but cannot without much practise and some boldness get over the habits acquired during the wearing of them. Now ryme imposes four conditions; (1) the first and essential one is the recurrence of the same or similar sounds; but this happens in all speech or writing: in order that it may be prominent, we must add (2) that the recurrence be at regular intervals, *i.e.*, that each ryme line be of the same number of syllables, and (3) that the syllable containing the recurring sound be a marked one, that is, be accented; this last condition carries with it (4) that a pause, greater or less, must follow the ryming syllables, and therefore be at the end of each line. We get thus four tests of gradual growth from ryming plays, in which the meaning is forced to conform to metre, to those in which the metre is a mere accompaniment, secondary to and harmonizing with the meaning, (1) Disuse of ryme; (2) Lines of more or fewer than the prescribed number of syllables; (3) Lines ending with syllables on which the voice does not dwell (called *light endings*) or cannot dwell (called *weak endings*); (4) Run-on lines, or such as suffer no pause to be made at the end."

¹ Possibly *hen, men*, IV. iv. 771-2, are meant to ryme.

² My friend Professor Dowden says: "As characteristic of these early plays, we may notice (i), frequency of ryme, in various arrangements: (a) rymed couplets, (b) rymed quatrains, (c) the sextain, consisting of an alternately ryming quatrain, followed by a couplet (the arrangement of the last six lines of Shakspeare's sonnets); (ii), occurrence of rymed doggerel verse in two forms, (a) very short lines, and (b) very long lines; (iii), comparative infrequency of feminine or double ending; (iv), weak ending; (v), unstopped line; (vi), regular internal structure of the line: extra syllables seldom packed into the verse; (vii), frequency of classical allusions; (viii), frequency of puns and conceits; (ix), wit and imagery drawn out in detail to the point of exhaustion; (x), clowns who are, by comparison with the later comic characters, outstanding persons in the play, told off specially for clownage; (xi), the presence of termagant or shrewish women; (xii), soliloquies addressed rather to the audience (to explain the business of the piece, or the motive of the actors), than to the speaker's self; (xiii), symmetry in the grouping of persons."—*Growth of Shakspeare's Mind and Art*, p. 59 (with the *h* taken out of its *rhyme*, *A.-Sax., rim*; Chaucer, *rym n., ryme vb.*).

³ Some overgrown children still pooh-pooh them altogether.

⁴ One of the 15th century Digby *Mysteries* is written in stanzas all thro', one stanza being now and then shared among two or three people, as, indeed, several are in Shakspeare's *Love's Labours Lost*.

the man went onward together.¹ This subject of the growth, the oneness of Shakspeare, the links between his successive plays, the light thrown on each by comparison with its neighbour, the distinctive characteristics of each Period and its contrast with the others, the treatment of the same or like incidents, &c., in the different Periods of Shakspeare's life—this subject, in all its branches, is the special business of the present, the second school of Victorian students of the great Elizabethan poet, as antiquarian illustration, emendation, and verbal criticism—to say nothing of forgery, or at least, publication of forged documents²—were of the first school. The work of the first school—minus the forgery—we have to carry on, not to leave undone; the work of our own second school we have to do. In it, Gervinus of Heidelberg, Dowden of Dublin, Hudson of Boston, are the students' best guides that we have in English speech.³ I can only hope to help to their end, by saying how Shakspeare's successive plays have struck me, who came late to the study of them, resolved to try to get at their relation to one another and their author, and not to submit to the mere gammon I used to hear, "Succession of Shakspeare's plays! My dear fellow, impossible! Shakspeare was infinite; no before and after in him!" or, "Succession: can't be done; the very utmost you can hope for, is, to say

¹ "I do not believe that he [Shakspeare] could have been induced, after he was 40, to write either rhyme or blank verse, resembling in metrical structure and rhythmical effect, that which he used to write before he was 25, or even 30. The regular cadence and monotonous sweetness had grown tiresome to his ear; his imagination and intellect had become impatient of the luxuriance of beautiful words and superfluous imagery. It had become a necessity to him to go to the heart of the matter by a directer path, and to produce his effects of beauty and sweetness in another way—a way of his own. Compare the description of a similar object in three different plays, belonging to dates considerably distant from each other: the face of a beautiful woman just dead: there being nothing in the character of the several speakers to explain the difference.

"1. *Romeo and Juliet*, second edition (1599): not in the first edition; therefore presumably written between 1597 and 1599 [I believe very much earlier, 1591-3, the first edition being only a pirated version of the 2nd, and neither printed till long after the writing of the play.]:—

'Her blood is settled and her joints are stiff.
Life and these lips have long been separated.

*Death lies on her, like on untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.* [Fancy.]

"2. *Antony and Cleopatra* [?: 1606-7]:—

'If they had swallowed poison, 'twould appear
By external swelling: but she looks like sleep,

*As she would catch another Anthony
In her strong toil of grace.*
[Imagination, penetrating to the purpose of her life.]

"3. *Cymbeline* [?: 1610]:

'How found you him?
Stark, as you see,
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,

*Not as death's dart being laughed at. His right
check
Reposing on a cushion.'*

"The difference in the treatment in these three cases represents the progress of a great change in manner and taste: a change which could not be put on or off, like the fashion, but was part of the man."

"Look, again, at the structure of the verse a few lines further on (*Cymbeline*, Act IV., sc. iii, l. 220-4: Folio, p. 389, col. 1):

'Thou shalt not lacke
The Flower that 's like thy face, Pale Primrose,
nor (*weak*)

The azur'd Harebell, like thy Vaines: no, nor (*weak*).
The leaf of Eglantine, whom not to shun I dar
Out-sweetned not thy breath.'

"I doubt whether you will find a single case in any of Shakspeare's undoubtedly early plays of a line of the same structure. Where you find a line of ten syllables ending with a word of one syllable—that word not admitting either of emphasis or pause, but belonging to the next line, and forming part of its first word-group—you have a metrical effect of which Shakspeare grew fonder as he grew older; frequent in his latest period; up to the end of his middle period, so far as I can remember, unknown."—Mr. Spedding's letter to me on his "Pause-Test." *New Shakspeare Soc.'s Trans.*, 1874, p. 31.

² The utterers of these forged documents were J. P. Collier and the late Peter Cunningham. Those put forth by Mr. Collier as genuine were the documents from the Ellesmere (or Bridgewater House) and Dulwich College Libraries, a State Paper, and Mr. C.'s additions to the Dulwich Letters (see Dr. Ingleby's *Complete View*). I, in common with many other men, have examined the originals with Mr. Collier's prints of them. He printed one more name to one document than was in it when produced; and when this was found out, the document was made away with, undoubtedly by the forger of it. None of Mr. Collier's statements should be trusted till they have been verified. The entries of the actings of Shakspeare's plays in Mr. Peter Cunningham's *Revels at Court* (Shakspeare Society, 1842), pp. 203-5, 210-11, are also printed from forgeries (which Sir T. Duffus Hardy has shown me), though Mr. Halliwell says he has a transcript of some of the entries, made before Mr. Cunningham was born. Thus the following usually relied-on dates are forged: 1605, *Moor of Venice*, *Merry Wives*, *Measure for Measure*, *Errors*, *Love's Labours Lost*, *Henry V.*, *Merchant of Venice*. 1612, *Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*. The forged biographical documents uttered by Mr. Collier have been a curse to Shakspeare students ever since. In December, 1876, *The Theatre*—which, by the way, once pretended to knowledge enough to criticise the New Shakspeare Society's work—reprinted the Blackfriars Theatre documents as genuine.

³ See, too, Mr. Swinburne's two Articles in *The Fortnightly Review*, 1875-6.

to which of the three Periods a play belongs;”—as if the same powers of mind which could put a play into a period, couldn't, with further exercise, settle the place of the play in that period. I don't say that we can do this yet; we can't; but it's only because we haven't yet used our eyes and heads enough. Assuredly a day will come when the large majority of reasonable critics will be agreed as to the order of Shakspeare's plays; and as soon as folk know their Shakspeare A B C, we shall have no more such silly fancies as the late Mr. Hunter's—that *The Tempest* was *Love's Labours Won*, and written before 1598.—or Mr. Swinburne's, that *Henry VIII.* was an early Second-Period Play, and therefore before or about 1596.

§ 9. The handiest test for Shakspeare's earliest plays is that of metre, combined with evident youngness of treatment. We find in certain plays such a large proportion of rhymed lines mixt with blank verse in the ordinary 5-measure dialogue, and in others such unripeness of handling, that we pick out as the First Period Plays, *Love's Labours Lost* (the early part of *All's Well*, representing *Love's Labours Won*), *The Comedy of Errors*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet* (with the poems *Venus and Adonis* and *Lucrece*, and probably the early part of *Troilus and Cressida*), *Richard II.*, and the quadrilogy of 1, 2, & 3 *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* (As the Shakspeare Temple Garden scene in 1 *Henry VI.* has an extra syllable to one-fourth of its lines, while *Love's Labours Lost* has one to only nine lines in the whole play, I do not suppose 1 *Henry VI.* to be Shakspeare's earliest work.)

TITUS ANDRONICUS I do not consider here, although it is in Meres's list above, p. xiv, note 1, and in the First Folio; for to me, as to Hallam and many others, the play declares as plainly as play can speak, "I am not Shakspeare's: my repulsive subject, my blood and horrors, are not, and never were, his." I accept the tradition that Ravenscroft reports when he revivd and altered the play in 1687, that it was brought to Shakspeare to be toucht up and prepar'd for the stage. I advise my readers not to read *Titus* till they have read all the rest of Shakspeare, and are in a position to judge what is his work, and what is not. Let no one begin his introduction to Shakspeare with *Titus*. Some of the passages in it that Mr. H. B. Wheatley suggests as Shakspeare's (*New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1874, pp. 126-9) are, I. i. 9—"Romaines, friends, followers, favourers of my right" (echoed in Marc Antony's speech in *Jul. Caesar*, III. ii. 75, "Friends, Romans, countrymen"); II. i. 82-3, "Shee is a woman, therefore to be woo'd: Shee is a woman, therefore may be wonne" (like Gloster's lines on Lady Anne, *Rich. III.*, I. ii. 228-9, and 1 *Hen. VI.*, V. iii. 78-9); also I. i. 70-6, 117-119 (ep. Portia's mercy speech, *Merchant*, IV. i. 183); I. i. 141-2¹; II. ii. 1-6; II. iii. 10-15; III. i. 82-6, 91-7; IV. iv. 81-6; V. ii. 21-27; V. iii. 160-8.²

¹ Note the Chaucer allusion in II. i. 126, "The emperor's court is like the *House of Fame*."

² As to the date and sources of *Titus*, Ben Jonson says in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair*, produced "at the Hope on the Bunkside [Southwark], in the county of Surrey. . . the one-and-thirtieth day of October, 1614,"—and lasting "two hours and an half, and somewhat more," as against the "two hours" of *Romeo and Juliet* (1st chorus).—"He that will swear *Jeronymo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." This would carry us back to 1584-9. But it is not till 1594 that Henslowe enters in his *Diary* on the back of leaf 8 of the scrubby paper MS. at Dulwich College, in his account of "the earle of Sussex his men," that at a new play of this name he took £3 8s., "ne Rd. at Titus and andronicus, the 22 of Jenewary, 1593(-4). . . ij. li. viij. s." (P. 33, Old Shakesp. Soc.'s edition.) It is also not till 1594 (1593-4), that on February 6 "A booke entitled a noble Roman Historye of Tytus Andronicus" is entered in the Stationers' Registers to John Danter (*Arber's Transcript*, ii. 641). Langbaine says in his *Account of English Dramatic Poets*, p. 461, that this play "was first printed 4°, Lond., 1594," but no copy is now known earlier than 1600. But inasmuch as there is an old German *Tragedy of Titus Andronicus*, which was acted in Germany about the year 1600 by English actors, and that contains a Vespasian, my old friend Mr. Albert Cohn says, in his *Shakespeare in Germany*, 1865, that we ought to believe that our English *Titus Andronicus* was founded on the play of "fittus and Vespasia," markt *ne* or *new*, by Philip Henslowe (*Diary*, MS. leaf 7 back; print, p. 24), on "the 11 of aprell," 1591, at the acting of which the manager got £3 4s., and which was often performed. Of the sources of the play, Theobald says: "The story we are to suppose merely fictitious. Andronicus is a surname of pure Greek derivation. Tamora is neither mentioned by Ammianus Marcellinus, nor any body else that I can find. Nor had Rome, in the time of her emperors, any war with the Goths that I know of: not till after the translation of the empire, I mean to Byzantium: And yet the scene of the play is laid at Rome, and Saturninus is elected to the empire at the Capitol."—*Variorum Shaks.*, xxi. 379. The copy of the ballad in the Roxburghe Collection, L. 392, 393, vol. i., p. 544, of my friend Mr. Chappell's edition for our Ballad Society, "cannot," says Mr. Chappell, p. 543, "be dated before the reign of James I., and is more probably of that of Charles I. It is included in the Pepys Collection, I. 86, printed for E. Wright. A second edition in the same collection is for Clarke, Thackeray, and others (I. 478). The Roxburghe edition is by A[lexander] M[ilbourne], and the Bugford, 643 m. 10, p. 11, is by W. O[nley]." The title of the ballad is "The lamentable and tragical history of Titus Andronicus. With the fall of his

Looking then to the metrical facts, that LOVE'S LABOURS LOST has twice as many rymed lines as blank-verse ones (1 to 58), that it has only one run-on line in 18-14, only 9 extra-syllable blank-verse lines; that it has, in the dialogue, 8-line stanzas (I. i.), several 6-line stanzas (*ab, ab, cc*: IV. i., iii.), and in Act IV., sc. iii., 222-289, no less than 17 consecutive 4-line verses of alternate rymes (*ab, ab*), &c., with much 1-line (short, and long) antithetic talk; that it has 194 doggerel lines of different measures, and only 1 Alexandrine (6-measure with a pause at the 3rd); that it has hardly any plot; that it is cram-full of word-play and chaff, without a bit of pathos till the end, I have no hesitation in picking out this as Shakspeare's earliest play. The reason that has induced some critics to put it later is, I believe, that it is in sh more carefully workt-at and polisht than some of the other early plays. And this is true. But one can understand this in a writer's first venture, especially when, as in the present case, he revisd and enlargd his play into the form in which we now have it, which is that of the Quarto of 1598, "As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas [at Whitehall]. Newly-corrected and augmented." And if the reader will turn to Berowne's speech on the effect of love, in IV. iii., he will find two striking instances of this correction: lines 296-8, are repeated in 317-320, and lines 299-301 in 347-350, and in each case improved—the printer left the first ones in by accident—while in lines 302-5 ("Why, universal plodding," &c.) is seen an insertion of the maturer hand and thought of the older Shakspeare. Let the reader too with Mr. Spedding, on February 2, 1839, "observe the inequality in the length of the Acts; the first being half as long again, the fourth twice as long, the fifth three times as long, as the second and third. This is a hint where to look for the principal additions and alterations. In the first Act I suspect Biron's remonstrance against the vow (to begin with) to be an insertion. In the fourth, nearly the whole of the close, from Biron's burst, 'Who sees the heavenly Rosaline' (IV. iii. 218). In the fifth, the whole of the first scene between Holofernes and Sir Nathaniel bears traces, to me, of the maturer hand, and may have been inserted bodily. The whole close of the fifth Act, from the entrance of Mercade (V. ii. 705), has been probably re-written, and may bear the same relation to the original copy which Rosaline's speech 'Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,' &c. (V. ii. 831-844) bears to the original speech of six lines (807-812), which has been allowed by mistake to stand. There are also a few lines (1-3) at the opening of the fourth Act which I have no doubt were introduced in the corrected copy.

Princess. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.

It was thus that Shakspeare learnt to *shade off* his scenes, to carry the action beyond the stage." Again, most of II. i. 1-177, as well as III. i. 175-207 and V. ii. 396-413, must be later work. (See my Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of the Quarto (1598) of this play, 1880. 6s.)

In accordance with his own theory of "playing, whose end both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure,"—*Hamlet*, III. ii. 22-25,—Shakspeare dealt, in his first Play, with one of the great social questions of his day, and quizzed the leading fashions of the London of his time. This question, the relation of young men to young women, has come to the front again (as was natural) in our Victorian days, and was solvd for us by Mr. Tennyson in his *Princess*, 1847, as Shakspeare solvd it for the Elizabethans by his *Love's Labours Lost*. The Elizabethan poet made woman the teacher, as was his wont; the Victorian made man, as (in his Arthur, &c.) he usually does. The fashion Shakspeare satirised was Euphuism: this kind of affected antithetic talk: "But vlesse Euphuus had inuigeld thee, thou hadst yet bene constant: yea, but if Euphuus had not scene thee willyng to be wonne, he woulde neuer haue wo(o)ed thee: But had not Euphuus entised thee with faire wordes, thou wouldst neuer haue loved him: but hadst thou

Sons in the Wars with the Goths, with the manner of the Ravishment of his Daughter Iavinia by the Empresses two Sons, through the means of a Bloody Moor taken by the sword of Titus in the War: with his Revenge upon their cruel and inhumane Act. To the tune of 'Fortune, my foe,' &c., for which see Chappell's Popular Music of the Olden Time.

I don't accept as later all the set of 17 consecutive forms or alternates in IV. iii. 222-289.

² It is very odd that I never saw or heard of any comparison between Tennyson's *Princess* and *In Memoriam*, and Shakspeare's *L. L. L.* and *Sonnets*, till I made it. The subject is full of interest, and wants working out.

not given him faire lookes, he would neuer haue liked thee: I [= ay], but Euphues gave the onset: I, but Lucilla gave the occasion: I, but Euphues first brake his minde: I, but Lucilla first bewrayed hir meaning."—John Lyly's *Euphues*, 1579, p. 89, ed. Arber, 1868. Academies were also in the air in those days (see my ed. of *Queene Elizabethes Achademy* E.E.T. Soc.), and Shakspeare quizzed these too in his *Love's Labours Lost*.

The London wits of the day, and their consequentialness, their assumed superiority over country bumpkins, would naturally strike and amuse the Stratford-bred Shakspeare; and so, in his first Play, he just shewd them that he could beat them with their own weapons, and told them what their wit and fine talk, on which they so prided themselves, were worth—not one penny, in comparison with real good heart and work. Rosaline speaks the moral of the Play in the task she sets Berowne to cure his gibing, jesting spirit—a year's work, day by day, in a hospital¹ among the speechless sick (V. ii. 831–859), to show him what the realities of life were. Another point that plainly struck Shakspeare, and disgusted him, in London society, was, the fashion of women—the good, like the bad—painting their faces, and wearing sham hair,—which latter, at least, has long offended many of us Victorian men too. He alludes to the face-painting, not only in this, his first Play, IV. iii. 256, "painting and usurping hair," 260, but in his Sonnets also, 67, l. 5; 68, l. 2–8, and again and again in his later Plays,² as he does to the sham hair. The sharp London boy—like the Paris *gamin*—he sketches too in *Moth* (a note). *Love's Labours Lost* is hardly a drama; but is rather a play of conversation and situation, with the slightest possible plot, and with no known original, except a passage in Monstrelet's French Chronicle, ch. xvii., *Johannes*, 1807, i. 54; *Haslitt*, i. 3, that, for the Duchy of Nemours, and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns, Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France, the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships. But the leading personages of the play were, either in person or in name, the leading foreigners in the estimation of the London society of the time: Henry of Navarre (Henri IV.), and two of his best supporters, Biron and Longaville, with the well-known French nobles, the Duc de Maine and La Motte, the French ambassador in London. Duke Alençon was Queen Elizabeth's suitor. The Russian disguise and courtship were founded on a real incident at the English court in 1583, and the meeting of Henry of Navarre with a princess of France, on a real meeting of his with one in France in 1586. See Mr. S. L. Lee's able paper in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Oct. 1878, pp. 447–458. From *capon* being used in IV. i. 56 for a love-letter, like the French *poilet*, it is thought that Shakspeare may have had a French original for his *Love's Labours Lost*. This supposal is not needed: the phrase was no doubt one of Shakspeare's day. The action of the play takes up two days, probably a Thursday and Friday.

The knowledge of situation and stage-business shown by Shakspeare in his earliest plays leaves little doubt that he was an actor before he was a playwright, and harmonises with the tradition to that effect, and the "feathers"³ (cf. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 277) and "quality" of Greene's and Chettle's lines above, p. xi, note 7. A few other features only of the play I stop to notice here: (1) that Shakspeare started with the notion that mistaken identity was the best device for getting fun in comedy; he relied on it in the ladies' changed masks here, as later in *Much Ado*: in the two sets of twins in his *Errors*; in Puck's putting the juice on the wrong man's eyes in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*; in Sly in *The Shrew*, &c.; and it is indeed in all his comedies in some form or other:—(2) that his obscurity (or difficulty) of expression is with him from his start,

"King. The extreme parts of time extremely
form

All causes to the purpose of his speed;

And often, at his very loose, decides
That which long process could not arbitrate"

(V. v. 730–3);

(3) that he brings his Stratford out-door life and greenery, his Stratford countrymen's rough sub-play, on to the London boards; and names two of his boy-games there too, "more sacks to the mill," and hide and seek ("All hid"), IV. iii.; (4) that he re-writes the characters and incidents of this play: Berowne and Rosaline in Benedick and Beatrice of *Much Ado*;

¹ A terrible place to work in then. See Stubbes's *Anatomic of Abuses*, Part II., 1583.

² Painting: *Two Gent.*, II. i. 55–58; *Meas. for Meas.*, III. ii. 80, IV. ii. 38; *Hamlet*, V. i. 201; *Ant. and Cleop.*, I. ii. 18; *Winter's Tale*, IV. iii. 101; *Pass. Pilgr.* (if S.'s), 180. Sham hair: *Merchant*, III. ii. 92–6; *Henry V.*, III. vii. 60; *Sonnets*, 68, l. 2–8.

³ See my late friend Mr. Richard Simpson's letter on this point in *The Academy*, April 4, 1874, and extracts in New Sh. Soc.'s *Allusion-Books*, Pt. I., 1874, pp. x., xi.

Armado's falling in love with Jacquenetta, in Touchstone with Audrey in *As You Like It*; Dull, in *Old Gobbo*, Verges, &c.; (5) that the "college of witerackers" (*Much Ado*, V. iv. end) here overdo their quips, and tire one with them; (6) that Shakspeare makes the young nobles behave like overgrown school-boys when teaching Moth—see Boyet's long speech in V. ii. :—this want of dignity in those who ought to possess it, as in *Hermia* and *Helena's* quarrel in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is a mark of early work. (7) Rosaline's making Berowne wait for a year may have been taken from Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*, where the lady (or eagle representing her) insists on a year's delay before she chooses which of her three lovers she will have. (8) The best speech in the play is, of course, Berowne's on the effect of love in opening men's eyes, and making the world new to them. How true it is, every lover since can bear witness; but still there is a chaffiness about it, very different to the humility and earnestness of the lovers who follow Berowne in Shakspeare, except his second self, Benedick.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.—In this second play Shakspeare seems to have determined to make a complete contrast to his first, which was almost without a plot—a mere play of conversation. He turned to the old Latin comedian Plautus, and from his *Menechmi*¹ got a plot full of farcical action and comic business; to this he added pathos and love, and so completed his *Errors*. The old comedy has no shipwreck: it has one child lost at the games at Tarentum, whose father, of Syracuse, dies of grief. The grandfather gives the left child the name of the stolen one, Menæchmus, and lives at Syracuse. The stealer of the lost twin, who lives at Epidamnus, adopts him, marries him to a rich wife, and leaves him money. He has one slave, whom Shakspeare doubles. The Syracusan twin, after a search of six years, comes to Epidamnus with his servant, to ask for his brother. The twin of Epidamnus has a jealous wife; he dines with a courtesan (Erotium), who has a cook and maid; he tries to steal her mantle, and her gold bracelet which her maid had given him to get mended; the courtesan and his wife both quarrel with him; he shams mad; a doctor is fetched, and carries him off as a madman. The Syracusan twin's money has to be fetched; the slave explains the confusion, and is freed. There's a mutual recognition; the Epidamnian twin's wife, as a punishment for her impertinent jealousy, is to be sold to the highest bidder, and the twin-brothers both go to Syracuse. Shakspeare also worked in a scene from Plautus's *Amphitruo*, in which Mercury keeps the real Amphitruo out of his own house, while Jupiter, the sham Amphitruo, enjoys the real one's wife, Alcmena. Shakspeare got additional fun out of this story by doubling the slave; but he added to it the pathetic element of Ægeon's story and threatened death, the mother's love and suffering, and the re-uniting of the family at the end of the play. He also introduced the beautiful element of the love of Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana, the first uprise of that serious tender love which was never after absent from Shakspeare's plays. Mr. Swinburne says, "What is due to Shakspeare, and to him alone, is the honour of having embowered, on the naked old canvas of comic action, those flowers of elegiac beauty, which vivify and diversify the scene of Plautus, as reproduced by the art of Shakspeare. In this light and lovely work of the youth of Shakspeare, we find for the first time that strange and sweet admixture of farce with fancy, of lyric charm with comic effect, which recurs so often in his later work, from the date of *As You Like It* to the date of *Winter's Tale*." There's a strong link between the *Errors* and *Love's Labours Lost* in the relation of man to woman, though here it is of wife to husband, discussed in Luciana's speeches to Adriana and by the Abbess.² There's a pathetic background in both plays, and as we've noticed before, *Love's Labours Lost* is a comedy of errors too. Though the finish of the *Errors* is less than that of *Love's Labours Lost*, yet its artificiality is less too; its pathos is greater, it reaches more profound depths, and it is a better play dramatically. The link with the next play, the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, is shown by Dromio's—

"Dro. S. O, for my beads! I cross me for a sinner. This is the fairy land;—O, spite of spites!— We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;

If we obey them not, this will ensue,
They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black and blue."

The sweetness of Luciana in dissuading her sister from jealousy, in her advice to Antipholus of Syracuse, her supposed sister's husband, in Act III., sc. ii., and "I'll fetch my sister"

¹ Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. II., vol. i., pp. 1-12, the *Menechmi*, translated from Plautus, by W. W., publisht in 1595, but circulated in MS. before; and in Part I., vol. i., pp. 55-6, *The Story of the Two Brothers of Avignon*, from Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, p. 529. The text of the play was first printed in the First Folio of 1623. An old play *The Historie of Error* was acted before Queen Elizabeth on January 1, 1577, and January 6, 1583.

² Schoolmaster Pinch is ridiculed in the *Errors*, as Schoolmaster Nathaniel is in *Love's Labours Lost*.

before she consents to her suitor's love, cannot prevent our rejoicing that her doctrine of the subjection of women to men has given place to Tennyson's more generous teaching in the *Princess*. Adriana, though jealous and shrewish, truly urges that her love is the cause of these qualities. Though she abuses her husband, she does not really mean it; she says her beauty'll come back if he's but kind to her again; she urges the different measure he would mete to her for adultery. Her marriage was one of duty, not of love; the Duke gave her away to the soldier of Corinth who had saved his life. This Antipholus of Ephesus was a man without father's or mother's training, and with no high purpose in life like his brother. He's a brave soldier, and has saved the Duke's life, but he has no notion of the sacredness of love or marriage. He takes his wife as the reward of his bravery, and still consorts with a courtesan. He is full of resource in confinement, and gnaws his bonds. His brother, brought up by his father, has a far higher and gentler nature. The search for his lost twin-brother has given him a purpose in life, and though he has a temper, and beats his slave too often, he reverences women and refuses to avail himself of his chance with his unknown brother's wife. His love for Luciana is very pretty. We may note, too, his belief in witches, which would seem from the *Acts of the Apostles* to have been right at Ephesus. Of the two Dromios, the Syracusan seems to have been the better. He's more humorous, always merry and cool, takes his troubles better than his master, and has not his brother's indifference about a wife, an Ephesian globe of blubber and mess. The noble and pathetic figure of Ægeon forms a fine background to the play. The loss of wife and one boy, then of his second boy, his five years' search for them, seemingly to end in vain and in death, his anxiety at Ephesus, and when he's at the point of death the cruel refusal of his son to recognise him—all appeal to our hearts. But at last come peace, reunion with his loved ones, and happy days. But it is odd with what lightness Shakspeare has passed over the meeting again of Ægeon and Emilia after their long separation and suffering. If we compare it with the like scene in *Pericles* of the Fourth Period, we shall see how Shakspeare's nature had deepened in the interval. Pinch the apothecary introduces us to Shakspeare's catalogue of epithets shown in the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, the description of Petruchio's horse, &c. &c. The quip and crank, the word-play, ryme, doggerel, &c., of *Love's Labours Lost* are continued here, though they are not so overdone. The play, its plot being borrowd from a classical writer, preserves the three unities of time, place, and action, the first two of which were so often neglected by Shakspeare. The *Errors* takes up only one day; it is all acted in one town. A friend, who has seen it on the stage, tells me that it went admirably; the acting brought out the fun of the farce. The date of the play is probably 1589-91.¹

¹ It turns on the statement in Act III., sc. ii., p. 92, col. 1, Booth's reprint of the Folio, that France is "arm'd and reverted, making war against her heire." Mr. Richard Simpson, relying on the strict accuracy with which Shakspeare always uses legal terms, and especially on his use of *Héritier de France*, for Henry V. of England during Charles VI.'s life (*Henry V.*, vii. 346),* contends that in the *Errors* the word "heire" must have its strict technical meaning of "person entitled to the inheritance (of the throne) after the death of its present holder." If so, the date of the play must lie between 1584 and 1589. Henry of Navarre became "heir of France" on the death of the Duke of Anjou in 1584. He was head of the Huguenots, and fought against his king, Henri III., till 1589, when, at this king's request, he joined him against the League, and both laid siege to Paris. During the siege, Henri III. was assassinated, and died on August 2, 1589, after naming Henry of Navarre as his successor. Henry IV. at once became king-by-right of all France, though king-in-fact of only half of it. He had to raise the siege of Paris; but soon won the battles of Arques and Ivry; then, to gain the League, he turned Roman Catholic on July 25, 1593; and was received with open gates by Paris in 1594. Rouen soon followed; the Pope acknowledged him in 1595, and the rest of France in 1598. Now the stop-line and other metrical tests point rather to a date of 1589-1591 for the *Errors*, than one of 1584-8. Moreover, English Protestant feeling was more stirred up about France after Henry IV.'s accession than before. In 1589 Elizabeth sent him £23,800 to support his rights, and in 1591 despatched the Earl of Essex with 4,000 men to his aid, as she did other forces in 1592 and 1594. Again, Shakspeare's use of the word "reverted" in *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 23 :—

"So that my Arrows,
Too slightly timbr'd for so loud a Winde,

Would have *reverted* to my Bow againe,
And not where I had a(i)n'd them,"

(P. 275, col. 2, rep. Booth)—

shows that he probably used it in the *Errors* in the sense of "turned back from its proper course," that is, (half) France in 1589-91 (and longer) turned back from its rightful owner or heir, Henry IV., to his rival the Duke of Mayence, the leader of the League. The word "heir" would then be applied by Shakspeare, as it so often is and has been by others, to the rightful claimant of the throne, kept out of his due by an opponent. Allowing our poet's great accuracy in the use of language generally, and law terms especially,

* His accuracy here is due only to his following Holinshed, in the 25th article of the Treaty of Troyes.

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—Here at length is Shakspeare's genius in the full glow of fancy and delightful fun. The play is an enormous advance on what has gone before.¹ But it is a poem, a dream, rather than a play; its freakish fancy of fairy-land fitting it for the choicest chamber of the student's brain, while its second part, the broadest farce, is just the thing for the public stage. E. A. Poe writes, "When I am asked for a definition of poetry, I think of Titania and Oberon of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*." And certainly anything must be possible to the man who could in one work range from the height of Titania to the depth of Bottom. The links with the *Errors* are, that all the wood scenes are a comedy of errors, with three sets of people, as in the *Errors* (and four in *Lore's Labours Lost*). Then we have the vixen Hermia to match the shrewish Adriana, the quarrel with husband and wife, and Titania's "these are the forgeries of jealousy" to compare with Adriana's jealousy in the *Errors*. Adriana offers herself to Antipholus of Syracuse, but he refuses her for her sister Luciana, as Helena offers herself to Demetrius and he refuses her for her friend Hermia. Hermia bids Demetrius love Helena, as Luciana bids Antipholus of Syracuse love his supposed wife Adriana. In the background of the *Errors* we have the father Aegeon with the sentence of death or fine pronounced by Duke Solinus. In the *Dream* we have in the background the father Egeus with the sentence of death or celibacy on Hermia pronounced by Duke Theseus. In both plays the scene is Eastern: in the *Errors*, Ephesus; and in the *Dream*, Athens. We have an interesting connection with Chaucer, in that the Theseus and Hippolyta are taken from his *Knight's Tale*, and used again in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; also the May-day and Saint Valentine, and the wood birds here, may be from Chaucer's *Parlement of Foules*. The fairies too are in Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*.² As links with *Lore's Labours Lost* we notice the comedy of errors in the earlier play, the forest scene, and the rough country sub-play, while as opposed to the *Lore's Labours Lost's* "Jack hath not Gill," the fairies tell us here "Jack shall have Gill." Bottom's misuse of words is like Dull's. The fairies are the centre of the drama; the human characters are just the sport of their whims and fancies, a fact which is much altered when we come to Shakspeare's use of fairy-land again in his *Tempest*, where the aerial beings are but ministers of the wise man's rule for the highest ends. The finest character here is undoubtedly Theseus. In his noble words about the countrymen's play, the true gentleman is shown. His wife's character is but poor beside his. Though the story is Greek, yet the play is full of English life. It is Stratford which has given Shakspeare the picture of the sweet country school-girls working at one flower, warbling one song, growing together like a double cherry, seeming parted, but yet a union in partition. It is Stratford that has given him the picture of the hounds with

"Ears that sweep away the morning dew,
Crook-kneed and dew-lapt like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but matcht in mouth like bells,

Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hollad to nor cheerd with horn."

It is Stratford that has given him his out-door woodland life, his clowns' play, and the clowns themselves, Bottom with his inimitable conceit, and his fellows, Snug and Quince, &c. It is Stratford that has given him all Puck's fairy lore, the cowslips tall,³ the red-hipt humble-bee, Oberon's bank, the pansy love-in-idleness, and all the lovely imagery of

we may well hold that the word "heir" was rightly applied to Henry IV. fighting for his throne, unacknowledged by Paris, by great part of France, and the whole of Roman Catholic Europe. On the whole, the year 1589 can be accepted as the date of the *Errors* by the advocates of either interpretation of the word "heir;" while probability leans rather to 1589-91 than to 1587-89. (From my note in *The Academy*.)

¹ I may probably have put *M. N. D.* too early. But it plainly belongs to the set of early cross wooing, or *Errors*, plays. The attempt to date the play 1596, because of the line, "Through hills and dales, through bushes and through breres," in Spenser's *Faerie Queene*, Bk. VI., canto viii., p. 460, ed. 1596. I look on as absurd: "hill and dale," "bush and brier" were couples known very long before both Spenser and Shakspeare, and each might easily have independently used them together.

² "In oldē dayes of the Kyng Arthour . . .
Al was this land fullfild of fayrie;

The elf-queen, with hir joly compaignye,
Daunced ful oft in many a grene mede."

(Jephson and Bell's text.)

³ The pensioners are London, tho', Queen Elizabeth's, in their smart coats; still, some of them may have been with her at Kenilworth in 1575. She had 50 of 'em in her "Bund of Pensioners," and their fee was £50 "apeece."—*Household Ordinances*, p. 251, col. 1. See the oath they took, *ib.*, p. 277. If any one urges that Theseus's pack was too good a one for a country town like Stratford, and must have belonged to some nobleman nearer London, I can only answer—May-be.

the play. But wonderful as the mixture of delicate and ærial fancy with the coarsest and broadest comedy is, clearly as it evidences the coming of a new being on this earth to whom anything is possible, it is yet clear that the play is quite young. The undignified quarrelling of the ladies, Hermia with her "painted may-pole," her threat to scratch Helena's eyes,—Helena with her retort—

"She was a vixen when she went to school,
And though she is but little she is fierce;"

and

"Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though to run away,"

the comical comparison of the moon tumbling through the earth (Act III., sc. ii., 52-55) incongruously put into an accusation of murder,

"I'll believe as soon
That the whole earth may be bored; and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noon-tide with the Antipodes,"

the descent to bathos in Shakspeare's passage about his own art, from "the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling" to "how easy is a bush supposed a bear," would have been impossible to Shakspeare in his later development. Those who contend for the later date of the play, from the beauty of most of the fancy, and the allusion to the effects of the rains and the floods, which they make those of 1594¹ (see Stowe, and Dr. King's Sermons on Jonah), must allow, I think, that the framework of the play is considerably before the date of *King John* and *The Merchant of Venice*. Possibly two dates may be allowed for the play, tho' I don't think them needful. Note in this *Dream* the first of those inconsistencies as to the time of the action of the play that became so marked a feature in later plays, like *The Merchant of Venice*, where three months and more are crowded into some 8 days.² Here Theseus and Hippolyta say that "four happy days" and "four nights" are to pass before "the night of our solemnities" (I. i. 2-11); but, in the hurry of the action of the play, Shakspeare forgets this, and makes only two nights so pass. Theseus speaks to Hippolyta, and gives judgment on Hermia's case, on April 29. "To-morrow night," April 30, the lovers meet, and sleep in the forest, and are found there on May-day morning by Theseus. They and he all go into Athens and get married that day, and go to bed at midnight, the fairies stopping with them till the break of the fourth day, May 2. It is likely that the *Dream* was written for a performance in honour of some May-day marriage. This is, too, the first play with a Epilogue.

As Shakspeare may have used in his play Plutarch's Life of Theseus in North's *Plutarch's Lives*, englished in 1579 (other editions in 1595, 1603, 1612, &c.) from Amiot's French translation, Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted the Life in his *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. I., vol. i., pp. 5-51. The names Perigenia (Perigouna in North), Ægles, Ariadne, and Antiopa, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii. 19-21, are in the Life, pp. 15-16, 28, 37. Dyce thinks that while composing the burlesque interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe, a subject very popular in those days (and therefore not meant by Shakspeare expressly to ridicule Chaucer's Thisbe in his *Legende*)—he (Shakspeare) seems to have had an eye to Golding's translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, 1565, 1567, &c. (see Book iv., p. 43 (v), ed. 1603). Two editions of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* were published in 1600, the better by Thos. Fisher (to whom it was entered—*A Midsummer-Nightes Dreame*—in the Stationers' Registers on October 8, 1600; Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 174), and the worse by Thos. Robertes. The Folio text is reprinted from the less accurate Robertes quarto. (See Mr. Griggs's Facsimiles of these Quartos, 1880, ed. Ebsworth. 6s. each.)

¹ Dyce objects to this strongly: "To suppose that the words of Titania, Act II., sc. i., 'Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,' &c., allude to the state of the weather in England in 1594 is ridiculous; nor is it less so to suppose that any particular allusion is contained in the lines on the neglect of learning, Act V., sc. i.,

'The thrice-three Muses mourning for the death
Of learning, late decus'd in beggary.'"—*Sh.'s Works*, ii. 263, ed. 1864.

The epithet "ridiculous" seems to me too strong, but I cannot let the possible allusion break thro' the other links of the play.

² See Mr. Hulpin's interesting Paper on *The Merchant*, and Prof. Wilson's (Christopher North's) Papers on the times of *Macbeth* and *Othello*, condensed and reprinted in the Appendix to *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6. Also Mr. P. A. Daniel's discussion of these in *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1877-9.

With the *Dream* I propose to close the first Group of Shakspeare's Comedies, those in which the Errors arising from mistaken identity make so much of the fun. And the name for the Group may well be "the Comedy of Errors or Mistaken-Identity Group." No doubt this mistaken-identity or personation of somebody else, is in *The Two Gentlemen*, as it is in all Shakspeare's other comedies, but Julia's pageship is not a leading feature of *The Two Gentlemen*, and that play is rather a preparation for *Romeo and Juliet* than one of the Errors Group, tho' to the latter it is strongly linkt. I therefore keep *The Two Gentlemen* by itself, treating it as the link-play between the Errors and Passion Groups.

THE TWO GENTLE MEN OF VERONA.—This is certainly far less beautiful in fancy than the *Dream*, but it is a great advance on that play in dramatic construction.¹ Shakspeare has at length settled down into that field of Italian story which is to be hereafter the scene of his greatest triumphs. As after *The Tempest*, so after the *Dream*, there seems to have been a partial exhaustion of original effort, and a falling-back on outside models. The play is strongly linkt with the *Dream*. Its subject is the same, fickleness of love. Two men seek one girl; one of the men (Proteus, Demetrius) is loved by another girl (Julia, Helena), to whom he was betrothed, but whom he deserts for a time, who follows him, and whom he at last turns to again. Both couples are to be married on the same day, both girls run after their lovers, both fathers want to marry their daughters to men whom they dislike, but consent to their girls' choice at last. Hermia trusts Helena with her secret and she betrays it, Valentine trusts Proteus with his secret and Proteus betrays it. We have a Duke and a wood in both plays. The links with the *Errors* are, that Julia seeking her husband is like Adriana seeking hers. Speed and Launce are like the two Dromios; Launce and his milk-maid are like the Ephesian Dromio and his kitchenmaid, catalogue of her charms and all.² We have a link with Chaucer as well as *Love's Labours Lost*, in Valentine's contempt for love, and after conquest by it, being the counterpart of Troilus as well as of Berowne. Launce's discussion with himself may well have been suggested by that of Davus with himself in Terence's *Andria* I. iii.; cf. Launcelot Gobbo's soliloquy in *The Merchant*. That *The Two Gentlemen* and its incidents were great favourites with Shakspeare is evident from his use of them in after-plays. In *The Merchant* we have Portia's discussion of her lovers with Nerissa admirably developed from Julia's here with Lucetta, and also Portia's putting on man's dress and quizzing herself in it developed from Julia's here. This is repeated again in *Rosalind in As You Like It*. In *The Merchant*, too, we have Launcelot Gobbo developed from Launce, with a bit of Speed. In *Romeo and Juliet* we have Juliet going to confession like Sylvia here. In *Twelfth-Night* we have Viola like Julia, each as page, carrying messages of love from the man she loves, to the girl he loves, to whom she tells her own story disguised; and in each case the man whom the page-girl loves, at last marries her. In *Much Ado* we have the signs of love in Benedick developed from those described by Speed here. In *All's Well* we have a parallel to the Host scene, and in *Cymbeline* we may compare Imogen with Julia. In these early plays we have love's power over men's oaths to one another in *Love's Labours Lost*, over men's friendship and their vows to women in the *Dream* and *The Two Gentlemen*, yet in the latter friendship overcomes love in Valentine's offer to give up Sylvia to Proteus. The fickleness of love is also seen in the *Errors*, the *Dream*, and *The Two Gentlemen*, as in Romeo's change from *Rosalind* to *Juliet*. Though *The Two Gentlemen* is dramatically an advance on the *Dream*, and though we have nothing undignified on the ladies' part to set against Hermia's scratching threat and Helena's long legs, (except Julia's statement that if Sylvia had not been kind to her she'd have scratcht the eyes out of Sylvia's picture,) yet the drama has to an Englishman the terrible blot of Valentine's romantic friendship inducing him to offer to give up Sylvia to Proteus³, after the latter's threat of violating Sylvia, just because Proteus says he repents. This, though possibly Italian and romantic, offends us now, and it undoubtedly

¹ Also in characterisation: how much more distinct the two sets of lovers are here. Cf., too, the reflective passages in *The Two Gentlemen*, like Proteus's "Time is the nurse and breeder of all good" (III. i. 243), "Hope is a lover's staff," &c.

² On minor links of phrase, &c., as "Spring of Love" with *Errors*, III. ii. 3, a play on "sheep" and "ship" (*Two Gentlemen*, I. i. 72-6, with *Love's Labours Lost*, II. i. 218-221), see my Discussion of the date and succession-place of the play, in the *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1874, pp. 318-336. The attempt to put *The Two Gentlemen* after *Romeo and Juliet* breaks down of course; but it may be before the *Dream*.

³ But it is certainly consistent with Shakspeare's offer to give up his mistress to his friend Will, in *Sonnet xl.* :—

"Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all," &c.

points to Shakspeare's early time, as his making both his heroines run after their lovers also does. The heroine of the play is without doubt Julia: she suffers most, she loves most, she says the best things. The hero, Valentine, is a most generous, frank fellow, yet dull withal. He cannot understand Sylvia's love-message to him when she gives him back his own letter, and Speed has to explain it to him. He walks into the trap the Duke has laid for him without a grain of suspicion. But the beautiful unselfishness of his reproach to Proteus on his base treachery, "I am sorry I must never trust thee more," his shifting the blame to "time most accursed," show that he had somewhat of the nature of Theseus in the *Dream*, while the development in him of that serious, earnest love which we saw in Antipholus of Syracuse for Luciana prepares us for the full outburst of it in *Romeo and Juliet*. The lines in which Valentine laments his banishment from his love are the first stroke of the death-knell of "banished" which rings thro' the later play. There seems a contradiction in Sylvia's character in her giving Proteus her picture. It looks like a yielding to coquetry; but as Julia doesn't feel it to be so, we can hardly complain. That Sylvia says no word to Valentine when he rescues her, when she recovers him, must be put down to the same fault as the slurred reunion of *Ægeon* and his wife in the *Errors*—Shakspeare's dramatic youth,—he must have been now 28—though the genuineness of this last scene in *The Two Gentlemen* has been doubted by many critics, as well from its incidents as from its containing many words used only in the *Henry the Sixth* plays. Note the quick Italian turn for intrigue in Proteus, and in the Duke's instant forming of the plan to entrap Valentine. Launce is English of course, Stratford no doubt, and drawn from the life. He seems to me a more truly original creation than Bottom. I don't believe a Londoner could have made him. That half identity of doggy and horsey men with the animals they own or tend, is to be seen still. The charming "Who is Sylvia?" makes one thankful that Shakspeare's company possess a singer. The sources of the play are—1. *The Story of the Shepherdess Felismena*, from the *Diana* of Montemayor, 1598¹, in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. i., pp. 275-312 (but Celia = Olivia of *Twelfth Night*, dies). 2. *The History of Apollonius and Sylla*, by Barnaby Rich, 1581 (in which the lovers are happily married), *ib.*, pp. 387-412. The text of the play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The dramatic time of the play is seven days, with four intervals. See Mr. Daniel's analysis, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 124.

ROMEO AND JULIET.—The next group of Shakspeare's work is bound together, not by farce or comedy of errors, but by strong passion and by richness of fancy. The love which we saw rise in the *Errors* and develop in *The Two Gentlemen*, bursts into full force in *Romeo and Juliet*. The play gives us that passion lawful in woman and man; *Venus and Adonis*, gives it us unlawful in woman; *The Rape of Lucrece* unlawful in man; and in Juliet we have the first striking figure of Shakspeare's youthful conception of womanhood. That glorious figure of girlhood, clad in the beauty of the Southern spring, stepping out for scarce two days from the winter of her loveless home into the sunshine and warmth of love, and then sinking into the chill and horrors of the charnel-house and the grave, is one that ever haunts the student of Shakspeare. Wander where he will, the Cenci eyes of Juliet are still on him, and draw him to them as with the attraction of a loadstone.

The play was prepared for in *The Two Gentlemen* by the lament of Valentine for his banishment from Sylvia—

"And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die is to be banisht from myself,
And Sylvia is myself; banisht from her
Is self from self, a deadly banishment.

Except I be by Sylvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Sylvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon."

This deeper, richer note of love than Shakspeare had yet struck (how thin Berowne's sounds beside it!) becomes deeper and richer still in *Romeo and Juliet*. It is there indeed the very ecstasy of love, that without which life is worthless, that without which death is welcome. See, too, how Shakspeare has thrown himself into the life of Italy. As Miss Constance Astley well asks, "Who feels himself in England while reading *Romeo and Juliet*? Fierce Tybalt, gay fiery Mercutio, gallant Benvolio, tender, chivalrous Romeo: we see them breathe and move under the intense blue of an Italian sky. The day is hot, the Capulets are abroad, Mercutio's laugh rings down the street, his jewelled cap flames in the sun-light,—such sights and sounds as these crowd upon our fancy in the

¹ Tho. Barth. Yong's englisht version was not printed till 1598. It had probably circulated in MS. before, for he says in his forewords that it had "lyen by him finished Horace's ten, and sixe yeares more."

streets of Verona, more than any historical reminiscences of Can grande." Passion lends the lovers power, as the Chorus says. It is the time of affections and warm youthful blood, "For now these hot days is the mad blood stirring." "But these violent delights have violent ends," and Juliet's "I have no joy in this contract to-night," and Romeo's "My mind misgives some consequence," with the Friar's "They stumble, that run fast," and Juliet's "ill-divining soul," prepare us for the end that awaits the delicious, passionate love of the garden scene. Far above anything of the kind that Shakspeare has yet given us stands this, and the lovers' subsequent meeting and parting. The character of Juliet, too—who is the guiding spirit of the play, and far above Romeo, whose sentimental weeping for Rosalind, and unmanly grovelling in tears on hearing of his exile, call forth the Friar's well-deserved reproach,—is also greater than any we have had before. Mercutio as contrasted with Berowne is also a great advance—note that delightful imputation of his own quarrelsomeness to the quiet Benvolio, the only commonsense man of the party: it's worthy of Falstaff:—while the Nurse is the first and only figure of her kind, except perhaps Mrs. Quickly, in Shakspeare. That fussy, bustling, hot-temperd old Capulet is a capital figure too: he'd be surely akin to Browning's "Italian Person of Quality, Down in the City," if the latter could be well cayenned. But the play is young all through, not only in its passion¹, its excess of fancy verging on conceit, but in its simile of Paris and the book in I. iii., and in its lamentation scene (IV. v.), in which the Nurse almost reproduces Pyramus and Thisbe, and which has been even supposed by some to belong to an old play. The quarrels of the families take us into the history of mediæval Italy; the deaths of the children bring about the reunion which their lives could not accomplish. The date of the play is fixed by the Nurse's allusion—

"On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen . . .
 'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
 And she was weaned,"

which eleven should be seemingly thirteen, unless Juliet was suckled till she was three. The great earthquake of Shakspeare's time, to which he also probably alludes in *Venus and Adonis*, was in 1580, and I am content with the date of 1591 for the play, though it may stretch to 1593. Its links with *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are seen in Mercutio's Queen Mab speech, and in its "white wonder of dear Juliet's hand" and "so shows a snowy dove trooping with crows," when set by Demetrius's speech on the "pure congealed white, high Taurus snow," which is turned to a crow by contrast with Helena's hand, &c. &c. *Romeo and Juliet* was first published in 1597, by John Danter, in a spurious "edition made up partly from copies of portions of the original play, partly from recollection and from notes taken during the performance." (P. A. Daniel.) Secondly, in 1599, by Cuthbert Burby, in a genuine edition which "gives us for the first time a substantially true representation of the original play." 3, by John Smethwicke, in 1609, Q. 3, from Q. 2; and from this 3rd Quarto were printed the undated 4th Quarto and the Folio of 1623. (Q. 5, from Q. 4,

¹ "The unity which belongs to the play of *Romeo and Juliet* consists in that spirit of youth which everywhere penetrates and pervades it—even from the flow of its language and the music of its rhythm, to the very depths and innermost recesses of that passion which is its . . . subject, . . . love. . . . The love of Romeo and Juliet" (embodies that) "period when to live and to love are one, and the life of which, and its love, expire together. . . . It has every characteristic of that period: its headlong precipitancy, . . . its total disregard of all worldly considerations or consequences, its enthusiastic ardour of aspiration and force of will, . . . its proneness to seize, without an instant's delay, on all that the hand of pleasure offers, without asking the price, or calculating the comparative value; and above all, that boundless capacity for enjoyment and for suffering, which one moment lifts it to the highest empyrean of bliss, and the next sinks it to the lowest dungeons of despair. . . . Untimely as their grave is, it is still sweet, since each finds it in the arms of the other, and exhales over it the sweetest sighs that were ever breathed from the lips of loveliness."—*Imitations of Celebrated Authors*, 4th ed., Colburn, 1844, p. 131. See, too, my friend Mr. Furness's admirable *variorum* edition of the play. So also Coleridge says: "That law of unity, which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, the unity of feeling is everywhere and at all times observed by Shakspeare in his plays. Read *Romeo and Juliet*: all is youth and spring: youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies;—spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency: it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play. The old men, the Capulets and the Montagues, are not common old men: they have an eagerness, a heartiness, a vehemence, the effect of spring. With Romeo, his change of passion, his sudden marriage, and his rash death, are all the effects of youth; whilst in Juliet, love has all that is tender and melancholy in the nightingale, all that is voluptuous in the rose, with whatever is sweet in the freshness of spring; but it ends with a long deep sigh, like the last breeze of the Italian evening. This unity of feeling and character pervades every drama of Shakspeare."—*Literary Remains*, ii., 77 ed., 1836.

dates 1637.) Parallel Texts of the 1st and 2nd Quartos, 1597, 1599, were edited by my friend Mr. P. A. Daniel, in 1874, and presented to the members of the New Shakspeare Society by Prince Leopold, one of its Vice-Presidents, after whom Messrs. Cassell, Petter, Galpin & Co.'s "Leopold Shakspeare" is named. Mr. Daniel's edition and its Introduction I commended to the study of my readers. Mr. Daniel's revised text, based on the 2nd Quarto, is also issued by the New Shakspeare Society. The source of Shakspeare's *Romeo and Juliet* is Arthur Brooke's English *Romeus*, from Bandello. Boistuanu also told the story in the 3rd tale of his "*Histoires Tragiques Extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel*," translated and recast from the Italian. Brooke's poem was published by Richard Tothill, in 1562, "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet, written first in Italian by Bandell, and nowe in Englishe by Ar. Br.," and is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. i., pp. 69-204, with William Painter's englishing (1567, in *The Palace of Pleasure*) of Boistuanu's French paraphrase of Bandello's Italian "*Romeo e Giulietta*," *ib.*, pp. 205-260. Both poem and tale were also edited for the New Shakspeare Society by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in 1874, and his Introduction to them should be read, as it shows to what author the different incidents used by Shakspeare are due. The fragments of the Latin play on *Romeo and Juliet* in the Sloane MS. 1775, notist by Mr. Hunter, *Illustr.*, i. 130, will be printed by the New Shakspeare Society. But as the many alterations in the MS. show it to be the writer's own, and it is clearly later in date than Shakspeare's play, it is not of much consequence. The time of the action of the play is $4\frac{1}{2}$ days. The ball is on Sunday night; the lovers are married on Monday, and pass the night together; Juliet drinks the sleeping draught on Tuesday night; and on Wednesday, instead of marrying Paris, is found seemingly dead, and is entombed. She sleeps less than 42 hours. On Wednesday night Romeo returns, and poisons himself before Juliet awakes ere Thursday dawns. She stabs herself; and their families are roused from their sleep to come to the tomb.

In the *VENUS AND ADONIS* we have the same luxuriance of fancy, the same intensity of passion, as in *Romeo and Juliet*, illegitimate and unlawful though here the indulgence in that passion is. We have the link with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* in the stanza "Bid me discourse," and the hounds hunting the hare. The poem was entered on the Stationers' Register and published in 1593, and must be of nearly the same date as the *Romeo and Juliet*. It is dedicated to Shakspeare's young patron, Henry, Earl of Southampton; and I would fain believe the subject was set him by that patron. But from whatever source came the impulse to take from Ovid' the heated story of the heatlen goddess's lust, we cannot forbear noticing how through this stifling atmosphere Shakspeare has blown the fresh breezes of English meads and downs. *Midsummer-Night's Dream* itself is not fuller of evidence of Shakspeare's intimate knowledge of, and intense delight in, country scenes and sights, whether shown in his description of horse and hounds, or in closer touches, like that of the hush of wind before the rain; while such lines as those about the eagle flapping, "shaking its wings," l. 57, over its food, send us still to the Zoological Gardens to verify. Two lines there are, reflecting Shakspeare's own experience of life—his own early life in London possibly—which we must not fail to note; they are echoed in Hamlet:—

"For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any."

'Twas a lesson plainly taught by the Elizabethan days, and the Victorian preach it too. It has been the fashion lately to run down the *Venus* as compared with Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*. Its faults are manifest. It shows less restraint and training than the work of the earlier-ripened Marlowe; but to me it has a fulness of power and promise of genius enough to make three Marlowes. The poem was thus entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1603:—

"xviij. Aprilis

"Richard feild
Assigned ouer to
master Harrison
senior 25 Junij 1594.

Entred for his copie vnder th[e] h[and]es of the Archbisshop
of CANTERBURY and master warden STIRROP a booke
intituled *VENUS and ADONIS* vjd."

[See p. 655, and III., fol. 11.] Leaf 297b: Arber's *Transcript*, vol. ii., 1875, p. 630.

It was reprinted six times in Shakspeare's life—in 1594, 1595, 1599, 1600, twice in 1602;

¹ See Professor T. S. Baynes's excellent paper on Shakspeare's debt to Ovid, "What Shakspeare learnt at School," in *Fraser's Mag.*, 1880.

and afterwards in 1617, 1627, 1690, &c. The first edition is very well printed, and was perhaps seen through the press by Shakspeare himself. Mr. W. C. Hazlitt notes the contrast of Shakspeare's own title pages—first, *Venus and Adonis* (with the motto from Ovid), and *Lucrèce*, both without his name,—with the booksellers' long titles of the Quarto Dramas. But the Poems each contained a Dedication signed with Shakspeare's name.

The source of the story told by the poem was no doubt the ninth and tenth Fables of the 10th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, though Shakspeare may have borrowed some of his details elsewhere. Ovid relates, shortly, that Venus, accidentally wounded by an arrow of Cupid's, falls in love with the beauteous Adonis, leaves her favourite haunts and the skies for him, and follows him in his huntings over mountains and bushy rocks, and through woods. She warns him against wild boars and lions. She and he lie down in the shade on the grass—he without pressure on her part;—and there, with her bosom on his, she tells him, with kisses, the story of how she helped Hippomenes to win the swift-footed Atalanta, and then, because he was ungrateful to her (Venus), she excited him and his wife to defile a sanctuary by a forbidden act, for which they were both turned into lions. With a final warning against wild beasts, Venus leaves Adonis. He then hunts a boar, and gets his death-wound from it. Venus comes down to see him die, and turns his blood into a flower—the *anemone*, or wind-flower, short-lived, because the winds (*anemoi*), which give it its name, beat it down², so slender is it. Other authors give Venus the enjoyment which Ovid and Shakspeare deny her, and bring Adonis back from Hades to be with her.

Though the *Venus* was dedicated by Shakspeare, when twenty-nine, to the Earl of Southampton before he was twenty³, and cannot be called an improving poem for a young nobleman to read, we must remember the difference between the Elizabethan times and our own. Then, not one in a thousand of the companions of poets would have complained of Shakspeare's choice of subject, or thought it other than as legitimate as its treatment was beautiful. The same subject was repeated perhaps by Shakspeare in some sonnets of *The Passionate Pilgrim*; and a like one, in higher and happier tone, was made the motive of his *All's Well that Ends Well*—as I believe, the recast of his early *Love's Labours Won*. However it grates on one to compare the true and loving Helena with the lustful Venus, one must admit that the pursuit of an unwilling man by a willing woman—though he was no Joseph, and she no Potiphar's wife—was not so distasteful to the Elizabethan age as it is to the Victorian. Constable's best poem (printed in 1600) treats the same topic as Shakspeare's first: its title is *The Shepherd's Song of Venus and Adonis*.⁴

The large use by Shakspeare of his country recollections⁵, coupled with his calling the *Venus*, in its dedication, "the first heir of his invention"⁶, and the young-blood passionateness of its sensual lines⁷, led me at first to adopt the doctrine of Gervinus and

¹ "And, in her tale, she bussed him among,"—A. Golding. Ovid's *Met.*, leaf 129 bk., ed. 1602.

² Pliny (bk. i., c. 23) says it never opens but when the wind is blowing.

³ He was born October 6, 1573; his father died October 4, 1581; he entered at St. John's College, Cambridge, on December 11, 1585, just after he was twelve; took his degree of Master of Arts before he was sixteen, on June 6, 1589; and soon after entered at Gray's Inn, London. He was a ward of Lord Burghley. He became a favourite of Queen Elizabeth's, but lost her favour, in 1595, for making love to Elizabeth Vernon (Essex's cousin), whom he married later, in 1598. (Massey's *Shakspeare's Sonnets*, p. 55, &c.)

⁴ Lodge has three stanzas in his *Glauens and Scilla*, 1589, on Adonis's death, and Venus coming down to his corpse.

⁵ In the *Venus* it is not only the well-known descriptions of the horse (l. 260-318), and the hare-hunt (l. 673-708), that show the Stratford man, but the touches of the overflowing Avon (72), the two silver doves (366), the milch doe and fawn in some brake in Charlerote Park (875-6), the red morn (453), of which the weatherwise say:—

"A red sky at night's a shepherd's delight;
A red sky at morning's a shepherd's warning;"

the hush of the wind before it rains (458), the many clouds consulting for foul weather (972), the night owl (531) the lark (852), &c. &c.; just as the artist (289) and the shrill-tongued tapsters (849) show the taste of London life. (F. J. F., in *The Academy*, August 15, 1874, p. 179, col. 1.) There are scores more allusions to country scenes, &c., in the *Venus*.

⁶ This is to be understood of pure poetry (lyric or epic) in contradistinction to dramatic. It was his poems, and *Romeo and Juliet*, that first made Shakspeare's fame. The *Venus* was, too, Shakspeare's first published work.

⁷ But we must note that Shakspeare is not so carried away by his subject as to show that his sympathy

others, that the poem was written many years before its dedication to Southampton—indeed, soon after Shakspeare's arrival in London;—and by him who, at eighteen-and-a-half, had married a woman of twenty-six, and had a child within six months after his marriage. Such conceits as those in lines 1, 2, of the purple-fac'd sun, and the weeping morn; in line 1054, of Adonis's wound weeping purple tears¹, &c.; the elaboration of the similes, the abounding fancy, the general treatment², the fewness of the unstopt or run-on lines (48 in 1,194, say 1 in 25³)—seem to confirm the early date of the poem; as did also its extreme elaboration, just like that of a young pre-Raphaelite painter: every detail is given you; all the signs and course of Venus's passion⁴ are stippled in with the same precision as the incidents and process of the hare-hunt. But, on further study, and comparison with the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Lucrece*, came the strong conviction that the *Venus* belonged to the 1590-4 Passion-group.

Of possession and promise in Shakspeare's first poem, we have an intense love of nature, and a conviction (which never left him) of her sympathy with the moods of men; a penetrating eye; a passionate soul⁵; a striking power of throwing himself into all he sees, and reproducing it living and real to his reader; a lively fancy, command of words, and music of verse; these wielded by a shaping spirit that strives to keep each faculty under one control, and guide it while doing its share of the desired whole. We may note, too, Shakspeare's liking for words in *ure* (*closure*⁶, line 782; repeated in Sonnet 48, line 11; *Richard III.*, III. iii. 10); and of his forcing words to be what parts of speech, and have what meaning, he will (*passions*, vb. int., line 1059; *pale*, paling, line 230). Of his undoubted license in rhyme (see Ellis's *Early English Pronunciation*, p. 953), the only instance here is the early one that poets still allow themselves, of ryming long and short vowels, as in *unlikely*, *quickly*, lines 989, 990. That *swine*, *groin*, lines 1115, 1116; *enter*, *venture*, lines 626, 628, were regular in Shakspeare's time, see *Ellis*, pp. 968, 973.⁷ His own experience of love may well be told in lines 1137, 1138, which he echoes elsewhere:

"It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end."

The first⁸ allusion to the *Venus* is by Meres in 1598: "As the soule of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweete wittie soule of Ovid liues in mellifluous and hony-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugred Sonnets among his private friends, &c." *Palladis Tamia*, § on *Poets*. In 1598 the two poems were again noticed, in "A Remembrance of some English Poets," the fourth tract in a volume called *Poems: in Divers Humors*, of which the first tract bears Richard Barnfield's name:—

<p>"And Shakespeare thou, whose hony-flowing Vaine, (Pleasing the World) thy Praises doth obtaine; Whose <i>Venus</i>, and whose <i>Lucrece</i> (sweete and chaste),</p>	<p>Thy Name in fane's immortall Booke have plac't. Live ever you! at least in Fame live ever! Well may the Bodye dye; but Fame dies neuer."</p>
--	---

with it is beyond his reason. He plainly says that Venus is lustful (line 47); that she "beats reason back, forgets shame's pure blush and honour's wrack" (lines 557-558); that hers is not love, but "sweating lust" (lines 794-804).

¹ Compare Anthony Munday and Hy. Chettle in *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon*, 1598, pr. 1600, *Dodsley*, viii. 285:—

"Could the sun see, without a red eclipse,
The purple tears fall from those tyrant wounds."

² Compare the simpler and easier tone of the later *Venus and Adonis* sonnets (? Shakspeare's) in *The Passionate Pilgrim*.

³ The proportion of extra syllable lines, 212 (of which 14 are of two syllables), is one in 5.63.

⁴ I doubt the theory of his repeating possibly Anne Hathaway's experience in this. He could not have been an icy Adonis.

⁵ "A young poet can, at most, give evidence of ardent feeling and fresh imagination."—Mark Pattison, *Macmillan's Magazine*, March, 1875, p. 386.

⁶ Used by Lodge in the same year, 1593,—"humbled closures" closed on downcast eyelids,—in his "Complaint of Elstred." (*Phyllis*, p. 67.)

⁷ Read the whole discussion, pages 917-996. It's first-rate work.

⁸ If there really was an earlier edition in 1595, or any year before 1598, of John Weever's *Epigrammes*, which we know only in the edition of 1599, then Weever was before Meres in recognising the merit of Shakspeare's *Venus*, *Lucrece*, *Romeo*, and *Richard*. See the *Epigram* 22, in the *New Shakspeare Society's Allusion-Books*, Pt. I., p. 182.

In the same year, 1598, the satirist, John Marston¹, publisht "the first heir of his invention," which he called (p. 292) "the first bloomes of my poesie," "The Metamorphosis of Pigmalion's Image. And Certaine Satyres," (*Works*, 1856, iii. 199), and in it, says Mr. Minto (*Characteristics of English Poets*, 1874, p. 437), reviving an old theory, "Shakspere's *Venus and Adonis* was singled out as the type of dangerously voluptuous poetry, and unmercifully parodied; the acts of the goddess to win over the cold youth being coarsely paralleled in mad mockery by the acts of Pygmalion to bring his beloved statue to life." Now the fact is, that there is no trace of "mad mockery" or parody in Marston's poem, though there are echoes in it of *Venus*, as there are of *Richard III.*, *Hamlet*, &c., in Marston's *Scourge of Villanie*, his *Fawn*, &c.; and the far more probable view of the case, is that put forward by Dr. Brinsley Nicholson: that Marston, being young, and of a warm temperament and licentious disposition, followed the lead of a poem then in everybody's mouth² (Shakspere's *Venus*), and produced his *Pigmalion's Image*; but being able only to heighten the *Venus's* sensuality, and leave out its poetry and bright outdoor life, he disgusted his readers, had his poem suppress by Whitgift and Bameroff's order, and then tried to get out of the scrape by saying that he had written his nastiness only to condemn other poets for writing theirs! A likely story indeed! But let him tell it himself. In his "Satyre VI." of his *Scourge of Villanie*, 1598 (completed in 1599), *Works*, 1856, iii. 274, 275, he says: -

"Curio! know'st my sprite;
Yet deem'st that in sad seriousness I write,
Such nasty stuffe as is *Pigmalion*?
Such maggot-tainted, lowd corruption! . . .
Think'st thou that I, which was create to whip
Incarnate fiends . . .
Think'st thou that I in melting poesie
Will pamper itching sensuality,
That in the bodies scumme, all fatall

Intombes the soules most sacred faculty?

Hence, thou misjudging censor! know, I wrot
Those idle rimes to note the odious spot
And blemish that deforms the lineaments
Of moderne poesies habitaments.
Oh that the beauties of invention⁴,
For want of judgements disposition,
Should all be spoild!" . . .

Then, after describing seven types of poets—of whom the fifth *may be* Shakspere⁵, and the sixth Ben Jonson (cp. p. 245)—Marston goes on to satirise the readers of his and other writers' loose poems, for whom he "slubber'd up that chaos indigest" of his *Pigmalion*. This epithet is certainly not consistent with the dedication of his poem to Good Opinion and his Mistress; and his excuse for his failure in it is plainly an afterthought. But whatever we determine as to Marston's motives and honesty, we shall all join in regretting the "want of

¹ See the character given of him in the most interesting *Return from Parnassus* (about 1602, published 1606), Hazlitt's *Dogdley*, ix. 116-117. Also the anecdote in Manningham's *Diary*.

² "A horse! a horse! My kingdom for a horse!" (1607, *What You Will*, Act II., sc. i. *Works*, i. 239). "A man! a man! a kingdom for a man!" (1598, *Scourge of Villanie*, *Works*, iii. 278). And he repeats the call, "A man, a man!" thrice in the next two pages (*Shakspere Allusion Books*, i. 188. New Shakspere Society). See, too, "A foole, a foole, a foole, my coxcombe for a foole!" (*Fawn*, 1606, Act V., sc. i. *Works*, ii. 89); and on p. 23, Hercules's imitation of Iago's speech to Roderigo, in *Othello*, ii. 40-60 (Nicholson). Again, in *The Malcontent*, 1607, Act III., sc. iii. (*Works*, i. 239), "Ho, ho! ho, ho! arte there, olde true pennyne;" from *Hamlet*, &c. Compare, too, Lampatho in *The Malcontent* (vol. i., p. 236) with Armado in *Love's Labours Lost*. Marston was steeped in Shakspere, though to little good.

³ See *The Fair Maid of the Ercheunge*—

"*Crip[ple]*. But heare you sir? reading so much as
you haue done,
Doe you not remember one pretty phrase,
To scale the waffles of a faire wenches loue?
Bow[lder]. I never read any thing but *Venus and
Adonis*."

Crip. Why that's the very quintessence of
loue;
If you remember but a verse or two,
He pawne my head, goods, lands, and all, 'twill
doe."

In R. Baron's "Fortune's Tennis-ball" (*Poetula Castalia*, 1640) are, says Dr. B. Nicholson, many appropriations from *Venus and Adonis*, suddenly occurring where hunting is spoken of. Falstaff is also referred to; and at the end are many appropriations from Ben Jonson's *Hymenæi*.

⁴ Cp. Shakspere's "First heir of my invention."

⁵ "Yon's one whose straines haue flowne so high a
pitch,
That straight he flags, and tumbles in a ditch.
His sprightly hot high-soring poesie

Is like that dream'd-of imagery,
Whose head was gold, brest silver, brassie
thigh,
Lead leggs, clay feete: O faire fram'd poesie!"

That Shakspere's subject was clay, and his verse gold, is certainly true.

judgements disposition" that let Shakspeare choose Venus¹ for an early place in his glorious gallery of women—forms whose radiant purity and innocence have won all hearts;—though we will remember this fault only as the low level from which he rose on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things. He who put Venus near the beginning of his career, ended with Miranda, Perdita, Imogen, Hermione, Queen Katharine. Let *them* make atonement for *her*!

THE RAPE OF LUCRECE.—This poem, publisht 1594, we can well believe is the graver labour with which Shakspeare vowd, in his dedication to the *Venus*, to honour Lord Southampton. It is very different in certain points of metre—the run-on line, for instance²—to the *Venus*, but is full of the beautiful fancy we see in that. Read the description of Lucrece in her bed, one lily hand under her rosy cheek:—

"Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet: whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat resembling dew of night,

Her eyes like marigolds had sheath'd their
light;
And, canopied in darkness, sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day"—

and acknowledge that the *Lucrece* can well stand beside the play and the poem which precede it, while in weight of reflection it naturally excels them. It is not so full as the *Venus* of country allusions³, though here the rapacious animals (and their prey) prevail in number, as they do in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.* Compare the following list from the poem and plays:—

LUCRECE.

Doves, 48
Owls' and wolves' death-boding cries, 165

Silly lambs, 167
Night-wandering weasels, 307
(Strong Pirates, 335)
Dove and night-owl, 360

Lurking serpent, 362
Grim lion fawning on his prey, 421
New-kill'd bird trembling, 457

Honey guarded with a sting, 493
Falcon towering in the skies, 506
Coucheth the fowl below . . . crooked beak,
507 8; as fowl hear falcon's bells, 511
Cockatrice' dead-killing eye, 510

2 and 3 HENRY VI.

o. 4 Doves, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 18 (? not Shakspeare)
o. Boding screech-owls, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 327; *o.* that
fatal screech-owl, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. vi. 55
n. Sucking lamb, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 71
a. (The strong Illyrian Pirate, 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 108)
n. Harmless dove, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 71; *o.* night-owl,
3 *Henry VI.*, II. i. 130
o. The lurking serpent's mortal sting, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 15
n. When the lion fawns upon the lamb, 3 *Henry VI.*, IV.
viii. 49; *a.* pent-up lion o'er the wretch that trembles
under his devouring paws, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iii. 12
o. Some say the bee stings, 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. ii. 83
a. Your . . . falcon flew above the rest, 2 *Henry VI.*, II. i. 5, 6
o. So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv. 41
n. Murdering basilisks (same as cockatrices), 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 324

¹ The author of the *Return from Parnassus* (written about Christmas, 1602, publisht 1606), puts it thus (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 118):—

"William Shakespeare?

"Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece rape:
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbling life,

Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

² Its proportion of unstopt lines is 1 in 10·81 (174 such lines to the poem's 1,855) against the *Venus*'s 1 in 25·40 (47 run-on lines in 1,194). Let this large difference in proportion of run-on lines between two poems which I now put within a year or two of one another, have what weight it should in lessening the value of the end-stopt-line test when applied to Shakspeare's plays. The order of the plays is independent of any metrical test, though all such tests help in settling that order. But the slightest study of Shakspeare's earliest and latest plays together, is enough to prove the great worth of the end-stopt-line test. The tide through old London Bridge is in line 1667 of *Lucrece*.

³ We have the London artist too, in the painter of the siege of Troy, l. 1366, &c., as in the *Venus*. Note the dying eyes, with their ashy light, l. 1378. Of the country and outward nature, we have lilies and roses, 71; red roses and white lawn, 258: clouds and stormy weather, 115; corn o'ergrown by weeds, 281; little frosts in spring, 331; cloud and silver moon, 371; sun from cloud, 372; April daisy, 395; marigolds, 397; red-rose blush, 479; thorns on growing rose, 482; black-faced cloud, 547; dim mist, 548; earthquake 549; streams to the salt ocean, 649; sea, flood, &c., 652; silver-shining moon and twinkling stars, 786-7, 1007-8; unruly blasts and tender spring, 869; wormwood taste, 893; bastard graff, 1062; mountain spring, 1077; blushing morrow, 1082; flood overflowing banks, 1118; bark peeled from pine, 1167; leaves and sap, 1168; dew (conceit of earth's tears), 1226; goodly champaign plain, 1247; rough winter killing the flower, 1255; Simois' reedy banks, 1437; bright day and black-fac'd storms, 1518; little stars shot from places, 1525 (cp. *M. N. D.*); ebb and flow, 1569; water-galls and storms, 1589; floods increase by rain, 1677; windy tempest blows up rain, 1788. Compare Lucrece's wanting to tear Helen's beauty (in the Troy picture) with her nails, with Hermia's wanting to scratch Helena's face in *M. N. D.*, &c.

⁴ Miss Lee has kindly put *o.* to the old-play lines, *a.* to those altered, *n.* to the new ones, in 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*

LUCRECE.

2 and 3 HENRY VI.

White hind under the gripe's sharp claws,
543

Foul night-waking cat, 554

His vulture folly, 556

Wolf and poor lamb, 677

Full-fed hound or gorged hawk, 694

A jade, 707

Thievish dog, 736

Wearied lamb, 737

Honey lost; drone-like bee, 836

Bee-hive, and wasp sucked the honey, 840

Hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests, 849

Toads' venom, 850

Adder hisses where sweet birds sing, 871

Wolf and lamb, 878

Sin's pack-horse, 928

Tiger, unicorn, and lion, 956

Crow and its coal-black wings, 1009

Snow-white swan, 1011

Gnats, 1014

Eagles, 1015

Slaughterhouse and tool, 1029

Little bird's morning joys, 1107, 1121

Lamenting Philomel, 1079; and nightingale
and thorn, 1135

Men proving beasts, 1148

Poor frightened deer, 1149

Little worms, 1248

Pale swan in watery nest, 1611

Blood, and watery pigol, 1745

Old bees die, young possess their hive, 1769

o. ep. she-partridge in the puttock's nest, 2 *Henry VI.*, III.
ii. 191

(Whose vulture thought, *Venus*, 551)

n. Lamb . . . ravenous wolf, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 77-8

n. Lambs pursued by hunger-starved wolves, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv. 5

o. Hawks do tower so well, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 10

n. The jades that drag the night, 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 4
(? Marlowe)

o. To beat a dog, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 171

o. An innocent lamb, 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. ii. 81; o. poor
harmless lambs, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. v. 75

n. Drones rob bee-hives, 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 109 (? not
Shakspeare)

o. Hive of bees, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 125 [1 *Henry VI.*,
III. ii. 75; *Learn* I. iv. 219; *Antony and Cleopatra*,
II. vi. 28]

o. Venom toads, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 138 (? not Shakspeare)

n. Adder, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 76

n. Trembling lamb environed with wolves, 3 *Henry VI.*,
I. i. 242

o. Tiger's heart, tigers of Hyrcania, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv.
137-155; o. lion, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 11

o. The night-crow cried, 3 *Henry VI.*, V. vi. 45

o. Gnats, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. vi. 8

n. Empty eagle, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 248

n. The bloody slaughterhouse, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. i. 212;
o. butcher and his axe, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 189

[The nightingale . . . lean'd her breast up till a
thorn, *Barnfield's Ode*, in *Passionate Pilgrim*, xxi.
8-10]

o. Margaret third worse than tigers, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv. 154

o. The deer . . . n. will scare the herd . . . o. here 's a deer,
3 *Henry VI.*, III. v. 2-22 (the deer is Henry himself)

o. The smallest worm will turn, 3 *Henry VI.*, II. ii. 17
(? not Shakspeare)

n. A swan . . . swim against the tide, 3 *Henry VI.*, I. iv.
19-20

n. This cold congealed blood, 3 *Henry VI.*, V. ii. 37

o. Bees that want their leader, 2 *Henry VI.*, III. ii. 125;
and see Clifford's argument in 3 *Henry VI.*, II.
ii. 21-42

But the long lamentations of Lucrece, so full of antithesis and so laboured¹, are, without doubt, imitated from Chaucer's poem of *Troilus and Cressida*. As some compensation for them, we have the noble figure of Lucrece herself, suffering death rather than live under dishonour, a figure fit to stand by Brutus's Portia, by Volumnia, of Shakspeare's greatest time. We will not forget, too, that in *Coriolanus* Shakspeare comes back to near the days of this early *Rape of Lucrece*.²

The *Lucrece* was entered in the Stationers' Registers in 1594, "9 maij: Master harrison Senior: Entred for his copie vnder th[e h]and of master Senior Cawood, Warden, a booke intituled the *Ravysheiment of Lucrece*. . . vj^d. C." (Arber's *Transcript*, ii. 648), and was published the same year by J. Harrison. It was reprinted in 1598, 1600, 1607, 1616,

¹ In St. 19, Shakspeare has five consecutive rymes in *-ing*, l. 127-131, as in l. 428-434 he has a whole stanza with *-ing* rymes. This is like Chaucer's five in *-ore* and five in *-ere* in *Troilus*, bk. v., st. iv. xxxii. (*Works*, ed. Morris, vol. v., p. 2, p. 10, and nine in *-ede* in *Andania* (vol. v., p. 206). Gildon says of the *Rape*: "Lucrece is too talkative, and of too wanton [unrestrained] a Fancy for one in her Condition and of her Temper."—*Sh.'s Works*, 1714, ix. 399.

² It is very interesting to compare the sympathetic tone in which Shakspeare speaks of the Siege of Troy. In lines 1366-1568: of Ajax and Ulysses, l. 1394-1400; of Nestor, l. 1401-1421; of Achilles, l. 1422-7; of Hector, l. 1429-1435; with the bitter way in which he treats the same subject and men in his later *Troilus and Cressida*. Also note here in l. 1443-1485, the source of the player's Hecuba-speech in *Hamlet*. Shakspeare's Minor Poems have not yet been worked enough with his plays; nor Chaucer's with his Tales.

and 1624, each Quarto being taken from the one before it. The first edition was probably seen through the press by Shakspeare himself. It contains a short fervent Dedication to Lord Southampton, then just of age (see *Julius Cæsar* below), and an "Argument" or sketch of the story on which the poem is founded. Whence Shakspeare got this Argument—his only piece of non-dramatic prose besides his two short Dedications—has not yet been made out in detail. Chaucer had, in his *Legende of Good Women* (A.D. 1386?), told the story of Lucrece, after those of Cleopatra, Dido, Thisbe, Ypsiphile, and Medea, "As saythe Ovyde and Titus Lyvvyus" (Ovid's *Fusti*, bk. ii., l. 741; *Livy*, bk. i., ch. 57, 58): the story is also told by Dionysius Halicarnassensis, bk. iv., ch. 72, and by Diodorus Siculus, Dio Cassius, and Valerius Maximus. In English it is, besides in Lydgate's *Falles of Princes*, bk. iii., ch. 5, and in Wm. Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1567, vol. i., fol. 5-7, where the story is very shortly told: the heading is "Sextus Tarquinius ravisheth Lucrece, who bewailng the losse of her chastitie, killeth her self."¹ I cannot find the story in the Ronen edition, 1603, of Boastuan and Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, 7 vols., 12mo; or the Lucca edition, 1554, of the *Nouvelle* of Bandello, 3 parts; or the Lyons edition, 1573, of the Fourth Part. Painter's short *Lucrece* must have been taken by himself from one of the Latin authors he cites as his originals at the end of his preface. In 1568, was entered on the Stat. Reg., A, ff. 174, a receipt for 4*l.* from Jn. Alde "for his lycense for prynting of a ballett, *the greivous complaynt of Lucrece*" (Arber's *Transcript*, i. 379); and in 1570 the like from "James Robertes, for his lycense for the pryntinge of a ballett intituled *The Death of Lucryssia*" (Arber's *Transcript*, i. 416). Another ballad of the legend of Lucrece was also printed in 1576, says Warton. (*Var. Shakspeare*, xx. 100.) Chaucer's simple, short telling of the story in 206 lines—of which 95 are taken up with the visit of Collatyne and Tarquynus to Rome, before Shakspeare's start with Tarquin's journey thither alone—cannot of course compare with Shakspeare's rich and elaborate poem of 1,855 lines, though, had the latter had more of the earlier maker's brevity, it would have attained greater fame.

"THE PASSIONATE PILGRIME, by W. Shakespeare," was first publisht in 1599. In the middle of sheet C is a second title: "Sonnetts To sundry notes of Musicke." *The Pilgrim* is a collection, made by the piratical publisher, William Jaggard, of some genuine Sonnetts, &c., by Shakspeare, Richard Barnfield, Bartholomew Griffin, Christopher Marlowe, and other writers unknown, got from divers printed books and other sources. Thirteen years afterwards, in 1612, the same pirate Jaggard reprinted *The Pilgrim* as Shakspeare's, and put into it, under Shakspeare's name, and to his disgust, two poems by Thomas Heywood,² for which the latter publicly reproacht Jaggard. The original edition (reprinted in due order in the *Leopold* and *Globe* eds.) contains—1, 2. Shakspeare's Sonnetts 13⁶ and 144, with various readings. 3. Longaville's Sonnet to Maria in *Love's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. 57-70, "Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye." 4. The first Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Sweet Cythera." 5. Berowne's 6-measure Sonnet-Letter to Rosaline in *Love's Labours Lost*, IV. ii. 103-116, "If love make me forsworn." 6. The second Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Scarce had the sun." 7. Three stanzas of six, "Fair is my love" (to be compared with Sonnet 138, No. 1 here). 8. Richard Barnfield's first Sonnet³ from his *Poems: In*

¹ Lucrece's story is also fully told in Barnabe Googe's *Prouerbes of Lopez de Mendoza*, englisht 1575, from the Tuscan of M. John Galensis.

² From his *Troia Britannica*, 1609, which proceeding, says Dyce, was thus noticed by Heywood in the Postscript to his Apology for Actors, also printed in 1612: "Here, likewise, I must necessarily insert a manifest injury done me in that worke [*Troia Britannica*], by taking the two epistles of Paris to Helen, and Helen to Paris, and printing them in a lesse volume under the name of another, which may put the world in opinion I might steal them from him, and hee, to doe himselfe right, hath since published them in his owne name: but, as I must acknowledge my lines not worthy his patronage under whom he hath published them, so the author, I know, much offended with M. Jaggard that (altogether unknowne to him) presumed to make so bold with his name." "Heywood having thus claimed his own, Jaggard cancelled the title-page of the third edition of *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1612, on which was the name of Shakespeare, and substituted a title-page without any author's name." (This pirate Jaggard's name was William.)

³ Both this and No. 21, "As it fell," though in Barnfield's first edition of 1598, publisht by John Jaggard, were, like all the rest of the *Poems* but two, left out of the second edition of *Lady Pecunia*, &c., in 1605, "to be sold by Jhon Hodgets, dwelling in Paules Churchyard, a little beneath Paules Schoole." But that this outleaving does not imply that the two poems were Shakspeare's, or not Barnfield's, Mr. Grosart shows in his edition of Barnfield, 1876, p. xxxi. I wish the Sonnet, with its love of Spenser, had been Shakspeare's.

*divers humors*¹, 1598. It was written, "To his friend Maister R. L. In praise of Musique and Poetrie" (p. 189, ed. Grosart, Roxburghe Club, 1876), and begins, "If music and sweet poetry agree," and is one of his "fruits of vnriper yeares." 9. The third Venus and Adonis Sonnet, "Fair was the morn," incomplete as now, without its second line. 10. Two stanzas of six lines each, "Sweet rose." 11. The fourth Venus and Adonis Sonnet, by Bartholomew Griffin, Sonnet III. in his *Fidessa*, 1596, sign B 2, but now with new mistakes and various readings, and new lines 9-12, whence got, is unknown. 12. "Crabbed age and youth." 13. "Beauty." 14. "Good night," each two stanzas of six, and not Shakspeare's, I think. 15. "Lord, how mine eyes," three stanzas of six. 16. (Here begin the "Sonnets to sundry notes of Musicke," with) a spurious set of quatrains (*aaab*), "It was a lordings daughter," of course not Shakspeare's. 17. Dumaine's poem to his "most divine Kate," in *Love's Labours Lost*, IV. iii. 98-117, "On a day." 18. "My flocks feed not," from Weelkes's *Madrigals*, 1597: clearly not Shakspeare's. 19. "When as thine eye." 20. Marlowe's "Live with me, and be my love" (sung by Izaak Walton's handsome milkmaid²), with Sir Walter Raleigh's *Reply*. 21. Richard Barnfield's Ode, "As it fell upon a day," from his *Poems: In diuers humors* (1598), 56 lines.

I have not workt enough at these poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* to have a real opinion on them. The dates vary, I suppose, from 1589 to 1599, or so. I put the collection at the end of the other poems, because it can only be noticed here or at the end of the plays. The first three Venus and Adonis Sonnets are to me so much easier in flow and lighter in handling than the *Venus and Adonis* itself, that, if they are Shakspeare's, I cannot suppose them to have been written before that poem. They seem to me worthy of Shakspeare in his young-man's time. In addition to Nos. 8, 11, 16, 18, 20, and 21, noted above as not being Shakspeare's, I suppose that 10, 13, 14, 15, are not his either. About No. 19 I doubt: that "to sin and never for to saint," and the whole of the poem, are by some strong man of the Shakspeare breed. Mr. Grosart has shown in his Prefaces to his editions of Barnfield's *Poems* and Griffin's *Fidessa*, that there is no reason to take from the first, his Ode (No. 21) and his Sonnet (No. 8), or from the second, his Venus and Adonis Sonnet (No. 11), many of whose readings the *Passionate Pilgrim* print spoils. No. 12 I like to think Shakspeare's; and No. 7 goes so well with No. 1, that though I see nothing distinctively Shakspeare's in it, I suppose it may be his.

The Phoenix and the Turtle first appeared, with Shakspeare's name to it, in *Chester's Love's Martyr*: or, *Rosalins Complaint*, in 1601. It refers to Queen Elizabeth and a mythic spouse, not Essex. *A Lover's Complaint* first appeared at the end of the *Sonnets* in 1609. I cannot date it.

RICHARD THE SECOND.—Shakspeare turned from his play and his poems of passion, to deal with the great political questions which were stirring his countrymen in his own time. One cannot believe that he who knew the object of playing was to show "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure," could have been indifferent to the greatest questions pressing on his age, when he freely satirised the petty fashions of men's coats and breeches, and women's false hair and face-painting and the like. The chief questions troubling his time were the disputed succession of Elizabeth and her title to the Crown, her government by favourites, the continual conspiracies against her, either home-grown or supported by foreign aid. And whether Shakspeare took up the topic of historical plays because it was popular with English audiences, and had been dealt with by former writers, or because he had his own say on Elizabethan politics to say to his countrymen, I cannot doubt that he did speak his own opinions and preach his own moral through his historical plays. That he loved his country, every play and poem of his shows. That he was a patriot above party; even though he may have inclined to

¹ In a volume of 31 leaves containing—1. The praise of Lady Pecunia. 2. The Complaint of Poetrie for the Death of Liberalitie. 3. Poems: in diuers Humors.—1598. Hazlitt's *Handbook*.

² In *England's Helicon*, 1600; 18, sign'd *Ignoto*. No. 20 and part of 21 are there too, with Sir Walter Raleigh's *Reply*.

³ "As I left this place and entered into the next field, a second pleasure entertained me: 'twas a handsome milk-maid; she cast away all care, and sung like a nightingale. Her voice was good, and the ditty fitted for it; it was that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlowe, now at least fifty years ago. And the milk-maid's mother sung an answer to it, which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days."—*Complete Angler*.

Southampton and Essex's side, his historical plays show too. He first took the weak kings, and of them first, Richard the Second, who by favouritism ruined England. Elizabeth herself said to Lambarde, "I am Richard the Second: know you not that?" And her favouritism is still one of the just, among the many unjust, stains on her character. That Shakspeare's *Richard II.* was the play acted in the streets of London by direction of Essex's friends on the afternoon before his rebellion broke out, is almost certain, for the arrangement for the performance of the play was made with "Augustine Phillipps, servant to the Lord Chamberlain, and one of his Players'," that is, a member of the company to which Shakspeare belonged; and that Shakspeare's *Richard II.* from the first contained the Deposition Scene, though this was not printed in the first quarto, is clear from the lines that come before and after the omission.

Shakspeare shows by this weak king's history, what is the end of a sovereign's unwise favouritism, and he also protests against the benevolences and daily new exactions raised in Elizabeth's reign², especially about 1591-3. I do not contend that in Richard, Shakspeare meant to picture Elizabeth: she was far other than he. This degenerate son of the Black Prince, the flower of warriors, is shown in Shakspeare's pages as a mere royal sham. Personate a king in tongue he can; but act as one he can't. His claim to command is belied by the action of the quarrelsome nobles in his very presence in the first scene. The utter meanness of his nature is shown by his inability to take the reproof of the noble, dying Gaunt. His stage-actor's hollowness is shown on his return to England when, idiot that he is, he affects to favour England's earth by touching it with his royal hand, and then claims on the one hand the certainty of help from heaven, and on the other grovels in the mire of despair as soon as bad news comes. Good tidings lift him again for a moment, but he falls at once into the slime to which by nature he belongs. He cannot part with his crown without calling for a glass to look at himself in: and it is not till he suffers and dies in prison, that we have any feeling of regret for the majesty he so little represented on the throne. His rival Bolingbroke, on the other hand, the son of that Gaunt, through whom Shakspeare has spoken his own love of "this blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England," the son of Chaucer's sweet-voiced Duchess Blanche, is shown with all his mother's gracious ways winning the hearts of the common folk, wiling the tediousness of Northumberland's journey, and astutely seizing the chances that fortune and Richard's misgovernment give him to ascend the throne. His hint for Richard's murder is caught up by Exton, and the king has soon to learn that the deed is worse than a crime; it is a blunder. The passion and fancy of the last group of Shakspeare's works give way to the patriotism and the rhetoric of the present set of historical plays. As in the former the fancy sometimes verged on conceit, so in the latter does the rhetoric sometimes verge on rant, as in Bolingbroke's and Mowbray's speeches. In the later scenes, too of *Richard II.*, rhyme seems to make its last effort to stand as part of Shakspeare's regular means for working out his plays. But these scenes are singularly weak; and with the repetition of the nobles' challenge constitute a blemish on the play. Another blemish is the want of comic relief, and the making of the gardener and his mates talk like philosophers or Friar Laurence. A strong link with *Romeo and Juliet* is seen in the up-and-downness of the characters of Richard the Second and Romeo, in the knell of "banish, banisht," through both plays, &c.

Richard II. is founded, like Shakspeare's other Historical Plays, upon Holinshed's Chronicle, with such changes and additions as it pleased the poet to make in his original. Among the inventions here are the fine scene between John of Gaunt on his death-bed and his nephew; Aumerle's continuing faithful to Richard; Northumberland's not kneeling to the King, whereas he did kneel; the scene of the Queen and the gardeners; Richard's

¹ See A. Phillipps's Examination, in Mrs. Green's Calendar of State Papers, *Domestic Series*, 1598-1601, p. 578; and Mr. Hales's letter of November 15, 1875, in *The Academy* for that month. Also *Centurie of Prayse*, ed. 1879, p. 36; Lord Bacon's Speech in his *Works*, ed. B. Montagu, vi. 63-4, and *State Trials*, i. 1445, 43 Eliz.

² "Still, I cannot help observing, though I know not how to account for it, that the dramatist here dwells upon popular grievances, which in the other play (*King John*) he treats with contempt, though history has certainly handed down John as, not less than Richard, the oppressor of his people."—Courtenay's *Commentaries*, i. 50. Tho' benevolences were not known till Henry VII.'s time, yet Richard II. made many accused persons compound for pardon, and pay large sums *pro benevolentia sua recuperanda*.—Turner, ii. 317.—ib. The taxation of the last twelve years of Elizabeth's reign was very heavy.

interview with her after his return from Ireland; the lament of Henry over Richard's corpse. York's description of the progress of Richard and Bolingbroke is from *Stowe*, p. 322. See, too, Daniel's poem, *History of the Civil Wars*, bk. ii. (P. A. D.). "The characters of Richard, of Bolingbroke, and of York, are sufficiently true to nature and to history so far as Shakspeare was acquainted with it. Richard, reckless in prosperity, weak in adversity; Bolingbroke, bold and ambitious, and courting popularity; York, timid and wavering, or, viewed more favourably (Coleridge, *Lit. Rem.*, ii. 173), halting between his loyalty and his patriotism."—*Courtenay*, i. 73. The first Quarto of *Richard II.* was published in 1597, then reprinted in 1598, 1608, and 1615. Each of the later Quartos was printed from the one before it; and the Folio text was printed from the Quarto of 1615. *Richard II.* is the first play of the Tetralogy which the Trilogy of *Henry IV.* completes.

HENRY THE SIXTH.—The next series of historical plays that goes under the name of Shakspeare deals, in three parts, with a weak king, Henry the Sixth, in one part with a strong king, Richard the Third. Its subject is a superb one for a dramatist. You have, on the one hand, the story of individual love; on the other, the ruin of a kingdom and a throne. The old guilty love of Guinevere and Lancelot is reproduced in that of Margaret and Suffolk; and as the first still holds the hearts of poets and of men, so that Mr. Tennyson has reproduced it for our Victorian time, in like wise might the second have been treated that it would have been one of the glories of the Elizabethan drama. As the first brought about the ruin of all the goodly fellowship of the flower of kings, so the second led to those wars of York and Lancaster which lost us all the fair realm of France, and filled England with civil war. The "fairest beauty" Margaret, "soft as downy cygnets," was turned by ambition into a "she-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France, whose tongue more poisons than an adder's tooth," into one of the demonesses whom the French Revolution in later time reproduced. Her pride makes her level to the ground the pillar of the noble Humphry, who is the sole support of her husband's throne. His removal gives room for all the angry passions of the nobles, the designs of the crafty, hypocritical Gloster, to work. And soon the queen, bereft of love, of child, of throne, of husband, has nothing to console her but the curses she can heap on the foes who have ruined her, and the eager watching for their fulfilment. From out the ruins of her life, on which she, cursing, sits, steps the striking figure of Richard, exulting with grim humour in his villainy and success. He has trod through blood to the throne, and he will pour out blood to hold it. But behind him is the gathering storm of the curses of Margaret and her sister-queens, the wail of murdered innocents mixing with the women's wrath. And at last the storm bursts in lightning-flash, on battle-field, on the head of the guilty king, erect, defiant, fearing death as little as he feared sin. And the land is again in a strong man's hand.

Of this superb subject, but little is made in the *Henry VI.* plays. The first of them is broken and choppy to an intolerable degree. The only part of it to be put down to Shakspeare is the Temple Garden scene of the red and white roses¹; and that has nothing specially characteristic in it, though the proportion of extra-syllabled lines in it forbids us supposing it is very early work. There must be at least three hands in the play, one of whom must have written—probably, only—the ryme scenes of Talbot and his son. But poor as this play seems to us, we have Nash's evidence that it touched the Elizabethan audiences: "How would it haue joy'd braue Talbot (the terror of the French) to thinke that after he had lyne two hundred yeare in his tomb, he should triumph againe on the stage, and haue his bones new embalmed with the teares of ten thousand spectators at least, (at seuerall times) who, in the tragedian that represents his person, imagine they behold him fresh bleeding." (*Pierce Penilesse*, p. 60, ed. 1842, Old Shakesp. Soc.). The characters of the clear-seeing Exeter, the noble Talbot—"great Alcides of the field . . . Lord Furnival, of Sheffield"—and his gallant young son, Salisbury, "mirror of all martial men," the generous Bedford, are the only ones that redeem the gloom of such cowards and cads as Somerset, such vain and foolish traitors as the Countess of Auvergne, the

¹ The wooing of Margaret by Suffolk is not his, as its quick falling off into that "cooling card," &c., shows. Faint as the Shakspeare scene is, I cannot put it very early, as one-fourth of its lines end with extra syllables.

baseness of the Dauphin, and the abominable way in which Joan of Arc is treated by Frenchmen as well as English. Traditional as the witch-view of Joan of Arc was in Shakspeare's time, one is glad that Shakspeare did not set it forth to us. The Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* are but recasts of two older plays, the *Contention*, published in 1594, and the *True Tragedy*, published in 1595.¹ The latest discussion of the authorship of these plays is by my friend, Miss Jane Lee, *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6, Part II., and never before has the question been so ably and thoroughly handled. I incline to accept the conclusion of herself and some other critics that Shakspeare took no part in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, though it cannot be certain that he had no share in the original sketch of Jack Cade. It is unquestionable that Shakspeare's hand is in the revised play. Duke Humphry's great speech in Part II. (Act I., sc. i.), "Brave peers of England," &c., King Henry's, in Part III. (Act II., sc. v.), the description of Duke Humphry's corpse in Part II. (Act III., sc. ii.), can have been written by no other man. The powerful account of the cardinal's death has been assigned, with some probability, to Marlowe, with whose *Fuustus's* carrying-off scene it is well compared. But certainly parts of the revision were done by Marlowe², or one of his school, and some parts, as I think, by Greene, or one of his school³; and if Marlowe and Greene were, with Peele, as I'm content to think they were, the authors of the earlier plays, I am not surprised to find their hands beside Shakspeare's in the revised one. I believe that the revision of these plays is to some extent like the conversion of *A Shrew* into *The Shrew*, and that another adaptor's hand than Shakspeare's is to be largely recognised in them. He may have retouched and strengthened them after Greene (died September 5, 1592) and Marlowe (stabd June 1, 1593) had reworkt them. The humour of Cade is thoroughly Shakspearean, and may claim to stand alongside, though it is earlier in date than, that of Sly and Grumio.

¹ Mr. Hazlitt reprints both in his *Shakspeare's Library*—a book indispensable to every real student of Shakspeare—Part II., *Cont.*, vol. i., pp. 379-520; *Tr. Trag.*, vol. ii., pp. 2-105. The text of the revised plays, 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, appear for the first time in the Folio of 1623.

² Miss Lee assigns to Marlowe the following portions of the revised plays: see her answer to me in the Discussion on her *Henry VI.* paper in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1876, Part II.:—2 *Henry VI.* II. iii. 1-58; III. i. 142-199, 282-330, 357-383; III. ii. 43-121 (with Shakspeare); IV. i. 1-147, x. 18-40 (? IV. ix., Greene); V. i. 1-160, 175-195; ii. 10-11, 19-30 (?), 31-65. (I doubt, too, the following being Shakspeare's:—I. i. 24-35, iv. 41-66; II. i. 1-113 (?); III. i. 200-281, 331-356; ii. 1-37, 43-121, 246-269, 339-366 (?); V. i. 161-174, ii. 72-90). 3 *Henry VI.* I. ii. 5-76; II. i. 81-6, 200-4; ii. 6, 53, 56, 79, 83, 143, 146-8; iii. 49-56; iv. 1-4, 12, 13; v. 114-120; vi. 31-6, 47-50, 58, 100-2; III. iii. 4-43, 47, 48, 67-77, 110-120, 134-7, 141-150, 156-161, 175-9, 191-201, 208-18, 221, 226, 233-8, 244-255 (?); IV. f. 19-30; V. i. 12-16, 21, 22, 31-33, 39, 48-57, 62-66, 69-71, 78, 79, 87-97; iii. 1-24. (I doubt, too, the following being Shakspeare's:—(?) I. i. 216-273, iv. 1-26 (?); II. i. 41-78, iii. 9-47; V. 58-113 (?), 123-139 (?)). Miss Lee's division of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* between their several authors is in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1876, too. In that I agree. On the points on which Miss Lee differs from me, let the reader trust her and not me, till he has workt enough to form an opinion of his own. She has workt at the plays twenty times as much as I have, and has got a certainty about them that I can't pretend to have. The reader *must* start with the two old plays, and note how they each divide into at least two men's work, one choppy and stilted, the other with flowing line and poetic power. Then he can pass to the recast plays, and see how Shakspeare has handled them.

³ For instance, I feel almost certain that neither Marlowe nor Shakspeare altered the following left-hand passage from the *Contention* into the right-hand one from 2 *Henry VI.*:—

1591 *Contention*, p. 49.

"Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas*,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,"

"Thy wordes addes fury and not remorse in me."

1623. 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 104-114.

"Suf. O that I were a God, to skot forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abiect Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate
Drones sucke not Engles blood, but rob Bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lovely Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee swift me safely crosse the Channell."

* Greene, in his *Penelope's Web*, 1588, mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat," who "thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's *Shakspeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 280. Bargulus—or Βαρβύλλας, as Plutarch writes it in the Life of Pyrrhus,—is mentioned by Cicero, Bargulus Illyrius latro (Halliwell).

RICHARD THE THIRD is written on the model of Shakspeare's great rival, Christopher Marlowe, the Canterbury cobbler's son, who was stabb'd in a tavern brawl on June 1, 1593. It was Marlowe's characteristic to embody in a character, and realise with terrific force, the workings of a single passion. In *Tamburlaine* he personified the lust of dominion, in *Pearls* the lust of forbidden power and knowledge, in *Barabas* (*The Jew of Malta*) the lust of wealth and blood (J. A. Symonds). In *Richard III.* Shakspeare embodied ambition, and sacrificed his whole play to this one figure. Gloster's first declaration of his motives, shows of course the young dramatist, as the want of relief in the play, and the monotony of its curses, also do. But Richard's hypocrisies, his exultation in them, his despising and insulting his victims, his grim humour and delight in gulling fools, and in his own villainy, are admirably brought out, and that no less than thirteen times in the play. 1. With Clarence. 2. With Hastings. 3. With Anne, widow of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth's son, whom Richard the Third, when Gloster, had stabb'd. 4. With Queen Elizabeth, with Rivers and Hastings, and possibly in his professed repentance for the wrongs he did Queen Margaret in murdering her son and husband.¹ 5. With Edward the Fourth on his death-bed, and his queen, and lords, and as to the author of Clarence's death. 6. With his nephew, Clarence's son. 7. With Queen Elizabeth and his mother, "Amen! And make me die a good old man!" 8. With Buckingham, "I as a child will go by thy direction." 9. With the young prince, Edward the Fifth, "God keep you from them and from such false friends." 10. With Hastings and the Bishop of Ely. 11. With the Mayor about Hastings and then about taking the crown--(note Richard's utter brutality and baseness in his insinuation of his mother's adultery). 12. With Buckingham about the murder of the princes. 13. With Queen Elizabeth when he repeats the scene of his wooing with Anne, as the challenge-scene is repeated in *Richard II.* Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness too. He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. As a general he is as skilful as Henry the Fifth, and looks to his sentinels; while, like Henry the Fourth, he is up and doing at the first notice of danger, and takes the right practical measures. Yet the conscience he ridicules, he is made to feel—

"There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me."

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baseness of the Dauphin, and the abominable way in which Joan of Arc is treated by Frenchmen as well as English. Traditional as the witch-view of Joan of Arc was in Shakspeare's time, one is glad that Shakspeare did not set it forth to us. The Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.* are but recasts of two older plays, the *Contention*, published in 1594, and the *True Tragedy*, published in 1595.¹ The latest discussion of the authorship of these plays is by my friend, Miss Jane Lee, *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6, Part II., and never before has the question been so ably and thoroughly handled. I incline to accept the conclusion of herself and some other critics that Shakspeare took no part in the *Contention* and *True Tragedy*, though it cannot be certain that he had no share in the original sketch of Jack Cade. It is unquestionable that Shakspeare's hand is in the revised play. Duke Humphry's great speech in Part II. (Act I., sc. i.), "Brave peers of England," &c., King Henry's, in Part III. (Act II., sc. v.), the description of Duke Humphry's corpse in Part II. (Act III., sc. ii.), can have been written by no other man. The powerful account of the cardinal's death has been assigned, with some probability, to Marlowe, with whose *Fuustus's* carrying-off scene, it is well compared. But certainly parts of the revision were done by Marlowe², or one of his school, and some parts, as I think, by Greene, or one of his school³; and if Marlowe and Greene were, with Peele, as I'm content to think they were, the authors of the earlier plays, I am not surprised to find their hands beside Shakspeare's in the revised one. I believe that the revision of these plays is to some extent like the conversion of *A Shrew* into *The Shrew*, and that another adapter's hand than Shakspeare's is to be largely recognised in them. He may have retouched and strengthened them after Greene (died September 5, 1592) and Marlowe (stabd June 1, 1593) had reworkt them. The humour of Cade is thoroughly Shakspearean, and may claim to stand alongside, though it is earlier in date than, that of Sly and Grumio.

¹ Mr. Hazlitt reprints both in his *Shakspeare's Library*—a book indispensable to every real student of Shakspeare—Part II., *Cont.*, vol. i., pp. 379-520; *Tr. Trag.*, vol. ii., pp. 2-105. The text of the revised plays, 2 and 3 *Henry VI.*, appear for the first time in the Folio of 1623.

² Miss Lee assigns to Marlowe the following portions of the revised plays: see her answer to me in the Discussion on her *Henry VI.* paper in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1876, Part II.:—2 *Henry VI.* II. iii. 1-58; III. i. 142-199, 282-330, 357-383; III. ii. 43-121 (with Shakspeare); IV. i. 1-147, x. 18-50 (? IV. ix., Greene); V. i. 1-160, 175-195; ii. 10-11, 19-30 (?), 31-65. (I doubt, too, the following being Shakspeare's:—I. i. 24-35, iv. 41-66; II. i. 1-113 (?); III. i. 200-281, 331-356; ii. 1-37, 43-121, 246-269, 339-366 (?); V. i. 161-174, ii. 72-90). 3 *Henry VI.* I. ii. 5-76; II. i. 81-6, 200-4; ii. 6-53, 56, 79, 83, 143, 146-8; iii. 49-56; iv. 1-4, 12, 13; v. 114-120; vi. 31-6, 47-50, 58, 100-2; III. iii. 4-43, 47, 48, 67-77, 110-120, 134-7, 141-150, 156-161, 175-9, 191-201, 208-18, 221, 226, 233-8, 244-255 (?); IV. v. 19-30; V. i. 12-16, 21, 22, 31-33, 39, 48-57, 62-66, 69-71, 78, 79, 87-97; iii. 1-24. (I doubt, too, the following being Shakspeare's:—(?) I. i. 216-273, iv. 1-26 (?); II. i. 41-78, iii. 9-17; V. 58-113 (?), 123-139 (?)). Miss Lee's division of the *Contention* and *True Tragedy* between their several authors is in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1876, too. In that I agree. On the points on which Miss Lee differs from me, let the reader trust her and not me, till he has workt enough to form an opinion of his own. She has workt at the plays twenty times as much as I have, and has got a certainty about them that I can't pretend to have. The reader *must* start with the two old plays, and note how they each divide into at least two men's work, one choppy and stilted, the other with flowing line and poetic power. Then he can pass to the recast plays, and see how Shakspeare has handled them.

³ For instance, I feel almost certain that neither Marlowe nor Shakspeare altered the following left-hand passage from the *Contention* into the right-hand one from 2 *Henry VI.*:—

1591 *Contention*, p. 49.

1623. 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 104-114.

"Suffolke. This villain being but Captain of a Pinnais,
Threatens more plagues then mightie Abradas*,
The great Masadonian Pyrate,"

"Thy wordes addes fury and not remorse in me."

"Suf. O that I were a God, to shoo forth Thunder
Upon these paltry, servile, abject Drudges:
Small things make base men proud. This Villaine heere,
Being Captaine of a Pinnace, threatens more
Then Bargarulus the strong Illyrian Pyrate
Drones nucke not Eagles blood, but rob Bee-hives:
It is impossible that I should dye
By such a lowly Vassall as thy selfe.
Thy words move Rage, and not remorse in me:
I go of Message from the Queene to France:
I charge thee swift me safely crosse the Channell."

* Greene, in his *Penelope's Web*, 1588, mentions "Abradas, the great Macedonian pirat," who "thought every one had a letter of mart that bare sayles in the ocean." See Malone's *Shakspeare*, by Boswell, vol. xviii., p. 269. Bargarulus—or Βαρβύλλας, as Plutarch writes it in the Life of Pyrrhus,—is mentioned by Cicero, Bargarulus Illyrius latro (Halliwell).

RICHARD THE THIRD is written on the model of Shakspeare's great rival, Christopher Marlowe, the Canterbury cobbler's son, who was stabd in a tavern brawl on June 1, 1593. It was Marlowe's characteristic to embody in a character, and realise with terrific force, the workings of a single passion. In *Tamburlaine* he personified the lust of dominion, in *Fluents* the lust of forbidden power and knowledge, in Barabas (*The Jew of Malta*) the lust of wealth and blood (J. A. Symonds). In *Richard III.* Shakspeare embodied ambition, and sacrificed his whole play to this one figure. Gloster's first declaration of his motives, shows of course the young dramatist, as the want of relief in the play, and the monotony of its curses, also do. But Richard's hypocrisies, his exultation in them, his despising and insulting his victims, his grim humour and delight in gulling fools, and in his own villainy, are admirably brought out, and that no less than thirteen times in the play. 1. With Clarence. 2. With Hastings. 3. With Anne, widow of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth's son, whom Richard the Third, when Gloster, had stabd. 4. With Queen Elizabeth, with Rivers and Hastings, and possibly in his professed repentance for the wrongs he did Queen Margaret in murdering her son and husband.¹ 5. With Edward the Fourth on his death-bed, and his queen, and lords, and as to the author of Clarence's death. 6. With his nephew, Clarence's son. 7. With Queen Elizabeth and his mother, "Amen! And make me die a good old man!" 8. With Buckingham, "I as a child will go by thy direction." 9. With the young prince, Edward the Fifth, "God keep you from them and from such false friends." 10. With Hastings and the Bishop of Ely. 11. With the Mayor about Hastings and then about taking the crown—(note Richard's utter brutality and baseness in his insinuation of his mother's adultery). 12. With Buckingham about the murder of the princes. 13. With Queen Elizabeth when he repeats the scene of his wooing with Anne, as the challenge-scene is repeated in *Richard II.* Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness too. He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. As a general he is as skilful as Henry the Fifth, and looks to his sentinels; while, like Henry the Fourth, he is up and doing at the first notice of danger, and takes the right practical measures. Yet the conscience he ridicules, he is made to feel—

"There is no creature loves me,
And if I die no soul will pity me."

But we must note that this is only when his will is but half-awake, half-paralysed by its weight of sleep. As soon as the man is himself again, neither conscience nor care for love or pity troubles him. The weakest part of the play is the scene of the citizens' talk; and the pooriness of it, and the monotony of the women's curses, have given rise to the theory that in *Richard III.* Shakspeare was only re-writing an old play, of which he let bits stand. But though I once thought this possible, I have since become certain that it is not so. The wooing of Anne by Richard has stirrd me, in reading it aloud, almost as much as anything else in Shakspeare. Note, too, how the first lines of the play lift you out of the mist and confusion of the *Henry VI.* plays into the sun of Shakspeare's genius.

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Ellis, 1809, says that "some wise menne" did hold this view of Richard, and Holinshed, too, in Edward V., mentions it. The action of the play covers fourteen years, from Henry the Sixth's murder, May 21, 1471, to Richard the Third's death, August 22, 1485. If Shakspeare had ever seen on the boards or in print *The True Tragedie of Richard the Third*, 1594, 2 Hazlitt, i. 43, he used it but little, or Dr. Legge's Latin *Richardus Tertius* either (*Lloyd's Essays*, p. 287).

SECOND-PERIOD PLAYS.

§ 10. KING JOHN.—With this play of pathos and patriotism we open Shakspeare's Second Period,—looking on *Richard II.* as the last play in which rhyme plays a prominent part, we take the series of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* as the transition to the Second Period;—and on opening it we are struck with a greater fulness of characterisation and power than we saw in the First-Period plays. But the whole work of Shakspeare is continuous. *King John* is very closely linkt with *Richard III.* In both plays we have cruel uncles planning their nephews' murder, because the boys stand between them and the Crown. In both we have distracted mothers overwhelmed with grief. In both we have prophecies of ruin and curses on the murderers, and in both the fulfilment of these. In both we have the kingdom divided against itself, and the horrors of civil war. In both we have the same lesson of the danger of division taught to the discontented English parties of Shakspeare's own day. *Richard III.* is an example of the misgovernment of a cruel tyrant; *King John* of the misgovernment of a selfish coward. But in *John* we have the mother's pathetic lament for her child far developed above that of Queen Elizabeth's for her murdered innocents, and far more touching than the laments of Queen Margaret and the Duchess of York, while the pathos of the stifled children's death is heightened in that of Arthur. The temptation scene of John and Hubert, repeats that of Richard and Tyrrel. The Bastard's statement of his motives, "Gain, be my lord," &c., is like that of Richard the Third's about his villainy. (The Bastard's speech on commodity may be compared with Lucrece's reproaches to opportunity.) Besides the boy's pleading for his life, besides his piteous death and the mother's cry for him, which comes home to every parent who has lost a child, we have in the play the spirit of Elizabethan England's defiance to the foreigner¹ and the Pope. *King John* is founded on the old play of *The Troublesome Raigne of King John*, 1591.² Shakspeare deserts the Chronicles without precisely following the old play in eight chief political points,—as shown by Mr. R. Simpson in the *New Sh. Socy's Trans.*, 1874,—in order to bring the play closer home to his hearers, and the circumstances of his time, the disputed succession of Elizabeth, and the interference of Spain and the Pope. The old play-writer made the murder of Arthur, as Mr. Lloyd has noticed,³ the turning-point between the high-spirited success of John at first and his dejection and disgrace at last; and he, too, fixed on the assertion of national independence against invading Frenchmen and encroaching ecclesiastics as the true principle of dramatic action of John's time. So long as John is the impersonator of England, of defiance to the foreigner, and opposition to the Pope, so long is he a hero. But he is bold outside only, only politically; inside, morally, he is a coward, sneak, and skunk. See how his nature comes out in the hints for the murder of Arthur, his turning on Hubert when he thinks the murder will bring evil to himself, and his imploring Falconbridge to deny it. His death ought, of course, dramatically to have followed from some act of his in the play, as revenge for the murder of Arthur, or his plundering the abbots or abbeyes, or opposing the Pope. The author of *The Troublesome Raigne*, with a true instinct, made a

¹ "The great lesson taught in the last lines of the play should be more brought out. King, nobles, claimant, all lean on foreign help, and all find it a broken reed which pierces their hands."—C. Hargrove. Besides the passage usually cited from Andrew Boorde for these last lines, he has another nearer to Shakspeare's words: "I think if all the world were set against England, it might neuer be conquered, they beyng treue within them selfe,"—1512 (pr. 1517) *Introduction*, p. 164 of my edn., 1870.

² It is the old play re-written. The two must be read together and compared, to see what genius makes out of ordinary work. The extreme Protestant tone of the old play is much modified by Shakspeare. And as Prof. Delius notices (*New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, Part II.), Shakspeare only tells certain incidents that the old play acts, as Falconbridge ransacking the churches, arresting Peter of Pomfret on the stage; John's meal and poisoning, the death of the monk who poisons him, and Falconbridge's stabbing the abbot. Falconbridge's soliloquies are new too. On the many variations from history in *King John*, see T. P. Courtenay's *Commentaries on the Historical Plays of Shakspeare*, two vols., Colburn, 1840, a book indispensable to the student of these plays. The old *Troublesome Raigne* of 1591 is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part II., vol. i., p. 221. See Mr. E. Roe's paper in *Macmillan's Mag.*, 1878, on the dramatic skill with which Shakspeare's alteration of the old play was made.

³ *Critical Essays*, G. Bell and Sons, 1875. The best half-crown book on Shakspeare.

monk murder John out of revenge for his anti-Papal patriotism.¹ But Shakspeare, unfortunately, set this story aside, though there was some warrant for it in Holinshed, and thus left a serious blot on his drama which it is impossible to remove. The character which to me stands foremost in *John* is Constance, with that most touching expression of grief for the son she had lost. Beside her cry, the tender pleading of Arthur for his life is heard, and both are backed by the rough voice of Falconbridge, who, Englishman-like, depreciates his own motives at first, but is lifted by patriotism into a gallant soldier, while his deep moral nature shows itself in his heartfelt indignation at Arthur's supposed murder. The rhetoric of the earlier historical plays is kept up in *King John*, and also Shakspeare's power of creating situations, which he had possessed from the first. Of the situation in Act III., sc. i., Mrs. Jameson says in her *Characteristics of Women*, ed. 1870, pp. 356, 357:—"And what a situation! One more magnificent was never placed before the mind's eye than that of Constance, when, deserted and betrayed, she stands alone in her despair, amid her false friends and her ruthless enemies! The image of the mother-eagle, wounded and bleeding to death, yet stretched over her young in an attitude of defiance, while all the baser birds of prey are clamouring around her cry, gives but a faint idea of the moral sublimity of this scene. Considered merely as a poetical or dramatic picture, the grouping is wonderfully fine: on one side, the vulture ambition of that mean-souled tyrant, John; on the other, the selfish, calculating policy of Philip; between them, balancing their passions in his hand, the cold, subtle, heartless Legate; the fiery, reckless Falconbridge; the princely Louis; the still unconquered spirit of that wrangling Queen, old Elinor; the bridal loveliness and modesty of Blanche; the boyish grace and innocence of young Arthur; and Constance in the midst of them, in all the state of her great grief, a grand impersonation of pride and passion, helpless at once and desperate, form an assemblage of figures, each perfect in its kind, and taken all together, not surpassed for the variety, force, and splendour of the dramatic and picturesque effect." *King John* is in Meres's list, 1598, and was first printed in the Folio of 1623. It was written probably in 1595. My friend, Dr. Brinsley Nicholson, contends for two dates in it: 1594, from its storm imagery; 1596, from its fleet passage, alluding, as he thinks, to the Cadiz expedition of 1596. But in 1595 was Drake and Hawkins's Darien expedition "with a fleet of men of war" (*Toone's Chronol. Hist.*, i.); besides Raleigh's second voyage to America. And Shakspeare was in London in Armada time, 1588, and heard all about the fleet then. His only boy, Hamnet, was buried on August 11, 1596. If the boy was ill long, Constance's laments over Arthur may have been drawn from Shakspeare's wife's over her Hamnet. The dramatic time of *King John* is "seven days, with intervals, comprising in all not more than three or four months."—P. A. Daniel. *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 263.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE (? 1596).—We turn from the rain-green level meads of France, from our own murky land—and yet a land like Venice is a city, a precious stone set in the silver sea—to the sunlit Venice of Italy—

"The glorious city of the sea:

The sea is in the broad, the narrow streets

Ebbing and flowing, and the salt sea-weed

Clings to the marble of her palaces."—*Rogers*.

We turn to

"Padua, where the stars are night by night

Watched from the top of an old dungeon tower,

Whence blood ran once—the tower of Ezzelin."—*Rogers*.

And we are greeted here, too, with a parent's cry for a lost child; but whereas in *John* it was the mother's pathetic, passionate grief for her reft boy, the dearest thing to her on earth, in heaven; in *The Merchant* it is the father's fierce and selfish curse on his girl, flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone, and yet far less dear to him than his gold. Here, too, we have an appeal for a life, a cry for mercy to the condemn'd. In *John* it was from Arthur's lips; in *The Merchant* it is from Portia's—sweet sources both—and in each case the life is saved: in *John* by a man's true heart, in *The Merchant* by a woman's ready wit. Other links there are between the plays. The sadness or melancholy of which Arthur speaks in *John*, Act IV., sc. i.—

"I remember, when I was in France,

Young gentlemen would be as sad as night

Only for wantonness"—

¹ "No, but for his enmity to, and robbery of the monks. See Hazlitt's *Sh. Libr.*, Pt. II., vol. i., pp. 309-11."—C. Hargrove. I meant to include these as anti-Papal acts.

is echoed in Antonio's first speech in the very first line of *The Merchant*—

"In sooth I know not why I am so sad ;"

in Salanio's and Salarino's echoes of that ; and in Antonio's—

"I hold the world
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one ;"

while Portia's first speech, "By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world," and Jessica's "I am never merry when I hear sweet music," repeat the same thought. Gratiano may be compared with Falconbridge ; Blanche, having to choose between her uncle and her bridegroom, with Portia having to choose between her husband's honour and her bridal joys ; the loss of John's forces in the Wash, to that of Antonio's ships on the Goodwin Sands, &c. But that the play is a splendid advance on *John*, no reader will question. We have here no want of climax, no loose thread of dramatic action, as in *John*. The three plots of Antonio and Shylock, Portia and Bassanio, Jessica and Lorenzo, are interwoven and worked through with consummate skill.

As we saw in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* a great outburst of fancy, in *Romeo and Juliet* a great outburst of passion, in *Richard II.* of patriotism and rhetoric, combined in *John* with pathos, in *Richard III.* a great outburst of intensity, so here we see, not one feeling dominating all the rest, but a symphony of grace and fierceness, mercy and vengeance, friendship and love and fiend-like hate, of wit and humour too, all harmonised by the quiet strains of Heaven's own choir of stars. The play is a picture, glowing with the hues of the Italian sky and sea, and the gemmed palaces which reflect their glory ; a creation beautiful as the visions of Venice that Turner painted, yet firm as earth, solid as flesh, pulsing with life, like blood. If we turn back to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, the first play in which Shakspeare dealt with this passionate, scheming, Italian nature, we shall see how he has advanced. If we turn forward to the great Venetian play of his Third Period, *Othello*, we shall see to what greater height, to what lower deep, he had to pass. *The Merchant of Venice* is the first full Shakspeare. The only blemish on the play—the seemingly tedious casket-scenes—become almost its brightest gems, when an actress of genius like Miss Ellen Terry puts into them the wonderful by-play that she did at the Prince of Wales's Theatre in the summer of 1875. The hero of the piece is undoubtedly Shylock. The first entry of the play in the Stationers' Registers is the *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, otherwise called the *Jew of Venice*. And beside the gracious figure of Portia, that of the cursing Shylock ever stands. But as Antonio's friendship is the occasion for the display of Shylock's character, and triumphs over his hate, the play is justifiably called *The Merchant of Venice*. The Jews were banished from England in 1290¹, and Holinshed relates how the captain who took away the richest of them, drowned them all in the Thames, and he implies that this act was approved by many Englishmen even in Elizabeth's time. Shylock's tribal hatred of Antonio and the Christians was surely wholly justified, and so was his individual hatred to a great extent. A cur when kicked will bite when he sees a chance. It is only the hate that springs from avarice in Shylock that we can condemn. That his whole hate was intense, we may judge by his risking 3,000 ducats, dearer to him than his daughter's life², to gratify it. The hereditary self-restraint in the man, and his hypocrisy, "O, father Abraham, what these Christians are" (I. iii. 159), &c., are noticeable—the latter point matches Richard the Third's "I thank my God for my humility." His appeal to justice, "Hath not a Jew eyes," &c., is unanswerable, and is not yet admitted in many a land calling itself civilised. For how short a time, alas, have we admitted it ! That wonderful scene with Tubal in Act III., sc. i., Shylock's gloating over his revenge, his subduing his avarice to it, his self-possession in defeat, are all work of the first order. But at last comes, "I am not

¹ Shakspeare may well have known, and must have known of, the Portuguese Jew physician Lopez, who, with other Portuguese, was hung and quartered while alive on 7th June, 1594, for conspiring to poison Queen Elizabeth (Stowe's *Annals*, pp. 1274, 1278, ed. 1605). Lopez was before in Leicester's household, and James Burbage, the father, was one of Leicester's players. Lopez's chief rival was the Pretender, Don Antonio. Lopez was brought into other plays. See Mr. S. L. Lee's paper in *Gent.'s Mag.*, Jan., 1880. Mr. Lee has since found at the Record Office the record of the beginning of a trial of another Jew in England about this time.

² I do not forget the redeeming, "The patch is kind enough," and "I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor" (III. i. 118). Shylock could care for love, as well as revenge, before money ; but it wasn't love for his girl.

well," and one wishes he had been spared the spiteful punishment of being made a Christian. His was a strong nature, capable of good; 'tis the fallen angel who makes the worst devil; but devil or not, Shylock carries our sympathies with him.¹

As to Portia, we shall all agree with Jessica, "The poor rude world hath not her fellow." With many lovers of Shakspeare, Portia is still the dearest character,—her namesake, Brutus's wife, Volumnia, Imogen, Hermione, notwithstanding. As Mrs. Fanny Kemble says in the *Atlantic Monthly*, June, 1876, p. 713, "Shakspeare's Portia, then, as now, my ideal of a perfect woman."

Portia is one of those characters that, like Rosalind in *As You Like It*, Shakspeare shows us first in gloom and then brings into the sunshine of love. She is sad at first, and no wonder. The lottery of her destiny bars her the right of voluntary choosing. She is but the sport of that great allotter of fate, Chance, which Shakspeare has made such a leading element in this play.² But chance is kind to her, and gives her the man she loves. We see her endow'd, like the lady of Chaucer's "Pity," with grace, good birth, and stately courtesy, but not with the earlier lady's cruel heart. Wit and humour she has, keen judgment too. Nothing can be happier than her judgment of her lovers, and her description of herself, when drest as a young fop; both to be compared with Julia's in *The Two Gentlemen*. How pretty, too, is her "Yes, yes," the prelude of her love for Bassanio; her charming hesitation, "It isn't love and yet it is; you're half my heart;" her quiver when Bassanio is choosing; that most beautiful and gracious giving of herself to her husband; her unselfishness in letting her lover-husband leave her so soon to save his friend: she rightly loves his honour more than she loves him. Note, too, the generous wisdom of her judgment of Antonio's character from Bassanio's; her quick insight and wit on the call for action; her self-reliance—she risks her all and makes a joke of it;—her admirable handling of her case in court; the reserve of her power of deciding the case until she has first tried to raise Shylock to the nobleness she would have him reach. See how the essence of all the virtues of woman is in her speech for mercy, which will echo to all time, and which we may compare with that of Queen Philippa in *Edward III.*, with that of Isabella in *Measure for Measure*. See, too, how through the whole of the trial scene she keeps up her happy, roguish humour, chaffing her husband about giving her up, and insisting on his ring. (The later ring-scene is wonderfully effective on the stage, with Portia and Nerissa stalking about in a pretty little tantrum, whisking their long trains round, flapping their fans, and raising a regular mock storm. Another delightful traditional touch, too, Miss Terry put into her representation of the part: as Bassanio, after the trial, walkt to the front of the stage, the black-capt Doctor Portia put her pretty hands to her lips, behind him, and blew him a wifely kiss.) No one can praise Portia too highly. She is the happy mean between the brilliant, saucy Beatrice, and the quiet, devoted Viola. Jessica, "the most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew," is more romantic and impulsive. Love is her ruling passion, as greed is her father's. In a certain sense she reproduces Juliet. She would give up herself, her all, for love. She leads Lorenzo, and plans their elopement, just as Portia leads Bassanio. Jessica knows the value of money in one way, but she sacrifices it to a whim. The lyrical beauty of the night scene with Lorenzo, a certain touch of Easternness in her character, her sadness at music, show depths of nature which speak a happy future for the pair. Antonio is to me the Shakspeare of the *Sonnets*. The beautiful unselfishness of his message to Bassanio—

"All debts are cleared between you and I if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter"—

can only be matcht by Shakspeare's own feeling for his Will in *Sonnets* 87, 93, with which are to be set 71-74, 97, 99. We have no hesitation in accepting Bassanio's character of him—

"The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best condition'd and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies; and one, in whom

The ancient Roman honour more appears,
Than any that draws breath in Italy."

¹ Miss J. Lee pleads that he was a near relation of Marlowe's Barabas: "the more I think of the two plays the more I believe that here is another debt owed by Shakspeare to Marlowe. In Acts I., II., V. of the *Jew of Malta*, Barabas is a grand old fellow."

² My friend Mr. James Pierce, of Bedford's view.

Bassanio is a bit of an adventurer, yet he is noble.¹ One must not find fault with the man whom Antonio and Portia loved. Still he is not worthy of Portia, though one does not blame him so much for being willing to give up Portia for his friend, as we did Valentine for his weak offer to surrender Sylvia to Proteus on his profession of repentance. Bassanio felt that Portia herself commended him for being willing to sacrifice his all, his life, even her; for the friend who had forfeited his life for him. Gratiano, with his head in his hat, saying "Amen" and behaving properly, is great fun all through. He is the Cyril of Tennyson's *Princess*; and in the trial and ring scenes we enjoy his jeers, and his getting out of his scrapes with that lawyer's scrubby boy. Launcelot Gobbo, as Launce in *The Two Gentlemen*, has a discussion with himself, after the manner of Dayus in Terence's *Andria*, Act I., sc. iii. And though we have no dog here, yet we do have the inimitable damning of Jessica, the forerunner of Touchstone's of Corin (*As You, III. ii.*). The fun of Launcelot and his father interrupting one another while asking Bassanio for his place, is reproduced with added power in Dogberry and Verges in *Much Ado*. Shakspeare keeps up in *The Merchant* his satire of his contemporaries that we saw in his first *Love's Labours Lost*. His cuts at the Englishman's dress are worthy of Andrew Boorde, whose woodcut of an Englishman with a piece of cloth in one hand and a pair of shears in the other, standing naked, and musing in his mind what raiment he should wear, p. 116 of my edition, Shakspeare may have seen, as he had no doubt read Harrison's declaration—"Except it were a dog in a doublet, you shall not see anie so disguised as are my countrie men of England," p. 168 of my edition, *N. Sh. Soc.* The want of education, too, in our nobles was a commonplace of the time, see the Forewords to my *Babees' Book*; while Portia's sketch of the young fop and lady-killer might have been verified in the walks in St. Paul's any day in the week, and the "how every fool can play upon the word" too. Women's shain hair is forcibly condemned in Act III., sc. ii., as often before and after in Shakspeare; while we have the English coin, the angel, in Act II., sc. vii.; the Goodwin Sands in Act III., sc. i.; the jury of twelve men in Act IV., sc. i.; the ring's posy like the cutler's poetry on a knife in Act V., sc. i. The time of the action of the play I have noticed before, p. xxiv. Notwithstanding the three-months' bond, and the gaoler engaged a fortnight beforehand, the action of the play is hurried into some eight days. When once he'd started, Shakspeare couldn't wait three months, 't was not his nature to, in a play like this. I group together *John* and *The Merchant* as "Life-Plea Plays."

The Merchant was entered twice in the Stationers' Registers: first in 1598: "xxij^o Julij. James Robertes. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of bothe the wardens, a booke of *The Marchaunt of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce*. Prouided that yt bee not prynced by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoeuer without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen . . . vj^d." (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 122). Second, in 1600: "28 octobris. Thomas haies. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the Wardens, and by Consent of master Robertes. A booke called *the booke of the merchant of Venyce* . . . vj^d." (*Transcript*, iii. 175). The play was not publisht till 1600, when James Roberts printed it in quarto for himself (Q. 1), and also (Q. 2) for Thomas Heyes. The text in the first Folio, 1623, was printed from the second Quarto. That there was an old play on the bond story we judge from a passage in Gosson's *School of Abuse*², 1579, pp. 29-30, Old Shakespeare Society, 1841:—

"And as some of the players are farre from abuse, so some of their playes are without rebuke, which are easily remembered, as quickly reckoned. . . . *The Jew*, and *Ptolomé*, showne at the Bull; *the one representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers; and bloody minde of usurers*; the other (&c.) . . . neither with amorous gesture wounding the eye, nor with slovenly talke hurting the eares of the chaste hearers. . . . These playes are good playes and sweete playes, and of all playes the best playes, and most to be liked."

¹ And, like Fenton in *The Merry Wives*, he smells April and May, "A day in April never came so sweet," &c., II. ix. 91. (Portia implies Shakspeare's rise into the society of such English ladies as he'd not known in earlier life.)

² "The *School of Abuse*, Containing a pleasaunt inuective against Poets, Pipers, Plaiers, Jesters, and such like Caterpillers of a Commonwelth: Setting vp the Flagge of Defiance to their mischieuous exercise, and overthrowing their Bulwarkes, by Prophane Writers, Natural reason, and common experience. A discourse as pleasaunt for Gentlemen that fauour learning, as profitable for all that wyll follow vertue. By Stephan Gosson, Stud. Oxon. . . . Printed at London, by Thomas Woodcocke. 1579."

The new play of "the Venecyon comodey," acted the "25 of aguste 1594" (Henslowe's *Diary*, p. 40), cannot have been Shakspeare's *Merchant*.

The earliest Englishing of the bond story is in the translation of the *Cursor Mundi* of the end of the thirteenth century, publisht last year by the Early English Text Soc. (See Miss Toulmin Smith's Paper in *New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6, Pt. 1.) But that has no lady in it, tho' it has a Jew. The next English version is in the translation (ab. 1440 A.D.) of the *Gesta Romanorum* (the Latin version of ab. 1390, not the original bef. 1362), in Harl. MS. 7333, printed by the Roxburghe Club in 1838, ed. Sir F. Madden. But this has no Jew, though it has a lady. Nor is there any lady in the 95th Declamation of *The Orator of Alex. Sweeney*, englisht by L. P. [Lazarus Piot, that is, Anthony Munday], and publisht in 1596: only the arguments of a Jew and a Christian Merchant, and the decision of the Judge, are there given. But in the Italian story in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, written 1378, but not printed at Milan till 1558, we have not only both Jew and Lady (of Belmont too)—she is the hero Giannetto's wife, and acts as judge in the case—but also the ring incident, and the Lady's maid being married to Ansaldo, the Antonio of Shakspeare's play. I have no doubt that a report of this Italian story by some Italy-visiting or Italian-knowing friend of Shakspeare's, was the foundation of his play. And as he could not send his hero to bed three times with the heroine, before he won her by pouring down his bosom on the third night—on the hint of her maid—the drugged wine with which he had been sent to sleep on the first two occasions, and had lost his fine ships with their freights, Shakspeare took from the partially englisht *Gesta Romanorum* of his day¹,—Richard Robinson's "*Record of Ancyent Historyes* intituled in Latin *Gesta Romanorum*," 1577,—the story of the Three Caskets², as a less objectionable way of making his lover and sweetheart one.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—We change from Portia, the graceful, wise, and witty, perfect woman, we change from the tender friendship of men, to Kate the curst, who is hell; to Petruchio's coarse, rough ways. At first there seems hardly a link between the two plays; yet there's a self-surrender of a woman in each; but how different its cause! There's the adventurer's spirit in both Bassanio and Petruchio, though with the contrast of the feeling, hardly to be called friendship, of Hortensio to Petruchio, with the devoted love of Antonio to Bassanio. There are rival wooers to Bianca as for Portia, and the scene is still Italy, though this is due to the adapter of the old play of *A Shrew*, who changed it from Athens. It is difficult to feel certain about the position of the play, for its links with *The Comedy of Errors* seem strong. First: Kate is like the shrew Adriana, shrewish from neglect. Her sister Bianca is somewhat like Adriana's sister Luciana. Second: Kate's wife-subjection doctrine is just like that of Luciana in the *Errors*, Act II., sc. i. Third: The threatened death of the Pedant on coming to Venice, Act IV., sc. ii., is like the death decreed to the Syracusan coming to Ephesus in the *Errors*, Act I., sc. i. Fourth: The farcical beating of Grumio, &c., is like that of the Dromios; and Grumio's "Knock me," &c., is like Dromio's. But still with the Shrew-links that I have already named, and the further ones with *Henry IV.* of Hotspur's scene with his wife Kate, and the way he avoids and overrides her questions, being so like Petruchio's way with his Kate at their first meeting (compare both with the later beautiful scene of Brutus trusting his Portia in *Julius Caesar*), of the shrew Kate's spirit in both Hotspur himself and his wife, the likeness of Prince Henry's madcap humours to Petruchio's—though both men have themselves entirely in hand, and have a purpose through all their acting—and lastly, the kinship of Grumio's wit and humour with those of Falstaff, make me believe, for the present at least, that *The Shrew* is rightly placed between *The Merchant* and *Henry IV.*, Part I. This place is confirmed by the ryme test, though the stopt-line test makes Shakspeare's part of the play his earliest work. The old play on which *The Shrew* is founded, the *Taming of a Shrew*,

¹ It was "perused, corrected and bettered," no doubt from Wynkyn de Worde's edition (unique copy in St. John's Coll. Camb. library), or John Kynge's 1557 (copy in the Bodleian). None of these three editions contain the bond story. This was first told by John of Haute Seille in his collection of Latin stories called *Dolopathos* or the King and the Seven Sages, written about 1179-1212, and turned into French by Herbert in 1223. The story is told by the fourth Sage.

² See it printed from Sir F. Madden's edition in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. i., p. 361. The *Pecorone* and Silvan stories are printed there too, pp. 319, 355, with two old ballads of the pound-of-flesh story, "*The Northern Lord*" (p. 367) and Gernutus a Jew (p. 375), which I do not suppose are so old as 1596.

was printed in 1594.¹ It was re-written, but not, as in the case of *John*, entirely by Shakspeare. An adapter, who used at least ten bits of Marlowe in it, first recast the old play, and then Shakspeare put into the recast the scenes in which Katherine, Petruchio, and Grumio appear. We have thus, as in *Henry VI.*, Parts II. and III., three hands in the completed play: see my division of their work in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, p. 106² (102-114). The subject of the play is to us a repulsive one, but the three workers at it have made a capital comic piece out of it. It is the only play with an Induction; and Sly is carelessly left on the stage, and not taken off it, as in the old play. The double plot of the winning of the two sisters is admirably worked, and the stage situations are first-rate. We must recollect the position of women in early times in England. We start in the eighth century—

"A king shall with bargain buy a queen. . . . A damsel it beseems to be at her board (table). . . . A rambling woman scatters words. She is often charged with faults, a man thinks of her with contempt, oft smites her cheek."—*Exeter Book*, pp. 338, 367.

Every reader of Chaucer remembers the Merchant's wife, "the worste that may be," who'd overmatch the devil if he were coupled to her; the host's cruel wife, too; and the *Boke of Mayd Emylyn's* opinion of wives—

"For of theyr properte,
Shrewes all they be,
And styll can they prate."

Heywood's *Four P.'s* shows the woman whose temper even the devils in hell couldn't stand, so they sent her back to the earth.

Before 1575 (it is mentioned by Laneham) is "A Morry Geste of a Shrewd and Curst Wife lapped in Morrelles Skin," a popular poem, in which a man with a shrewish wife, thrashes her till she bleeds, and then wraps her in the salted hide of his old horse Morrell. So the subject of taming shrews was a familiar one to the Elizabethan mind, and no one then would have been offended by Petruchio's likening of the training of a wife to that of a falcon in Act IV., sc. i. We must look on Petruchio as a man wanting a hunting mare now, a goer, never mind her temper. He looks at her in the stable: she kicks and bites; he quietly rakes her straw and hay out; lets her stand all night; gallops her next day till she can't stand; tames her, and is then in the first flight ever after. Accept this view, and then look at the play. Kate is a spoilt child, strong-willed, spoilt by her father's weakness and her sister's gentleness. She has a genuine grievance, that she, the strong, the mistress-mind, is not to have a husband, while her weak sister is to have one. As she says, Act II., sc. i.—

"She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell."

Kate, like all reasonable girls, wants to get married, and though she is not the cooey, turtle-dovey girl that her sister is, who so attracts men, she knows she has that in her which is worthy of a man. She is soured by neglect, and she bullies her sister from envy; old Grumio calls her a devil, and hell. Petruchio comes. She sees he means business, though she snaps at him. She sees that he admires her beauty; she is flattered, and minds his opinion when she walks to show him she doesn't limp. She must admire him as the first man who stands up to her and overrules her. She is bewildered by his coolness and assurance too. She had forfeited by her childish bad temper a woman's right to chivalrous courtesy, and she feels that she has no right to complain of her lover's roughness. As a woman, too, she likes the promise of finery, and she makes up her mind to marry him. Nay, she actually cries when he comes too late. She who has scoffed at every one cannot bear the thought that—

"Now must the world point at poor Katherine,
And say, lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife,
If it would please him come and marry her."

¹ Reprinted in *Hazlitt's Shakspeare's Libr.*, Pt. II., vol. ii., p. 485, with, for the story of the *Induction*, *The Waking Man's Dream*, from an old story-book, and a tale of Philip, Duke of Burgundy, I. iv. 47, from Goulart's *Admirable and Memorable Histories*, 1607, in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. iv., p. 403; and also *The Shrewd and Curst Wife Lapped in Morel's Skin*, p. 415, an old tale of the cure of a shrew. The student must read *A Shrew* and *The Shrew* carefully together, as he must *The Troublesome Raigne* and *King John*.

² Shakspeare wrote the *Induction*, II. i. 168-326 (? touching 115-167); III. ii. 1-125, 151, 240; IV. i. (and ii., Dyce); IV. iii., v. (iv., vi., Dyce), and V. ii. 1-180, with occasional touches elsewhere.

To avoid this, Petruchio in any clothes is welcome; and she takes him at once, notwithstanding his outrageous and slovenly dress. She trembles and shakes at his hitting the priest (if he'd do that to God's representative, what wouldn't he do to her?). Having got him, she is to be baulkt of the wedding-feast (cruellest of all blows to a bride). Under the influence of the wedding she is tender at first. "Let me entreat you now; if you love me, stay" (Act III., sc. ii.). And we almost wish that Petruchio had taken advantage of this tenderness, and tried taming by love. But then we should have lost the best scenes of the play. However, her entreaties are rejected, and she stands up really for the first time for her rights. Now or never: it is her best time, with all her friends around her. Now or never she will struggle for what women most desire, rule over their husbands.¹ And the result is *not* now. Petruchio's drawing his sword and hustling her away with the further taming on the journey and on reaching home, are most admirably handled, while the first signs of weakness, the humbling of herself to Grumio, the fresh fight again over her clothes (if a woman mayn't choose her clothes, what on earth may she do?), bring the conviction to her that resistance will not pay. The dispute over the sun and moon she evidently treats as fun, and enters into the joke. She has given in once for all, has learnt her lesson. She is convinced of her past folly, and goes through with her task as far on the good side as on the bad before. Why rebel and be tamed again? No sense in that. "Peace it bodes and quiet life," &c. She is a new daughter to Baptista. It is the best result for her time, though Tennyson shows us a better for our Victorian era in his *Princess*.

Petruchio is like Falconbridge in making himself out worse than he really is. • Though he declares his object is only to wive wealthily, and Grumio says he'd marry any foul old hag with money, yet this is plain exaggeration. He's one of those men who like a bit of devil in the girl they marry and the mare they ride. "None of your namby-pamby ones for me." He knows he can tame her: if she is sharp-temperd, he is sharper. It's a word and a blow with him, as Grumio has experienced. When he hears of Kate, he won't sleep till he sees her; when she comes, he takes the lead and keeps it. He means to have it and her. He ridicules her in such a pleasant, madcap fashion, that one can't help liking him. He understands women, and flatters her. Note the limping touch. He praises her beauty; promises her finery; keeps her waiting; makes her put up with his dress, and tremble at church; outs with his sword and makes her go with him; declares his wife's his chattel; leaves her horse on her when she falls during the journey, and makes her beg for Grumio; he'll give no choleric food to choleric folk; in fact he "kills her in her own humour;" tames her by pretended love; starves her till she thanks him for meat he's drest; and then when her food has made her saucy, and she rebels again about her dress (which was indeed enough to make the most angelic woman's temper rise), he beats her in the old way by pretending to sympathise with her. Then he stops her going home, because she won't say two is seven. When she gives in, he no doubt tries her too hardly, but then she has tried him before, and the result is that they two alone are married, while the other two, Hortensio and Lucentio, are only "sped." ("Let us hope though," says Miss Constance O'Brien, "that Petruchio gave up choosing Kate's dresses and caps.") If Petruchio is not a *gentleman*, and Kate not a lady, their day differed from ours: they were a happy couple, we may be sure. Kate would obey him with a will, for her husband had fairly beaten her at her own game, and won her respect.

• When I saw the play at the Haymarket, over thirty years ago, old Keeley was Grumio, and was certainly the leading character of the play; Mrs. Nesbitt (Lady Boothby) was Kate. The farce and rich humour of the character, the delightful exaggeration of sliding down his body, after a run down his head and neck, the dry humour of his account of the accident, his scene with the tailor (enlarged from the old play), his entering into the humour of his master's taming Kate, make Grumio the finest character in comedy that we have yet had from Shakspeare's hand. We must pass over Bianca—the sweet and gentle, whose breath perfumed the air, who yet had a will of her own, and that ever-Italian love of intrigue—only noting, as in private duty bound, that literature and language beat music, and win the girl. In Baptista we note his weakness, his being an old Italian fox, yet taken in for all his cleverness; his base willingness to sell his daughter for money. Lucentio loves at first sight, like

¹ See Chaucer's *Wife of Bath's Tale*; and the marriage of Sir Gawaine, in the *Percy Ballads* (i. 112); and the bequest in the *Wyll of the Deuyll*, "Item, I geue to all women souerayntee, which they most desire."—*Jyl of Brainford* (the old spelling of Brentford), &c., ed. F. J. F., Ballad Society.

Romeo does Juliet, and he cuts out the two older lovers and wins. Though Hortensio finds Petruchio to marry Kate, he yet loses Bianca. He is a straight-forward fellow about love, and cannot stand her flirting. In the Induction, we notice Sly with his humour, standing between Bottom and Grunio, and with his Warwickshire allusions of Burton Heath and the fat ale-wife of Wincot, while the lord reproduces Shakspeare's love of hounds which we saw in Theseus in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Stories like that of the Induction are those of the Sleeper awakened in *The Arabian Nights*, *The Waking Man's Dream* (see note 1, p. xlv), told of Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and another told of Charles V., in Sir Rd. Barclay's *Discourse on the Felicitie of Man*, 1598. The hints for the intrigue of Lucentio come from Ariosto's *Suppositi*, through George Gascoigne's englishing of it, the *Supposes*, acted at Gray's Inn in 1566, and containing the names of Petruchio and Licio. The comical sham translation of the Latin lesson may have been suggested by a like bit in *The 3 Lords and 3 Ladies of London*, A.D. 1588, pr. 1590 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vi. 500), "*O, singulariter nominativo*, wise Lord Pleasure; *genitivo*, bind him to the post; *dativo*, give me my torch; *accusativo*, for I say he's a cosener; *vocativo*, O, give me room to run at him; *ablativo*, take and blind me." *The Shrew* was first printed in the Folio of 1623, *A Shrew* in 1594. The dramatic time of the play is five or six days, with three intervals; the entire period cannot exceed a fortnight."—P. A. Daniel, *N. Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 169.

THE FIRST PART OF HENRY IV.¹—In *Henry IV.*, we return to our own England—

"This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings
Feard by their breed and famous for their birth."—*Richard II.*, Act II., sc. i.

We come from the grace and beauty and wit of Portia, the curses and baffled vengeance of Shylock, the tender friendship of Antonio and Bassanio, and the rivalry of the courtiers of the sweet Bianca, the taming of Katherine the curst, to the headstrong valour of Hotspur, the wonderful wit of Falstaff, the vanquish't rebels who wound England with their horses' hoofs, the noble rivalry of Henry Percy and Henry, Prince of Wales—

"Hotspur. O, 'would the quarrel lay upon our heads;
And that no man might draw short breath to-day,
But I and Harry Monmouth"—

and the sight of how "ever did rebellion find rebuke" (*Henry IV.*, Part I., Act V., sc. v.). Love gives place to war; kingdoms are striven for, not fair girls' hands; rebels, not shrews, are tamed. Let us look for a moment at the change from Shakspeare's early historical plays. It is one from spring to summer. Like Chaucer, he has been, as it were, to Dante's land, to Petrarch's, Boccaccio's home, and when he touches his native soil again², he springs from youth to manhood, from his First Period to his Second, from the cramp of rhyme, the faint characterisation of *Richard II.*, to the freedom, the reckless ease, the full creative power of *Henry IV.* Granting that the rhetoric of the earlier play does still appear in Vernon's speech, &c., yet all its faint and shadowy secondary figures have vanish't. Through every scene of *Henry IV.*, Part I., beats the full, strong pulse of vigorous manhood and life. The whole play is instinct with "go," every character lives; and what magnificent creations they are! Falstaff, Hotspur, Glendower, Henry and his son, Douglas, Poins, Lady Percy, Mrs. Quickly—who does not know them as old friends? In comic power Shakspeare culminates in Falstaff; in characterisation the play is never excell'd. But, for particulars. We saw Henry the Fourth before as Bolingbroke in *Richard II.*; his stirring impeachment of Mowbray, his unjust banishment by Richard the Second for six long years to wander from the jewels that he loved, Act II., sc. iii.; his courtship of the

¹ Entered at Stationers' Hall, February 25, 1597. Probably written in 1596-7. *Henry IV.* is in Meres's list, 1598. Was first printed in 1598 (Q. 1), and reprinted in 1599 (Q. 2 from Q. 1), in 1604 (Q. 3 from Q. 2), in 1608 (Q. 4 from Q. 3), in 1613 (Q. 5 from Q. 4). The Folio Text was printed from the 5th Quarto, 1613. The play ranges from the battle of Holmedon (or Halidown Hill) September 14, 1402, to the battle of Shrewsbury, July 21, 1403. Shakspeare may have got hints for Falstaff and Poins from Ned and Sir John Oldcastle in "The famous Victories of Henry the Fifth," 1598, licenst 1594. Hazlitt, Pt. II., i. 323. Falstaff was first call'd Oldcastle. See Griggs's Fac-similes of the First Quartos of 1 & 2 *Henry IV.*, with Forewords by H. A. Evans. 6s. each, 1881.

² The third time. *Richard III.* and the revised *Henry VI.* and *John* stand between *Richard II.* and *Henry IV.*

common people; his coming back to claim his own inheritance; his sweet, soft speech, got from his gracious mother whom Chaucer loved; his promise to young Hotspur; his professions to Richard the Second; his taking the crown notwithstanding prophecies and warnings of evil; his hint to Exton to murder Richard, and his vow to make a voyage to the Holy Land. We are now to see how, as king, he kept his vow and fulfilled his promises, how Carlisle's and Richard's prophecies were accomplished, and how the character of his unthrifty son, in whom he saw some sparkles of a better hope, developed. In his time the right doctrine of elective kingship was not accepted by the English. Nor was it so in Shakspeare's time. The power of the barons was too great; and the turbulence necessarily following from it we have already seen in *Richard II.*, *Henry VI.*, and *John*. But now a strong king is on the throne. What Henry has won, he'll keep, let who will say nay. We have no fine sentiments followed by nothingness, as with *Richard II.*; no pious weak moralising, as with *Henry VI.*; no calling in of Pope as with *John*: but instead, the word and blow, troops out, and march. Still his mother's nature's in him; he wills not that war's

"Crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair [King Henry's] land."

He offers peace even to the arch-rebel Worcester, his bitterest foe. It is refused; and then, having doffed his easy robes of peace and crushed his old limbs in ungentle steel, he orders only Worcester and Vernon to their death: "other offenders we will pause upon." His real character, his astuteness and foresight, are shown in his talk with his son Harry, when he contrasts himself with Richard the Second. No wonder such a man, looking forward to his death, grieved to see what his heir was, and envied Northumberland his Hotspur. Was all that he'd staked life and soul for, the England that he'd loved and left, that he'd re-won with his own good sword, to be handed over to a pot-house cad? Was all the Derby, Lancaster line, the John of Gaunt, Third Edward's blood, to grovel in drunken mire and filth? The king's, the father's heart was touched. We feel with him in his reproaches to his son, and in his burst of joy "a hundred thousand rebels die in this," when Henry vows "to redeem all this on Percy's head." Prince Hal, afterwards Henry the Fifth, is Shakspeare's hero in English history. He takes not Cœur-de-lion, Edward I. or III., or the Black Prince of Wales, but Henry of Agincourt. See how he draws him by his enemy Vernon's mouth, how modestly he makes him challenge Hotspur, how generously treat that rival when he dies; how he makes him set Douglas free, praise Prince John's deed, save his father's life, give Falstaff the credit of Hotspur's death! Yet, on the other hand, he shows us him as the companion of loose-living, debauched fellows, highway-robbers, thieves, and brothel-haunters, himself breaking the law, lying to the sheriff on their behalf. And what is the justification, the motive for all this? To astonish men, to win more admiration—

"So when this loose behaviour I throw off," &c.—I. ii. 212, &c.

Surely this is a great mistake of Shakspeare's; surely in so far as the prince did act from this motive, he was a charlatan and a snob. (Yet see Prof. Dowden's *Mind and Art of Shakspeare*, p. 211.)

Instead of a justification by Henry of himself, it should have been put as an excuse, a palliation of misdeeds, in another man's mouth; as something like it is, in fact, put in Warwick's mouth in Part II., Act IV., sc. iv. We see, too, how Hal appeased his conscience when it bother'd him, by arguments which, though they sounded very grand, were really worth nothing. He had sinned morally—how would he atone for it? Why, he'd fight physically. By being stronger or cleverer in fight than Hotspur, he'd win not only Hotspur's martial fame, but moral glory too, and claim the merit of his foe's life, of duty and devotion to his mistress, war. When Hotspur lay dead at his feet, he thought Hotspur's honours and his own shame had changed places. Still we must recollect the times. Henry's wildness would hardly be blamed then; full bloods *will* sow their wild oats. His escapades were only skin-deep; at a touch, the call of war, he changed. He was not passion's slave; he had his mother's, his father's self-control; gallant and wise, he won.

As to Hotspur, who can help liking him? With all his hotheadedness and petulance, his daring and his boasting, his humour with his wife, his scorn of that scented courtier, his lashing himself into a rage with Henry the Fourth, his keenness at a bargain (North-country to a T), his hatred of music, his love of his crop-eared roan. Yet he is passion's slave, the

thrall of every temper and whim. Himself and his own glory are really his gods, as at his death he says. What is his native land, what is England's weal, to him? Things to be sacrificed because his temper's cross'd. One-third to Wales, to England's foe, one-third to himself, and but one-third to Richard's rightful heir. In one sense, Hotspur is Kate the Shrew, in armour, and a man. But how he lives in the play, and starts from the printed page!

Of Falstaff, who can say enough? He is the incarnation of humour and lies, of wit and self-indulgence, of shrewdness and immorality, of self-possession and vice, without a spark of conscience¹ or reverence, without self-respect, an adventurer preying upon the weaknesses of other men. Yet all men enjoy him—so did Shakspeare, and he carried his delight in successful rogues to the end of his life. See how in *Winter's Tale* he bubbles and chirps with the fun of that rascal Autolycus, and lets him sail off successful and unharmed.—We see in Falstaff the amusing exaggeration of Grumio; and that imputing his own faults to other innocent people is delightful.* His most striking power is shown in his turns when he's corner'd. Look at the cases of Poin and the coward, Prince Hal's exposure of his robbery, his false accusation of Mrs. Quickly, his behaviour in the fight with Douglas, and his claiming to have killed Hotspur. His effrontery is inimitable. He's neither a coward nor courageous. He only asks which'll pay best—fighting or running away, and acts accordingly. He evidently had a reputation as a soldier, and was a professed one, was sought out, and got a commission on the outbreak of the war.³ (The dramatic time of this play is ten "historic" days, with three extra Falstaffian days, and with intervals; altogether three months at the outside.—P. A. Daniel, in *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 279.)

THE SECOND PART OF HENRY IV.⁴ is not up to the spirit and freshness of the First Part; all continuations do fall off, and this is no exception to the rule. How are Hotspur and the first impression of Falstaff to be equal'd? Even Shallow cannot make up for them. There's a quieter tone, too, in this Part II., though the rhetorical speeches are still kept up by Northumberland and Mowbray. The King leads, not at the head of his army, but in his quiet progress to the grave. The most striking speech in the play is Henry the Fourth's on sleep—to be set against Hotspur's fiery words in Part I. And as illustrating the change in Shakspeare's manner of work as he grew, let us set this sleep-speech of the Second Period, against the sleep-speech of the Third Period:—

"How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep!—Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids
down,
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy
slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god! why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds; and leavest the kingly
couch,
A watch-case, or a common 'larum bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his
brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge;
And in the visitation of the winds,

Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads, and hanging
them
With deaf'ning clamours in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep! give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude;
And, in the calmest and most stillest night,
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then, happy low, lie
down;
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown."

"*Macb.* Methought I heard a voice cry, *Sleep
no more!*
Macbeth does murder sleep! the innocent sleep;
Sleep, that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second
course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

¹ "Is there not a pathos in Falstaff's character from the very fact of a spark of conscience. He does sometimes half wish to change his life, but it is too difficult, and no one will trust him. See Maginn's beautiful Essay, p. 56."—C. Hargrove. I can't believe in the "half-wish," except when and because he's hard up for money or sack. Falstaff's constitutional unflinching good-temper, I admit.

² It's like Mercutio imputing his own quarrelsomeness to Benvolio in *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i.

³ My friend Mr. W. Myers, great at amateur theatricals, says that even 1 *Henry IV.* is "a play that does not act itself," as the saying is. It depends on the characters, and not on its plot. And this is the case with all the English historical plays. In 1598, Shakspeare acted in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

⁴ Probably written 1597-8. Entered in the Stationers' Registers, August 23, 1600: published in *quarto*

Contrast in the Second Period the single idea and its elaboration, though justified by Henry's meditative mood, with the many short, pregnant metaphors of the Third Period, each left to the hearer's own mind to work out, quite in Shakspeare's later budding style—seven metaphors in four lines. Yet surely Macbeth might well have expanded his thoughts. Any man less filled with his subject, less crowded with thought, than Shakspeare, any man like the writer of *Edward III.*, would surely have availed himself of this splendid chance to "show off." The contrast of Duncan wrapt in sleep's security yet pierced with murder's knife, the contrast of innocent sleep with the guilty deed, its balm his bale, its nourishment his poison, would have tempted a smaller man—but not Shakspeare in his Third Period. Each metaphor has its touch, and then off. In *Henry IV.*, Part II., the lower rank of people come more to the front. We've more prominence than before given to the low tavern life, the country squire and his servants, the administration of justice in town and country which Shakspeare's long experience made him sneer at, as against the knightly life of the former Part, notwithstanding its carriers. This prepares us for the fuller sketches of contemporary middle-class life in *The Merry Wives*. The chief characters of Part I. are further developed. Though the hand of sickness is on the king, yet "Ready, aye ready" is still his word; and as soon as Hotspur is beaten, another army marches against Northumberland and the Archbishop, whose two separate rebellions Shakspeare has put into one. But his cares tell on him: the chronicler Hall calls his reign the "unquiete tyme of Kyng Henry the Fourth." His mind goes back o'er the troublous past, thinks on his old close friendship with his now foe Northumberland, and the dead Richard's prophecy of their falling out. And as the past has little to comfort him, so the future has less. His son's going back, like a sow to wallow again in the mire, cuts him to the heart, as sovereign even more than as father:—

"Oh, my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?"

O thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants."
2 *Henry IV.*, Act IV., sc. iv., 264-8.

Was it for this that he'd suffered exile, risked his life, won England, and held it with his strong right hand? Surely a pathetic figure—the strong man worn with care, disappointed in his dearest wish, the labour of his life made vain. Still, comfort was to come; the son who once before won back his father's willingly-forgiving heart, again spoke words that again atoned them. And in the king's last speech to his gallant heir, we see the man's whole nature—wily to win, strong to hold, a purpose in all he did; not perhaps a hero, but a ruler and a king, a father too. Such political lesson as Shakspeare preacht in these plays was, that though, like Elizabeth's crown, the succession to it might not be clear, the way to hold it was to govern strongly and well, and that the sovereign must not only attack his foes at home, but unite the nation by foreign war, as Henry the Fifth, Napoleon, Cavour, and Bismarck did. For Prince Hal: we have one unworthy scene, two worthy ones. The shadow of his father's death-sickness is on him, and he goes for relief—half disgusted with himself—(feeling that every one would call him a hypocrite if he looked sorry) to his old, loose companions. But there's not much enjoyment in his forced mirth. He feels ashamed of himself, and soon leaves Falstaff and his old life for ever—"let the end try the man," as he says. It is clear that he now feels the degradation of being Falstaff's friend and Poin's reputed brother-in-law. On hearing of the war again, as in Part I., he changes at a touch, and is himself. The next time we see him is by his father's sick bed, and again he wins to him his father's heart. But surely by a bit of Falstaff-like cleverness, and want of truth. Compare his first speech to the crown, with his second giving an account of it to his father. But one part of that first speech he meant; that he'd hold his crown against the world's whole strength; and that was what King Henry wanted. When Hal becomes king, his treatment of his brothers, the Chief Justice, and Falstaff is surely wise and right, in all three cases. One does feel for Falstaff; but certainly what he ought to have had, he got—the chance of reformation. What other reception could Henry, in the midst of his new state, give in public to

in 1600. The folio text is from a different original, having many lines that are not in the quarto, while the quarto contains passages not in the folio. The play ranges from Hotspur's death, July 23, 1403, to Henry V.'s accession, March 21, 1413 (1412-13). Its dramatic time is nine days, represented on the stage, with three extra Falstaffian days, and with intervals; for the whole, "a couple of months would be a liberal estimate."—P. A. Daniel, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 288-9.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—Why was the plan altered? Tradition says because Elizabeth was so pleased with Falstaff that she ordered Shakspeare to show Falstaff in love, and that he accordingly wrote *The Merry Wives* in a fortnight.¹ Of course Shakspeare couldn't make Falstaff really in love, or the man would have been redeemed by it. Even if he had been made a fool of in the process, love must have lifted him out of the degradation to which he had sunk; and though he had been made a fool of, we should have had to respect him. But he was past redemption. However, as the order was given, Shakspeare had to carry it out. With whom could he make Falstaff in love? With women of high birth and noble life, such as the ladies and gentlewomen of Elizabeth's court whom Harrison so well describes, p. 271 2 of my edition? Surely not. With the Mrs. Quicklys and Dame Ursulas he'd been already shown. So there were but the middle-class townsfolk left; and Shakspeare accordingly takes them, and shows Falstaff baffled, mocked, befooled by these country burghess wives whom as a courtier he despised. Through self-conceit he loses his valued wit, and is turned into the most despicable of creatures, a pander, and an unsuccessful pander too. Even his men, Pistol and Nym, refuse to help him in his new form of baseness, which ends in his being both degraded and ridiculed. In this play, too, is ridiculed the old aristocratic notion of all citizens' wives being at well-born men's disposal. Compare the lesson of *All's Well*. And we're also shown, as in *Twelfth-Night*, the degradation of one class of the professed representative of chivalry, the knight, the professional soldier, debauched by self-indulgence and want of work during peace. Falstaff gets vain too. He really believes he's made a conquest of the women, and, like Richard the Third, says he'll make more of his old body than he has done. He also loses his shrewdness, swallows all Ford's praise of him, and believes he can do as he likes with Mrs. Ford, just as if she were Mrs. Quickly or old Dame Ursula. In his love-making he's frank and business-like; he makes no pretence of romance, or being one of those lispng hawthorn buds that snell like Bucklersbury in simple time. His only weapons are his power to make Mrs. Ford "my lady," were but her husband dead; and his flattery; wit he doesn't try. In his description of the outcomes of his first and second attempts at seduction,² we have the old humour as rich as ever; while at the end of his third attempt, he does begin to perceive that he is made an ass, and how wit may be made a Jack o' Lent when it is upon alien employment. He has laid his brain in the sun and dried it. He is ridden with a Welsh goat too. He is dejected, and not able to answer the Welsh flannel. Though he does get a laugh at Page and his wife, he has no hand in raising it. The only folk he can chaff and beat are Slender, in Act I., sc. i., and Simple. All that remains for him is for Theobald to make him babble of green fields, and then leave the world that he's so abused and amused. But we must not let the offensiveness of Falstaff's part in the play represent *The Merry Wives* to us, any more than Venus's lust does Shakspeare's first poem. The play is like Fenton; it "smells April and May." It has the bright, healthy country air all through it: Windsor Park with its elms, the glad light green of its beeches, its ferns, and deer. There is coursing and hawking, Datchet Mead, and the silver Thames, and though not

"The white feet of laughing girls
Whose sires have marched to Rome,"

yet those of stout, bare-legd, bare-armed English wenches plying their washing-trade. There's a healthy moral as well: "Wives may be merry and yet honest too." The lewd court hanger-on, whose wit always mastered men, is outwitted and routed by Windsor wives. The play is slight and thin. It is only merry; there's no pathos in it; but it is admirably

¹ Putting the play here breaks into the trilogy of 1 and 2 *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.* I formerly thought that this was the right place for it. It certainly is so as regards Falstaff's career. See Mr. Halliwell's Introduction to the 1602 version of *The Merry Wives*, in *Hazlitt*, Pt. II.; also see Gervinus, &c. But I now think with Mr. P. A. Daniel (Introd. to Griggs's Facsimile of the 1st Quarto of *Merry Wives*) that "the Swaggering vaine of Auncient Pistoll, and Corporal Nym," on the *Merry Wives* Quarto title implies that Nym was known before by *Henry V.*, so that the play is better placed in 1599, directly after *Henry V.*

² Dennis first mentions the tradition in 1702, in his recast of the play. He is said to have got it from Dryden, who had it from Sir Wm. Davenant, who is said to have called himself Shakspeare's bastard.

³ By a slip, possibly Shakspeare's own, no night intervenes in III. v. between the first and second adventures, and the second is made to take place on the morning of the day on which the first had already happened in the afternoon. See the way out of this mess in Mr. P. A. Daniel's Paper in *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, pp. 131-4.

constructed. The double plot is workt without a hitch; the situations are most comical and first-rate. Still its tone is lower than in both earlier and later work. It is Shakspeare's only play of contemporary manners and direct sketch of middle-class English life. Cotswold is there as in 2 *Henry IV.*, and Shallow (Sir Thomas Lucy) and his nephew, country justices and asses, as some of the class still are. There are no grandees in it, though we have reflections of the court; the use of Windsor traditions in it points to a performance of the play at Windsor. There was a grand one (by great personages) at Frogmore in the last century. The short time in which it was written explains the slightness of the play, and the great quantity of prose in it. There's hardly any verse except for Fenton's love and the Elf scene. To me, born and bred within five miles of its scene, and to whom Windsor Park, Datchet Mead, and the Thames have been dear since my childhood, the play has of course a special attraction. The sweetness of "sweet Anne! Page" is all through it. A choice "bud in the rose-bud garden" of girls of Shakspeare's time, she is, this young heiress, not seventeen, pretty virginity, brown-haired, small-voiced, whose words are so few, yet whose presence is felt all through the play. True to her love she is, ready-witted almost as Portia; dutiful to her parents, so far as she should be, and then disobeying them for the higher law of love. Her real value is shown by the efforts of her three lovers to get her. Why, oh why, didn't Shakspeare give us a separate scene with her and Caius, and then with all three lovers together, and let her play them off one against the other? He hadn't yet come to his Beatrice time. Fenton is a gay, wild young fellow, like Bassanio of *The Merchant*. He meant to marry for money, but is won from it by love. He's frank and resolute, a friend of the host too. Many a merry night had they had, we may be sure, at the Garter, so-named no doubt from its Order, founded at Windsor. The young lover, with his eyes of youth and his writing verse, brings verse into the play, and his noble nature is shown in his defence of his love Anne's elopement:—

"The offence is holy that she hath committed," &c.

Slender is the best workt figure in the play, although "that Slender, though well-landed, is an idiot." One need not do more than refer to Simple's description of him, of his willingness to marry Anne upon any reasonable commands, to his delightfully inimitable scenes with Anne herself, and then finding out that at Eton she's a great lubberly boy. The mixture of the Welshman, the Frenchman, and the German, points to the greater freedom of intercourse in Elizabeth's days, while the individualities of Caius with his "It is not jealous in France," and of Evans, who may represent the Welsh schoolmaster at Stratford in Shakspeare's time, with his "Well, I will smite his noddle," are well kept up.¹ Shakspeare's sketches of the Kelts—Glendower, Fluellen, Lear—should be noted by the student of races. The host has some of the characteristics of Chaucer's host in the *Canterbury Tales*. Though he does talk like Pistol, he is yet a genial, good-hearted fellow. He keeps peace between Caius and Evans, as Harry Bailey did between the quarrelsome pilgrims. He helps the young lovers, Fenton and Anne. There's a touch of poetry in his nature; he's evidently, too, the centre of sociability in his town, as country inn-keepers so often are. Although he, after the manner of his craft, means to overcharge his customers, they cheat him.

For Garmombles², see the account of Count Mümpelgart's visit to England (Windsor, &c.) in 1592, in Mr. W. Brenchley Rye's *England as seen by Foreigners in the days of Elizabeth*, p. 1. In Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. iii., pp. 1–80, are six stories more or less resembling the plot of *The Merry Wives*:—1. *The Story of Filenio Sisterna of Bologna*, from *Straparola*, printed 1569. 2. *The Story of Bucciolo and Pietro Paulo*, from the *Pecorone* (in which the lover is first hid under some clothes from the wash). 3. *The Story of Lucius and Camillus* (No. 2 abridged). 4. *The Story of Nerino of Portugal*, 1569. 5. *The Tale of Two Lovers of Pisa*, from *Straparola*. 6. *The Fishwife's Tale of Brentford*. In Part II. Mr. Hazlitt has also printed *The First Sketch of*

¹ "It has always pleased me that Shakspeare gave his own middle-class English heroine his own wife's name."—Constance O'Brien.

² That the Welshman leaves off his dialect, and talks good English when he speaks in verse, is a necessity of art. Welsh-English would have spoilt the poetry.

³ "three sorts of cosen garmombles, Is cosen all the Host of Maidenhead & Readings," 1602 play, p. 192. Hazlitt, Pt. II., vol. ii. It's "three Cozen-Iermans" in the Folio, p. 57, col. 1; and the Count is "a Duke de Jamanie."—ib.

the Play, 1602, and Mr. Griggs has since facsimiled it (6s.). This is an imperfect and spurious version of the play, and was reprinted in 1619. The full text¹ appeared for the first time in the first Folio of 1623. It must be read carefully with the 1602 version.

HENRY THE FIFTH.—Its date is 1599, and one cannot mention the year without the thought of that great contemporary of Shakspeare, Edmund Spenser, burnt out of the Irish house he has so lovingly described, losing there one of his children, and dying miserably in a tavern in King Street, Westminster, on January 13, 1598, leaving behind him these last lines of his unfinished *Faerie Queene*; as the subject of his last thoughts, as his last prayer on earth² :—

"Then gin I thinke on that which Nature sayd,
Of that same time when no more Change shall
be,
But stedfast rest of all things, primely stayd
Upon the pillours of Eternity,
That is contrayr to Mutabilitie ;

For all that moveth doth in Change delight :
But thenceforth, all shall rest eternally
With Him that is the God of Sabaoth hight.
O ! that great Sabaoth God, grant me that
Sabaoth's sight !"

—Book VII., Canto VIII., stanza ii.

One likes to think of the two poets, knowing, honouring, and loving one another, of Shakspeare's following Spenser to his grave in the Abbey, near Chaucer. But we've no evidence for all this: Shakspeare's allusions in his Sonnets 80, 86, are to a rival poet, almost certainly to G. Chapman; and assuredly in *Henry V.* there is no note of sadness or of tribute to a departed friend. On the contrary, a trumpet-tone of triumph sounds through the play, and echoes to all time; proclaiming not only the glory and gallantry of Shakspeare's hero, but his own full manhood's spirit, his rejoicing in his strength, and in his success in life. The unrest of Hamlet, the bitterness of Timon, the calm wisdom of Prospero, had not yet succeeded one another in his brain, or at least in his work, though his *Hamlet* time was near. Neither irresoluteness, vengeance, nor forgiveness was in his thoughts,—but victory, and that over England's ancient foe.

In 1598 Meres, in 1599 Barnesfield and Weever, had publicly acknowledged Shakspeare as the great dramatist and poet of the great Elizabethan time, and had placed his "name in Fame's immortal book." In 1599 the Globe Theatre had been built, Shakspeare taken as a partner in the profits of the house³, and there, perhaps at its opening, he produced this *Henry V.* In the *Merry Wives* we left the representative of the professional soldier, of the grand old knight of Chaucer, degraded to the lowest depths, taking shares of his men's thefts, for his lies in getting them off punishment, not only a pander, but an unsuccessful one,

¹ But still a maind one, which in at least two passages is helpd by the Quarto.

² First noted by my friend Miss Isabel Marshall, of Bedford. But the last "two cantos of *Mutabilitie*," usually put on to the *F. Q.*, are really a new poem. See *Macmillan's Mag.*, 1880.

³ See the memorial of "Cutbert Burbage, and Winifred his brother's wife, and William his sonne," in 1635, to the Lord Chamberlaine, discovered by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in 1870, made public by him in 1874, printed by me from the Record Office MS. in *The Academy*, March 7, 1874, and since by Mr. Halliwell in his *Illustrations*. "The father of us, Cutbert and Richard Burbage, was the first builder of playhouses, and was himselfe in his younger yeeres a player. 'The theater' hee built with many hundred poundes taken up at interest. The players that lived in those first times had only the profitts arising from the doores; but now the players receive all the commings in at the doores to themselves, and halfe the galleries from the housekeepers (the owners or lessees of the theatre). Hee built this house upon leased ground, by which meanes the landlord and hee had a great suite in law, and, by his death, the like troubles fell on us his sonnes: we then bethought us of altering from thence, and at like expense built the Globe [A.D. 1599] with more summes of money taken up at interest, which lay heavy on us many yeares; and to ourselves wee joyned those deserving men, Shakspeare, Hemings, Condall, Phillips, and others, partners in the profitts of that they call the House."

"Thus, Right Honorable, as concerning the Globe, where wee ourselves are but lessees. Now for the Blackfriars: that is our inheritance; our father purchased it at extreme rates, and made it into a playhouse with great charge and trouble: which after was leased out to one Evans that first set up the boyes commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell. In processe of time, the boyes growing up to bee men, which were Underwood, Field, Ostler, and were taken to strengthen the King's service; and the more to strengthen the service, the boyes dayly wearing out, it was considered that house would bee as fitt for ourselves, and soe [we] purchased the lease remaining from Evans, with our money, and placed men players, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakspeare, &c." This could not have been till, or after the year 1603, when James succeeded Elizabeth, and there was a "King's service." Besides, the Warrant of King James making Shakspeare's company the King's Company, and which bears date May 17, 1603, mentions only the Globe, as this Company's "now usuall house." But from Webster's Induction to Marston's *Malcontent*, it would seem as if the King's Company acted this play at the Blackfriars in 1604.

beaten in body by a citizen's stick, in his pride and wit by citizens' wives; contemptible, and "made an ass."

In *Henry V.* the picture changes: the old companion of Falstaff rises as high as Falstaff has sunk low, and "this star of England" shines glorious o'er the world. The lift of the play over the quieter tone of *The Merry Wives* is striking. The clarion blast, the clang of arms, the noise of battle, ring through the ears, and kings and princes, not Windsor burgess-wives, are the leading figures in it.

No doubt Henry the Fifth is, as we all acknowledge, the hero of Shakspeare's manhood (35). See with what love he dwells on him, by mouth of Chorus, as well as subjects, from lords spiritual and temporal, to the rank and file of the army! Shakspeare doesn't refrain from reminding us of Henry's wayward youth; but he does it only—as he has done it all along—that the present glory may seem more glorious by contrast with its former darkness. He puts nearly the old specious defence into the Bishop of Ely's mouth. But we care not to dwell on its sophistry. Enough for us that the change at a touch—as in the call of war and the father's appeal in 1 *Henry IV.*, the news of arms in 2 *Henry IV.*—his father's death, has come, and that (as Miss Heygate says) Henry "has cast his slough of bad habits and loose company, and has come forth a hero, a Bayard, *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche*, an English soldier, who,

"God before him, will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour
Stand in our way."

Shakspeare first shows us his Henry's mind and speech. You have his forethought and his righteous sense of responsibility brought out: no unjust claim for mere glory's sake, or to establish his throne more firmly¹ (as his astute father advised), will be support by arms: he knows the cost of war in lives of English men. (Note the true and humble piety that Shakspeare gives Henry, the continual appeals to God, and the ascription of victory to Him alone, all through the play.) Then we see the good-humour and self-control with which the king receives the Dauphin's insolent message (which yet does sting him), and then the strong resolve, to win or die, and the devotion of all his thoughts and energy to carry out his resolve:—

"For we have now no thought in us but France;
Save those to God, that run before our business."

(In connection with the general treatment of the play, note the rhetoric of the prelate's speeches, thus preparing us for that of Henry's own—for, of the Histories of the Second Period, rhetoric is the characteristic, as word-play is of the Comedies of the First.) Then you have this "Mirror of all Christian kings" as judge of traitors: wisely convicting them out of their own mouths, seeking no vengeance for his personal wrong, but sending the miserable wretches to their death for seeking England's ruin.

Then, Henry as warrior, *a. exultant*: the splendid rhetoric and patriotism of his speeches bring the blood to one's face. We know that Henry would not only say "Go," but "Go we," would share his soldiers' risks; we have his threatful appeal to the governor of Harfleur to spare the innocent maidens the terrors and horrors of assault—fine this is, but part of it is dangerously near bombast. Was it the air of France that made him brag so? At any rate Shakspeare had had enough of it, there is no more in the play, and it almost looks as if there had been an interval between the composition of this first portion, and the later part of the play.

β. Soberd: real danger was in the air. Henry's little army, wasted by dysentery, ill-fed and harassed by long marches and hostile skirmishes, had to face the terrible odds of more than six to one. No threat comes now: it is "Tell thy king I do not seek him now. Yet God before, tell him we will come on," &c. :—

"We would not seek a battle as we are,
Nor as we are we say we will not shun it.
We are in God's hand, brother, not in theirs."—III. vi. 164-5, 169.

We certainly don't like Henry less before Agincourt than before Harfleur.

¹ Yet see how Shakspeare marks the union of the nation in Henry's war, by putting Welsh, Scotch, and Irish into the play, with the English.

γ. As acting general—visiting his outposts, trying the temper of his men, using his old knowledge of common folk, arguing Bates out of his wanting to be up to his neck in the Thames, sophistically stilling Williams's scruples, reflecting on his own kingship and its mere ceremony, going back to his father's old topic of sleep and the burden of the crown, praying God to steel his soldiers' hearts. But when he meets his men, with what gay and cheery courage he does it!

δ. On the field of battle. We are not conscious that Henry himself fought, till we come in the Chorus before Act V. to his "bruised helmet" and his "bended sword"—all the interest is concentrated on the touching picture of the dying York and Suffolk.

ε. Henry as conqueror. Note his true humility (ascribes all to God), his good-humour, his practical joke with Fluellen and Williams; no rhetorical outburst now. Then comes the triumphant return to London, with the allusion to Essex in Ireland. The battle was on October 25, 1415. Henry's marriage on May 20, 1420. Shakspeare misses all the weary sieges and fights, culminating with the fall of Rouen on January 16, 1419, and shows us

ζ. Henry as lover. Here again the character of the king comes out well. No pretence, no grand words, just a plain soldier, and a good heart: if she can love him for that, well and good, if not, well and good too. So she takes him, but alas! the boy who was to be compounded, half French, half English, to go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard, lost his father before he was a year old, and proved a miserable, flabbily-pious Henry the Sixth, with whom we have already dealt. It is a bit of that irony of Providence of which we have seen instances in our own time.

We cannot help noting the weakness of this play as a drama: a siege and a battle, with one bit of light love-making, cannot form a drama, whatever amount of rhetorical patriotic speeches and comic relief are introduced. Henry the Fifth is all the play: no one else is really shown except Fluellen. The characterisation is therefore far inferior to that of 1 *Henry IV.* The play is more on the model of *Richard III.* Those who are interested in Shakspeare's development should contrast Henry the Fifth, the hero of the Second Period, with Prospero, the hero of the Fourth.¹

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—(Entered in the Stationers' Register August 4, 23, 1600.)²—We change from history to fiction, from the green plains of France to the glowing shores of Sicily, with "Italy and Greece laid like pieces of mosaic into the Mediterranean sea-blue;" we turn from the clash of arms to the clash of tongues. *Much Ado* is another play of Shakspeare's brightest time, radiant with brilliantest wit and richest humour. If we heard the trumpet-tone of triumph through *Henry V.*, surely the "clarion's shrilling note" of merry raillery sounds through *Much Ado*, backed by the rich tone of Dogberry's bassoon and the muffled drum of Hero's passing sorrow. With his wit at its keenest, his fun and humour at

¹ A spurious imperfect quarto of the play (Q. 1) was published in 1600, and reprinted in 1602 (Q. 2 from Q. 1), and 1680 (Q. 3 from Q. 2). The genuine text first appeared in the folio of 1623. The play ranges from 1413 to 1420. Some hints from it are probably taken from *The Famous Victories of Henry V.*, licenst 1594, publisht 1598, reprinted in *Hazlitt*, Pt. II., i. 323. On Shakspeare's treatment of history in this play, see Courtenay's *Commentaries*, i. 160-211. Nash, alluding to some old play on Henry V., says in his *Pierce Penilesse*, 1592, "What a glorious thing it is to have Henry the Fifth represented on the stage, leading the French King prisoner, and forcing both him and the Dolphin swear fealtie" (p. 60, Old Shakespeare Society, 1842). The entry in Henslowe's *Diary* on 14 May 1592, which Mr. J. P. Collier prints on p. 26, last line, as "harcy the Vth, the 14 of maye, 1592" is as plainly, "harcy the 6th . . ." as ever it can be. I showed the entry to Dr. Carver, the Master of the College, on 31 Jan., 1874, and he said "6th. No doubt about it." Yet Mr. Collier puts a note, "Malone takes no notice of this play, which at least was the same in subject as Shakspeare's work. Possibly he read it 'Harcy the VI.,' but it is [that is, is not] clearly 'Harcy the Vth.'" The two entries of *Cotman* on pages 46, 62, of the printed *Diary*, are in the MS., one on leaf 11, "S steuen" (St. Stephen's Day is Dec. 26), two on leaf 14, "S steuens day." There are many omissions of accounts, &c., in the print." Mr. Collier has since stated that he is not responsible for the copy of the MS., which was supplied to him, but only for the notes. Dr. Ingleby thinks the entry about "Marloc, Tamberlen" on p. 71 of the print is a forgery, and it certainly looks so in the MS. from the ink and hand-writing. He also believes that the "Like quits Like" on p. 230 is a forgery in a modern-antique hand.

² The only quarto of the play was published in 1600, and from it the text of the first folio was printed, with some omissions, that, as in the case of *Hamlet*, &c., modern editors re-insert in their text.

their richest, his power of characterisation at its fullest, Shakspeare wrote the comic part of *Much Ado*: his mirth, like Beatrice's, kept him on the "windy side of care." But yet, as in all his Comedies, except *Merry Wives*, and the *Shrew*, which is not all his, athwart the sunshine he brought the shadow of distress or death, for he represented life as it is here on earth, and that is not all "cakes and ale." Behind our brightest day-dreams, our sunniest times, is still to him who looks (for himself and is not the mere swallower of other folks' assertions), the cloud of darkness beyond; and we must recollect that the year before this play was produced Shakspeare himself had told the world that an angel and a devil were struggling for possession of him:—

SONNET CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still;
The better angel is a man right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,

Wooing his purity with her foul¹ pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell.
Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt
Till my bad angel fire my good one out."

Still, I never read *Much Ado* without a certain shock at the needless pain caused to Hero, which might have been so easily avoided or lessened. But where the fun is fastest the sorrow must be saddest, I suppose. We must take the play as Shakspeare saw fit to give it us. This central comedy of Shakspeare's middle happiest time (the *Merchant*, *Shrew*, *Merry Wives* went before, *As You Like It*, *Twelfth-Night*, *All's Well* followed after) is also full of interest, as, on the one side, gathering into itself and developing so much of his work lying near it, and, on the other side, stretching one hand to his earliest genuine work, another to his latest complete one. *First*. Of the links with the other plays near it, we may note Benedick's and Beatrice's loving one another "no more than reason," with Slender's so loving Anne Page, "I will do as it shall become one that would do reason." *Second*. Dogberry, Verges, and the Watch, miscalling names, with Slender's "decrease" and "dissolutely," &c., in *The Merry Wives*. *Third*. As to *The Shrew*, isn't *Much Ado* in a certain sense a double taming of the shrew, only here each tames himself and herself by the answer of his and her richer, nobler nature, to an overheard appeal to its better feelings, an unseen showing of where its poor, narrow, shrewishness was leading it? Dogberry's conceit, and Verges's belief in him, are like Bottom's in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and his companions' belief in him; while *The Merchant's* scene between Launcelot Gobbo and his father and Bassanio is developed in that of Dogberry and Verges with Leonato in *Much Ado*. Leonato's lament over Hero here, "grieved I, I had but one," &c., must be compared with Capulet's complaint about Juliet:—

"Wife, we scarce thought us blessed
That God had lent us but this only child,

But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her"

Benedick's dress in *Much Ado*, Act III., sc. ii., is to be compared with the young English baron's in *The Merchant*. Friar Francis's advice that Hero shall be supposed dead for awhile, is like Friar Laurence's advising that Juliet should counterfeit death for forty-two hours. Leonato's refusing to be comforted by any one who hadn't suffered equal loss with him is to be compared, on the one hand, with Constance's "He talks to me that never had a son," in *King John*, and, on the other, with Macduff's "He has no children" in *Macbeth*. Hero's caving in under the unjust accusation brought against her is like Ophelia's silence in her interviews with Hamlet, and to be compared with Desdemona's ill-starred speeches that brought about her death, and the pathetic appeal of Imogen that she was true, and the noble indignation of Hermione against her accusers. Such comparisons as these bring out with irresistible force the growth of Shakspeare in spirit and temper as well as words.

Of the reach backward and forward of this play, remember that Benedick and Beatrice are but the development of Berowne and Rosalind in Shakspeare's first genuine play, *Love's Labours Lost*, while Hero is the prototype of Hermione in *Winter's Tale*, Shakspeare's last complete drama. Hermione—"queen, matron, mother," who, like Hero, unjustly suspected

¹ Fair 1599; foul 1609.

and accused, is declared innocent, and yet for sixteen years suffers seclusion as one dead, with that noble magnanimity and fortitude that distinguish her, and then without a word of reproach to her base and cruel husband, throws herself—but late a statue of stone, now warm and living—into his arms. Look at the "solemn and profound" pathos of that situation, and contrast it with the Hero and Claudio one here, and see how Shakspeare has grown from manhood to fuller age, just as when you set the at-onement of *Agæon* and his family in *The Comedy of Errors* beside the reunion of *Pericles*, his daughter, and wife, in *Pericles*, you'll see the difference between youth and age, between the First and Fourth Periods of Shakspeare's work and art. The many likenesses between *Benedick* and *Beatrice* and *Berowne* and *Rosalind* in *Love's Labours Lost* are caught at once. We need only dwell on the moral of the earlier play, as *Rosalind* preaches it to *Berowne*, the utter worthlessness of wit, the mocking spirit, and the need that the glibing spirit be choked, thrown away, and remember that the moral is repeated here, in *Beatrice's* wise and generous words (she, woman-like, instinctively goes to the heart of the matter):—

"Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?
Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!
No glory lies behind the back of such."

Note, too, that with *Beatrice*, its most brilliant instance, this pungent, wit-stinging type of heroine, the admiration of Shakspeare's early manhood, the product of the city, disappears (except in the waiting-maid *Maria* of *Twelfth-Night*), and the gentler, sweeter, more suffering type of *Luciana*, *Helena*, *Sylvia*, comes to the front and endures to the end, its virtues exalted by contrast with the fiercer type of *Lady Macbeth*, *Goneril*, *Regan*, *Cleopatra*, *Cymbeline's* queen, while the simple beauty and freshness of the un-town girl *Miranda*, *Perdita*, take, in Shakspeare's age, the place that the piquant London *Rosalind* and *Beatrice* held in his youth. *Beatrice*¹ is the sauciest, most piquant, sparkling, madcap girl that Shakspeare ever drew, and yet a loving, deep-natured, true woman too. Sharp sayings flow from her, like humorous ones from *Falstaff*. Something she has in common with Chaucer's carpenter's wife in the *Miller's Tale*, "wynsyng she was," &c. Hero's description of her is a caricature; yet her wit is her most prized possession, as *Benedick's* is his. His "hundred many tales" to her, her "prince's jester" and "folk's disregard" to him, are the bitterest cuts. Claudio's "two bears that bite one another when they meet" is a libel of course. But why do the two bite or spar? Let Marlowe tell us in his *Hero and Leander*, p. 200, col. 2:—

"Women are won when they begin to jar."

Why does she ask after him if she doesn't care for him? Why does she taunt him and make him notice her? Like will to like. But of course she says she doesn't want a husband—what girl of her type ever acknowledges she does? She keeps a dog to bark at crows: that's enough for her. What does she want with a husband? She'll not have her nose brushed by a moustache, or her neck tickled by a beard: pray God, night and morning, to keep her from such abominations: in this world at least—in the next, where there's no marriage or giving in marriage, she's no objection to bachelors, she'll sit by them and live as merry as the day is long. In this mood she meets *Benedick*. And sharp as he is among men, he cannot stand up to her; she overwhelms him with her quick repartees. Yet after this brilliant passage of arms, what are the conqueress's feelings? "But I am alone, alone, heigho for a husband!" When she is limed, and the plot succeeds², compare the result on the two lovers. See how *Beatrice's* noble nature comes out! None of the man's half-jokes, no thought of what folk will say of her: she's done wrong, she'll make amends; she lets fall her false covering of mockery and contempt (as Tennyson's Princess hers of false theory and wilfulness) and stands lovelier, more winning than ever, a simple, truthful, loving woman. Our merry, sparkling friend is changed, she's "exceeding ill and sick," and all with heartache: the *Benedictus* thistle is her only cure. Then comes the cruel blow on her sweet innocent

¹ She and *Benedick* are wholly Shakspeare's invention, so far as we know. No original of either character has been yet found.

² Objectors to the same plot being used to cure both the lovers, forget that both had the same disease. Moreover, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander; and it's part of the fun that both of the wittiest and sharpest folk in the play should be taken in by the shallow device of the deller people, on whom they, as superior beings, lookt down.

friend, who sinks under it, unable to defend herself. At once out flashes the true and noble nature of the spirited Beatrice, worthy niece of the gallant old Antonio. Evidence, so-called! Suspicion! what are these to her? She knows her friend's pure heart, where no base thought even has ever lodged: "O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!"

"Then, deeply wounded, Hero's guiltless face:
Beside her, with strong arms about her flung,
Protecting—worlds of scorn in her bright eyes—

The queen of wit and women, Beatrice,
More chivalrous and wiser than a man."
ELIZ. D. CROSS, *An Old Story*, &c.

She gives her heart to Benedick; but how can he love her rightly, how can she love him, unless he loves honour more than her, and will give his life for what she'd—O, how gladly!—sacrifice her own? Her lover is at last swept away by her vehemence: he will challenge Claudio; the noble girl is satisfied. When they next meet, though her wild heart is tamed to his loving hand, she has not lost all her fun. The couple are too wise to woo peaceably. She doesn't see the logic of being kist because foul words have passed between him and Claudio. She chaffs him about "suffering" love for her; and for the first time in her life she lets him have the last word, for it's all of love for her. Again they meet to marry, but, as she says, she loves him only in friendly recompense, she takes him partly to save his life, for she was told he was in a consumption; and he takes her for pity. The two understand one another. We all know what it means. The brightest, sunniest married life, comfort in sorrow, doubling of joy. And fancy Beatrice playing with her baby, and her husband looking on! Never child 'ud have had such fun since the creation of the world. The poet Campbell's story of his pair was an utter mistake: he never knew a Beatrice. Dogberry we must, alas! pass over, model of Mrs. Malaprop as he is, and of the Red queen's talk in "Through the Looking-glass."¹

AS YOU LIKE IT.—"The sweetest and happiest of Shakspeare's comedies," says Professor Dowden. Yes, sweetest, because the sweetness has been drawn from the bitters of life: happiest, because the happiness has sprung from, has overcome, sorrow and suffering. What most we prize is misfortune borne with cheery mind, the sun of man's spirit shining through and dispersing the clouds that strive to shade it.² And surely this is the spirit of the play. The play goes back, too, to the old Robin Hood spirit of England, to that same love of country and of forest and of adventure which still sends our men all over the world, and empties yearly our women out of town:—

"They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live

¹ Bandello's 22nd *Novella* of S. Timbreo di Cardona (*Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. iii., p. 104), told in French by Belleforest in his *Histoires Tragiques*, probably furnishes Shakspeare with most of the details of his Claudio and Hero story, including the courtship by the lover's friend, the deception of the lover by a servant, the breaking off the marriage in church, the swoon and supposed death of the heroine, her funeral rites, Leonato's epitaph on her (*Hazlitt*, l. iii. 119), and then her marriage to the hero, &c. But details in all the borrowed parts differ. The personation of Hero by Margaret was probably borrowed from the story of Ariodante and Ginevra in Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*, englished by Sir John Harington in 1591, canto 5, and printed in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. iii., p. 83. Spenser tells a like tale in his *Faerie Queene*, Bk. II., canto iv., published in 1590. The two lines in the parenthesis III. i. 9-11,

"—like favourites,
Made proud by princes that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it,"—

are so unexpectedly and incongruously brought into Hero's directions to her waiting-woman Ursula, that I suspect they were an insertion after Essex's rebellion in 1601. They will lift out of the scene, and leave the speech more natural when they are removed. Shakspeare must have aimed the lines at some contemporary favourite, I'm sure.

² My friend Dr. Ingledby says on this, "The moral of the play is much more concrete. It is not, how to bear misfortune with cheery mind, but, *how to read the lessons in the vicissitudes of physical nature.*" This is what the banished Duke says as to "the penalty of Adam," and what Amiens says in "Blow, blow, thou winter wind!" and "Under the greenwood tree." Everywhere it is "in these inclement skies we shall feel what we are, but find no enemy." We who have known the insincerity of flattery, covering ingratitude and backbiting, shall here find frank and outspoken friends, who teach us to read the message of cold winds, &c.; and through that, make us believe that all adversity has its uses, and, sweet ones."

"Sweet are the uses of adversity. . . ."

"Happy is your grace,

That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style."

like the old Robin Hood of England: they say, many young gentlemen flock to him every day; and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world;”

or, as Orlando puts the other side of it - -

“In this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time.”

It is true this is not Prospero's task, but Shakspeare is in his Second Period, not his Fourth. We are out of all wrangle of court and struggle of camp, in this forest of enchantment, Arden, where lions and palms and serpents grow, where ambition is shunned, and all are pleased with what they get. 'Tis Chaucer's "Flee fro the pres and dwelle with soothfastnesse," his "Former Age;" a fancy picture if you will; but let us enjoy it while we may. The picture is not painted in the same high key of colour as *Much Ado*. Instead of the hot sun of Beatrice's and Benedick's sharp wit-combats, with its golden reds and yellows, backt by the dark clouds of Hero's terrible distress, we have a picture of greys, and greens, and blues, lit through a soft haze of silvery light. Rosalind's rippling laugh comes to us from the far-off forest glades, and the wedded couples' sweet content reaches us as a strain of distant melody. The play stretches backwards and forwards as *Much Ado* does: back to the First Period, *Love's Labours Lost*. The scene is the Forest of Arden, like the King of Navarre's park; the early Stratford woodland life is in both.¹ And in both is the same almost childish love of the girl tormenting her sweetheart by assuming or continuing unnecessary disguises, the lover's writing of verses, the hunting, &c.; the names Rosaline and Rosalind, and certain points of likeness between their owners. Miss Baillie says, "The way in which Rosalind delights in teasing Orlando is essentially womanly. There are many women who take unaccountable pleasure in causing pain to those they love, for the sake of healing it afterwards." The love at first sight is like that in *Love's Labours Lost*, and Touchstone and Audrey are a far better Armado and Jacquenetta. To *Midsummer-Night's Dream* this play is linkt by its enchanted land, and its pretty picture of Rosalind's and Celia's friendship matching that of Helena and Hermia. With *The Merchant* we get the links of Rosalind's description of her dressing as a man, like Portia's (and Julia's in *The Two Gentlemen*), while the melancholy of Jaques reminds us, in name, of that of Antonio in *The Merchant*. Rosalind's description of herself as "one out of suits with fortune" suits Portia's "My little body is aweary of this great world." The reach forward of the play is most interesting in its anticipation of the Fourth-Period lesson, that repentance and reconciliation are better than revenge², taught by the two instances of Oliver and Duke Frederick; while in *Pericles* we see that Marina is to be killed because she stained her friend Cleon's daughter, as Duke Frederick justifies his cruelty to Rosalind because she throws Celia into the shade. One cannot also forget the fool here, "who'll go along o'er the wide world with Celia," when thinking of Lear's fool, who'd never been happy since his young mistress went to France. And we may remember, too, Shakspeare's quotation here from his dead friend Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, first printed in 1598: -

"Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of night,
'Whoever loved that loved not at first sight?'"

Of Rosalind, we may well take the epithet "heavenly Rosalind" as a just description, while allowing her all earthly charms. Fair, pink-cheekt, red-lipt, impulsive, when she thinks she must speak,—true woman she is.³ There is a great want in her life: she meets Orlando, and the want is filled by love. In her love-making she repeats almost Portia's pretty hesitations with Bassanio:—

"Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well, and overthrown
More than your enemies."

¹ The scene at the back of Anne Hathaway's cottage exactly suits Celia's description, IV. iii. 79-81.

² "Kindness, nobler ever than revenge," IV. iii. 129. Note here, too, the Fourth-Period Heathen Goddess, Hymen.

³ See Mr. R. Grant White's happy sketch of Rosalind and all the play in his "Tale of the Forest of Arden," in *The Galaxy* for April, 1875. I am much pleased to find that he has taken the same view of Jaques that I have. But I can't agree that Touchstone is akin to Jaques, whom I hate and despise. Touchstone's devotion to Celia and his delightful humour draw me to him. He's worth a score of Jaqueses.

Banish'd from court, where Celia led the way, she has to head their expedition into the country, and though she could find it in her heart to cry like a woman, yet she must comfort the weaker vessel. Searching poor Corin's wound, she finds her own; but sad as she is, she needs only the news of Orlando's nearness to change her in a moment. At tidings of him, the impulsive girl throws off all her melancholy for ever, and jumps into the gayest, chaffingest humour possible. But note the touch: "Alas! the day, what shall I do with my doublet and hose!"¹ It's a little hard that she passes by her father so coolly, yet she's too full of her lover. "What talk we of fathers, when there's such a man as Orlando?" The delicious spritely fun of her chaff of Orlando is unsurpassable. Orlando is a noble young fellow, with whom all must sympathise. There is a great charm about his manliness. "I do wish," says a lady-friend, "there were more young men like him nowadays, instead of the fashionable, dandified creatures, budding Jaqueses, whom one sees in London ball-rooms now. But then one can't imagine Orlando at a ball, hoping to have the pleasure of the next dance, and remarking on the heat of the room. There's a breath of fresh air about him, and the energy of a healthy, active life, which carries one away to the country out of the artificial life of the court. No wonder Rosalind liked him. She must have felt from the first that he was a man likely to be a support to her through life." Much as all his words and deeds become him, nothing is finer, I think, than what he says to the wretched Jaques's invitation, "Will you sit down with me? We two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery." *Orlando*. "I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults." Jaques "compact of jars" is always getting out of bed on the wrong side every morning, and taking the world the wrong way.² See how the healthy-natured Rosalind sets him down with her advice:—

"Look you lip and wear strange suits,
Disable all the benefits of your own country;
Be out of love with your nativity,

And almost chide God for making you
That countenance you are."

He has been a libertine, is soured, and like the rascal Don John, in *Much Ado*, he hides his bad nature under the cloak of seeming honesty of plain-speaking. His mission is to set everything to rights; but God forbid *he* should take the trouble to act. He wants liberty only to blow on whom he pleases; he abuses everybody, moralises, weeps sentimentally, and is a kind of mixture of Carlyle in his bad Latter-day-Pamphlets mood, and water, with none of the grand positiveness of our Victorian biographer, historian, and moralist. Look at his philosophy of man's life, and what poor stuff it is! Macbeth the murderer repeats it: to them, both men and women are but players. Let any mother ask herself whether Jaques's description of a baby is a just account of hers or any woman's, and judge him accordingly.³ Of Touchstone, and his triumphant fun with Corin the Shepherd and William I cannot speak, but I'll just repeat Miss Baillie's words: "He is undoubtedly slightly crackt, but then the very cracks in his brain are chinks which let in the light." And as to Celia, the loving and true, one must repeat a girl-friend's words, "It is impossible to read the part without being in love with Orlando. I always pity Celia having to do perpetual gooseberry-bush to Rosalind and Orlando; and I must confess that the way in which Oliver is fished up and reformed to make a husband for Celia, always aggravates me. With all the reforming, cleaning, and whitewashing in the world, Oliver must have been a poor creature; but I suppose Celia made the best of him." Tradition reports that Shakspeare himself acted Adam in *As You Like It*. The play was entered in the *Stationers' Registers* on August 4 [1600], but appeared for the first time in the first Folio, 1623. The source of the play in almost all its details is Lodge's story of *Rosalynde*,⁴ printed in 1590 and 1592. The latter edition is reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. I., vol. ii., p. 9, and all needful extracts from it are given in my friend Mr. Aldis Wright's capitally annotated 18d. Clarendon Press edition of the play. For Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey, Shakspeare had no hints in his

¹ Compare her living "in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat" (III. ii. 334).

² He is Laurence Sterne, with his sham sentimentality and attitudinising, says Professor Dowden.

³ My friend Dr. George MacDonald's saying. Mr. Grant White says, "In fact, he seized the occasion to sneer at the representatives of the whole human race."

⁴ Lodge used in it the old poem of *Ganelyu*, wrongly attributed to Chaucer, because it is found in several of the best MSS. of his *Canterbury Tales*. It is none of his.

original. Mr. Wright thinks that the inconsistencies he points out, on pp. vi., vii. of his Preface, imply that the play was finished in haste.

TWELFTH-NIGHT.—Still one of the comedies of Shakspeare's bright, sweet time. True that we have to change Rosalind's rippling laugh for the drunken catches and bibulous drollery of Sir Toby Belch and his comrade, and Touchstone for the clown; but the leading note of the play is fun, as if Shakspeare had been able to throw off all thought of melancholy, and had devised Malvolio to help his friends "fleet the time carelessly," as they did in the golden world. Still though, as ever in the comedies, except *The Merry Wives*, there's the shadow of death and distress across the sunshine. Olivia's father and brother just dead, Viola and Sebastian just rescued from one death, Viola threatened with another, and Antonio held a pirate and liable to death. And still the lesson is, as in *As You Like It*, "Sweet are the uses of adversity;" out of their trouble all the lovers come into happiness, into wedlock. The play at first sight is far less striking and interesting than *Much Ado* and *As You Like It*. No brilliant Beatrice or Benedick catches the eye, no sad Rosalind leaping into life and joyousness at the touch of assured love. Instead of them, instead of the manly young Orlando, the self-conceited Malvolio is brought to the front, the drunkards and clown come next; none of these touch any heart; and it's not till we look past them, that we feel the beauty of the characters who stand in half-light behind. Then we become conscious of a quiet harmony of colour and form that makes a picture full of charm, that grows on you as you study it, and becomes one of the possessions of your life. As the two last plays reach backward and forward, so does *Twelfth-Night*: to the earliest *Lone's Labours Lost* for the cut at women's painting their faces that we find here; for its men forswearing for three years the company of women, and then of course admitting them and falling in love with the first ones they see, which is the prototype of Olivia abjuring for seven years the company of men, then soon admitting one (as is supposed), falling in love at first sight with him (though he's a woman), and marrying his brother, whom she supposes to be he. For the pair of one family so like as to be mistaken for one another, we go back to the double Antipholus and the double Dromio of Shakspeare's second play, *The Comedy of Errors*, which gives us, too, the incidents of both a wife (Antipholus's of Ephesus) and sweetheart (Dromio's of Syracuse) mistaking another man for her husband and her lover (though here Viola is only a woman disguised). To the same play we go for the refusal or denial of money when trusted to one by another, and for the members of a family sundered by shipwreck, as we look on to *Pericles* for a somewhat like incident. In the *Errors* we get, too, the saving, though here only of one member of the family, by the binding to a mast. To *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we go for the parallel to Viola sent disguised as a page by Duke Orsino to woo Olivia for him, to the loving Julia sent by the man she loves (Proteus) to woo Sylvia for him. *Romeo and Juliet* gives us in the love-lorn Romeo repulst by Rosalind, and at once giving her up for Juliet, the match of Duke Orsino resigning the long-fought for Olivia, and at the moment taking up Viola. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us another Antonio willing to give his life for his friend Bassanio, just as here in *Twelfth-Night* Antonio¹ faces danger, nay, death, a pirate's due, for his love to his friend Sebastian. And to the same *Merchant* we surely go for recollections of the opening scene here,

"That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound

That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odour,"

and for a parallel to the Duke's love of music through the play. *Henry IV.* gives us in Falstaff and his followers the company whence Sir Toby Belch and Sir Andrew Aguecheek come, as the Second Part of that play gives us Falstaff playing on Justice Shallow as Sir Toby in *Twelfth-Night* plays on Sir Andrew. Is not also Slender's echoing of Shallow in *Merry Wives* something like Sir Andrew echoing all Sir Toby's sayings here, and fancying himself a man for it? As to the reach forward of the play, I've already alluded to its link with *Pericles*. It is to the *Sonnets* that we turn for a parallel

¹ The second self-sacrificing Antonio is Leonato's brother in *Much Ado*.

(9) to Viola's pleading with Olivia to marry the Duke, and not forbear to leave a copy of her beauty to the world, and to the *Sonnets* to his mistress for Shakspeare's love of music, while to match Viola's entire devotion even to death to the Duke's most unjust will we must look forward, even past the *Sonnets*, to the true and loving Imogen's willingness to die in obedience to her deceived and headstrong husband's iniquitous sentence of death on her (*Cymb.*, III. iv. 65-79). Note, too, that it is with Perdita of *Winter's Tale* that Mrs. Jameson mainly compares Viola, though, as we have seen, Julia in *The Two Gentlemen* is in circumstances nearest her. The interest of this middle time of Shakspeare's work is to me great, showing as it does the development of his early powers, the forecast of his later ones. It is at once the fulfilment of the old promise of his genius, and the prophecy of the new.

Viola is the true heroine of the play. She is sad for her brother's supposed death, yet she hopes with the hopefulness of youth and her own escape. She doesn't mope or shut herself up like Olivia, but, like Juliet, looks disaster full in the face, and at once takes practical steps for her future life. Sympathy with Olivia's loss draws her first to her, but as she can't enter her service, she resolves to go into the Duke's (Shakspeare's women of course take naturally to boys' disguises, because their characters were always acted by boys). She knows the Duke's love of music; she can sing. Her voice, like Cordelia's, was ever soft, gentle, and low, "an excellent thing in woman;" and in the Duke's love-lorn state, Viola is the very person for him. He wants sympathy, and she gives it him; into her gentle breast he pours the sorrows of his secret soul. Her pity for him opens her heart to him; but how bitter-sweet were his confidences to her! Still, his happiness, not hers, is what she wants and she'll win it him, though in doing so she break her heart. Valentine has failed, but she'll not fail: he was urged by duty, she by love. Olivia she *will* see and does see. (Notice the woman's curiosity to see her rival's face and compare it with her own, as Julia does Sylvia's picture after seeing her in *The Two Gentlemen*: both loved ones have, like Chaucer's ladies, "eyes grey as glass.") Then note how in pleading Orsino's cause, through all her words her own love for the Duke speaks, just as in Chaucer's description of his duke's love Blanche, the young poet describes and praises his own love. Note too the difference between the real love that Viola describes, and the fancied love the Duke feels (Romeo's for Rosalind). Had his love been like Viola's, no refusal, no rebuff, would have kept him from Olivia's feet. (Contrast Viola's tenderness to Olivia with Rosalind's sharpness to Phæbe.) Then comes the touching scene between Viola and the Duke, where the music makes her speak masterly of love, where Shakspeare reveals his own heart's history with his aged wife, and where Viola herself, in answer to the Duke's fancied greatness of his love, gives him such hints of her own far deeper devotion to him that, though she never told her love, no man but one blinded by phantasm could have failed to catch the meaning of her words. But still she will appeal again to his unwilling love Olivia for him. Then comes the last scene. The man she loves, forgetting he's a man, out of spite threatens her with death, and she will take it joyfully for him, whom she then declares she loves more than her life. At last the Duke, seeing that Olivia is impossible to him, turns to his friend and confidante, his half-self, now woman, and challenges the fulfilment of her oft-repeated vows. She denies them not, but confesses she loves him still. She has what she wills, and all is happiness and peace. The Duke has a fanciful nature like Olivia. He is one of your dreamy musical men, and Romeo is his parallel in the earlier time. Still, he is a man not to be despised, one of a rich, beautiful, artistic nature, had music in his soul, loved flowers, would make a husband tender and true, and say the prettiest, sweetest things to his wife. Malvolio, the affectioned ass (Oh, that Mr. Irving would play him!), the sharp-tongued Maria, who'd have all her work to do as my Lady to keep Sir Toby sober, the clown who sings the capital songs, and all the rest, we must, alas, pass over. The play as acted on the London boards loses all its romantic beauty. Viola is extinguished, except in the force of the challenge, by the drunkards and their spirited catch, "Saturday, Sunday, Monday." The play was acted at the barristers' feast at the Middle Temple, on February 2, 1601-2, as Manningham tells us (p. xiii, above). He points out an Italian play like it, *GP Inganni* (one by Nicolo Secchi, pr. 1562, another by Curzio Gonzaga, pr. 1592), which contains a brother, and sister so like him drest as a man, as to lead to mistakes like those in Shakspeare's play. But another Italian play, *GP Ingannati*, pr. 1585, englished 1862, contains more likenesses to *Twelfth-Night*. However, the original that Shakspeare used was doubtless Barnaby Rich's *History of Apolonius and Silla*, printed in *Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. i., p. 387, from

"Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession," 1581. Rich probably borrowd from Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, tom. iv., Hist. vii^{me}, as Belleforest did from Bandello, Pt. II., novel 36. The comic characters are Shakspeare's own. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. With it I end the group of the three sparkling, Sunny, or Sweet-Time Comedies, and turn to the next, "the darkening Comedy;" for, though it may be put with its foregoers, its tone is so different from theirs that I prefer to keep it by itself.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.—We have now left behind us Shakspeare's bright, sweet time, and are at the entrance to his gloomy one. Instead of coming with outstretched hand and welcoming smile of lip and eye to greet such plays as *Much Ado*, *As You Like It*, even *Twelfth-Night*, we turn with half-repugnance from *All's Well*, and wish Shakspeare had given the subject the go-by. Yet for its main feature—a woman forcing her love on an unwilling man—Shakspeare has prepared us in his two last plays (as well as an earlier one), by Phœbe in *As You Like It*, by Olivia in *Twelfth-Night*, endeavouring to force their loves on two supposed men, Rosalind¹ and Viola. But none the less is the reality distasteful to us, when the supposed man becomes a man indeed. Why then did Shakspeare choose this story of Giglietta di Nerbona pursuing Beltramo, which he found in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*,² A.D. 1566, taken from Boccaccio's *Decamerone*?³ For the same reason, I conceive, that Chaucer took from the same Italian source—tho' through Petrarch's Latin version of it⁴—the Clerk's story of Griselda, to show what woman's love, what wifely duty, would do and suffer for the man on whom they hung. The tale of woman's suffering, of woman's sacrifice for love, was no new tale to Shakspeare. His Adriana of the *Errors*, Hermia and Helena of *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, Sylvia and Julia of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Juliet of *Romeo and Juliet*, Hotspur's widow of 2 *Henry IV.*, Hero of *Much Ado*, Rosalind of *As You Like It*, Viola of *Twelfth-Night*, had brought home to him, as they have to us, the depth and height of women's love:—

"Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
But always resolute in most extremes,"

willing to face rebuke, repulse, the unsexing of themselves, base service, exile, nay, the grave, so that thereby the loved one might be won or servd. And when Shakspeare saw Giglietta's story, he recognised in it the same true woman's love undergoing a more repulsive trial, that of unwomanliness, than he had yet put any of his heroines to; and he resolvd that his countrymen should know through what apparent dirt pure love *would* pass, and *could*, unspotted and unsmirchd. Apparent dirt, I say, because I can't see that what would be right, or justifiable, in a man when in love to secure his sweetheart or wife, can be wrong or unjustifiable in a woman. Equality in choice and proposal, should be allowed, as Thackeray says. Another lesson Shakspeare had, too, to teach to pride of birth in England; a lesson that, before him, his father Chaucer had taught in many a line, repeated none so oft (see his *Gentleness*, *Wife's Tale*, &c.), and a lesson not yet learnt here; one that never will be learnt, I fear:—

"Trust me, Clara Vere de Vere,
From yon blue heavens above us bent,
The gardener Adam and his wife
Smile at the claims of long descent;

Howe'er it be, it seems to me,
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

All's Well is, I doubt not, *Love's Labours Won* recast. Both have the name Dumaine in common, in both is the Labour of Love: that which is the growth of a life is won here, that which is the growth of a day being lost in the earlier play. Moreover, no intelligent person can read the play without being struck by the contrast of early and late work in it. The stiff formality of the rymed talk between Helena and the King is due, not to etiquette, but to Shakspeare's early time: so also the end of the play. Like "notes" are, the Countess talking a stanza, I. iii. 127-134, as in *Love's Labours Lost*, *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, *Romeo and Juliet*; Helena's and Parolles's letters like Sonnets, III. iv., IV. iii.; also

¹ We must recollect too that Rosalind made the first advances to Orlando.

² Painter's english story is printed in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. iii., pp. 140-151. The Introduction says, "Shakspeare adopted all the main incidents from the novel . . . the characters of the Countess, the Clown, and Parolles are new in Shakspeare, and there is no hint in the Italian of any part of the comic scenes in which Parolles is engaged."

³ But through Boiastuan or Belleforest, from Bandello.

⁴ I've printed Latin and Italian together in my Chaucer Society *Originals and Analogues*

see early passages in II. i. 131-212; V. iii. 59-71, 289-292, 299-302, 312-17, 325-40. Compare too II. iii. 73-105, 125-145; the end of IV. ii., &c. See Mr. Fleay's Paper, *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1874. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623.

For the backward and forward reach of the play, as in the other Second-Period comedies, let us note that Helena in *Midsommer-Night's Dream*, with her desire to force herself on Demetrius, is the prototype of Helena of *All's Well*. We have the parallel expression in *All's Well*, "the hind that would be mated by the lion must die for love," in *Midsommer-Night's Dream*, "the mild hind makes speed to catch the tiger." But note the wondrous difference in depth and beauty of character of the two Helenas, also the absence here of the youthful *Midsommer-Night's Dream* face-scratchings, long legs, and funny conceit of the wren tumbling through the earth. And notice, too, that as for the earliest of these middle-time comedies, *Much Ado*, we found the prototype in the earliest of Shakspeare's first-time ones, *Love's Labours Lost*; as for the second of the middle-time comedies, *As You Like It*, we found the prototype in *Love's Labours Lost* too (with *The Merchant*); as for the third middle-time comedy, *Twelfth-Night*, we found the prototype in his second first-time comedy, the *Errors* (with his fourth, *The Two Gentlemen*), so here for his fourth middle-time comedy we find the prototype in his third first-time play, *Midsommer-Night's Dream*. It is an interesting undesigned coincidence of succession. I claim it as a confirmation of my order of the first three plays. *Romeo and Juliet*, in Lady Capulet's speech about Tybalt, III. v. 71, gives us the parallel of Lafeu's "moderate lamentation" and "excessive grief," I. i. 58, and Diana Capulet's name. *The Merchant of Venice* gives us the ring parallel, and the contrast of Portia being chosen, and its happy result, with Helena's choosing, and its unhappy outcome for a time. Pistol in 2 *Henry IV.* and mainly *Henry V.* is the prototype of Parolles, who is but Pistol refined and developed, with a touch of Falstaff added, while Parolles's echoing of Lafeu (Act II., sc. iii.) is clearly recollected from Sir Andrew Aguecheek's echoing of Sir Toby Belch in *Twelfth-Night*. Parolles's proposal to give himself "some hurts, and say I got them in exploit" (Act IV., sc. i.) is a remembrance of Falstaff's proposal and its carrying out in 1 *Henry IV.*, after Prince Hal and Poins have robbed the merry old rascal, &c. Also Parolles's exposure by his comrades is suggested by that of Falstaff by Prince Hal and Poins, and is like that of Malvolio in *Twelfth-Night*. *The Second Part of Henry IV.* gives us, too, Falstaff's explanation of his abuse of Prince Hal to Doll Tearsheet, as the original of Parolles's excuse for his letter to Diana Capulet abusing Bertram.

As to the forward reach of the play, the link with the *Sonnets* is of the strongest. Think of Shakspeare, the higher nature, but the lower in birth and position, during his separation from his Will, so handsome, high-born, hating marriage, misled by unworthy rivals, also selfish and sensual, and compare him with the poor, lowly-born Helena, richer and higher in noble qualities, longing for, dwelling in mind on, her handsome Bertram, high-born, hating marriage, misled by Parolles, selfish and sensual too. So far Shakspeare and Helena are one, and Will is Bertram. *Hamlet* gives us, in Polonius's advice to Laertes, the development of the countess's counsel to Bertram, "love all, trust a few," &c. In *Measure for Measure*, the *All's Well* substitution of the woman who ought to be a man's bed-mate for the one who ought not so to be, but whom he desired to have, is used again, with the very same precautions against discovery, not to stay too long or to speak, &c. The name Escalus used here is also that of the Governor in *Measure for Measure*; and for our Corambus here we get a Corambis in the first quarto of *Hamlet*. For the parallel to the sunshine and the hail in the king at once here, we go to *Lear* for the sunshine and rain at once in Cordelia, whose smiles and tears were like a better day. For our clown's "flowery way that leads to the broad gate and the great fire," we turn to the *Macbeth* porter's "primrose way to the everlasting bonfire." For our

"Time will bring on summer,
When briars shall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as sweet as sharp,"

we turn to *Cymbeline* with its

"Leaf of eglantine, when not to slander
Outswecten'd not thy breath."

To Belarius in the same play we go for Touchstone's and the clown's contrast of court and country here, and for Imogen to match the despised, neglected Helena, willing to give up her native land and life for the husband who had so wronged her. Helena, though condemn'd by

many women and some men, has yet had justice done her by Coleridge, who calls her Shakspeare's "loveliest character"—and he wrote Genevieve;—and Mrs. Jameson, who says, "There never was perhaps a more beautiful picture of a woman's love cherished in secret, not self-consuming in silent languishment, not desponding over its idol, but patient and hopeful, strong in its own intensity, and sustained by its own fond faith. Her love is like a religion, pure, holy, deep. The faith of her affection combining with the natural energy of her character, believing all things possible, makes them so. It would say to the mountain of pride which stands between her and her hope, 'be thou removed,' and it is removed." She is the opposite of Hamlet, as she says:—

<p>"Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie Which we ascribe to heaven; the fated sky</p>		<p>(Gives us free scope, only doth backward pull Our slow designs when we ourselves are dull.)</p>
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And she believes that great maxim so often forgotten even now—

"Whoever strove
To show her merit that did miss her love."

We can judge her best by the impression that she made on others; and if we compare the praises of her by Lafen, the king, the clown, and the countess, who knew her from her childhood, and who at least five times sings her praise, we see that Bertram's words of her are justified: Helena is "she who all men praised." Quick as she is to see through Parolles, she cannot see through Bertram. Love blinds her eyes. How beautiful is her confession of her love for him to his mother, and how pretty is old Lafen's enthusiasm for her! Let those, too, who blame her, notice her drawing back for the time on Bertram's declaring he can't love her and won't try to. Thenceforward she is passive in the king's hands. It is he for his honour's sake who bids Bertram take her; and after the young noble's seemingly willing consent, she must have been more than woman to refuse to marry the man whom she knew her love alone could lift from the mire in which he was willingly wallowing. They are wedded; and the foolish husband takes counsel of his fool and leaves his wife; and then, without the kiss she asks so prettily for, he sends her home. What she has thenceforth to do she tells us:—

"Like timorous thief most fain would steal
What law does vouch mine own."

How little like a triumph, and possession of her love! Her husband's brutal letter does but bring into higher relief her noble unselfishness and love for him. Her only desire is to save him. She knows the urgency of his "important blood," and takes advantage of it to work a lawful meaning in a lawful act, and so without disgrace fulfils the condition that his baseness has made precedent to his reunion with her. For Bertram, the question one is obliged to ask is, How came the son of such a father and such a mother to be what he was? Seeing him even with Helena's eyes, what has he to recommend him but his good looks? What other good quality of him comes out in the play? Physical courage alone. Of moral courage he has none. Headstrong he is, a fool, unable to judge men, lustful, a liar, and a sneak. One thing he has to pride himself in, his noble birth, and that does not save him from being a very snob. He lies like Parolles himself, and even more basely, when he wants to get out of a scrape. I cannot doubt that it was one of Shakspeare's objects in this play to show the utter worthlessness of pride of birth, as he had done in *Love's Labour's Lost* of wit, unless beneath the noble name was a noble soul. As Berowne had to be emptied of the worthless wit he prided himself upon, so had Bertram of his silly aristocraticness, his all, before he could be filled with the love of the lower-born lady of God's own make, which should lift him to his true height. With a word for the countess who, as Mrs. Jameson says, "is like one of Titian's old ladies, reminding us still amid their wrinkles of that soul of beauty and sensibility which must have animated them when young;" with a kindly glance at the shrewd, warm-hearted, true, and generous old Lafen, we take our leave of the last play of Shakspeare's delightful Second Period, whose sunshine has gradually clouded to prepare us for the coming storm.

¹ "Helena. That you are well restored, my lord, I'm glad:
Let the rest go!

King. My honour's at the stake," &c.—II. iii. 148.

THE SONNETS.—That some of the Sonnets existed in 1598 we know from Meres. Nos. 138, 144,—the key-sonnet, "Two loves I have, of comfort and despair," &c.,—were printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim* in 1599; the whole body of them did not appear till 1609,* the year of the publication of *Troilus and Cressida*, both publications being evidently without Shakspeare's sanction. The *Sonnets* are dedicated by Thomas Thorpe, the publisher, to the "onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets," Mr. W. H., to whom Thorpe wishes "all happiness and that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet." The first question raised on this dedication is, whether the word "begetter" is to be taken in the ordinary meaning of the man who calld the Sonnets forth from Shakspeare's mind, or in its less usual sense of "*obtainer, procurer*."¹ Those who support the latter view rely on the fact that the first hundred and twenty-six Sonnets only are written to one man, Shakspeare's fair friend Will; while the second group, Nos. 127-154, are written to or about Shakspeare's dark mistress. (Some make a third group of two Sonnets, Nos. 153, 154, on Cupid.)² They argue then that there cannot be an "only begetter" of the Sonnets, because there are two begetters. But looking to the facts that the two Cupid Sonnets (153-4), are on Shakspeare's mistress, that the dark mistress is involved in Shakspeare's friendship for Will, and that the relation between them is treated in the first group of Sonnets; seeing that in Sonnets 38 and 78, Shakspeare's verse is said to be solely begotten by Will, "whose influence is thine, and born of thee," and is contrasted with Will's influence as but only an improver of other poets' verse (see also No. 100), I think W. H. may fairly be called the "begetter" of the Sonnets. It is certain also that Shakspeare promist his friend "eternitie" through his Sonnets: see 18 (l. 9-14), 55, 60 (l. 13-14), 65, 81, 107 (l. 10-14). That the "W." was Will, we know from Sonnets 135, 136, 143. What the "H." meant is a far more difficult question. From the printing of all "*hues*," as "*heers*" in italics in the original xx. 7, some have supposed that the begetter's name was Hughes.³ Others have decided that the "H." means Herbert—William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to whom and whose brother the first Folio of Shakspeare's works was dedicated by his fellow-players; while many critics of the topsy-turvy, or cart-before-the-horse school, have decided that "W. H." means "H. W."—Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton.—I don't think it matters much who "W. H." was. The great question is, do Shakspeare's Sonnets speak his own heart and thoughts or not? And were it not for the fact that many critics really deserving the name of Shakspeare students, and not Shakspeare fools, have held the Sonnets to be merely dramatic, I could not have conceived that poems so intensely and evidently autobiographic and self-revealing, poems so one with the spirit and inner meaning of Shakspeare's growth and life, could ever have been conceived to be other than what they are, the records of his own loves and fears. And I believe that if the acceptance of them as such had not involved the consequence of Shakspeare's intrigue with a married woman, all readers would have taken the Sonnets as speaking of Shakspeare's own life. But his admirers are so anxious to remove every stain from him, that they contend for a non-natural interpretation of his poems. They forget the difference of opinion between Elizabethan and Victorian times as to those sweet sins of the flesh, where what is said to be stolen is so willingly given.⁴ They forget the cuckoo cry (*Loce's Labours Lost*, end) rising from nearly all Elizabethan literature, and that the intimacy now thought criminal was then in certain circles nearly as common as handshaking is with us. They forget Shakspeare's impulsive nature, and his long absence from his home. They will not face the probabilities of the case, or recollect that David was still God's friend though Bathsheba lived. The Sonnets are, in one sense, Shakspeare's Psalms. Spiritual struggles underlie both poets' work. For myself, I'd accept any number of "slips in sensual mire" on Shakspeare's part, to have the "bursts of (loving) heart" given us in the Sonnets.

¹ If this were the meaning, why should Thorpe say "onlie begetter"?

² This arrangement by Groups is some evidence that it is Shakspeare's own. The so-called Sonnet 126 is only twelve lines of couplet ryme. Sonnet 145 has been supposed spurious, as it's in four-measure ryme instead of five. But it is linkt to 142 and 144. I hold it genuine. The form of Shakspeare's Sonnets is less strict than those of the Italian poets. It consists of three four-line stanzas of alternate five measure ryme, ending with a couplet, *abab, cdcd, cfcf, gg*. See Mr. C. Tomlinson's Book on *The Sonnets*, Murray, 1874.

³ George Chapman had a friend, Master Robert Hughes. (See the Preface to the Reader, prefixed to his *Homer*, Chatto and Windus, pp. 4.)—H. Littledale.

⁴ Compare the "William the Conqueror came before Richard the Third" story, about Shakspeare, R. Burbage, and the citizen's wife.

The true motto for the first group of Shakspeare's Sonnets is to be seen in David's words, "I am distress'd for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me. Thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of woman." We have had them reproduced for us Victorians, without their stain of sin and shame, in Mr. Tennyson's *In Memoriam*. We have had them again to some extent in Mrs. Browning's glorious Sonnets to her husband, with their iterance, "Say over again, and yet once over again, that thou dost love me." We may look upon the Sonnets as a piece of music, or as Shakspeare's 'pathetic sonata,' each melody introduced, dropt again, brought in again with variations, but one full strain of undying love and friendship through the whole. Why could Shakspeare say so beautifully for Antonio of *The Merchant*, "All debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death: notwithstanding, use your pleasure"? Why did he make Antonio of *Twelfth-Night* say, "A witchcraft drew me hither"? Why did he make Viola declare—

"And I most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die?"

Why did he paint Helena alone; saying

"T was pretty though a plague
To see him every hour; to sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eyes, his curls,
In our heart's table,—heart too capable

Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relics?"

Because he himself was Helena, Antonio. A witchcraft drew him to a "boy," a youth to whom he gave his

"Love without pretension or restraint,
All his in dedication."

Shakspeare towards him was as Viola towards the Duke. He went

"After him I love more than I love these eyes,
More than my life."

In the Sonnets we have the gentle Will, the melancholy mild eyed man, of the Droeshout's portrait. Shakspeare's tender, sensitive, refined nature is seen clearly here, but through a glass darkly in the plays.¹

I have no space to dwell on the sections into which I separate the Sonnets, and which follow in the table below. I will only call special attention to sections 9 and 11β (Nos. 71-4, 87-93), in which Shakspeare's love to his friend is so beautifully set forth, and to section 13 (Nos. 97-99), in which Will's flower-like beauty is dwelt on, as Shakspeare's love for him, in absence recalled it. Let those who want to realise the difference between one kind of friendship and another, contrast these Sonnets of Shakspeare's with Bacon's celebrated Essay on Friendship. On this point I quote the first page of a paper sent in to me at my Bedford Lectures:—

"There are some men who love for the sake of what love yields, and of these was Lord Bacon; and there are some who love for 'love's sake,' and loving once, love always; and of these was Shakspeare. These do not lightly give their love, but once given, their faith is incorporate with their being; and having become part of themselves, to part with that part would be to be dismembered. Therefore if change or sin corrupt the engrafted limb, the only effect is that the whole body is shaken with anguish,

"And yet, love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrongs, than hate's known injury."—*Son.* 40.

The offending member may be nursed into health, or loved into life again; but—forsaken!—never!"—M. J.

(P.S.—My friend Mr. T. Alfred Spalding (*Gent.'s Mag.*, March, 1878) has divided the first group of 126 Sonnets into 3 classes: I. From Familiarity to Friendship (1 to 25); II. Clouds (ending in separation, 26 to 96); III. Reconciliation (97-126). His sections are: 1-14 (familiarity only), 15-25 (deepening affection). II. 26-32 (Sh.'s feelings when separated from Will), 33-38 (Sh. cut to the heart by Will's *sensual*—*selfish* act of denying him as a friend), 39 (second absence), 40-42 (Will's intrigue with S.'s mistress), 43-55 (third absence—reaching to No. 96—S.'s thoughts centred on his friend), 56-8 (their separation becoming more certain), 59-65 (S. finds relief in his art), 66-74 (unmitigated

¹ Pronounce "Drooz-howt": *hout* is wood.

gloom; S. wishes to be out of the world), 75-86 (S.'s love for Will; but by a rival he is deposed from Will's heart), 87-90 (S.'s love and self-denial; the cry of an agonised heart), 91-96 (Sh. still loves Will, through all his faults). III. Reconciliation (97-126). Mr. Spalding's admirable article is worth most careful study.)

The thoughtless objection that many Sonnets in this group confuse the sex of the person they're address'd to, is answer'd by Shakspeare himself in Sonnet 20 on the master-mistress of his passion. (Prof. Dowden's forthcoming edition of the Sonnets [C. K. Paul & Co.] should be bought).

ANALYSIS OF GROUP I. SONNETS 1-126.

Section 1.	Sonnets	1-25.	a. 1-17.	Will's beauty, and his duty to marry and beget a son.
"	2.	26-32.	β. 18-25.	Will's beauty, and Shakspeare's love for him.
"	3.	33-5.		First Absence. Shakspeare travelling, and away from Will.
"	4.	36-9.		Will's sensual fault blam'd, repented, and forgiven.
"	5.	40-2.		Shakspeare has committed a fault that will separate him from Will. (? 2nd Absence in 39.)
"	6.	43-61.	a. 43-55.	Will has taken away Shakspeare's mistress. (See Group 2, § 6, Sonnets 133-6.)
"			β. 56-8.	Second Absence. Will absent. Shakspeare has a portrait of him.
"			γ. 59-60.	The sovereign: slave watching: so made by God.
"			δ. 61.	Will's beauty.
"	7.	62-5.		Waking and watching. Shakspeare has rivals.
"	8.	66-70.		Shakspeare full of self-love, conquer'd by Time, which will conquer Will too: yet Shakspeare will secure him eternity.
"	9.	71-4.		Shakspeare (like Hamlet) tired of the world: but not only on public grounds. Will has mixt with bad company; but Shakspeare is sure he is pure, and excuses him.
"	10.	75-7.		Shakspeare on his own death, and his entire love for his friend. (Compare the death-thoughts in <i>Hamlet</i> and <i>Measure for Measure</i> .)
"	11.	78-93.	a. 78-86.	Shakspeare's love, and always writing on one theme, his Will, with the present of a table-book dial and pocket looking-glass combined in one, by Sh. to Will.
"			β. 87-93.	Shakspeare on his rivals in Will's love. (? (f. Chapman, the rival poet.)
"	12.	94-6.		Shakspeare's farewell to Will: most beautiful in the self-forgetfulness of Shakspeare's love.
"	13.	97-99.		Will vicious. Yet Shakspeare loves him.
"	14.	100-121.	a. 100-112.	Third Absence. Will's flower-like beauty, and Shakspeare's love for him; followed by faults on both sides, and a separation ³ , ended by Will's desire, 120, l. 11.
				Renewing of love, three years after the first Sonnets (104). Shakspeare's love stronger now in its summer than it was in its spring 102, l. 5; 119, l. 10 12. ⁴ Note the "hell of time," 120, l. 6, that Will's unkindness has made Shakspeare pass. ⁵

¹ I do not think that "The coward conquest of a wretch's knife," 74, l. 11, alludes to an attempt to stab Shakspeare. I believe it is the "confounding age's cruel knife" of 63, l. 10.

² "The proud full sail of his great verse," 86, l. 1, probably alludes to the swelling hexameters of Chapman's englishing of Homer. "His spirit, by spirits taught to write," l. 5, may well refer to Chapman's claim that Homer's spirit inspired him, a claim made, no doubt in words, before its appearance in print in his *Tears of Peace*, 1609, Inductio, p. 112, col. i., Chatto and Windus ed.---

'I am, said he, [Homer] that spirit *Elysian*,
That . . . did thy bosom fill
With such a flood of soul, that thou wert fain,
With exclamations of her rapture then,

To vent it to the echoes of the vale
and thou didst inherit
My true sense, for the time then, in my spirit;
And I invisibly went prompting thee."

See, too, on Shakspeare's sneer at his rival's "affable familiar ghost, which nightly gulls him with intelligence," l. 9, 10. Chapman's Dedication to his *Shadow of Night* (1694), p. 3, "not without having drops of their souls like an heavenly familiar," and in his *Tears of Peace*, p. 123, col. 2.

'Still being persuaded by the shameless night,
That all my reading, writing, all my pains,
Are serious trifles, and the idle veins

Of an unthrifty angel that deludes
My simple fancy."

These make a better case for Chapman being the rival, than has been made for any one else. (Mr. Harold Littlehale gave me some of these references.)

³ Happily not ending like that of Sir Leoline and Lord Roland de Vaux, in Coleridge.

⁴ The doctrine here that "ruin'd love, when it is built anew, Grows fairer than at first" was also put into Tennyson's *Princess* in its "Blessings on the falling-out, that all the more endears"; but was rightly taken out again.

⁵ "And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain."—Coleridge.

β. 113-114. Fourth Absence. Shakspeare sees Will in all nature.

γ. 115-121. Shakspeare describes his love for Will, and justifies himself.

*Section 15. Sonnets 122-126. Shakspeare excuses himself for giving away Will's present of some tables, again describes his love for Will, and warns Will that he too must grow old.

With regard to the second group of Sonnets, we must always keep Shakspeare's own words in No. 121 before us :—

"I am that I am"; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own :
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel;

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
shown ;
Unless this general evil they maintain, --
All men are bad, and in their badness reign."

Still I think it is plain that Shakspeare had become involved in an intrigue with a married woman who threw him over for his friend Will. She was dark, had beautiful eyes, and was a fine musician, but false. The most repulsive of the Sonnets is no doubt No. 129. But that and the others plainly show that Shakspeare knew that his love was his sin (142), and that in his supposed heaven he found hell². Adultery in those days was no new thing, was treated with an indifference that we wonder at now. What was new, is that which Shakspeare shows us, his deep repentance for the sin committed. Sad as it may be to us to be forced to conclude that shame has to be cast on the noble name we reverence, yet let us remember that it is but for a temporary stain on his career, and that through the knowledge of the human heart he gained by his own trials we get the intensest and most valuable records of his genius. It is only those who have been through the mill themselves, that know how hard God's stones and the devil's grind.

The Second Group of Sonnets, 127-154, I divide into—

Section 1.	Sonnet	127.	On his mistress's dark complexion, brows, and eyes. (Cp. her own on his dark Rosaline, in <i>Love's Labours Lost</i> .)
" 2.	"	128.	On her, his music, playing music (the virginals).
" 3.	"	129.	" after enjoying her. He laments his weakness.
" 4.	"	130.	" a chaffing description of her. (Compare Marlowe's <i>Ignatio</i> ; <i>Lingua</i> , before 1603, in <i>Dodsley</i> , ix. 370; and Shirley's <i>Sisters</i> "Were it not fine," &c.)
" 5.	"	131-2.	Tho' plain to others, his mistress is fairest to Shakspeare's dotting heart. But her deeds are black; and her black eyes pity him.
" 6.	"	133-6.	She has taken his friend Will from him (cp. 40-42). He asks her to restore his friend (134), or to take him as part of her (and his) Will (135). If she'll but love his name, she'll love him (Shakspeare), as his name too is Will (136).
" 7.	"	137-145.	Shakspeare knows his mistress is not beautiful, and that she's false, but he loves her (137). Each lies to and flatters the other (138). Still if she'll only <i>look</i> kindly on him, it'll be enough (139). She must not look too cruelly, or he might despair and go mad, and tell the world that ill of her that it would only too soon believe (140). He loves her in spite of his senses (141). She has broken her bed-vow; then let her pity him (142). She may catch his friend if she will but give him a smile (143). He has two loves, a fair man, a dark woman who'd corrupt the man (144, the <i>Key Sonnet</i>). She was going to say she hated him, but, seeing his distress, said, not him (145).
" 8.	"	146.	(? Misplaced.) A remonstrance with himself, on spending too much, either on dress or outward self-indulgence, and exhorting himself to give it up for inward culture. (The blank for two words in line 2, I fill with "Hemmd with;" cp. <i>Venus and Adonis</i> , 1022, "Hemmd with thieves.") Note his belief in the immortality of the soul, declared in l. 14.
" 9.	"	147-8.	Shakspeare's feverish love drives him mad, his doctor—Reason, being set aside (147). Love has obscured his sight (148).
" 10.	"	149-152.	He gives himself up wholly to his mistress; loves whom she loves, hates whom she hates (149). The worst of her deeds he loves better than any other's best (150). The more he ought to hate her, the more he loves her. He is content to be her drudge, for he loves her (151). Yet he's forsworn, for he's told lies of her goodness, and she has broken her bed-vow; he has broken twenty oaths (152).

¹ Compare Iago's "I am not what I am," in *Othello*, I i., and Parolles's "Simply the thing I am shall make me live," in *All's Well*, IV. iii.

² Sonnets 119, lines 2, 8; 147, lines 1, 14.

Section 11. Sonnets 153-4. (May be made Group III., or Division 2 of Group II.) Two sonnets lighter in tone. In both Cupid sleeps, has his brand put out, in (153) a fountain, (154) a well, which the brand turns into medical baths; Shakspeare comes for cure to each, but finds none. He wants his mistress's eyes for that (153). Water cools not love (154).

The Sonnets stretch, I believe, over many years; the existence of a few, even the first six-and-twenty in 1598, would satisfy Meres's mention. That three years elapsed between the Sonnets 100-112, and certain former Sonnets, is clear from 104. Sonnet 66 must surely be about the *Hamlet* time; and the extreme difficulty of construing some of the Sonnets, for instance, 107 (for which I cannot admit Mr. Massey's interpretation), points to their composition in Shakspeare's Third Period. But whatever their date, I wish to say with all the emphasis I can, that in my belief no one can understand Shakspeare who does not hold that his Sonnets are autobiographical, and that they explain the depths of the soul of the Shakspeare who wrote the plays. I know that Mr. Browning is against this view, and holds that if Shakspeare *did* "unlock his heart in his Sonnets," then "the less Shakspeare he." But I'd rather take, on this question, the witness of the greatest poetess of our Victorian, nay of all time yet, and ask whether she was the less, or the greater and truer, Elizabeth Barrett Browning¹, or poet, because she unlockt *her* heart in *her* Sonnets,² or because she "went forward and confessed to her critics that her poems had her *heart and life* in them, they were not empty shells!" "I have done my work, so far, as work,—not as mere hand and head work, apart from the personal being, —but as the completest expression of that being to which I could attain" (Pref. ed. 1844). And this is why she has drawn to her all noble souls. If any poet has failed in attaining the like result, let him know that it is because he has not used her means. He has kept his readers outside him, and they in return have kept him outside them, not taking him, as they've taken her, into their hearts. It is the heart's voice alone that can stir other hearts. I always ask that the Sonnets should be read between the Second and Third Periods, for the "hell of time" of which they speak, is the best preparation for the temper of that Third Period, and enables us to understand it. The fierce and stern decree of that Period seems to me to be, "there shall be vengeance, death, for misjudgment, failure in duty, self-indulgence, sin," and the innocent who belong to the guilty shall suffer with them: Portia, Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, lie beside Brutus, Hamlet, Othello, Lear.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—We pass from the friendship of two private Englishmen to one of the great events, the centres of the world's history, the fall of the Roman Republic, the rise of the Roman Empire, that Empire so long the dominant power of the ancient world, and whose influence is so deeply felt even in our modern life. There is no question more of rivals for the love of a now unknown Will, for the favour of a forgotten swarthy mistress; it is the world's throne that has to be struggled for, the fate of nations that has to be settled; and yet, still, over the strife, comes to us the pained cry of the betrayed friend "*Et tu Brute,*" and Caesar's heart bursts. The same cry is to reach us from almost every one of Shakspeare's future plays with more or less intensity—from Hamlet's father and Hamlet himself; from Othello and Roderigo; from Duncan and Banquo; from Lear and Edgar and Gloster (in *Lear*); from Antony and Octavius; from Coriolanus, Timon; from Palamon (if Shakspeare wrote part of *Two Noble Kinsmen*) and Prospero; from Posthumus and Belarius (in *Cymbeline*). While beside the false friends stand the true ones, Antony to

¹ "Honour, again, to the singers of brief poems, to the lyrists and sonnetteers! O, Shakspeare, let thy name rest gently among them, perfuming the place. We 'swear' that these sonnets and songs do vorily breathe, 'not of themselves, but *thee*;' and we recognise and bless them as short sighs from thy large poetic heart, burdened with diviner inspiration." . . . "Sidney, true knight, and fantastic poet, whose soul did too curiously inquire the fashion of the beautiful—the fashion rather than the secret,—but left us in one line, the completest *Ars Poetica* extant—

'Fool, sayde my Muse to mee, looke in thine heart, and write,'

thy name be famous in all England and Arcadia! And Raleigh, tender and strong, of voice sweet enough to answer that 'Passionate Shepherd,' yet trumpet-shrill to speak the '*Soul's errand*,' *thrilling the depths of our own!*" . . . —*English Poets*, pp. 143-5, ed. 1863. This is the teaching that such of our modern poets as are not mere tinkling cymbals, but have souls, need, and that the student of Shakspeare's Sonnets must recollect. Is Shakspeare the less for having unlockt his heart in his Sonnets? It's only folk less than the noble poetess, who think so.

² Is not Mr. Tennyson's heart in his *In Memoriam*?

Cæsar; Horatio to Hamlet; Cassio to Othello; Macduff to Malcolm; Kent and the Fool to Lear; the Steward to Timon; Paulina to Hermione. Friendship was much in Shakspeare's thoughts. The lesson of *Julius Cæsar* is, that vengeance, death, shall follow rebellion for insufficient cause, for misjudging the political state of one's country, and misjudging the means—taking unlawful ones—to attain your ends: Do not evil that good may come. The play is one of that class by which Shakspeare taught political lessons to his countrymen. What made Shakspeare produce this historical play in 1601? We know its date by an extract from Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, 1601, no doubt written when the play was quite fresh in people's minds:—

"The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious :

When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

As there is nothing in Plutarch's Lives that could have suggested this, Weever must have known Shakspeare's play.—What happened in England in 1601 to make Shakspeare anxious to enforce the lesson of it? Why, Essex's ill-judged rebellion against Queen Elizabeth, on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1601. He, the queen's most petted favourite and general, broke out in armed rebellion against her in London. His outbreak was ridiculously ill-advised. He was taken prisoner, tried, and executed on February 25, 1601. And I cannot doubt that this rebellion was the reason of Shakspeare's producing his *Julius Cæsar* in 1601. Assuredly the citizens of London in that year who heard Shakspeare's play must have felt the force of "*Et tu Brute*," and must have seen Brutus's death, with keener and more home-felt influence than we feel and hear the things with now. Among Essex's friends was that Lord Southampton, to whom Shakspeare dedicated both his *Venus* in 1593, and *Locrine* in 1594: the latter thus:—

"The love I dedicate to your lordship is without end; whereof this pamphlet, without beginning, is but a superfluous moiety. The warrant I have of your honourable disposition, not the worth of my untutored lines, makes it assured of acceptance. What I have done is yours; what I have to do is yours; being part in all I have, devoted yours. Were my worth greater, my duty would show greater; meantime, as it is, it is bound to your lordship, to whom I wish long life, still lengthened with happiness.

"Your lordship's in all duty,

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE."

For his share in the rebellion, Southampton was imprisoned in the Tower (and was not set free till after Elizabeth died, in March, 1603), so that we must believe that the whole matter came home to Shakspeare's heart, though I feel sure that Shakspeare as a patriot, with his intense love for England, preferred his country to his patron, and told the world too, by his new play, what his feelings were. If, too, Shakspeare's company, through Augustine Phillipps, one of its members with whom the contract was made, was the company that acted *Richard II.* in the streets for Essex and his party, the actors would be most desirous to prove their loyalty by producing this new play, with its lesson of vengeance on conspirators. I cannot give-in to the notion that Shakspeare didn't allude to political events in his plays. We know he did to women's painting their faces and wearing sham hair, to men's absurd dresses and drunkenness, &c. &c. Why not then to greater things? He, with his intense patriotism and love of England. To say that he didn't, is all gammon and pooh.

Julius Cæsar is not the hero of the play: Brutus is; yet Cæsar's spirit rules, as Cassius and Brutus' before their deaths acknowledge. As Gloucester's murder in 2 *Henry VI.* is the turning-point of that quadrilogy, as Arthur's death is the turning-point of *King John*, so here Cæsar's murder is the centre and hinge of the play. His death overcomes his conquerors. His bodily presence is weak and contemptible, but his spirit rises, arms his avengers, and his assassins proclaim its might. His successor, Octavius, inherits the empire he created but did not enjoy. Cæsar prevails. The Cæsar of the play is not the great conqueror of Britain (did Shakspeare make him despicable for that?) but Cæsar, old, decaying, failing both in health and mind. His long success has ruined his character, has turned his head. He fancies himself not a man as other men. He thinks, as Professor Dowden says, that he can read other men with a look: Cassius he does, but the soothsayer and the conspirators he does not. In Act I., sc. ii., he speaks of himself in the third person; he swoons when the crown is offered to him; he opens his doublet and offers his throat to be cut; just like a stage-actor. He has the falling sickness, or epilepsy;

he's deaf in one ear, superstitious, pompous, arrogant, and boastful. He accepts flattery when professing to be above it; he vacillates, though he says he's constant, &c. On the other hand, Brutus is one of Shakspeare's noblest men, if not *the* noblest. We have him first as a friend to Cæsar, telling him of the soothsayer: "I love him well," he says (Act I., sc. ii.); "Brutus's love to Cæsar was no less than his." Yet he is not gamesome; he's vexed and at war with himself; he thinks he is not the man to set the times right, yet if honour calls him he must act: he has thought before of the troubles coming on the State, and would rather be a villager, a pagan, than in Rome under a king. Yet he is no judge of men; he cannot see that Cassius is playing on him as on a pipe; he misjudges Antony, and always takes the wrong steps in action. He wants insight and reasoning power, and agrees to join in the murder of Julius Cæsar on a supposition only:—

"He would be crown'd."

"How that might change his nature, there's the question."

It is a parallel to the argument—"support the Sodom of Turkey and oppose Russia, for fear the Slavs may some day get to Constantinople and cause unpleasantness to us." Brutus is, in fact, somewhat vain of his hereditary character and his own personal one. Blinded by this vanity, which is shown, too, in the putting himself forward to speak about Cæsar's death, and, being convinced that no one can answer him, he gives in to Cassius's temptation and the flattery of the appeal to him. He is too noble or too pedantic, too ignorant of human nature, to allow the oath to be taken by the conspirators, or have Mark Antony killed. He cannot see what is necessary in practice, that Cæsar's limbs should go with Cæsar. His stupid misjudgment of Mark Antony arises from looking at the mere outside of the man, because he's given to sports, to wildness, and much company, and is not a grave student like Brutus himself. His treatment of Cassius, too, is ungenerous, when he scolds the latter for getting gold by bad means, tho' he, Brutus, had before asked for some of it, and grumbled when it was not given him. His want of practical knowledge is again shown in his over-ruling Cassius's wise advice about the battle at Philippi, and then throwing away the battle by letting his soldiers plunder Octavius's camp instead of attacking Antony who (great soldier as he was) had beaten Cassius. Yet, with all the deductions we have to make from Brutus's character, there remains one of the noblest figures in Shakspeare. Nature stands up and says to all the world, "This was a man," setting him by Hamlet's father; and when we put his notion of honour beside Hotspur's or Henry the Fifth's, we see how much finer a nature the Roman's was than that of our English heroes, and we do not wonder that the man who dying says:—

"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me"—

is set down as "the noblest Roman of them all." It was under the burden of setting right his time, that he, unfit to bear that burden, sank, and died by his own hand. And in sharing the strain of that burden on him, his noble wife died too, self-slaughtered.

A word must suffice to refer the reader to Professor Dowden's beautiful passage on the glorious scene between Brutus and his wife, pure soul to soul, no thought of earthly dallying between them. Note the lift from the scene between Hotspur and his Kate. The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623, and is drawn from part of Plutarch's *Lives of Julius Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony*, printed in *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iii., pp. 171-253, 315-418. See also my friend Prof. Skeat's *Shakspeare's Plutarch*, Macmillan & Co.

HAMLET.—We pass from the seven-hilld city, so long the empress of the world, to "Denmarke, the whyche is a very poore cowntre, bare, and full of penurite¹," and yet a country which, like Rome, conquered England. "The Danes hath bene good warryers, but for theyr povertie I do marueyle how they dyd get ones Englonde. They be subtyll-wyttyed, and they do proll muche about to get a prey." Of Elsinore, Miss Deedes says:—"Many a warm and starlight summer's eve have I passed sitting on the rocks, below the ramparts of the castle. Who could describe the perfection of such a scene and such a situation? The calm sea rippling at one's feet; opposite, the bright lights of the

¹ 1542. Andrew Boorde, p. 163 of my edition.

Swedish town; and nearer still the many-coloured lanterns of the numerous ships anchored and at rest for the night. Above, the shining stars, excelling in beauty, purity, and brightness all earthly lights; in one's ears the great silence of a summer's night, broken only by the musical whisper of the rippling waves, the chimes from the town, and the bells in the ships as the midnight hour draws near. Behind, the grim old walls, whereon it is not difficult to imagine that one sees the dark figures of Hamlet and his friends, and the shadowy vision of the ghost; or to fancy one's ear saluted with the 'Who goes there?' of the sentry, the wild pleading of Hamlet, and the sepulchral tones of his supernatural visitor." But it is on no sweet summer's eve that Shakspeare, with his sense of nature's sympathy with man, has put his *Hamlet*; biting winter is the time for that. Let us first tho' look at the links with *Julius Cæsar*, links of likeness as well as contrast. There are first, three mentions of Julius Cæsar in the play by Horatio, in I. i.; Polonius, in III. ii.; Hamlet, in V. i. Then there is the burden of setting right the times out of joint, put as a duty on a student, a man who knows himself unfit for the burden, and who in bearing it brings death to himself and the woman who loves him, her mind giving way under the strain. 3. As Antony has to revenge his friend Cæsar's murder; so Hamlet and Laertes have to revenge their fathers' murders; and Laertes accepts his duty as willingly as Antony does. 4. A ghost appears in each play. 5. Antony's character of Brutus after death is like that of Hamlet's father. 6. Brutus's words to Messala in Act IV., sc. iii., of *Julius Cæsar* on Portia's death "we must die," "she must die once," are like Gertrude's and Claudius's to Hamlet on his father's death, "all that lives must die," &c. 7. Hamlet's making his speech of a dozen or sixteen lines the turning-point of his vengeance is like Brutus and Antony both making their speeches the turning-point of their action. 8. Hamlet's feeling before his fencing-match is just like Cassius's and Brutus's before Philippi. 9. Hamlet loved plays, as Antony did, &c. Besides, there are other small likenesses, as that of the oath taken by Hamlet's friends, and proposed to be taken by Brutus's; the murder of Claudius, the usurper of the crown, and the murder of Cæsar, the intending usurper; Hamlet reading a book and Brutus reading a book, &c. The links of contrast: We have Hamlet with weakness of will, Brutus with weakness of judgment; Hamlet quick to resolve but slow to act in his great duty, Brutus slow to resolve but quick to act; Hamlet a good shaper of means to end, Brutus a bad, always wrong in practice; Hamlet with no man but Horatio true to him, Brutus with no man ever false to him; Hamlet and his Ophelia to be pitied, Brutus and his Portia to be revered. The links with the Sonnets 66 and 90 I have already alluded to. The strong ones with *Measure for Measure* will be noted hereafter; this group of three plays is firmly bound together. Of links with earlier plays we need only notice the Conscience-passage here and in *Richard III.* Hamlet's grand resolves and speeches, with nothing coming of them, are just like Richard the Second's; and in many points Hamlet is close akin to Romeo. The motto which I would set at the head of *Hamlet* is three lines from Mr. Tennyson's "Supposed Confessions of a second-rate, sensitive mind not in unity with itself," from his *Poems Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830:—

"Oh weary life! oh weary death!
Oh spirit and heart made desolate!
Oh dammed vacillating state."

In judging the character of Hamlet, and getting rid of the gross absurdity of representing him as a hero, a man of action and decision, whose hesitation was due only to want of conviction of his duty, we must look at the old story of the prose Hamlet of 1608¹, and recollect that the Hamlet there was the unhesitating man of action. Though

¹ Though this date of publication is five years later than that of the play, yet nearly all students allow that the piece here represents the old story that Shakspeare used. It is printed in *Hæfitt*, Pt. I., vol. ii., pp. 224-279, and was englished from Belleforest's *Histoires Tragiques*, which was translated from the Italian of Bandello. That there was an earlier play of *Hamlet*, which Shakspeare may have used, too, is certain. The first and spurious Quarto of Shakspeare's play (which I believe to be his first sketch—see my Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile, 6s.—with patches by a botcher) was published in 1603; the second genuine one, the real *Hamlet*, containing most important passages not in the Folio, was issued in 1604; the third, printed from Q. 2, in 1605; the fourth, printed from Q. 3, in 1611. The Folio text is from an altered copy of Q. 2. The first entry of the play on the Stationers' Registers is on July 26, 1602, by James Robertes: "A booke called The Revenge of Hamlet. Prince [of] Denmarke, as yt was latelic acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his servantes. .v. .vj." See Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 212.

this story gave Shakspeare the incidents of the murder of the father, the adulterous incest and subsequent marriage of the mother and uncle, the shamming madness of the son, with the method of it, "a greate and rare subtyllte," the attempt to find out his secret by a "fuere and beautifull" woman in a secret place, Hamlet's interview with his mother with some one listening behind the arras, the "a rat, a rat," the reproach of the mother by the son, the sending Hamlet to England with two of the murderer's ministers to be killed, and Hamlet's revenge on them, it yet brings Hamlet back after a year in England to sweep to his revenge, to make all the nobles who took part with his uncle drunk, and burn them in the wine-hall, and to cut his uncle's head clean off his shoulders. This man Shakspeare resolved to turn into the hesitating, philosophising, duty-shirking, excuse-seeking Hamlet he has given us, a type of the weakness of every one amongst us, as he changed the first queen's clear justification of herself, and her acting with Hamlet to accomplish his revenge, into the doubtful conduct of Gertrude; and the frank confession of the woman set to betray Hamlet, into the questionable sharing of Ophelia in her father's plans. The description above of Hamlet's home at Elsinore, his own account of his rides on the jester Yorick's back, of his noble father, of his mother's affection for him, show how happy the boy's home must have been, and how well he understood the beauty of this "brave o'erhanging firmament," and "what a piece of work is man! how noble in reason, how infinite in faculty, in form and moving how express and admirable!" Trained he was in all exercises of arms and knightly deeds. "Out of Denmarke," says Andrew Boorde, "a man may go into Saxsoney; the chefe cyte or town of Saxsoney is Witzeburg, whych is a vnyuersite." Thither—to Luther's University—Hamlet went, surrounded by friends. The best fencer in the place, he delighted in the tragedians more than the humorous man and the clown, and, if we may believe Shakspeare, was as good a critic of acting as Shakspeare himself. These three years he has noted the age. It is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe; and down the notes go in the student's tables, of those ills "that make calamity of so long life, the whips and scorn of time," &c. On this young university-man comes the terrible blow of his idolised father's death. I call him young, as his father does, as he himself, Polonius, Laertes, and Ophelia do too; for though he is thirty at the end of the few months of the play, yet he cannot be more than about twenty when the play begins.¹ He goes home, and with his mother, like Niobe all tears, follows his poor father's body to the grave. The election to the throne, not by the rabble, but no doubt by a council of the nobles, follows. Hamlet makes no sign; his uncle, whom he suspects of foul play, pops in between the election and his hopes. He still neither watches that uncle nor his mother. He grieves and meditates² and falls in love. He moons and spoons. His answer to his father shows what has engaged his thoughts, "with wings as swift as meditation or the thoughts of love." In his "weakness and his melancholy" he is alone, and throws himself on Ophelia's bosom. His mother has sought her comfort too, and married her seducer within a month of her first and noble husband's death. This second blow crushes Hamlet's already downcast spirit. His impulse is to run away, to go back to school in Wittenberg, to friends, tragedians, and note-books. But weak and melancholy, he weakly gives way to the asking of the mother he despises, and stays at court, but still with no thought of action; all he desires is, to evaporate, or, if he had the pluck or want of conscience, to kill himself. Does not one want a Friar Laurence to cry out as to Romeo, "Art thou a man, thy tears are womanish? why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven and earth? thy noble shape is but a form of wax, digressing from the valour of a man?" One must insist on this, that before any revelation of his father's

¹ This inconsistency in Hamlet's age needn't trouble any one. It's just like the few days for 3 months in *The Merchant*, Desdemona speaking after she's stifled, Bohemia having a sea-coast in *Winter's Tale*, &c. &c. So long as Shakspeare got his main point, his characters right, he didn't care twopence for accidentals.

² In a capital Paper, "The case of Hamlet the Younger" (*Galaxy*, April, 1870), by my friend Mr. Richard Grant White, the editor of Shakspeare, the same view of Hamlet that I take, was before taken. Mr. Hargrove too has, in his Lectures, he says, often taken this view. Mr. Grant White so well says, p. 537, of Hamlet, "his was one of those natures into which *wrong enters like a thorn, to wound and rankle, not as a spur to rouse endeavour.*" But the "forbidding the chief actor not to mock Polonius" (p. 539) was of course ironical, like the traditional "don't duck him in the horsepond," "don't nail his ears to the post"—the latter, by the way, was the regular thieves' punishment: the culprit was given a knife, so that he might free himself by cutting his ear, or a bit of it off, when he got tired of standing by his post. (Wittenberg was Luther's university, and on its church, Oct. 31, 1517, he stuck his 95 Theses.)

murder is made to Hamlet, before any burden of revenging that murder is laid upon him, he thinks of suicide as a welcome means of escape from this fair world of God's, made abominable to his diseased and weak imagination by his mother's lust, and the dishonour done by her to his father's memory. This is the first, as it will be hereafter the main thing in his thoughts, this the act which he will first revenge, and with a will, leaving the vengeance for the murder of his father to the framing of that Providence who "shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will," and who turns the poisoned point meant by the murderer for Hamlet's own bosom, into that murderer's breast. While Hamlet waits for his father's ghost, he explains to us his own character. He carries the stamp of one defect, weakness of will, which doubts the noble substance of his nature to his own scandal; and twice again during the play Shakspeare reads for us the riddle of his hero's character, in the Player-king's speech on Purpose, and Claudius's on Prompt Action to Laertes. The terrible secret of his father's murder is revealed to Hamlet; and he swears he'll sweep to his revenge. Is he apt to do so, or duller than the fat weed that rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf? Surely the latter. For what does Hamlet do? He denounces first his mother (she's uppermost in his thoughts), second his uncle, third he makes an entry in his tables,¹ fourth he gets hysterical, laughs and jokes, and says he'll go pray, fifth he frames a plan of shamming madness, and swears his friends not to reveal its cause; sixth, he laments that the burden of revenge which he has just so gladly accepted is put on him. Surely the queen might have commented on his answer to his father with "the gentleman doth protest too much, methinks," and surely he, instead of cursing spite, might have recollected with Helena—

"The fated sky
Gives us free scope; only doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull."

We know well how all Scandinavian legend and history are full of the duty of revenge for a father's murder. We know what Hamlet should have done to sweep to his revenge. The king tells us, Laertes shows us. Hamlet's own reflection on the peasant and courtier, the queen's "you false Danish dogs," the king's precautions, Laertes's example, all show us how Hamlet, greatly loved by the people, with his friend Horatio more an antique Roman than a Dane, and Marcellus, could have raised the country in a few days, and dethroned Claudius. But that was not the character Shakspeare meant to draw. Instead of that, instead of the warrior king's son, in his righteous wrath, sweeping to his revenge, we have the picture of him that Ophelia's exaggeration limns:—

"Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look so piteous in purport,
As if he had been loosed out of hell."

He has sought her to look through her, after Caesar's manner, and see whether she is true to him. He seeks her help; the man who should be strong, from the woman who is weak. But there is no Juliet, Portia, Viola, Helena, Isabella, to rise in the strength of woman's love, in the readiness of woman's wit, and string again the unstrung mind, re-nerve the unnervd hand. He has chosen her whose name is Help, but he has chosen wrongly, and help from her comes none. His is the blune, not hers. Mother and love have faild him, but his books are left, and to them he turns. "Look where sadly the poor wretch comes reading." Still, neither his troubles nor his books have taken the tang out of his tongue, and his sarcasms convince Polonius that though this be madness,

¹ See a copy of the note-book Shakspeare meant in the *Writing Tables*, &c., 1581, in the British Museum.

² This is all towards Hamlet's fancied madness that I can admit. The mad theory, Shakspeare has answered himself. He has shown us who held it, the old fool and the women. And he has also shown us who didn't hold it, the man with a head on his shoulders, Claudius. I accept Shakspeare's judgment, mad doctors and Co. notwithstanding. • Mr. Grant White says, p. 539: "Indeed, he accused himself of insanity to divers persons until almost the day of his death; a sure evidence, if they had but known it, that he was not mad: and, indeed, so weak was his purpose that he confessed with particularity to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, as well as to Horatio and to his mother, that he was feigning madness for a purpose. He was too weak and incontinent of soul even to keep his own great secret, but went about making others swear that they would keep it for him." My friend Mr. Hargrove presses the *hysteria* on me, from certain experiences of his own. He says too, "It is not Hamlet's *mind* that is unstrung, but his nerves, and the wild behaviour after the Ghost-scene and Play-scene is simply so much escape of accumulated nervous force. I cannot think any account of Hamlet complete which does not bring in the word *hysteria* or 'hysterical.'"

yet there's method in it. Then come the players; and the genuine emotion shown by the reciter, reveals to Hamlet "what a rogue and peasant slave he is, a dull and muddy-metall'd rascal, pigeon-liver'd, and an ass, that he, the son of a dear father murder'd, prompted to his revenge by heaven and hell, must like a whore unpack his heart with words." Surely every epithet he here applies to himself is richly deserved. What is the use of his "words, words, words," and such lots of tall ones, when all one wants of him is one act? Then at the end of his big talk comes "about my brains," to frame that paltry excuse for delay, delay: "the spirit may be a devil." Where is Friar Laurence again, with his "Art thou a man?" Then comes the second great suicide and world-evil soliloquy which was summed up in the Tennyson motto for the play, and which Sonnets 66 and 90 re-echo. The two—this speech and the former suicide one—should be carefully compared.

In the second, the incestuous love of Hamlet's mother as the cause of his life-weariness, has given place to the general evils of the world. His reason for not killing himself is no longer God's canon against self-slaughter, but that the dread of something after death puzzles the will. And then he degrades conscience¹ into identity with this same dread, and seems to offer it as his excuse for letting his resolution to sweep to his revenge, "lose the name of action." This is a mere subterfuge and bit of self-deceit. He will not fight because he may have had dreams. He will not kill himself because he's afraid of something after death. He has neither Macbeth's pluck to jump the life to come, nor MacMahon's "J'y suis, j'y reste," using gun and sword the while. In his second interview with Ophelia, he turns to her at first with gentle words and affection. These are curdled into bitterness and brutality by her offer to return his gifts, not by his fancied seeing of her father behind the arras; for there is no trace in the play of any change of tone after he's askt her about Polonius; nothing like his Guildenstern and Rosencrantz taunt "Blood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe?" He harps still on Ophelia's marriage, and the harlot's face-painting, (so often scolded by Shakspeare,) tricks and wantonness. He develops his first "bawd" hint, seeing Ophelia through Gertrude's lust, and says no word of her lie and treachery to him which he is supposed to have just discovered. Then he turns stage-manager or elocution-master for a while. Isn't there something childish in this just like his boyish glee at the success of his play-stratagem? Is he not a pipe for fortune's, nay, whim's finger, to sound what stops she pleases? Well, the play succeeds; the king's guilt is unkenneled. Hamlet is sure that his uncle was his father's murderer. Why didn't he stab Claudius as he fled convicted, conscience-stricken, before his whole court? Still, of course, Hamlet sweeps to his revenge directly after! Oh, no. He quotes two little bits of poetry, chuckles over the success of his stratagem, and calls for a tune. He's acted enough for the present, and can chaff his father's murderer. The killing of him can stand over; no hurry about that: "most lame and impotent conclusion." Still there is one thing that Hamlet really wants to do; convict his mother of her baseness. She gives him the opportunity, and after a brilliantly sarcastic exposure of his innocently² treacherous friends, he at once seizes the chance; but first he must have some more tall words, must lash himself up to act, and indulge in some more self-deception:—

"Now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on."

Of course "the poor wretch" could no more do it than fly over the moon; but big words are a relief to such weak creatures." On his road to his mother he finds the king at that pathetic prayer of his, the most touching piece in the play, and has an easy chance of performing his vow. He will do it; but then he thinks, and then he won't do it. His former uncertainties about heaven and hell have been cleared up, he knows all about the conditions of entry to both, and if he kills the murderer on his knees he'll send him to heaven.⁴ So, to avoid this, he keeps him for hell: a mere excuse of course for delay. His

¹ See the text as against the meaning ordinarily given to the word and passage.

² I suppose Claudius used Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, as Polonius used Ophelia.

³ There's a little author now living who does a good deal of this mouthing in both verse and prose, to make up for his weakness.

⁴ The theory that this was a genuine excuse, is answered by Laertes saying that he'd cut the throat of his father's murderer in the church.

mind is full of his mother. This duty of revenge is a bore to him, and has almost died out of his mind; any excuse will do to be rid of it. If he could but get over it by accident now, what a blessing it would be! He hopes he has done so, but his victim is Polonius, and he considers the poor old man just a nuisance happily got out of the way.¹ Note the almost brutal words in which he talks of Polonius afterwards, and the delightfully cool and self-deceiving way in which he puts the blame of his rash murder of Polonius on Heaven:—

"But heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister."

Still, Hamlet with his mother, is Hamlet in his nobleness and strength. Her disgraceful adultery and incest, and treason to his noble father's memory, Hamlet has felt in his inmost soul. Compared to their ingrain die, Claudius's murder of his father—notwithstanding all his protestations—is only a skin-deep stain. And against his mother and her sin all the magnificent indignation of his purity and virtue speak. We forget his blood-stained hands in the white-heat intensity of his words. While thus gratifying his own impulse—righteous though it be—his father's ghost comes again, to remind him of his first, though his oft-forsaken, duty, and to shield the now-suffering wife that he, the ghost, when in the flesh, had loved with such sweet fond love. The latter purpose of the ghost Hamlet carries out; he changes his tone to his mother, tells her what he'd have her do, abstain from his uncle's bed (which she evidently doesn't do), gets her to promise secrecy to him—a promise that she keeps—and trusts her with his resolve to countermine Rosencrantz and Guildenstern's supposed treacherous schemes² against him. Result: mother and son are at one again, and remain so. Hamlet has resolved to take revenge on two men who he thinks have betrayed him. Perhaps that'll train him to revenge his father's murder, after his fresh declaration that that father's "form and cause conjoind, preaching to stones, would make them capable." Yes, stones, but **not** Hamlet.³

After fresh sarcasms against those "sponges," Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, and grimly humorous sayings over poor Polonius's corpse, Hamlet, unworthy son of gallant father, sees young Fortinbras, worthy son of worthy father, marching for honour's sake against Poland; and now Hamlet looks himself once more fairly in the face, as to his breach of duty, his want of real love to his father. His indignation against his mother's want of love to that father he has given vent to. Now, perhaps, he can clearly see his own want of love to that father, his failure in duty towards him. He does see it. He owns, in the fine speech that's only in Quarto 2, that he has "cause, and will", and strength, and means⁴ to do his duty. And still what is his conclusion? Deeds? No; words again:—

"O from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth."—(In Quarto 2 only.)

Well, Hamlet sets sail for England. He believes his two school-fellows are in a plot to murder him; and of course they need different treatment at his hands from the man

¹ Compare the same feeling in Hamlet's remonstrance with Laertes in Ophelia's grave (V. i. 312, 313). "What is the reason that you vex me thus? I loved you ever." 'I've only killed your father. You really shouldn't be put out about a trifle like that. It's unreasonable.'

² The complicity of his school-fellows in the king's plan is hardly possible. Claudius was not the man to let his scheme ooze out into the sponges he used. He'd not show them the message they carried, before he sealed it.

³ S. T. Coleridge (I am glad to have just found, Dec. 21, 1880) took in 1812 the view that I do: see the report of his 12th Lecture on Shakspeare in J. P. Collier's *Seven Lectures on Shakspeare and Milton*, by S. T. C. (1856), p. 142:—"The poet places him [Hamlet] in the most stimulating circumstances that a human being can be placed in. He is the heir apparent of a throne; his father dies suspiciously; his mother excludes her son from his throne by marrying his uncle. This is not enough; but the ghost of the murdered father is introduced to assure the son that he was put to death by his own brother. What is the effect upon the son? Instant action and pursuit of revenge? No: endless reasoning and hesitating—constant urging and solicitations of the mind to act, and as constant an escape from action; ceaseless reproaches of himself for sloth and negligence, while the whole energy of his resolution evaporates in these reproaches. This, too, not from cowardice, for he is drawn as one of the bravest of his time—not from want of forethought or slowness of apprehension, for he sees through the very souls of all who surround him—but merely from that aversion to action which prevails among such as have a world in themselves."

⁴ That is, Hamletian will, in words.

who murdered his father; his vengeance on them—their punishment—must not be put off; so he cleverly makes their death safe forthwith, and finds out the king's villainous plot against himself. Will this fresh personal wrong make Hamlet "sweep to his revenge" at his first fresh chance? We shall see. A pirate chases them. Hamlet shows the old Viking blood and is taken prisoner. His captors land him in Denmark; he sends for Horatio, and says "to-morrow" he'll see the king. He seems to put off "to-morrow," and, evidently before going to court, strolls into a graveyard, and, after his old manner, moralises on what he sees there. Then comes the knowledge that Ophelia is dead, and his ranting outburst about his love for her. Can we believe it genuine? Surely not to anything like the extent he professes. No doubt he had loved her more than Laertes had. But his frothy speech shows how little solid love there was underneath it. Next we have Hamlet's talk with Horatio about carrying out his long-deferred vengeance on Claudius, his conviction that the time for its being done is short, but that the "interim" is his. Polonius, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, Ophelia—all who plotted against him—are by his means dead. When is the other, Claudius, his father's murderer to follow too? Still he forms no plan; still he leaves the performance of his duty to chance or Providence. And it is Claudius, not Hamlet, that plans the plot for his own death. To Hamlet, anything, any amusement that'll delay the fulfilment of his vow, is still welcome. He can indulge in his old sarcasms, undertake a fencing match to please the man he thinks he means to kill. Yet a shadow of coming ill is on him; a feeling of fatalism comes over him; "the readiness is all." But is he ready? Yes, to give his life, to give his life, which has been long his burden, much more willingly out of the way of duty than in it.

We are glad that he asks Laertes's pardon, sorry that he makes a lying excuse for his rudeness to him. And then this "brother's wager" is played. The crring queen dies first, poisoned by her guilty husband's means. Hamlet learns that he has not half an hour to live; and then at last does "sweep to his revenge," and sends his father's murderer to hell. Laertes reaps the due reward of his treachery, though asking and getting Hamlet's forgiveness. Hamlet lives to save Horatio from the death his friendship prompts him to share with his friend; to point out a fitter successor to the throne than ever he himself could have made; and then with all his failings and all his virtues dies. In death he's done his duty; and nothing but that could have made him do it. Still tho', "incestuous" comes before "murderous," as he denounces Claudius; and it's "Follow my mother," not "my father," it's "Wretched queen, adieu!" "Horatio, report me and my cause aright," with no mention of his father, tho' Laertes had just named him. And Horatio, who is honest, put forth no such defence for his friend as Hamlet's modern admirers do: he speaks only of, "in this upshot, purposes mistook, fallen on the inventors' heads." The folk who admit no imperfection in Hamlet, first pity him—as we all must—then they love him, and then they glorify him. But, admitting his claims on our pity, on our admiration, for his brilliant intellectual gifts—penetration, wit, humour, sarcasm, reflection—his courage and his virtues, we must find him "infirm of purpose:" "unstable as water, he shall not excel." In his diseased view of the beauties of God's earth and its inhabitants, and of life; his shirkings of duty, his puttings-off, his making grand subterfuge-full excuses for them; in his uncertainties about the mystery of death and the future world, Hamlet but typifies each one of us, at some time or other of our lives. Who is there of us that has not known that "weary life," that "weary death," that "damned vacillating state"? And this is the secret of the attraction of Hamlet over us. "Is there any other man in Shakspeare whom we feel such a longing to comfort?" askt the bonniest and handsomest girl I ever lectured to. ("Pite rennith soone in gentil herte.") But, while willing to sympathise to any extent in his weakness (which is my own), and in the ruin of his love, his nature and his hope, I hold that what Hamlet wanted, was some of the Ulysses will:—

"That which we are, we are
One equal temper of heroic hearts,

Made weak by time and fate, but *strong in will*,
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield."

I hold too that "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it" (*Macbeth*, I. iv.), for that involved the doing of his duty. Under the burden of that, his unfit nature sank.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—We turn from the Baltic shore to the inland city of Vienna, that city where Tennyson's friend Arthur Hallam died, that city which is still notorious for

the social evil which Shakspeare brings under our notice, where the loss of woman's honour is treated as a mere *malheur*, mishap, unlucky accident¹, and which is therefore the fit city for this play that follows *Hamlet*, where the cloud of the young prince's mother's lust hung like a pall over his life, and the incest of the "beast that wants discourse of reason" poisond his faith in women, and ruind his young love. On the stifling air of this drama, as contrasted with earlier ones, hear Mr. W. Watkiss Lloyd:—"We never throughout this play get into the free, open, joyous atmosphere so invigorating in other works of Shakspeare: the oppressive gloom of the prison, the foul breath of the brothel, are only exchanged for the chilly damp of conventual walls, or the oppressive retirement of the monastery, where friars are curious as to the motives of ducal seclusion, and are ready to intimate that a petticoat is concerned in the secret." Yet though we have this "night's black curtain" over the play²; though woman's and man's incontinence match, to some extent, the queen's and Claudius's in *Hamlet*; though Claudio in his weak fear of death, like Hamlet, fails to do his duty; yet here, beside, in intentional contrast to the lust and weak will of woman and man, rises, like the moon in its pure beauty, like the lightning-flash in its white wrath, the noble figure of Isabella, "a thing ensky'd and sainted, an immortal spirit," Shakspeare's first wholly Christian woman, steadfast and true as Portia, Brutus's wife, pure as Lucrece's soul, merciful above Portia, Bassanio's bride, in that she prays for forgiveness for her foe, not her friend; with an unyielding will, a martyr's spirit above Helena's of *All's Well*, the highest type of woman that Shakspeare has yet drawn. (How is *she* to have the mere charm and tenderness of the ordinary woman?)

In these points, then, I find that *Measure for Measure* is rightly made to follow *Hamlet* immediately, and not *All's Well*, though assuredly with the latter play it has much in common. Note, too, how *Measure for Measure* carries on the *Hamlet* reflections on Death and Life. Compare *Hamlet*, III. i., "to die, to sleep," &c., with Claudio's "aye, but to die, and go we know not where;" Hamlet's dread of something after death, with Isabella's "the sense of death is most in apprehension." Again, Hamlet's "insolence of office," &c., with Isabella's "every pelting petty officer would use his heaven for thunder." Hamlet's "Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny" is like the Duke's "back-wounding calumny the whitest virtue strikes." The like names Claudio and Claudius occur; and Claudius's pathetic speech, "my words fly up, my thoughts remain below," is like Angelo's "Heaven hath my empty words: heaven in my mouth, and in my heart the strong and swelling evil of my conception." While Lucio's "our doubts are traitors," &c., preach the moral of the play of *Hamlet*. Further, Hamlet's "he took my father grossly full of bread," and Hamlet's desire to take his uncle when he is drunk, asleep, are like Barnardine's excuse for not dying here: he was, as the Duke says, "a creature unprepared, unmeet for death." Polonius seeing method in Hamlet's apparent madness, and Hamlet's telling his mother he could re-word his sentence, are just the Duke's,

"Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense
(Such a dependency of thing on thing)
As e'er I heard in madness."

Of whom, too, but the forlorn Ophelia does the deserted Mariana remind us? Music pleased the woe of both of them. One always thinks of Tennyson's *Mariana in the Moated Grange*:—

"Is this the end, to be left alone, to live forgotten and die forlorn?"

With *All's Well*, too, the links are strong. The firm will and energy of Helena is like that of Isabella: her love, though she is deserted and detested, is won back by the same means as Mariana's; the substitution of Helena for Diana, as here of Mariana for Isabel. Again, the scene in court, the trial as it were before the Duke, and the exposure of Angelo, are like those of Bertram before the king in *All's Well*, just as Lucio's exposure is like Parolles's.

¹ I speak on the authority of some college friends who were students there, of an article in *The Daily News* a few years back, written by a long-dweller in Vienna, in which this *malheur* was largely used, and of later visitors to the city.

² The play was probably written during the plague of 1603 in London, in which 30,578 souls died. (Stowe.) See § 15, below.

The clown is a male Mrs. Quickly, though the scene with Escalus is like that of Dogberry and Verges before the Duke, and Gobbo and his son before Bassanio. Yet those who would put *Measure for Measure* next to *All's Well*, surely overlook the far deeper tone of the former play: its dealing with death and the future world, its weight of reflection, the analysis of Angelo's character, the working of conscience, the greater corruption dealt with, the higher saintliness shown in Isabella. Also, if we look at the name of the play, *Measure for Measure*, we shall see that Shakspeare's idea in it was, though with grim humour and ultimate relenting, to preach in Angelo and Lucio his Third-Period doctrine—an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, vengeance for weakness, yielding to temptation, and sin, though here the vengeance is but the poetical justice of marriage to the women whom the sinners have sinned with or abandoned. Intending nun as Isabella is, we must nevertheless look on her as no hard recluse, but as "Isabel, sweet Isabel," with cheek-roses, gentle and fair. Yet she is "a thing ensky'd and sainted, an immortal spirit;" and this enables us to understand the conflict that must have gone on in her mind between her sisterly affection and her religious principles when pleading her brother's cause, and her acquiescence in Angelo's resolve that Claudio must die. Both times she needs Lucio's appeal before she'll again urge how much better mercy becomes the king and judge, than justice. Her unhappy words, "Hark! how I'll bribe you," seem to have first brought out the evil in Angelo. "He tempts her through that which is uppermost in the noble woman, the passion for sacrifice. There is something splendid in the idea of perilling the soul itself for the sake of another" (E. H. Hickey). Shakspeare's original, Whetstone, makes his heroine Cassandra give way to her brother's appeal:—

"My Andrugio, take comfort in distresse;
Cassandra is wonne, thy ransome greate to paye."

But this was not Shakspeare's conception of Isabella. She believed that the son of her heroic father was noble like herself; and when she found that he was willing to sacrifice her honour for his life, "her swift vindictive anger leapt like a white flame from her white spirit;" and her indignant "take my defiance, die, perish," was her fit answer to her brother's base proposal. Yet she who would not stoop to wrong, dared for the sake of Mariana to bear the imputation of it. She had no care for the world's opinion, so that the deed appeared not foul in the truth of her spirit; and as in *The Merry Wives* and *Much Ado*, her quick woman's wit took a righteous delight in circumventing a knave. We have another passionate outburst from her when she hears the false news that her brother has been executed. And then she takes her side by the Duke who loves her, to fight with him God's fight against the evil in that foul Vienna; a far better post, heading Heaven's army in her land, than praying barren prayers in convent walls. She is the first of the three splendid women who illumine the dark Third Period: she, glorious for her purity and righteousness, Cordelia for her truth and filial love, Volumnia for her devotion to honour and her love of her native land. Perhaps we may add a fourth, Portia, Brutus's wife, for nobleness and wifely duty. But the highest of all is Isabella. For Angelo¹, we may contrast him with Isabella, as Bertram with Helena, or Proteus with Julia; he has to be emptied of his self-pride in seeming religion, as Bertram of his pride of birth; but in judging Angelo "let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." His is a terrible analysis of character, a self-revelation to any man who has striven for purity, has fancied himself safe, and in the hour of trial has failed. Claudio is, as Mr. Pater says, one of the flower-like young University men that abound at Oxford. To him, self-indulgent, life-loving, death is the greatest terror; and he sees no great harm in his sister undergoing what his own sweetheart has borne. To Isabella's sense of honour and purity he could not attain; but in expression of apprehension he stands even above Hamlet. His words on after-death are among the most poetical in Shakspeare. *Measure for Measure* was first printed in the Folio of 1623. Its story is from the old play of *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578, by George Whetstone, printed in *Hazlitt*, Part II., vol. ii., p. 201, with the same story in prose, from Whetstone's *Heptameron*, 1582, *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iii., p. 156; and like stories from Goulart's

¹ See my friend Mr. W. H. Pater's admirable paper in *The Fortnightly Review*, 1874 or 1875.

² See W. Bagehot on him.

Admirable and Memorable Histories, 1607; and from Giraldi Cinthio's *Hecatomithi*, Novel 5, decade 8 (p. 167, *ib.*), the probable source of Whetstone's play. There are plenty more stories of the kind. Seeing that the centre of *Measure for Measure* is the scene of Isabella with Claudio in the prison, where his unfit nature fails under the burden of coming death laid on him; seeing the many links between this play and *Hamlet*, and the more between that and *Julius Caesar*, we cannot be wrong in putting all three together as the first group of the Third Period, the "unfit-nature, or under-burden-failing group," &c. Then we pass to the second group of the two "tempter-yielding plays," with which the first is, by Angelo, &c., strongly linkt, too. (P.S.—In 1881, I should now follow Prof. Dowden (who was the first to do it) in putting *Troilus and Cressida* after *Measure for Measure*.)

OTHELLO.—From inland Vienna we turn again to Venice, the glorious city in the sea. We were here before in *The Merchant*, which gives us the name Gratiano (there the humourful), of Desdemona's uncle. Thence the lover went to seek his Jason's fleece in Belmont; here he comes to seek his pearl in Venice. There, too, Jessica eloped with Lorenzo amid her father's curses, as Desdemona does with Othello here. There, too, bride and bridegroom, Portia and Bassanio, were separated in the day of marriage, as they are here. But what a change in the tone and purpose of the two plays! What a change in Shakspeare's temper and mind! True, that in both plays a beautiful, true young bride pleads for a life, for mercy for one condemned to death; but from the one, Portia's sweet earnest words still sound like music in our ears, and we rejoice in the woman's ready wit that rescued the soul her prayer had faild to save. From the other, Desdemona's vain appeal for her own life still brings sorrow to our hearts; and Othello knolls in our ears the so sad dirge, "But yet the pity of it, Iago! oh! the pity of it, Iago." In thinking of Desdemona's fate we turn to the Cenci eyes of Juliet, and compare our ill-starred Desdemona and Othello with that young "pair of star-croost lovers" whose violent delights had also violent ends, who with a kiss died. But Othello is linkt with the plays nearest it, *Measure for Measure* and *Hamlet*, in which the lust of Hamlet's mother, and Angelo, &c., was so leading a feature; for supposed lust in Desdemona is at the bottom of Othello's jealousy, and thus the main motive for the action. Claudio's imprisonment in

"The viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendent world"

is Othello's "blow me about in winds" (V. ii.); while the Duke's offer to let Brabantio read the law's bitter letter after his own sense, is the Duke's offer to Angelo in *Measure for Measure* to be judge of his own cause. Iago's "duteous and knee-crooking knave" is Hamlet's fawner, who "crooks the pregnant hinges of the knee," and Hamlet's opinions on drunkenness among his countrymen are those of Cassio and Iago on the Dane. Ophelia's fate and song remind us, too, of Barbara's fate, and Mariana's and Desdemona's songs. Iago's curse of the service where preferment goes by letter and affection, is like Hamlet's and Isabella's complaints, which we have before alluded to. Also the plunder of Roderigo by Iago may be likend to that of Sir Andrew Aguecheek by Sir Toby Belch. The incident of Othello hidgen by Iago listening to Cassio talking with Iago of Bianca, and then to Cassio and Bianca, talking about Desdemona's handkerchief, may be paralleld with the *Much Ado* incident of Hero's maid Margaret and Balthazar, overheard by Claudio and Don Pedro, who watch them by Don John's contrivance. With the Sonnets one may compare Iago's "I am not what I am," and of Othello, "He is what he is," with Shakspeare's "I am that I am," of Sonnet 121. The general estimate of Italian women may be seen in Pope Pius II.'s novel of *Lucrece and Eurialus* englisht:—"It is as easy to kepe a woman against her wyll, as a flocke of flies in the hete of the sonne, excepte she be of herselfe chaste." "A woman's thought is unstable, whyche hath as many myndis as trees hath leues . . . and seldom loue they theyr husbands whom they haue obteyned."¹ Iago is the Richard the Third of the Third Period, the real mainspring, the wire-puller

¹ In my *Andrew Boorde*, p. 342-3, from John Kynge's edition, 1560.

of the men and women, his puppets, in this play. The Moor, of a free and open nature, is to him "an ass," as he says, "led by the nose." All that Othello tells us of himself wins our hearts, like Desdemona's, to him. Of royal descent, no boaster but a doer, he has no self-distrust when dealing with men; he commands like a full soldier. Though he tells a "round, unvarnished tale," yet we see in it proof of that imaginative power which to him, as to Macbeth, was the cause of all his sorrow. He has every manly virtue, and his love is so devoted that he can give up war for it. Distrust at first is impossible to him; and as he confided in "honest Iago," so he declared his life was upon his wife's faith; and it was; with the supposed loss of that, his life went. The Italian original says that Othello and Desdemona lived together in Venice in peace and concord. Shakspeare, of course, cuts this out, for after it we could never excuse even Othello's believing Iago. The play gives him but an hour of love, and then, as if to warn the newly-wedded ones what was coming into their life, Shakspeare raises the storm at sea. Unconscious that that storm is but Nature's portent, they bask in balmy sunshine on the isle, and again we have the Romeo ecstasy of love, "if it were now to die, 'twere now to be most happy," &c. Again in the riot of Cassio's drunkenness we get a plain hint of Othello's nature:—

"My blood begins my safer guides to rule,
And passion, having my best judgment collied,
Essays to lead the way."

The first note of coming discord is struck by Iago's "I like not that;" the first real suspicion is in Othello's "By Heaven, he echoes me." And when once Iago's insinuation of jealousy has taken hold of Othello's mind,—Othello, who has till then known women's nature only through the followers of the camp,—his imagination, like Macbeth's, makes the suggestion work with terrible rapidity. The light of love which lit his face when he before met Desdemona, when he yielded to her first entreaties for Cassio, leaves him, never to return.¹ It is a terrible change, as instant as, but so different from that of Rosalind when she finds her Orlando in the forest. His frame heaves, his lip quivers, the full fire of his wrath blazes out against Iago, as that demon's talk of Cassio frenzies him. Reason leaves him; he is struck with epilepsy; and after his recovery from that² Iago shows him Bianca with the handkerchief. His love has become his enemy, against whom spying is lawful, and he resolves to murder her. But yet he cannot forbear to see "the pity of it." "What a depth of love, what yearning tenderness, yet what desperate resolve, are express'd in these little words!" (The third Act is the most powerful one in all Shakspeare.) Desdemona's ill-star'd answers provoke instead of calm him, and then he ends her life. Even the beauty of her unselfishness when trying to excuse him from the murder of her cannot touch him.³ His words on her are, "She's like a liar, gone to burning hell." Then comes the disclosure of what a fool and dolt he's been; and in his sense 'tis happiness to die. We cannot allow his excuse that he was not easily jealous, though it is true that "being wrought," he was "perplex'd in the extreme." The kiss on which he dies shows where his love still was, and that must plead for him. Behind the nobleness of his nature were yet the jealousy, the suspicion, the mean cunning of the savage. Death to the adulteress was but the practice of his race.⁴ (Let us recollect that Gunpowder Plot was discovered on November 5, 1605, and pass to the murder of an earlier king.)

¹ I speak from recollection of Mr. Irving's touching performance of the part. See my letter in *The Daily News*, March 2, 1876. Salvini's acting of Othello was a revelation to me: something new in art. That passionate Southern nature leaping into fury, and flying at Iago like a tiger would, was beyond a Northern's power. The sweetest-souled, most gracious-natured lady that I know, said to me as I was talking to her of the two men: "Yes: Salvini is Othello; Irving acts him." No more was needed.

² Mr. Frank Marshall well urges that the weakening effect of the epileptic attack on Othello's mind must be allowed for. (Recollect that Desdemona, Greek *dusdaimonia*, means "ill-fatedness," "ill-fortune.")

³ Shakspeare altered the original's beating Desdemona to death with a stocking full of sand, into suffocation, but forgot that a person once stifled couldn't speak again. On the short time of the action of the play after the landing in Cyprus, two days, see Prof. Wilson's Paper, reprinted in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, Appendix.

⁴ The first and only Quarto of Othello was published in 1622, six years after Shakspeare's death, by Thomas Walkley, by whom it was entered in the *Stationers' Registers* on Oct. 6, 1621. It differs in many

MACBETH.—From Venice and Cyprus we turn to Scotland. Nature changes from her belt of gold and blue, to purple heather and grey rock, but man remains the same, mean, tempted, falling, sinning, murdering, with the vengeance of death falling on him and the wife who here has shared his crime. *Macbeth* is the play of conscience, though the workings of that conscience are seen far more in *Lady Macbeth* than in her husband. The play shows, too, the separation from man as well as God, the miserable trustless isolation, that sin brings in its train. As compared with *Othello* the darkness and terror close in on us so much more rapidly. We have no picture of the sweet Desdemona listening to her Moor, going through her household tasks, and coming back again to hear the wondrous story of his life; no bright bridal life, however short. Before the play opens there must have been consultations between the guilty pair on Duncan's murder¹; and when the play opens, the pall of fiendish witchcraft is over us from the first. The fall of the tempted is terribly sudden. The climax of the play is in the second Act, not the fifth, and no repentance is mixed with the vengeance of its close.² The only relief is in the gallantry of Macbeth, the gratitude of Duncan, and the pleasant picture of Macbeth's castle, so well put into Duncan's and Banquo's mouths. The links with *Othello* are, that the hero is, like Othello, a great commander, who has won many victories for his State, that his temptation is both from within and without himself, that the working of passion in both is alike quick, that the victims and murderers alike die, that Othello is accused of witchcraft, as Macbeth practises it. And as the disappointed ambition of Iago in not getting the place given to Cassio, is at the root of all the evil in *Othello*, so the immediate motive for Macbeth's action here is the Prince of Cumberland's nomination to the throne, which Macbeth believed would be his. As, too, Emilia's knocking at the door relieves the strain after Desdemona's murder, so does that of the porter here after Duncan's.³ The murder of the king and the ghost of Banquo connect the play with *Hamlet*, while the portents before Duncan's death are like those before the death of Hamlet's father and Julius Cæsar. With *Richard III.* we note the links of the murderer clearing his way to the throne, and his enemies out

details from the Folio text, which is from an independent source. The original of the story is from the 7th novel of the 3rd decade of Cinthio's collection of stories, called *Heccatomithi*, and is printed with a translation in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. I., vol. ii., pp. 285-308. In it the original of Iago, the ensign, wrongly loves Desdemona; and his motive for revenge is her friendly preference of the lieutenant, who is degraded for wounding a soldier on guard, and for whose restoration she twice entreats her husband. The ensign steals the Moor's handkerchief from her, leaves it on the lieutenant's bolster, and then tells the Moor it was given by Desdemona to her lover. He also shows the Moor an embroidress' copying the pattern on the handkerchief, and undertakes to murder the lieutenant. He does cut off his right leg, and then, with the Moor's help, smashes Desdemona's skull with a sandfall stocking. They pull the ceiling down on her, and give out that a falling beam killed her. Othello, afterwards mourning her loss, degrades the ensign, who accuses him to the lieutenant. The Moor is tried, and on the ensign's testimony, put to the torture, and sent into exile, where he is at last killed by his wife's relations. The ensign, continuing his bad practises, is ruckt for having brought a false accusation against a companion, and is so injured that he dies in great agony. The poor prose temptation scenes of the Moor by the ensign should be compared with Shakspeare's magnificent ones. There are no Roderigo, Brabantio, Emilia, &c., in the Italian. The entries in the Egerton Papers (Camden Soc., ed. Collier) of *Othello* being played in Aug., 1602, and in the Revels Accounts of its acting in 1601, are both rank forgeries.

¹ From I. vii. we clearly see that Lady Macbeth cannot refer to anything in the play:—

“Lady M. What beast was't then,
That made you break this enterprise to me? . . .
Nor time, nor place,
Did then adhere, and yet you would make both :
They have made themselves, and that their
fitness now
Does unmake you.”

* In the face of this "made *you* break this enterprise to *me*," I cannot, of course, agree with Mr. Grant White and other critics that the origination of the crime was Lady Macbeth's. (N.B.—Act against Witchcraft passed June 9, 1604.)

² "I have always regarded the appearance of Banquo's ghost in III. iv. as the climax of the play. Up till then, all goes well with Macbeth; from thence, all conspires to his ruin."—*C. Hargrove*.

³ The Porter scene is certainly genuine, and the assignment of its grim humour to a fifth-rate comic writer like Middleton is a great mistake. The folk who so assign it, don't know Middleton: they just catch up his name from the witch songs, and stick it on to the Porter, whom he never had anything like power enough to create. It may be that, as Messrs. Clark and Wright (Preface to Clarendon Press, *Macbeth*), and Mr. Grant White (*Galaxy*, Jan., 1877), urge, Hecate's four-measure speech in III. v., and hers or the First Witch's at the end of IV. i. 125-132, before the songs, are spurious; but the king's-evil passage in IV. iii. is assuredly Shakspeare's; and so is V. ii., v. 47-50, as Mr. Grant White says. See my discussion of the Porter scene in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874. Part II.

of his way when he has it, as well as the working of conscience in Richard's sleep as in Lady Macbeth's, though she feels it always, he only when his will is dead.

Macbeth had the wrong nature for a murderer: he was too imaginative; he could jump the life to come: but it was the judgment here he dreaded, the terrors that his own Keltic imagination created to torment him. What Richard the Third passed over with chuckling indifference, nay, with delight, deprived Macbeth of sleep and haunted every moment of his life:—

"But let the frame of things disjoint, both the
worlds suffer,
Ere we will eat our meal in fear, and sleep
In the affliction of these terrible dreams
That shake us nightly: Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace¹, have sent to peace,

Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy. Duncan is in his grave;
After life's fitful fever, he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst: nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him farther!"

The more blood, that he thought would make him safe and hardend, did but increase his terrors; then came his fit again. But he was resolved to know the worst; and after his second visit to the witches, it seems to me that the courage of desperation takes the place of the feebleness of the guilty soul; and except in his two drops down after the servant and the messenger have announced the English force (V. iii, v, end), he faces his fate with the courage and coolness that should have possessed him all along. He is tied to the stake, and fight he will; but though he quails again before Macduff's tongue, he is yet taunted by it into fighting, as before into murder by his wife.

Banquo, though noble, has yet in him the canny Scot's sense of his or his son's chance of the throne, and keeps near Macbeth, to be ready for what turns up. He cannot answer the usurper's invitation with a Macduff's "Sir, not I," or, like him, fly to England to bring back Duncan's rightful heir, his son. Malcolm would spoil Banquo's son's chance of the throne. (See *New Shakspere Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, Part II.) My friend Mr. Peter Bayne holds that the analysis of Macbeth's ideas and motives is Shakspere's greatest achievement. I think the third Act of *Othello* is that. But when one compares such a quotation as that from Macbeth's speech above, with any of Shakspere's early work in *Love's Labours Lost*, or *Romeo and Juliet*, say, one is amazed at the poet's growth in knowledge of men's minds, of life, in reflective power, and imagination. Dramatically, too, what a splendid advance the play is on *Hamlet*!² The slight foundation in history or legend for *Macbeth*, is in Holinshed's version of Boece's *Scotorum Historie*, which is drawn from Fordun, printed in *Haskitt*, Part I., vol. ii., p. 149, and extracts from it are given in the Clarendon Press and other cheap editions of the play. Holinshed knew nothing of the slaughter of Macbeth's father, and his wife Gruoch's grandfather, husband, and brother by Duncan's grandfather. (*Clar. Press* ed., xlii.) The text was printed for the first time in the Folio of 1623. On the sleep-speech see 2 *Henry IV.* above, p. 1. Note Gunpowder Plot, Nov., 1605.

KING LEAR.—"This play resembles a stormy night. The first scene is like a wild sunset, grand and awful, with gusts of wind and mutterings of thunder, presaging the coming storm. Then comes a furious tempest of crime and madness, through which we see dimly the monstrous and unnatural forms of Goneril and Regan, Cornwall and Edmund, and hear ever and anon the loud laugh of the Fool, the mad howls of Lear, and the low moan of the blind Gloucester; while afar off a ray of moonlight breaks through the clouds, and throws its silvery radiance on the queenly figure of Cordelia standing calm and peaceful in the storm,

¹ Peace, Folio 1; place, Folios 2, 3, 4.

² That the play was written in haste, the hurry of its action in its first acts, the want of finish in its first scenes, the difficulty of its expression, tend to prove. Most critics agree in this opinion. Mr. Grant White says of the play in his edition, x. 424:—"It exhibits throughout the hearty execution of a grand and clearly conceived design. But the haste is that of a master of his art, who, with conscious command of its resources, and in the frenzy of a grand inspiration, works out his conception to the minutest detail of essential form, leaving the work of surface finish for the occupation of cooler leisure (which in this case never came). . . . I regard Macbeth as, for the most part, a specimen of Shakspere's unelaborated, if not unfinished, writing, in the maturity and highest vitality of his genius. It abounds in instances of extremest compression, and most daring ellipsis; while it exhibits in every scene a union of supreme dramatic and poetic power, and in almost every line an imperially irresponsible control of language."

One great cause of *Macbeth* being written was no doubt James I.'s interest in witchcraft. He had witches tried for raising the storm that met him when bringing home his bride, Anne of Denmark, in 1589. He wrote his *Demonologie* in 1597 (rep. in 1600 and 1603), and his first English Parliament passed an Act against Witchcraft on June 9, 1604. See T. A. Spalding's *Elizabethan Demonology*.

like an angel of truth and purity amid the raging strife of a sinful and blood-stained world. At the last, one great thunder-clap of death: the tempest ceases, and in the grey light of a cloudy dawn we see the corpses lying stiff and stark, the innocent and the guilty alike whelmed in the blind rage of Fate" (Florence O'Brien).¹ Lear is especially the play of the breach of family ties; the play of horrors, unnatural cruelty to fathers, brothers, sisters, by those who should have loved them dearest. Not content with unsexing one woman, as in *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has in *Lear* unsex two. Not content with making Lear's daughters treat him with cruel ingratitude, Shakspeare has also made Edmund plot against his brother's and father's lives. Lear is a race-play too. It shows the Keltic passion, misjudgment, and superstition, as in Glendower of *1 Henry IV.*, in *Macbeth*, and *Cymbeline*. Goneril and Regan are like the ghoul-like hags of the French Revolution. A few links with *Othello* may be named. Desdemona and her love for her father being subordinate to that for her husband, are the same as Cordelia's. Othello, at the end of the play, has seen the day that with "this good sword" he'd have made his way through twenty times their stop, and Lear, too, at the end of this play, has seen the day that with his "good falchion" he would have made them skip.² With *Macbeth* we may compare the witches, the Keltic king, the ingratitude of Macbeth to Duncan, as of Lear's daughters to him, while the terrible fierceness of Lady Macbeth is but the preparation for the more fiend-like Goneril and Regan. Under *All's Well* we have already noted the likeness of the king's "sunshine and hail at once" to Cordelia's "sunshine and rain at once," her smiles and tears. Lear, as first presented to us, is so self-indulgent and unrestrained, has been so fooled to the top of his bent, is so terribly unjust, not only to Cordelia, but to Kent, that one feels hardly any punishment can be too great for him. The motive that he puts to draw forth the desired expression of affection from Cordelia, "Do profess love to get a big reward," is such that no girl with true love for a father could leave unrepudiated³; and when his proposal gets the answer it deserves, he meets his daughter's nobleness by curses and revenge. Stript by his own act of his own authority⁴, his Fool⁵ with bitter sarcasm teaches him what a fool he's been. And few can regret that he was made to feel a bite even sharper than a serpent's tooth. Still one is glad to see that he was early struggling against his own first wild passion, and that he could blame his own jealous curiosity before seeing Goneril's purpose of unkindness.⁶ One sympathises with his prayer to heaven to keep him in temper—"he would not be mad" with his acquirement of some self-control, when excusing the hot duke's insolence by his illness. One sees tho' how he still measures love by the allowances of knights it will give him; and it is not till driven out to the mercy of the winds and storm, till he knows that he is but a "poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man," till he can think of the poor naked wretches of whom he has before taken too little care, that one pities the sufferer for the consequences of his own folly. When he recovers from his madness and has come to the knowledge of himself, has found, smelt out, those flatterers who'd destroy him, then is he more truly "every inch a king," though cut to the brains, than ever he was before. The pathos of his recognition of Cordelia, his submission to her, and seeking her blessing, his lamentation over her corpse, are

¹ This passage was written by one who had never heard of Coleridge's comments on Shakspeare, and had never seen his words, which I had long forgotten too:—"In the Shaksperian drama there is a vitality which grows and evolves itself from within, a key-note, which guides and controls the harmonies throughout. What is *Lear*? It is storm and tempest—the thunder at first grumbling in the far horizon, then gathering around us, and at length bursting in fury over our heads—succeeded by a breaking of the clouds for a while, a last flash of lightning, the closing-in of night, and the single hope of darkness."—*Lit. Rev.*, ii. 104.

² Compare Shallow in *Merry Wives*, II. i. 219-221:—"I have seen the time, with my long sword I would have made you four tall fellows skip like rats."

³ I can't help thinking that if Lear had asked the question as One asked it, free from selfishness of heart, "Lovest thou me *more than these*?" the answer would not have been unlike Peter's, "Thou knowest that I love thee."—E. H. Hickey. Probably, as Prof. March suggests, Cordelia already loved the King of France. Compare Rosalind's "What think we of *fathers*, when there is such a man as Orlando?"—*As You Like It*, III. iv. 41-42.

⁴ The folly of parents giving up their property to their children, was often dwelt on by early English writers. It is so by Robert of Brunne: see the tale he tells about it in my edition of his *Handlyng Synne* (written A.D. 1303), pp. 37-9.

⁵ Note the growth in depth and tenderness of Shakspeare's fools as he advances from his First Period. Mr. Grant White says, in the *Galaxy*, January, 1877, p. 72:—"In *King Lear* the Fool rises into heroic proportions, and becomes a sort of conscience, or second thought, to Lear. Compared even with Touchstone he is very much more elevated, and shows not less than Hamlet, or than Lear himself, the grand development of Shakspeare's mind at this period of maturity." See Mr. Hetherington on this in *Coruhill Mag.*, 1881.

exceeded by nothing in Shakspeare. Professor Spalding dwells on the last scene as an instance of how Shakspeare got his most intense effects by no grand situation like Massinger did, like Shakspeare himself did in earlier time, but out of the simplest materials. Spalding says, "The horrors which have gathered so thickly throughout the last act are carefully removed to the background, but free room is left for the sorrowful group on which every eye is turned. The situation is simple in the extreme; but how tragically-moving are the internal convulsions, for the representation of which the poet has worthily husbanded his force. Lear enters with frantic cries, bearing the body of his dead daughter in his arms; he alternates between agitating doubts and wishful unbelief of her death, and piteously experiments on the lifeless corpse; he bends over her with the dotage of an old man's affection, and calls to mind the soft lowness of her voice, till he fancies he can hear its murmurs. Then succeeds the dreadful torpor of despairing insanity, during which he receives the most cruel tidings with apathy, or replies to them with wild incoherence; and the heart flows forth at the close with its last burst of love only to break in the vehemence of its emotion, commencing with the tenderness of regret, swelling into choking grief, and at last, when the eye catches the tokens of mortality in the dead, snapping the chords of life in an agonised horror." Cordelia is as the sun above the deeps of hell shown in Goneril and Regan. One can hardly help wishing that Shakspeare had followed the old story, told by Layamon and other repeaters of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and made Cordelia set her father on the throne again, and reign after him for a while in peace. But the tragedian, the preacher of Shakspeare's Third-Period lesson, did wisely for his art and meaning, in letting the daughter and father lie in one grave. Of the noble Kent, of Gloster,—who doubles Lear in error, and almost in suffering,—of Edmund, the Iago of this play, I have no time to speak. And while content that others should claim *Lear* as Shakspeare's greatest work, for its diversity and contrast of character, its mixing the storm of nature with the passions of man¹, I must yet claim *Othello* as the work which most deeply touches my heart. Its third Act is the greatest achievement of Shakspeare as a dramatist; the first three Acts of *Macbeth* (I. v., vii.; II. III.) come next; *Lear* may follow. The date of *Lear* may be considered as fixt at 1605-6. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on Novr. 26, 1607: "Nathanael Butter, John Busby. Entred for their copie vnder th[e] h[and]es of Sir George Buck knight and Th[e] wardenes a booke called Master William Shakespeare his *hystorye of Kinge Lear* as yt was played before the kinges maiestie at Whitehall vppon Sainct Stephens night [26 Decr.] at Christinas Last by his maiesties seruantes playinge vsually at the Globe on the Banksyde . . . vj^d." (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 366). Two quartos of it were publisht in 1608, independent texts, and neither copied by the Folio. Their title pages confirm the Stat. Reg. date of the performance of the play. The source of the *Lear* story is Holinshed's *Chronicle*: of the Gloster, Edmund and Edgar story, Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*. Mr. Hazlitt has reprinted in his *Shakspeare's Library*: 1. *The History of Lear*, from Holinshed (Pt. I., vol. ii., p. 314). 2. The same, from the English *Gesta Romanorum* (ab. 1440 A.D.), edit. Madden, pp. 450-3, (*ib.* p. 315). 3. *The History of Leir and his Three Daughters*, 1605, a play (Part II., vol. ii., p. 305. It was not used by Shakspeare.) 4. *Queen Cordelia*, an historical poem, by John Higin, from the *Mirror for Magistrates* (Pt. I., ii. 324). 5. *The Story of the Paphlagonian Unkind King*, from Sidney's *Arcadia* (*ib.* 337). 6. *The Ballad of Lear and his Three Daughters* (*ib.* 348). The Latin original of the *Lear* story is Geoffrey of Monmouth's *Hist. Britonum*, bk. ii., ch. 11-15. And it was first told, and well told, in English, by Layamon in his *Brut*, ab. 1205. That it came originally from Wales there is little doubt. I think *Lear* must stand by itself as "the first Ingratitude and Cursing Play," tho' it is linkt to the Group before it, and the Lust or False-Love Group which follows it.

TROIUS AND CRESSIDA.—This is the most difficult of all Shakspeare's plays to deal with, as well for date² as position. We only know that it was publisht in 1609 with a preface,

¹ Coleridge says of Act III., sc. iv., "O, what a world's convention of agonies is here! All external nature in a storm, all moral nature convulsed—the real madness of *Lear*, the feigned madness of Edgar, the babbling of the Fool, the desperate fidelity of Kent—surely such a scene was never conceived before or since."—*Lit. Rem.*, ii. 201, ed. 1836. On the animal similes, &c., in *Lear*, see Mr. Kirkman's capital paper in *New Shaks. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1877-9, pp. 385-407.

² I cannot resist the metrical argument against my first 1606 7 date for this play, and should now (1881) put it two years earlier, and link it with the former lust-play, *Measure for Measure*. *Macbeth* has two weak endings and twenty-one light; *Troilus and Cressida* has none weak, and only six light.

by another man, and evidently without Shakspeare's consent, as his Sonnets of the same date also were. This fact seems to point to Shakspeare's having left London, possibly in disgust at some neglect of him by his patrons or the public, at which he has been thought to hint in Achilles's complaints. Yet Shakspeare had just produced his greatest tragedies, and no one could then have been his rival. The play is evidently written in ill-humour with mankind; it is a bitter satire. Its purpose is not to show virtue her own feature, but contemptible weakness, paltry vanity, falsehood (like scorn), their own image. The argument of it is, as Thersites says, "a cuckold and a whore." And as Ascham declared that the *Morte d'Arthur* in which his contemporaries delighted, was nothing but bold bawdry, so Shakspeare declares that the heroes of antiquity, the Trojan ancestors in whom the Britons gloried, the Grecian heroes in whom middle and modern England have rejoiced, were a sham; that with them love was all false, and honour but a delusion. Shakspeare's treatment of Chaucer's heroine, Cressida, is, too, a shock to any lover of the early poet's work. To have the beautiful Cressida, hesitating, palpitating like the nightingale, before her sin; driven by force of hard circumstances which she could not control, into unfaithfulness to her love; to have this Cressid, whom Chaucer spared for very ruth, set before us as a mere shameless wanton, making eyes at all the men she sees, and showing her looseness in the movement of every limb, is a terrible blow. But whatever may have been Shakspeare's motive in this play, we certainly have in it his least pleasing production. There is no relief to the patchery, the jugglery, and the knavery, except the generous welcome of Nestor to Hector in the Grecian camp, and his frank praise of the gallant Trojan, who, labouring for Destiny, made cruel way through ranks of Greekish youth. I lean to the theory that the *Troilus* and *Cressid* part of the play is one of Shakspeare's First-Period works¹; the long speeches, and those often rhetorical, of the Grecian leaders, make one incline to think of the speeches in *John* and early plays of the Second Period. Yet there is so much practical wisdom, so much knowledge of life, in the play, such weighty reflection, that the Greek part of it must be Third Period, not Second; while the plays with which it is allied in tone and temper are *Timon* and *Antony and Cleopatra*. One link with *Lear* is seen in the lust of Cressid and Helen, like, tho' less than, that of Goneril and Regan. Ulysses plays on Achilles and Ajax just as Iago does on Othello, Cassio, and Roderigo. Othello's "My life upon her truth" is like Troilus's speech to Cressida in IV. iv., and Troilus's bits about the sweetness of Cressid may be compared with Othello's about Desdemona. In Hector's "Honour dearer than life" of V. iii., we are reminded of Isabella's words in *Measure for Measure* and Brutus's in *Julius Caesar*. While Andromache and Cassandra urging Hector not to fight on the day of his death, are like Caesar's wife and the soothsayer, urging him not to go to the Capitol on the day of his murder. With *Hamlet*, too, we have slight links. Achilles's "here is Ulysses: I'll interrupt his reading. What are you reading?" reminds us of Polonius and Hamlet; and Troilus's "Words, words, mere words" of Cressid's letter, re-echo Hamlet's. We have, too, the "fan and wind of your fierce sword" to compare with the Player's speech. With *Romeo and Juliet* we have the link of the lovers waking after their night together, and both are waked by the lark. Also Troilus's words, "Oh! that her hand in whose comparison all whites are ink," match Romeo's "White wonder of dear Juliet's hand." With *The Merchant* we get Troilus's comparison of himself, a merchant sailing to fetch his pearl from her Indian bed, as Bassanio and many Jasons came in quest of Portia to Belmont strand. Is it possible that Shakspeare's envy of Chapman, his rival, with the "proud full sail of his great verse," in his Will's affection (Sonnet 86) had anything to do with Shakspeare's deliberate debasing of the heroes of that Homer whom Chapman englished? It is certain that when he dealt with the same subject in his fine description of the painting of the siege of Troy in *The Rape of Lucrece*, l. 1366-1568, his tone is far different from what it is in his play.² There is no mention there of Cressid; the only wanton notist, and condemn'd is Helen, "the strumpet that began this stir," whose

¹ Read the *Troilus-Cressida-Pandarus* part all through first; then read the *Grecian-camp* part all through; and see whether you don't feel a contrast of power and handling that imply difference of Period. Still, there is oneness of tone through the whole play; there are touches of reflection in the love-part that I at present accept as early. I wait and hope for further light on the play. Professor Dowden puts it next to *Measure for Measure*, as one of the "Comedies of Disillusion." See his *Primæ* (18). The dramatic time of the play is four days, with an interval for the Truce between sc. ii. and iii. of Act I.: Daniel, in *New Shaks. Soc. Trans.*, 1877-9, p. 183.

² So, too, in *The Merchant*, V. i. 3-6.

beauty Lucrece wants to tear with her nails, as Hermia does Helena's in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Troilus has only three words, "here Troilus swounds." The pathetic figure of the sad shadow of Hecuba's beauty is touchingly dwelt on, as in *Hamlet*, and Shakspeare, like Lucrece, "weeps feelingly Troy's painted woes." On the other side, in Ajax's eyes are only "blunt rage and rigour" (l. 1398), while "the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent, Show'd deep regard and smiling government" (l. 1399). Grave Nestor, with his sober action, and wagging beard, all silver white, calms the quarrels of his Greeks, with golden words. And "for Achilles' image stood his spear, Griped in an armed hand; himself, behind, Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind." Here is the gallant warrior, not the selfish coward, of the play. The reader should set poem and play together; and consider too whether the treatment given to the subject in the poem doesn't make against the opinion I have hitherto given in to, of the Troilus-Cressid part of the play being of the early Passion-time group, 1591-4. The play needs a deal more work than has yet been given to it, so far at least as print shows. Troilus is no doubt a young fool in his first love for Cressid, yet note his admiration of Helen's beauty, and his superb metaphors in expressing it. Her—

"Youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's and makes stale the morning."
"She is a pearl, whose price has launched above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd kings to merchants."—II. ii. 78-82.

In the latter of these, Shakspeare but quotes his dead shepherd Marlowe's magnificent apostrophe to Helen, as before, his "love at first sight" in *As You Like It*, and as in speaking of Cressid's hand, to "whose soft seizure the cygnet's down is harsh," he no doubt again quotes Marlowe's likening Margaret to the "downy cygnets" in 1 *Henry VI*. But that Troilus deserves Ulysses's most favourable opinion of him, as given in his answer to Agamemnon, is evident. Troilus takes the lead, and his opinion prevails in the council in Act II. as to whether Helen shall be given up. He is the Trojans' "second hope;" and it would seem that he's cured at last of his fondness for Cressid, for he calls on the traitor Diomedes to turn and fight for his horse and not for his love. Hector, noble figure though he is, is yet made to prefer a school-boy notion of honour to the earlier wisdom and patriotism of the man. Achilles is turned into at once a snob and a coward; he will not fight Hector single-handed, but waits till he can set his myrmidons on him; his patriotism he sets under his lust, or love, as he calls it; he will not fight his country's enemies, "honour, or go or stay." He is shown as a mean, big, lubberly, peevish boy, even more contemptible than the vain, bragging fool Ajax. Notwithstanding the gleam of generosity on Nestor's figure, and his pluck in being willing to fight Hector if nobody else will; notwithstanding the fine figure of Agamemnon, great commander, marrow and bone of Greece, and the crafty, wise Ulysses, guiding all the threads of the play, one turns without regret from this repulsive picture of the Trojan and Grecian war.¹ (P.S.—The spurious parts of the play are lines II. ii. 163-7, and all after V. iii. 28.)

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—We change from Troy to Egypt and Rome, from the false Cressid to the false Cleopatra, from the deceived Troilus to the deceived and deceiving

¹ See Mr. Watkiss Lloyd's spirited and ingenious defence of the play in his *Critical Essays*, p. 217. *Troilus and Cressida* was entered in the Stationers' Registers on January 28, 1608-9:—

"Richard Bonion Entred for their Copy vnder th[e] h[an]des of Master Segar, deputy to Sir George Henry Walleys Bucke, and master warden Lownes, a booke called the *history of Troylus and Cressida* . . . vj."—Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 400.

It was published in 1609 by Bonion and Walley, first with a title not mentioning the play's having been acted, and with a preface: "Eternal reader, you have here a new play never staied with the stage, never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar, and yet passing full of the palm comical," &c.; next with a title "The Historie of Troylus and Cressida. As it was acted by the Kings Maiesties seruants at the Globe," and without the preface. The play must therefore have been first acted in 1609, between the issues of the 1st and 2nd titles. The preface-writer called the play a comedy: "this author's comedies . . . are so framed to the life, that they serve for the most common commentaries of all the actions of our lives, showing such a dexterity and power of wit, that the most displeased with plays are pleased with his comedies. . . . Amongst all, there is none more witty than this . . . refuse not nor like this the less for not being sullied with the smoky breath of the multitude: but thank fortune for the scape it hath had amongst you, since, by the grand possessors [Burbage's company's] wills, I believe you should have prayed for them [*read it*], rather than been prayed." The Folio text seems to be printed from a corrected and altered copy of the Quarto one (?). The source

Antony, from the bitter, clear-seeing Thersites, stripping heroes and legends of antiquity of their glory, to the equally clear-sighted but happier-tempered Enobarbus, calmly explaining the character of his mistress, and Philo, with equal penetration, analysing Antony, and lamenting his master's infatuation. But while *Troilus and Cressida* is lit by no light of sympathy from author or reader, save in the one scene of old Nestor's welcome to Hector in the Greek camp, on *Antony and Cleopatra* Shakspeare has poured out the glory of his genius in profusion, and makes us stand by, sadden and distress, as the noble Antony sinks to his ruin, under the gorgeous colouring of the Eastern sky, the vicious splendour of the Egyptian queen; makes us look with admiring hate on the wonderful picture he has drawn, certainly far the most wonderful study of woman he has left us, of that Cleopatra of whom Enobarbus, who knew her every turn, said—

"Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women

Cloy the appetites they feed; but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies."

That in her, the dark woman of Shakspeare's Sonnets, his own fickle, serpent-like, attractive mistress, is to some extent embodied, I do not doubt. What a superbly-sumptuous picture, as if painted by Veronese or Titian, is that where Cleopatra first met Antony upon the river of Cydnus! How admirably transferred from Plutarch's prose!¹ And how that fatal inability to say "No" to woman shows us Antony's weakness and the cause of his final fall.

The play is like *Troilus and Cressida*, not only in lust and false women (Cressida and Cleopatra) playing such a prominent part in it, but in Antony's renown and power, and selfish preference of his own whims to honour's call, to his country's good, being the counterpart of Achilles's. All the characters are selfish except Octavia and Eros. Caesar's description of Antony as "a man who is the abstract of all faults that men follow" is not far wrong. We were prepared by *Julius Caesar* for the wildness in his blood and the want of noble purpose in his ordinary pursuits; for his selfishness and unscrupulousness too, by his

of Shakspeare's play may have been the old play of the same name by Dekker and Chettle, in earnest of which the manager Henslowe lent £3 on April 7, 1599, and in part payment, 30s. on April 16, and "in full paymente of the Booke called the tragedie of Troylles and cresseda—Agamemnone" being interlined over the name—£3 5s. on May 30, 1599 (Henslowe's *Diary*, pp. 148, 149, 153). This old play may be that entered in the Stat. Reg. on Febr. 7, 1602-3, "master Robertes. Entred for his copie in full Court holden this day, to print when he hath gotten sufficient auctorithy for yt, *The booke of Troilus and Cresseda* as yt is acted by my lord Chamberlens Men . . . vj" (Arber's *Transcript*, iii. 226); but it is not likely, as the Lord Chamberlain's (or Burbage's or Shakspeare's) Company was a rival to that of Henslowe, who "Lent unto Thomas Downton, the 30 of Jenewary 1598, to desearge Thomas Dickers [Dekker] frome the arcaeste of my lord Chamberlens men. I saye, lent, iij" x" (*Diary*, p. 143). If not, the 1603 play may have been a first sketch of Shakspeare's play. As Dyce says (*Shakspeare*, vi. 2), it is unquestionable that parts of the play as we have it, "particularly towards the end, are from the pen of a very inferior dramatist":—see specially Ulysses's speech in V. v. 30-42, Hector's in V. vi., all V. vii. and viii. Whether they belong to Dekker and Chettle's old play (as Dyce suggests), or, as I suppose, to some botcher of Shakspeare,—for he'd hardly have left such patches on his own work,—each reader can judge for himself. If Shakspeare did not use an old play, he would no doubt take his Troilus-Cressid-Pandarus story from Chaucer's beautiful poem, and his Greek and Trojan war story from Chapman's Homer, Caxton's *Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, from Raoul le Fevre (of the revised edition of which, with "the English much amended by William Fison," a 2nd edition had been published in 1607), or Lydgato's *Hystorie, Sege and dystruccyon of Troye*, 1513, 1555, from Guido di Colonna. Thos. Paynell englisht Dares Phrygius's *Destruction of Troye*, in 1553, and Robert Wyer translated Christine de Pise's *Hundred Histories of Troye* about 1540. The Middle-Age poets all considered Homer a liar, and Dares a trustworthy historian, who had himself been at the Trojan war. See the amusing abuse of Homer in the Prologue to the alliterative *Destruction of Troye* (from Guido di Colonna), published by the Early English Text Society.

¹ Read this (*Hazlitt*, Pt. I., vol. iii., p. 344) with Shakspeare's lines. The whole of Antony's Life, the source of the play, should be compared with Shakspeare's drama. (See too Courtenay's *Comment. on Hist. Plays*, ii. 264.) The text of the play appeared first in the Folio of 1623. The englisht Life of Octavius Caesar Augustus (compiled by S. G. S. from Æmylius Probus, &c.) reprinted in Skeat's *Shakspeare's Plutarch*, pp. 230-277, Shakspeare doesn't seem to have used. It did not appear till the 3rd edition of North's *Plutarch* in 1603. Shakspeare probably worked from the edition of 1579, if he got from North's Life of Theseus (*Hazlitt*, I. i. 15, 16, 28, 37) the names of Perigenia, Ægle (Perigona and Ægles in North), Ariadne, and Antiopa, and Theseus's falseness to their fair owners. *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, II. ii. 19-21 (*Skeat*, p. xiii.). All the Lives in the 1579 and 1595 editions of North are from Amiot's French translation of Plutarch. The 1603 edition has 15 fresh Lives. "A booke called *Anthony and Cleopatra*" was entered in Stat. Reg. on May 20, 1608.

proposal to sacrifice Lepidus. And though the redeeming qualities of his nature were shown in his love for Caesar, his appeal to the people for revenge, and his skill in managing them, yet in his development, lust and self-indulgence prevail, and under their influence he loses judgment, soldiership, even the qualities of a man. His seeming impulse towards good in the marriage of Octavia lasts but for a time; all her nobleness and virtue cannot save him. He turns from the gem of women to his Egyptian dish again, and abides by his infatuation even when he knows he's deceived.

To Cleopatra I despair of here doing justice. The wonderful way in which Shakspeare has brought out the characteristics of this sumptuous, queenly harlot¹, even though he borrows his main lines from Plutarch's picture, goes far beyond all his previous studies of women. The contrast between her and the noble Roman lady Octavia, to whom her wavering husband bears such favourable witness, is most interesting, and prepares us for the next play. These last two, *Troilus and Cressida*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*, if of even date, make a Lust or False-Love Group. (If not of even date, as I now suppose (1881), *Troilus and Cressida* will group with *Measure for Measure*, and *Antony and Cleopatra* will stand alone here.) The next two plays form "the second Ingratitude and Cursing Group."

CORIOLANUS.—Another Roman play from Plutarch²; but how different in tone and colour from the last! An interval of 520 years separates the deaths of the two heroes (Coriolanus's was after 489 B.C.; Antony's, 30 A.D.). Antony lived in the decay of public spirit, the growth of luxury in Rome, and after his death Augustus became its first Emperor. Coriolanus lived in Rome's early austere days, just when she'd driven the lustful Tarquin from his throne, and established the Republic. And it was in the great battle against Tarquin endeavouring to recover the throne, that Coriolanus won his first garland of oak. But it is rather in the heroines than the heroes that the contrast of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Coriolanus* is felt. Against the shifting colours of the kaleidoscope of Cleopatra's whims and moods, against the hail and storm of her passions, the lurid glow of her lust, the fierce lightning of her wrath, rises the pure white figure of Volumnia, clad in the dignity of Honour and Patriotism, the grandest woman in Shakspeare, the embodiment of all the virtues that made the noble Roman lady. It is the heaven of Italy beside the hell of Egypt.³ And from mothers like Volumnia came the men who conquer the known world, and have left their mark for ever on the nations of Europe. Read her lines in their beautiful rhythmic prose, "When yet | he was but | tender-bodied, | and the on | ly son | of my womb. | I . . was pleased | to let him | seek danger | where | he was like | to find fame. | . . Had I | a doz | en sons, | each in | my love | alike, | I had rather | had eleven | die nobly | for their country, | than one | volap | tuously | surfeit | out of | action." See her overcome her mother's righteous indignation against her townsmen's injustice to her gallant son; see her on her knees to that son, for her country's sake, pleading to him for mercy to her native land, appealing to him in words that all Shakspeare's last plays echo and re-echo to us: "Think'st thou it honourable, for a noble man, still to remember wrongs?" see her win her happy victory, and then return with welcome into Rome, its life; and then acknowledge that no grander, nobler woman, was ever created by Shakspeare's art.⁴

Her one fault, her son tells us of, her scorn of the common folk. And as his character was moulded on hers, this fault he shared, but he wilfully greatened it, while his pride and self-love stopt his reaching the height of his mother's patriotism. "Flower of warriors," as he is, "his nature (on one side) too noble for this world," bravest of the brave, generous in his gifts, his pride—as well of person as of birth—flaws and ruins the jewel of his renown. Treated with ingratitude—base and outrageous though in his case it was—he

¹ When a friend of mine was in former days chaplain to a House of Mercy, he told me that what struck him most in the women under his charge was the entire absence of self-control. Every impulse of passion, of feeling good or bad, was yielded to on the instant; everything was sacrificed to it. This quality was no doubt checked in Cleopatra by a fox's cunning, a determination to win and keep admiration, a great love of self; but it was her most prominent characteristic.

² See the *Life of Coriolanus* reprinted in *Hazlitt*, I. iii. 257. Also see *Courtenay*, ii. 210. The text of the play was first printed in the Folio of 1623.

³ In fact, Cleopatra was a Greek, the daughter of Ptolemy Anketus by a lady of Pontus.

⁴ If she wants tenderness and charm, it is because her nature is strung in too high a tone for lower graces.

cannot put his country above himself. As Hotspur would third England, so Coriolanus would destroy Rome. His grip is on her throat when his wife Virgilia, mov'd by the gods, as Plutarch tells us, stirs his mother to appeal to him. They are joined by Valeria—

"The moon of Rome, chaste as the icicle
That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple,"—

and they visit the Volscian camp. Coriolanus thought he was above nature, that he could hear them unmoved. But mother, wife, and boy prevail. Coriolanus is himself again, and takes death, as he should, from the hand of his country's foe, while his dear ones, unlike Portia, Cordelia, live on in Rome. The ingratitude of the Roman citizens, the cursings of them by Coriolanus, prepare us for the bitterer curses of the next play of this Group.

TIMON OF ATHENS.—We change from Italy to Greece, from the Republic of Rome to the Republic of Athens. But from Rome in her early legendary days, unlit by the genius of poet or philosopher, to Athens in her palmiest historic time, sound with the glory of the greatest names in ancient literature and art—Socrates, Plato, Sophocles, and Aristophanes; Xenophon, Thucydides; Phidias: all these dwell, in Alcibiades's time, in Greece. But though the change in land, and light of memory, is great, the burden of Shakspeare's *Timon* is still the same as that of his *Coriolanus*, the ingratitude of men:¹—

'Blow, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Altho' thy breath be rude.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not."—*As You Like It*.

The curses of Coriolanus, Thersites, Lear, ring through the play, and no glorious figures of Volumnia, Cordelia, rise to relieve its gloom. Indeed, except the unnamed ladies who dance, harlots alone are the female characters of the play. One wishes it could be mov'd next to *Troilus and Cressida*, to which it is closely akin in temper, so that *Coriolanus*, with its forgiveness for wrongs, and not revenge, might be the transition play from the Third Period to the Fourth.² In *Timon* the only respect-worthy characters are Flavius, Flaminius, the first Stranger, and the Servant who calls Sempronius a villain. The play wants action and characterisation, and is unequal, even in Shakspeare's part. One does not wonder that he left it unfinished, and let its completer do what he liked with it.³ Other links besides its cursings, between it and *Coriolanus* are, Alcibiades taking revenge, by invasion, on Athens, as Coriolanus does on Rome; the Senators' ingratitude, and subsequent appeal for mercy, to the wronged invader, in each play. With *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Timon* is allied, by its story taken partly from Plutarch's *Life of Antony* (pp. 399-400, Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. iii.⁴), by the name Ventidius in both plays, by a certain gorgeousness of colour over the early part of *Timon*. Timon's gold-poison speech reminds us of Romeo's to the apothecary. The play-completer's Lucullus-talk in III. i., seems to me suggested by Shallow's in 2 *Henry IV.*, III. ii.

Shakspeare gives us his own account of his play in the Poet's description of Fortune

¹ The plays in which Shakspeare dwells specially on ingratitude are, in the First Period, *Richard II.* and *III.*; in the Second, 1 & 2 *Henry IV.*, *Henry V.*, *Twelfth-Night* (by Viola in III. iv.); in the Third, *Julius Cæsar*, *Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon*; in the Fourth, *The Tempest*, *Cymbeline*, *Henry VIII.*

² Yet *Timon* comes in the right place as the climax of the Third-Period temper, or at least some leading plays of it.

³ The spurious parts are (probably) part of I. i. 189-240, 258-273; certainly I. ii.; II. ii. 45-124; all III. except vi. 86-102; IV. ii. 30-51; iii. 292-357, 398-410, 452-538; V. i. 1-59; V. iv. (*New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, 130, 242).

⁴ Mr. Hazlitt also prints:—1. *Timon*, a play anterior to Shakspeare's (Part II.), but which he probably did not use; 2. *The Life of Timon*, from Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, 1566, vol. i., November 28 (Part I., iv. 395); 3. *Account of Timon*, from Sir Richard Burekley's *Felicity of Man*, 1598, (Part I., iv. 398). Another passage mentioning "Timon, surnamed Misanthropos," is in Plutarch's *Life of Alcibiades*, p. 296 of Skeat's *Shakspeare's Plutarch*.

waving Timon to her hill-set throne and then spurning him, on which all his dependants let him slip down, not one accompanying his declining foot.¹

Timon is like Lear in thinking he can buy love with gifts. His character is weak and vain, as we see by his foolish self-indulgence and ostentatious generosity; and his weakness is shown just as strongly by his after-rushing to the other extreme, hate of all men, women, and children, and his native land, because his own friends disappoint him. As Apemantus says:—

"This is in thee a nature but infected,
A poor unmanly melancholy sprung
From change of fortune."

And even if we take his own account of his former state and the change in him—

"Myself who had the world as my confectionary," &c. (Act IV., sc. iii.),

we see what a poor nature he must have had to be so affected by disappointment, how far short of Orlando's good sense and modesty, which would have taught him that he himself was the first person he ought to have cursed. He could not ask himself Volunnia's question, "Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs? Nor, as Apemantus said, had he ever known the middle of humanity, but only the extremity at both ends. Richardson, an old critic of the play, notices as characteristic of Timon, his weak love of distinction, the ostentatiousness of his liberality, his impatience of admonition, his liking of excessive applause; that his favours did no real good, only gratified men's passions or vanity; did not relieve the fatherless and widow, but poets, painters, great men, his own attendants; that his gifts were profuse, in order to get profuse praise for them; that he set too high a value on his gifts; that he got for them a due return; he thought he was acting from pure motives, but he wasn't, only from self-love; his friends felt this, and gave him back nothing in return. Then he weakly turns on all men; he makes sure that he has discovered the best, and that when they fail, all mankind are bad. Yet Shakspeare sympathises with Timon, as always with the sufferers, rather than with the practical Alcibiades, who takes the right means to revenge himself for his countrymen's ingratitude to him. "Apemantus (whose name means unharmed), why shouldst thou hate men?" asks Timon. He's the professional cynic, affecting to despise feasts and rich folk, yet really seeking and enjoying them. Though a despicable character, he yet utters truths, and most wholesome ones, and gives us a sound analysis of Timon's character. He's a kind of Third-Period Jaques. The play is clearly not all Shakspeare's. The two epitaphs in the play are both in Plutarch's *Antony*: the first, "A wretched corpse," as on the tomb, and made by Timon; the second, "Here lye I," as made by the poet Callimachus. May we not rightly put *Timon* and *Coriolanus* together as "the second Ingratitude and Cursing Group" of plays?

Before we deal with the Fourth-Period plays, let us cast a glance back over those of the Third Period which we have just considered. That Third Period opened in 1601, the year of the petted Essex's rebellion against Elizabeth; and we saw in *Julius Caesar*, not only Shakspeare's public lesson of political wisdom (as in his early Historical Plays) to his countrymen, but also his private feeling of that ingratitude, treachery, of the closest friend of his hero, that in his Third Period he so often repeated. We saw illustrated, in the suicide of the misjudging, yet noble, Brutus, and the insanity and suicide of his equally noble wife, the lesson of the Third Period, that (the generous are the victims of the designing, and that) for all misjudgment and crime comes death to the misjudger, the criminal,—if Brutus may be so called,—and the innocent woman whose life is bound up in his. In *Hamlet* we saw the bright and happy life of the young prince darkened by the lust and ingratitude of his mother, eclipsed by the revelation of his ungrateful uncle's foul murder of his father; while on him, more unfit than Brutus for his task, was laid the burden of revenge. We saw the many shirks from doing his duty of which Hamlet was guilty, and yet how at last, and as it

¹ In five earlier lines is a statement of extreme interest as to Shakspeare's own generous spirit in his work (Prof. Masson, in *The Reader*), so different from that of Greene, Marston, and the like:—

"My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice

Infects one comma in the course I hold;
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,
Leaving no track behind."

were under the pressure of that Providence that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will, the Danish prince in his own death carried out the task his father set him, and again proclaimed that for weakness, misjudgment, as well as crime, death is the penalty on the wrong-doer, while the sweet, weak Ophelia, who loved him, shared his fate. We then turned to *Measure for Measure*, and in this, the one so-called comedy of the Period, we had a moral of like kind preached: in the way you have sinned, in the same shall you be punished: atonement you shall make, not shirk. And though this play was called a comedy, we noticed the strong contrast of its gloom of lust and filth with the bright, health-giving, out-door air of all but the last of Shakspeare's second-time comedies. Yet above this lust and filth rose, radiating as a star, the figure of the "ensky'd and sainted" Isabella, God's handmaiden, who could not be unclean. *Othello* came next: and we were let for awhile—but oh, so short a one—to dwell on the sweet picture of the hero's winning, and wooing, and wearing his beautiful bride. But the treacherous, trusted friend, "honest Iago," the devil in man's shape, is soon at work, with his suggestion to Othello of that lust which overshadowed *Hamlet* and *Measure for Measure*, and chaos has come again; the noble and generous Moor is the easy victim of his "honest" friend; all Desdemona's beauty and touching tho' misjudging innocence, are turned into evidences of her guilt, and she, the pure and guiltless, lies stifled on her bridal bed by the husband who'd set his life upon her faith. Soon his own murderer's hand lets out his own life-blood: and again the terrible Third-Period lesson is enforced, for misjudgment, unreasoning jealousy, crime, death is the penalty: no time for repentance is allowed: the innocent must suffer with the guilty. *Macbeth* comes next. The powers of another world are called in to help forward the ruin of two human souls ready to fall. For the first time Shakspeare has unsexed the woman's nature he so reverenced and loved (Queen Margaret of 2 & 3 *Henry VI.* is not his), and has made ambition turn to gall, that mother's love, with whose self-forgetfulness and pathos Constance's heart-wrung utterances still fill our souls. For the first time he has turned—though here but for a while—a woman to a demon. The traitor couple murder their king and friend. The act would, they thought,—

"To all (their) nights and days to come,
Give solely sovereign sway and masterdom.

They'd "jump the life to come." Yet, as Macbeth feared, "We still have judgment here." And so they found it. One they were no longer. Sin kept them apart. Nights they had no longer. "Macbeth, sleep no more;" "You lack the season of all nature, sleep;" "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand." Days of sovereign sway they had not; neither joy, nor calm content:—

"Better be with the dead,
Whom we, to gain our peace, have sent to peace,
Than on the torture of the mind to lie
In restless ecstasy,"—

but judgment here: death, under the pangs of conscience, for his wife; death, from Macduff's sword, for Macbeth. In no play of the time is the lesson of the Third Period more directly preached than in *Macbeth*. The terrors and horrors of *Leear* follow. Two women are here unsexed, and far more terribly than in Lady Macbeth's case. The ghoul-like lust and fiendish cruelty and ingratitude of Goneril and Regan render them the most repulsive figures in all Shakspeare. By their side stand Edmund (a second Iago: what a contrast to the noble Bastard Falconbridge in *John I.*), and Cornwall almost as bad. Ingratitude of daughters, treachery of a son—driving fathers to despair, to madness, and to death—infidelity of a wife, plotting her husband's death, and poisoning her sister, to gratify her own lust, the heavens themselves joining in the wild storm of earthly passions, and witchcraft lending itself to enhance their terrors. But still there rises above the foul caldron of vice the gracious figure of Cordelia, who cannot lie; only, when the avenger comes, when judgment is given here, she, the innocent, lies dead among the guilty. *Troilus and Cressida* comes next, with the bitter, foul-mouthed Thersites as its expounder and philosopher. The great early poem of the history of the western world, still the delight of a Gladstone, is stripped of all its romance; and the Trojan War is shown in its bitterest, vilest reality, as a mere struggle for a harlot-wife, to gratify a cuckold-husband's revenge.

Every one is mean, every one acts from low motives. Ulysses is just a clever wire-puller, Ajax a bragging fool, Achilles a petty, spiteful chief, who doesn't even dare to meet his tired enemy alone. Hector prefers a childish notion of honour to right, and patriotism, and good sense. Cressid, so beautiful in Chancer's picture, is debased into a mere wanton. No light of nobleness is on the play except in the short reception of Hector by Nestor in the Grecian camp. The end of the war is not given; but Cassandra's voice tells us it is at hand. Lust and selfishness still prevail, and the noble misjudging Hector has judgment here,—

“ He's dead; and at the murderer's horse's tail,
In beastly sort, dragg'd thro' the shameful field.”

Antony and Cleopatra comes next, with its gorgeous Eastern colour, its most wonderful study of a woman that Shakspeare ever made. Yet lust and orgies are its theme, the ruin of the noble soul who so loved Caesar and reveng'd him. We saw how brilliantly he disproved Brutus's mean estimate of him; we heard the unstinted praise that his rival, Caesar's nephew, gave him for his daring, his generous sharing of all his soldiers' hardships; we saw him tear himself from the arms of the superb paramour who'd enthralld him, and wed that “piece of virtue” (Caesar), that “gem of women” (as he called her), noble Octavia, and we hoped that his redemption was nigh. But alas, the lift was but that his fall might be the greater. Again he betook himself to the poison of Cleopatra's charms, and under them lost all that men value most, judgment, honour, manliness, the courage that was his boast, and sank to a dishonour'd suicidal grave, the senseless victim of his paramour's deceit¹; while she, from dread of vulgar taunts, died—theatrically-vain and ease-seeking to the last—the gentlest death she could secure, that of asps' bites on her breast. *Coriolanus* follow'd. The noble, high-born warrior is ruin'd by class-pride. He cannot stoop to seek, at the hands of its givers, the honour that his noble mother has so long long'd-for for him, the honour that his brilliant deeds of arms for them, his fellow-citizens, have won. He was born to rule them, not to beg of them. And when, in their quick fit of ingratitude at his scorn—scorn almost as bitter as Thersites's—they turn on him, as they'd done before, from meaner motives on Brutus—the selfishness at the bottom of all aristocratic pride comes out, Coriolanus puts himself, his own desire of revenge for personal wrong, above his country, and joins her foes. Her life is already in his grasp, and he means to take it, when the splendid figure of his mother—the grand Volumnia, who loves honour and Rome above herself—kneels before him, and wife and boy help him to rise to his own true height, and forgive, not revenge. “Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?” a prelude of the coming Fourth Period. But, for his mistake, comes judgment here; Coriolanus dies by Volscian hands. His innocents are not involv'd with him. They live on in Rome. Lastly came *Timon*, with its weakly generous, misjudging hero, giving his all to those whom he thought friends, finding them all desert him in his hour of need, and then withdrawing, with curses on all mankind, to get out of the sight of his fellow-men. “I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.” And so he ends, “who, alive, all living men did hate.” He, too, has judgment here. The gloom of the play is relieved by no gracious female figure—two harlots, greedy for gold, are the only women introduced:—and the faithful steward alone is true. Now look at the mass of evil, of sacrifice of good to ill, of triumph of the base over the noble, that this Third Period represents. Admit gladly that over all the hell-broth of murder, lust, treachery, ingratitude, and crime, there rise the three radiant figures of Isabella, in her saintliness and purity; Cordelia, in her truth and daughter's love; Volumnia, in her devotion to honour and her country: think, too, of the one gleam of happy coming bridal between Isabella and the Duke. But look on the other side, at Caesar, Brutus, and the noble Portia dead; Hamlet and Ophelia dead too; likewise Othello, Desdemona and Emilia, Macbeth and his wife, Banquo, Macduff's wife and all his little ones, Lear, Cordelia and eyeless Gloucester, beside Regan, Goneril, Cornwall, Edmund, Hector's gory corpse, Antony self-slain, Cleopatra too, Coriolanus murder'd, Timon miserably dead. Think of the temper in which Shakspeare held the scourge of the avenger in his hand, in which he felt the baseness, calumny, and injustice of the world around him, in which he saw, as it were, the heavens as iron above him, and God as a blind and furious fate, cutting men off in their sins, involving the innocent with the guilty. Compare for a minute

¹ Antony runs on his own sword, Eros having first killed himself to avoid killing Antony.

your memories of Shakspeare's patriotic brilliant Second Period. Set the abounding, the overflowing happy life of that, against the bitterness, the world-weariness, of this terrible Third Period, and then decide for yourselves whether this change in Shakspeare was one of artist only¹, or, as I believe, one of man too; and whether many of the Sonnets do not help you to explain it, with that "hell of time" through which their writer passed:—

"For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you have passed a hell of time."—Sonnet 120, l. 6.

Then turn to the Fourth-Period plays, and note the change again of temper and of tone. True that they deal with treachery, ingratitude, breach of family-relations, misjudgment, weakness. But where is the avenger here? He is hardly seen. True that Cymbeline's queen in her guilt, despairing, dies. The fool Cloten is killed. The young Mamilus, under the burden of his base father's accusation of the boy's noble mother Hermione, droops and dies: the one innocent life lost. But in the main, the God of forgiveness and reconciliation has taken the avenger's place; repentance, not vengeance, is what he seeks. And of all the plays, death is not the end, but life. In three of them the happy bridal life of such sweet girls as Shakspeare never before drew, Marina, Miranda, Perdita; in one, the renewed married life of his queens of wifehood and womanhood, Imogen and Hermione; in one, the life of her who was to bring "peace, plenty, love, and truth"² to the England that, with all its faults, Shakspeare loved so well. You turn from the storm, the gloom, and the whirlwind of the Third Period, and see in the Fourth "a great peacefulness of light," a harmony of earth and heaven—sweet, fresh, English country scenes. And here, too, I see the change, not of artist only, but of man, of the nature of Shakspeare himself in his new life in his peaceful Stratford home.

The passage from Shakspeare's Third Period to his Fourth always reminds me of the change in Handel's *Israel in Egypt*, from the magnificent series of the choruses of the plagues—among them, chief, the gloom and darkness that might be felt, and the terrors of the oppressors' cries for the death of their first-born—to the glad, spring-like, sylvan strain, "But as for his people, he led them forth like sheep."³ (I hope all my readers know it.)

§ 13. PERICLES.—This play forms a fit opening for the Fourth Period, in its happy reuniting of the long-separated family, father, mother, and daughter (Shakspeare has now only two daughters, his son died in 1596), and in Pericles's flood of joy and gratitude at his finding wife and girl again, sweeping away all thought of his intended revenge on his wrongers, Dionyza and Cleon.⁴ *Pericles* is, like *Timon*, only partly from Shakspeare's hand. He wrote only the last three acts, less the prose brothel scenes and the Gower choruses in them.⁵ As you read through the dull beginning acts, you at once feel the change of hand when you come on the first words of Act III.: "Thou God of this great vast." You see the birth of Marina, the supposed death and casting into the sea of her mother Thaisa, the committal of the babe to Cleon's treacherous wife Dionyza, the betrayal of her trust by that harpy, and

¹ I do not admit as a sufficient answer, that which, of course, rises in one's mind, that the change from Comedy to Tragedy, and then to Romantic Drama, involved this change of tone and temper, independently of the author's own moods. I feel that Shakspeare's change of subject in his different Periods was made mainly because it suited his moods, the different ways in which, on the whole, from Period to Period, he looked on the world. Just contrast his Comedies of the First, Second, or Fourth Periods with those of his Third—*Measure for Measure* and *Troilus and Cressida* (if we so treat it); his Tragedy of the First Period—*Romeo and Juliet*—with those of his Third—*Hamlet*, *Timon*, &c.—and believe, if you can, that Shakspeare's mind and spirit were as full of hope and much at ease in the latter period as the earlier. Even the judicial Hallam admits the change in Shakspeare.

² Fletcher's words to Shakspeare's plan.

³ This air, like many others of Handel's, was a borrowed one.

⁴ Note in the Fourth Period the heathen divinities: Diana here, Juno, Ceres, &c., in *The Tempest*, Jupiter in *Cymbeline*, Apollo in *Winter's Tale*. Visions, dreams, oracles, prevail.

⁵ Mr. Tennyson first pointed out this to me one Sunday in December, 1873. The fact is certain. See the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, p. 252. On a question like this, one cannot accept any foreigner's opinion as of weight. He cannot judge on it like an Englishman can, tho' on other as important points he may lead us, and has led us.

her persuading Leonine to murder Marina simply because she was more beautiful than her own daughter. Then we see Marina rescued, but see, too, the despair of Pericles on hearing of her (supposed) death, his three months' silence, and then his recovery under his daughter's earnest pleas:—

"Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech."

And then his great "sea of joys" rushing upon him when he is convinced of her existence; then, his first thoughts of vengeance postponed, his visit to the Temple of Diana at Ephesus, the high-priestess, his wife Thaisa, recognising him, and thus finding husband and daughter at once. "*Per.* Ye gods, your present kindness makes my past misery," &c. Thenceforth he thinks only of their daughter's marriage; vengeance is forgotten in his joy. Shakspeare's motive in taking up the story was surely this reunion of father, mother, and daughter, and not the early part, of Apollonius of Tyre's incest with his child, which Chaucer reproacht Gower for telling. Still, he may have meant to show us Marina by her purity and virgin presence disarming the lust of men, thus giving us in her a Fourth-Period representative of the glorious Third-Period Isabella. Gower's version of the ancient legend was re-told in two prose forms in Shakspeare's day¹, and an expression or two in the 1608 one, "poor inch of nature," &c., looks like Shakspeare, and as if borrowed from a different version of the play to that which we now have. (See Mr. Collier's Introduction in *Hazlitt*, Part I., vol. iv., p. 240, &c.) One passage in *Pericles* has for me a personal interest as regards Shakspeare. Seeing with what contempt he treated the apothecaries in the *Errors* and *Romeo and Juliet*, and how little notice he took of the Doctor in *Macbeth*, we are struck with the very different character he gives to the noble, scientific, and generous Cerymon here. He is a man working for the good of all, the kind of man that Bacon would have desired for a friend. And recollecting that the date of this play is probably 1608 (or 1607), I cannot help believing that Cerymon represents to some extent the famous Stratford physician², Doctor John Hall, who, on June 5, 1607, married Shakspeare's eldest daughter Susanna. The great growth in power shown in the contrast between the scenes of family reunion in *Pericles* and *The Comedy of Errors*, between Shakspeare's Fourth Period and his First, I have alluded to above, p. xxii. *Pericles* appeared in Quarto in 1609 (twice), 1611, 1619, 1630, 1635, and was printed from the sixth or 1635 Quarto in the second issue of the third Folio of Shakspeare's Plays, 1664, with six other fresh plays, all spurious.

THE TEMPEST.—We turn from the southern to the northern shore of the Mediterranean, from Tyre, where Pericles was Prince, to Naples, where Alonso was King, to Milan, of which Prospero was Duke. We change from Ephesus, where cruel Dionyza plotted her friend's child's death, to the fair island in the Mediterranean, the creation of Shakspeare's brain³, where Prospero saved his foe's child's life. But though the scene is changed, the Fourth-Period spirit of the Poet is the same. Volunnia's "Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man still to remember wrongs?" is still the burden of the play; the reunion of separated members of a family, the reconciliation of foes, are still its subject, and forgiveness, not revenge, its lesson:—

"The rarer action is
In virtue, than in vengeance: they, being
penitent,

The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther,"—V. i.

Surely we may with justice stretch Gonzalo's sentiment that we have found "all of us

¹ *The Patterne of Painfull Adventures*, by Lawrence Twine, 1576 (in 1 *Hazlitt*, iv., with Gower's *Apollonius of Tyre*), and a later tract by George Wilkins, whose title-page alludes to Shakspeare's play, "*The Painfull Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, being The True History of the Play of Pericles*, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower" 1608. Wilkins' tract has been reprinted in Germany. Mr. Hazlitt gives its "Argument of the whole Historie," and list of "Names of the Personages," I. iv. 243-7. The Life of Pericles of Athens, from North's *Plutarch*, was inadvertently put by Mr. Hazlitt into his collection. There is no like life of Pericles of Tyre.

² See his "*Curæ Performed upon very Eminent Persons in Desperate Diseases*, put into English by James Cooke," and publisht in 1657. On p. 52 is his treatment of the "greivous cough" of Mr. (George) Queeny, the youngest brother of his brother-in-law, Thomas Quiney, husband of Judith Shakspeare. George Queeny was buried 11th April, 1624.

³ No original of his story is known.

ourselves" further than perhaps Shakspeare's use of the words will bear, and thus claim that the truth uttered in them is "when we are not our own alone, when we are emptied of self, when we are most helpful to others, then alone do we find our (true) selves." No play brings out more clearly than *The Tempest* the Fourth-Period spirit; and Miranda evidently belongs to that time; she and her fellow, Perdita, being idealisations of the sweet country maidens whom Shakspeare would see about him in his renewed family life at Stratford. Of them what better can be said than my friend Mr. Phillpots has said of Miranda, in his Rugby school edition of *The Tempest*. Differ tho' they do, each is a phantom of delight, the realisation of Wordsworth's lines:—

"Hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willows bend;
Nor shall she fail to see,
E'en in the motions of the storm,"

Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face."

Turn back to the First-Period *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, and compare with its Stratford girls, stained with the tempers and vulgarities of their day, these Fourth-Period creations of pure beauty and refinement, all earth's loveliness filled with all angels' grace; and recognise what Shakspeare's growth has been. (Note too that in all the first four Fourth-Period plays are lost daughters or sons. Compare also Shakspeare on his art in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *The Tempest*.)

The general consent of critics and readers identifies Shakspeare, in the ripeness and calmness of his art and power, more with Prospero than with any other of his characters; just as the like consent identifies him, in his restless and unsettled state, in his style of less perfect art, with Hamlet.

When we compare Prospero's

"We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep,"

with all the questionings and fears about the future life that perplex and terrified Hamlet and Claudio, we may see what progress Shakspeare has himself made in soul. The links of this play with *Pericles* are the opening storm in each, Thaisa and Marina thought drowned or dead, and yet restored to Pericles; Ferdinand, and Prospero, and Miranda thought drowned, and yet restored to Alonso; revenge forgotten by Pericles in the fulness of his joy, revenge overcome in Prospero by his willingness to forgive. With earlier plays we can hardly help comparing the faithful, cheery Gonzalo who provides Prospero and Miranda in their danger with clothes, and food, and books, with the faithful Kent, and Gloster who provides Lear with a room and a litter to drive towards Dover. Caliban is hinted at in *Troilus* (Act III., sc. iii., line 264), while Prospero's speech to Miranda about the zenith and the star, is like Brutus's on the tide in the affairs of men. In his inattention to his government, Prospero is like the Duke in *Measure for Measure*. With *Hamlet* we have the likenesses of Antonio getting rid of Prospero and seizing his crown, to Claudius's murder of Hamlet's father and taking his crown; and Prospero's warning to Ferdinand that "the strongest oaths are straw to the fire in the blood" like Polonius's to Ophelia of the blazes when the blood burns, giving more light than heat. But Prospero, unlike Hamlet, has been taught by the discipline of his island life, and as soon as fortune gives him his first chance, he acts, and obtains his end. As a fairyland play, the links of *The Tempest* with *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are strong. But now it is no longer as in Shakspeare's youth, that men and women are toys for fairies' whims to play with; in his age the poet uses his magic to wield the fairy-world and the powers of nature for the highest possible end—the winning back to good, of human souls given over to evil. Contrast, too, for a moment, Oberon's care for the lovers in the *Dream*, with the beautiful, tender feeling of Prospero for Miranda and Ferdinand here. He stands above them almost as a god, yet sharing their feelings and blessing them. Note, too, how his tenderness for Miranda revives in his words, "The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance," the lovely fancy of his youth, her "two blue

windows faintly she upheaveth" (*Venus and Adonis*, line 482). He has seized in Miranda, as in Perdita, on the new type of sweet country-girl unspoiled by town devices, and glorified it into a being fit for an angels' world. And as he links earth to heaven with Miranda, so he links earth to hell with Caliban. In Caliban, too, and Gonzalo's ideal commonwealth¹ he no doubt gave utterance to the thoughts which the beginning of the newly-founded colonial empire of England raised in him, and from the tracts about which in 1610 on the Bermudas and Virginia, he took the storm and the much-vexed Bermoothes. The play preserves the unities of time and place as well as that of action, to which alone Shakspeare generally attends. The unity of time required that the play should take in acting the same time as the events that occasion it; and the action of *The Tempest* is comprised within three or four hours. The unity of place required that the different scenes should be reachable by the characters in the same time, and here the only distance to be travelled is from the sea-shore to Prospero's cell. As in *Pericles* and *The Tempest*, the forgiveness is wholly on the men's part—Pericles' and Prospero's—I propose to put these two plays together as the first Group of the Fourth Period. *The Tempest* was first printed in the Folio of 1623.

CYMBELINE.—If with *The Tempest* Shakspeare meant to break his magician's wand, to bury it "certain fathoms in the earth, and deeper than did ever plummet sound" drown his book (Act V., sc. i., lines 54-7), he happily for the world altered his mind. From his enchanted island in the Mediterranean and its wise ruler self-controll'd, he pass'd to Britain, and its king, the slave of unreasoning passions. Yet it was not Lear's savage island, but a half-civilised, Romanised one. Still, like *Lear*, *Cymbeline* is a racc-play, a Keltic one²; quick, unreasoning passion is yielded to by every leading character, by Cymbeline when he believes two villains' oaths against Belarius, and banishes him; when workt on by his beautiful, flattering wife's revenge against Posthumus, he banishes him and almost curses his daughter Imogen; when under the influence of the same wife's ambition he refuses to pay Cesar's tribute; when he at first yields to his impulse to avenge Cloten's murder, and dooms his son Guiderius to death; by his Queen, in her revenge on Posthumus, and Imogen, and her own death; by Posthumus in his direction to kill Imogen; by Imogen in her impetuous love for Posthumus, her pretty impatience to fly to Milford-Haven, her wish for death; and by Belarius in his revenge of stealing Cymbeline's sons. With the story of British legend Shakspeare wove one of those Italian novels he had so often used³ before, in which the quick resource and turns of Iachimo (equal Iago) are like those of Proteus and the Duke in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. It would seem as if after the effort of originality in *The Tempest*, as before in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, he fell back on other men's inventions. Here, too, we may say partly his own, for in *Cymbeline*, *Lear*, *Othello*, &c., are freely used. Yet that it is a ripe play in thought, the lines—

"Reverence, that angel of the world."

"Those that I reverence, those I fear,

The wise"—

are enough to show, even if the metrical structure, the number of three syllables in one measure, did not coincide with its lateness in purpose and character. The Fourth-Period doctrine, of repentance for sin, and sin's forgiveness, is the burden here; pardon's the word for all. The Italian story is from Boccaccio. Imogen is Madonna Zinevra; Bernardo Lomelin is Posthumus, and offers the wager, Ambrogiuolo da Piacenza (for Iachimo) accepts it, and by bribing a woman friend of the wife's gets into her bed-chamber in a chest, comes out when she's asleep, notes the furniture, &c., and the mole beneath her left breast, with some six little hairs as bright as gold round it, and with this convinces the hesitating husband, who writes to his wife to come to him, and charges his servant to kill her on the road. The man lets her off, she assumes male dress, at last exposes Ambrogiuolo, and tortures him to death, but forgives her husband. The story is also in the old French *Roman de la Violette*, and *Le Compte de Poitiers*, in the old French mystery play, *Un Miracle de Notre Dame*, and in the English *Westward for Smells* (1620), probably not used by

¹ Taken from Florio's english *Montaigne's Essays*, 1603, extract in 1 *Hazlitt*, Pt. II., iv. 7, with the *Search for the Island of Lampedusa*, from Harrington's *Arionto*, canto xli., A.D. 1591, *ib.* pp. 3-6.

² See Mr. Hales's paper on *Lear* in *The Fortnightly Review*, for 1874 (?).

Shakspeare.¹ The links of *Cymbeline* are strongest with *Winter's Tale*, and will be noticed in the comment on that play.² As in *The Tempest*, we have the vices of the court and the virtues of the country contrasted. As in *Lear*, we have the weak and passionate king, cruelly unjust to his noble daughter. The picture in Imogen's room is that of Cleopatra on the Cydnus, so gorgeously painted in Shakspeare's play. With *Othello*, driven to jealous fury by Iago, we compare Posthumus in like case by Iachimo. With Imogen's—

"Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition, so divine, that cravens
My weak hand"—

we compare Hamlet's—

"Oh, that the Everlasting had not fixt
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter."

With Belarius's account of country life and town we compare the Duke's in *As You Like It*, and with the description of how Imogen is to act the man, the like passages in *As You Like It*, *The Merchant*, and *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*. The lovely picture of Imogen in bed takes us back to that of Lucrece; and the separation of Imogen and Posthumus to come together again, as she thinks, at Milford-Haven, or at any rate her impatience to join her husband, may be contrasted with Juliet's passionate desire to have Romeo in her arms. As *Cymbeline* is mainly a fool, and his Queen altogether a villain, we turn to the hero and heroine of the play, Posthumus and Imogen. And although the accounts of the Gentleman in the first scene, and Iachimo in the fifth, lead us to expect a perfect character, yet Posthumus shows himself, as he says, "a most credulous fool," sooner convinced than Othello, unable to see how poor the evidence of his wife's guilt is, till Philario shows him. He has none of Othello's noble wrath against his tempter, during the temptation scene; and his abuse of all women on his false and groundless suspicion of one is mean. But his repentance is as full, as his sin has been great. Once and again he desires death for Imogen. He feels that nothing is too great to carry out his atonement for his sin against her. We wish we could have been spared his striking of his page-wife to the ground, but it was because he thought she scorned herself; forgiven, he forgives, and teaches *Cymbeline* to forgive too. Imogen is one of those characters whom it is impertinence to praise. With all Juliet's impetuous affection and wealth of fancy—

"E'er I could
Give him that parting kiss which I had set
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,

And like the tyrannous breathing of the North
Shakes all our buds from growing,"—

she is nobler, wiser far. To judge of her height above Posthumus, compare her receiving of Iachimo's assertions of Posthumus's infidelity, with Posthumus's receiving of those against her. Note her noble indignation against Iachimo's base proposals to her, in which the princess as well as the wife speaks. Then the clever turn of Iachimo, and his instant pacifying of her by his praise of her husband. Passionate though her nature is, Posthumus yet bears witness to her restraint of him.³ Her love for him again breaks out in her defence of him against Cloten's abuse; and great is the unconscious pathos of her words on her lost bracelet:—

"I hope it be not gone to tell my lord
That I kiss aught but he."

Her husband's consciousness of her love is shown in his letter to her, like Antonio's to Bassanio in *The Merchant*—"What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow." She calls for a "horse with wings," she who, like Chaucer's Canterbury pilgrims, can

¹ Holinshed has but little about *Cymbeline* that Shakspeare uses. Hazlitt prints an extract, tho' without the names of the king's sons, and the payment of the Roman tribute, in his *Shakspeare's Library*, Pt. I., vol. ii., pp. 194-6. See also Courtenay's *Commentaries*, vol. ii. Hazlitt likewise prints, I. ii. 179-193, abstracts of the French *Violette*, *Compte de Poitiers*, and *Miracle* stories, and of Boccaccio's Tale of Bernabo Lomellia of Genoa.

² Two of the links with *Pericles* are that *Cymbeline*'s Queen is like Dionysa, and that *Pericles* and Posthumus both have visions, while asleep, of the way out of their difficulties. (*Mulier*, from *mollis aer*, is from Caxton's *Game of the Cheese*.—E. Scott.)

³ Compare this with Othello's like words on Desdemona.

only ride of miles "one score 'twixt sun and sun." Then when, instead of clasping her husband in her arms, she hears his slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword, her pathetic answer, "False to his bed! what is it to be false?" (like Sonnet 61), prepares us for her willingness, like Viola's, that her master's bidding should be done, and her life given up to his base wish. Then comes her meeting with her unknown brothers, her death, like Juliet's, for a time, and the song so little adapted to Euripile but so fit for her, and in part for Shakspeare himself, that her brothers sing over her supposed corpse. But she rises again, not like Juliet to sink into the grave, but to re-live her life more truly than before, the queen, the life, the wife, of the husband she has lifted to herself, the daughter of the father of whose comfort she was great part, the sister of the brothers to whom she had been as the sweet smell of eglantine.¹

WINTER'S TALE.—We turn from our murky Britain again to sunlit Sicily and the Mediterranean, and though Mamilius tells us that—

"A sad tale's best for winter,"

yet, notwithstanding all Hermione's suffering, and the death of her gallant boy, who used to frighten her with goblin stories, we can't call Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* sad. It is so fragrant with Perdita and her primroses and violets, so happy in the reunion and reconciliation of her and her father and mother, so bright with the sunshine of her and of Florizel's young love, and the merry roguery of that scamp Autolycus, that none of us can think of *The Winter's Tale* as a "sad tale" or play.

The last complete play of Shakspeare's as it is, the golden glow of the sunset of his genius is over it, the sweet country air all through it; and of few, if any of his plays, is there a pleasanter picture in the memory than of *Winter's Tale*. As long as men can think, shall Perdita brighten and sweeten, Hermione ennoble, men's minds and lives. How happily, too, it brings Shakspeare before us, mixing with his Stratford neighbours at their sheep-shearing and country sports, enjoying the vagabond pedlar's gammon and talk, delighting in the sweet Warwickshire maidens, and buying them "fairings," telling goblin stories to the boys, "There was a man dwelt by a churchyard²,"—opening his heart afresh to all the innocent mirth, and the beauty of nature around him. He borrowed the improbable story of his play from a popular tale by his old abuser Greene, *Pandosto*³ (or *Dorastus* and *Fawnia*—who is Perdita), of which the first edition in 1588 was followed by thirteen others, and which puts the inland Bohemia on the sea-shore, as Shakspeare does. This tale contains no original of Paulina and Autolycus, or the reconciliation of Leontes and Hermione⁴; the shepherd's wife's name is Mopsa; the queen dies on hearing of the death of her son. Shakspeare changes Bohemia for Sicily, and *vice versa*. We must accept the medley and anachronisms of this play, as Hudson says, "making Whitsun pastorals, Christian burial, Giulio Romano, the Emperor of Russia, and Puritans singing psalms to hornpipes, all contemporary with the oracle of Delphi." "It is a winter's tale, an old tale," and one must not object to confusions in it. It is Greene's tale, informed by a new spirit, instinct with a new life. The play is late in metre, in feeling, in purpose. It has no five-measure ryme in the dialogue, its end-stopt lines are only one in 2·12, its double-endings are as many as one in 2·85; it has passages in Shakspeare's latest budding style, "What you do, still betters what is done," &c. Its purpose, its lesson, are to teach forgiveness of wrongs, not vengeance for them; to give the sinner time to repent and amend, not to cut him off in his sin; to frustrate the crimes he has purposed. And as in *Pericles*, father and lost daughter, and wife and

¹ The play was first printed in the Folio of 1623. The vision must, one would think, have been written by some one else than Shakspeare.

² Who will finish it for us?

³ Reprinted in Hazlitt's *Shakspeare's Library*, Part I., vol. iv., pp. 18-83. Mr. Hazlitt suggests that Shakspeare had also an eye to Gascoigne's englisht "*Phœnissæ*" of Euripides, presented at Gray's Inn in 1566, and printed in Gascoigne's *Works*, 1573, 1575, 1587, (ed. Hazlitt, 1869-70); and that for the character of Autolycus he may have recollected the amusing pedlar in the curious *Book of Dives Pragmaticus*, 1563 (reprinted in Mr. H. Huth's *Fugitive Tracts*, 1875), who sold everything then known under the sun. Dr. Simon Forman saw *Winter's Tale* performed at the Globe on May 15, 1611, as we have noted above, p. xiii.

⁴ And none of Antigonus or the shepherd's son.

mother thought dead, meet again; as in *Cymbeline*, father and injured daughter meet again, she forgiving her wrongs; as there, too, friends meet again, the injured friend forgiving his wrongs, so here do lost daughter, injured daughter and injuring father, meet, he being forgiven; so injured friend forgiving, meets injuring friend forgiven; while above all rises the figure of the noble, long-suffering wife Hermione, forgiving the base though now repentant husband who had so cruelly injured her. She links this play to Shakspeare's last fragment *Henry VIII.*, and makes us believe that this twice-repeated reunion of husband and wife, in their daughter, late in life, this twice-repeated forgiveness of sinning husbands by sinned-against wives, have somewhat to do with Shakspeare's reunion with his wife, and his renewed family life at Stratford. The Fourth-Period melody is heard all through the play. We see, too, in *The Winter's Tale* the contrast between court and country, that *The Tempest* and *Cymbeline* showed us. Plenty of other links there are, of which we will note only two: First, one like the sword line at the end of *Lear* and *Othello*, "Slander, whose sting is sharper than the sword's" (*Winter's Tale*, II. iii. 85); "Slander, whose edge is sharper than the sword" (*Cymbeline*, III. iv. 35); and second, the clown's clothes making the gentleman-born in *Winter's Tale*, and Cloten's "Know'st thou me not by my clothes?"¹. In *The Tempest* we have a storm as here, while our play is linked to *Othello* by the king's monomaniacal jealousy being like Othello's, though here it is self-suggested, not from without by an Iago. Paulina here is a truer Emilia: she steals no handkerchief; but the ladies are alike in their love for their mistresses, and in their violent indignation, so well-deserved, against their masters. The pretty picture of the two kings' early friendship, which reminds us of those of Celia and Rosalind in *As You Like It*, and of *Hermia* and *Helena* in the *Dream*,² is soon broken down by the monomania of Leontes's jealousy, and the disgracefulness of his talking to his boy Mamilius about his wife's supposed adultery. His attempt to get Camillo to poison Polixenes is more direct than even John's with Hubert to murder Arthur, Richard's with Tyrrel to strangle the innocents, Henry the Fourth's with Exton to clear Richard the Second from his path. His sending his guiltless daughter to her death, and his insistence on his wife's guilt and trial, are almost madness too. But his repentance, like Posthumus's, comes at last, and is, we hope, as real. At any rate, he gets the benefit of Shakspeare's Fourth-Period mood, which has restored to him the wife and daughter whom he never deserved. Hermione is, I suppose, the most magnanimous and noble of Shakspeare's women; without a fault, she suffers, and for sixteen years, as if for the greatest fault. If we contrast her noble defence of herself against the shameless imputation on her honour, with the conduct of earlier women in like case, the faltering words and swoon of Hero, the few ill-starred sentences of Desdemona, saying just what would worst influence her husband's wrath, the pathetic appeal and yet submission of Imogen, we see how splendidly Shakspeare has developed in his last great creation. And when Camillo's happy suggestion that Florizel should take Perdita to Sicily and Leontes has borne fruit, and Shakspeare,—forced to narrative, as in the news of Lear to Cordelia,—unites father and daughter, and then brings both into union before us with the mother thought so long a corpse and still a stone, the climax of pathos and delight is reached: art can no farther go. Combined with this noble, suffering figure of Hermione, and her long-sundered married life, is the sweet picture of Perdita's and Florizel's love and happy future. Shakspeare shows us more of Perdita than of Miranda; and heavenly as the innocence of Miranda was, we yet feel that Perdita comes to us with a sweeter, more earth-like charm, though not less endowed with all that is pure and holy, than her sister of the imaginary Mediterranean isle. On these two sweet English girls, bright with the radiance of youth and love, the mind delights to linger, and does so with happiness, while sadness haunts the recollection of Shakspeare's first great girl-figure Juliet, beautiful in different kind.

Not only do we see Shakspeare's freshness of spirit in his production of Perdita, but also in his creation of Autolycus. That, at the close of his dramatic life, after all the troubles he had passed through, Shakspeare had yet the youngness of heart to bubble out into this merry rogue, the incarnation of fun and rascality, and let him sail off successful and unharmed, is wonderful. And that there is no diminution of his former comic power is shown, too, in his

¹ A husband's baseless disbelief in the virtue of a pure and noble wife is the turning-point of both *Cymbeline* and *Winter's Tale*.

² Note the likeness of Hermione's "how pretence of love will manage wives," to that of Luciana in the *Errors*.

clown, who wants but something to be a reasonable man. With this play we close the genuine dramas of Shakspeare, and have now only two to deal with, of which he wrote parts, and of which his loose sheets must have been handed to another man to complete and revise, as in the case of *Timon*.

HENRY VIII. —That this is a play of Shakspeare's latest style is evident to any one who really knows the characteristics of that style; the outward marks show it, no less than the inward spirit. The frequent occurrence of the weak-ending¹, which alone appears in any numbers in the late plays, the many run-on and extra-syllable lines, the easy conversational flow of parts of the dialogue, the difference between the rhetorical speeches here and in early historical plays, like *John*, are all evidences of Shakspeare's latest style. While in characters, Queen Katharine and her unjust husband are the match of Hermione and hers of *The Winter's Tale*. To wrench Katharine from Shakspeare's last time to his early second, as Mr. Swinburne would do, is like putting autumn fruit on a tree in spring.

The only excuse for the folly of making *Henry VIII.* a Second-Period play, is the weakness of many parts of that play; but it is abundantly clear that these weak passages, and the disappointing effect of the whole play, are due to Fletcher², and not to Shakspeare. The great authority on this question is my friend Mr. James Spedding, the able editor of *Bacon*. The suggestion of the view supported by him with so much ability was made to him by Mr. Tennyson; it has been confirmed by Mr. Browning, and supported by such able critics as Professor Ingram and Professor Dowden. On the general question, Mr. Spedding observes:—"The effect of this play as a whole is weak and disappointing. The truth is that the interest, instead of rising towards the end, falls away utterly, and leaves us in the last

¹ Professor Ingram, of Trinity College, Dublin, has a paper on the weak- and light-endings in Shakspeare in the *New Shakspeare Soc.'s Trans.*, 1874. The 17 weak-endings are "and, as, at, but (= *l. sed.* and = *accept.*), by, for (*prep.* and *conj.*), from, if (except in "as if"), in, of, on, nor, or, than, that (*rel.* and *conj.*), to, with." The 54 light-endings are "am, are, art, be, been, but (=only), can, could, did,¹ do,¹ does,¹ doth,¹ ere, had,¹ has,¹ hath,¹ have,¹ he, how,² I, into, is, it, like, may, might, shall, shalt, she, should, since, so (as),³ such (as), they, thou, though, through, till, upon, was, we, were, what,² when,² where,² which, while, whilst, who,² whom,² why,² will, would, yet (-*tamen*), you." [¹ Only when auxiliaries. ² When not directly interrogative. ³ And so = if only.] Here is an extract from Professor Ingram's table of these endings in the late plays, whose order alone they help to settle:—

	No. of light-endings.	No. of weak-endings.	No. of Verse lines in play.	Percentage of light-endings.	Percentage of weak-endings.	Percentage of both together.
Macbeth	21	2				
Timon	14	?	1112	1.26	?	?
Antony and Cleopatra	71	28	2803	2.53	1.00	3.53
Coriolanus	60	44	2563	2.34	1.71	4.05
Pericles (Shakspeare part)	20	10	719	2.78	1.39	4.17
Tempest	42	25	1460	2.88	1.71	4.59
Cymbeline	78	52	2692	2.90	1.93	4.83
Winter's Tale	57	43	1825	3.12	2.36	5.48
Two Noble Kinsmen (non-Fletcher part)	50	34	1378	3.63	2.47	6.10
Henry VIII. (Sh.'s part)	45	37	1146	3.93	3.23	7.16

² Mr. Swinburne's assertion that the Fletcher part of the play contained none of that author's characteristic final treble endings was so odd a blunder—like saying that there was no z in the alphabet—that I supposed it was an oversight, and pointed it out, with the evidence for its correction, in *The Academy* of January 8, 1876. But as Mr. Swinburne, instead of acknowledging his blunder, defended it, and said the triple endings were double ones, I had to quote in *The Academy* of January 29, 1876, all the instances in Shakspeare and Milton for the use of one he had brought forward, *ignorance*; and they of course showed that Shakspeare used the word 24 times as a trisyllable to 4 times as a dissyllable, while Milton used it always as a trisyllable, and had himself by anticipation answered Mr. Swinburne's assertion, saying, by his last use of it, that it was not a dissyllable, "Though so | esteemd | by shal | low ig | norance i." (*Comus*, 514.) I believe that the student will be able to match, out of the Fletcher part of *Henry VIII.*, nearly every metrical characteristic of that author, of which examples are given by Darley in his Preface to Beaumont and Fletcher's Works. Instances of the heavy 11th syllable I pointed out in my first *Academy* letter. See also my later *Academy* letters, June 26, July 10, 1880, and *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1881.

act among persons whom we scarcely know, and events for which we do not care. The strongest sympathies which have been awakened in us run opposite to the course of the action. Our sympathy is for the grief and goodness of Queen Katharine, while the course of the action requires us to entertain as a theme of joy and compensatory satisfaction the coronation of Anne Bullen and the birth of her daughter; which are in fact a part of Katharine's injury, and amount to little less than the ultimate triumph of wrong. For throughout, the king's cause is not only felt by us, but represented to us, as a bad one. We *hear*, indeed, of conscientious scruples as to the legality of his first marriage; but we are not made, nor indeed asked, to believe that they are sincere, or to recognise in his new marriage either the hand of Providence, or the consummation of any worthy object, or the victory of any of those more common frailties of humanity with which we can sympathise. The mere caprice of passion drives the king into the commission of what seems a great iniquity; our compassion for the victim of it is elaborately excited; no attempt is made to awaken any counter-sympathy for *him*; yet his passion has its way, and is crowned with all felicity, present and to come. The effect is much like that which would have been produced by *The Winter's Tale* if Hermione had died in the fourth Act in consequence of the jealous tyranny of Leontes, and the play had ended with the coronation of a new queen and the christening of a new heir, no period of remorse intervening. It is as if Nathan's rebuke to David had ended, not with the doom of death to the child just born, but with a prophetic promise of the felicities of Solomon.

"This main defect is sufficient of itself to mar the effect of the play as a whole. But there is another, which though less vital is not less unaccountable. The greater part of the fifth Act, in which the interest ought to be gathering to a head, is occupied with matters in which we have not been prepared to take any interest by what went before, and on which no interest is reflected by what comes after. The scenes in the gallery and council-chamber, though full of life and vigour, and, in point of execution, not unworthy of Shakspeare, are utterly irrelevant to the business of the play; for what have we to do with the quarrel between Gardiner and Crommer? Nothing in the play is explained by it, nothing depends upon it. It is used only (so far as the argument is concerned) as a preface for introducing Crommer as godfather to Queen Elizabeth, which might have been done as a matter of course without any preface at all. The scenes themselves are indeed both picturesque and characteristic and historical, and might probably have been introduced with excellent effect into a dramatised life of Henry VIII. But historically they do not belong to the place where they are introduced here, and poetically they have in this place no value, but the reverse.

"With the fate of Wolsey, again, in whom our second interest centres, the business of this last Act does not connect itself any more than with that of Queen Katharine. The fate of Wolsey would have made a noble subject for a tragedy in itself, and might very well have been combined with the tragedy of Katharine; but, as an introduction to the festive solemnity with which the play concludes, the one seems to be as inappropriate as the other.

"I know no other play in Shakspeare which is chargeable with a fault like this, none in which the moral sympathy of the spectator is not carried along with the main current of action to the end. In all the historical tragedies a Providence may be seen presiding over the development of events, as just and relentless as the fate in a Greek tragedy. Even in *Henry IV.*, where the comic element predominates, we are never allowed to exult in the success of the wrong-doer, or to forget the penalties which are due to guilt. And if it be true that in the romantic comedies our moral sense does sometimes suffer a passing shock, it is never owing to an error in the general design, but always to some incongruous circumstance in the original story which has lain in the way and not been entirely got rid of, and which after all offends us rather as an incident improbable in itself than as one for which our sympathy is unjustly demanded. The singularity of *Henry VIII.* is that, while four-fifths of the play are occupied in matters which are to make us incapable of mirth,—

'Be sad, as we would make you: think ye see
The very persons of our history
As they were living; think you see them great,
And followed with the general throng and sweat

Of thousand friends: then in a moment see
How soon this mightiness meets misery!
And if you can be merry then, I'll say
A man may weep upon his wedding day,—

the remaining fifth is devoted entirely to joy and triumph, and ends with a scene of universal festivity:—

‘This day let no man think
He has business at his house; for all shall stay :
This little one shall make it holiday.’

“Of this strange inconsistency, or at least of a certain poorness in the general effect which is amply accounted for by such inconsistency, I had for some time been vaguely conscious ; and I had also heard it casually remarked by a man of first-rate judgment on such a point [Tennyson] that many passages in *Henry VIII.* were very much in the manner of *Fletcher* ; when I happened to take up a book of extracts, and opened by chance on the following beautiful lines :—

‘Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it !
Ye have angels’ faces, / but heaven knows your
 hearts.
What will become of me now wretched lady ?
I am the most unhappy woman living.
Alas ! poor wenches, where are now your
 for|tunes ?

Shipwrecked upon a kingdom, where no pit|y,
No friends, no hope ; no kindred weep for me,
Almost no grave allowed me :—Like the lil|y,
That once was mistress of the field and
 flour|ish’d,
I’ll hang my head and per|ish.’

“Was it possible to believe that these lines were written by Shakspeare ? I had often amused myself with attempting to trace the gradual change of his versification from the simple monotonous cadence of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, to the careless felicities of *The Winter’s Tale* and *Cymbeline*, of which it seemed as impossible to analyse the law, as not to feel the melody ; but I could find no stage in that progress to which it seemed possible to refer these lines. I determined upon this to read the play through with an eye to this especial point, and see whether any solution of the mystery would present itself. The result of my examination was a clear conviction that at least two different hands had been employed in the composition of *Henry VIII.* ; if not three ; and that they had worked, not together, but alternately upon distinct portions of it.

“This is a conclusion which cannot of course be established by detached extracts, which in questions of style are doubtful evidence at best. The only satisfactory evidence upon which it can be determined whether a given scene was or was not by Shakspeare, is to be found in the general effect produced on the mind, the ear, and the feelings by a free and broad perusal ; and if any of your readers care to follow me in this inquiry, I would ask him to do as I did—that is, to read the whole play straight through, with an eye open to notice the larger differences of effect, but without staying to examine small points. The effect of my own experiment was as follows :—

“The opening of the play—the conversation between Buckingham, Norfolk, and Abergavenny—seemed to have the full stamp of Shakspeare, in his latest manner : the same close-packed expression ; the same life, and reality, and freshness ; the same rapid and abrupt turnings of thought, so quick that language can hardly follow fast enough ; the same impatient activity of intellect and fancy, which having once disclosed an idea cannot wait to work it orderly out ; the same daring confidence in the resources of language, which plunges headlong into a sentence without knowing how it is to come forth ; the same careless metre which disdains to produce its harmonious effects by the ordinary devices, yet is evidently subject to a master of harmony ; the same entire freedom from book-language and commonplace ; all the qualities, in short, which distinguish the magical hand which has never yet been successfully imitated.

“In the scene in the council-chamber which follows (Act I., sc. ii.), where the characters of Katharine and Wolsey are brought out, I found the same characteristics equally strong.

“But the instant I entered upon the third scene, in which the Lord Chamberlain, Lord Sands, and Sir Thomas Lovell converse, I was conscious of a total change. I felt as if I had passed suddenly out of the language of nature into the language of the stage, or of some conventional mode of conversation. The structure of the verse was quite different and full of mannerism. The expression became suddenly diffuse and languid. The wit wanted mirth and character. And all this was equally true of the supper scene which closes the first Act.

“The second Act brought me back to the tragic vein, but it was not the tragic vein of Shakspeare. When I compared the eager, impetuous, and fiery language of Buckingham in the first Act with the languid and measured cadences of his farewell speech, I felt that the

difference was too great to be accounted for by the mere change of situation, without supposing also a change of writers. The presence of death produces great changes in men, but no such change as we have here.

"When in like manner I compared the Henry and Wolsey of the scene which follows (Act II., sc. ii.) with the Henry and Wolsey of the council-chamber (Act I., sc. ii.), I perceived a difference scarcely less striking. The dialogue, through the whole scene, sounded still slow and artificial.

"The next scene brought another sudden change. And, as in passing from the second to the third scene of the first Act, I had seemed to be passing all at once out of the language of nature into that of convention, so in passing from the second to the third scene of the second Act (in which Anne Bullen appears, I may say for the first time, for in the supper scene she was merely a conventional court lady without any character at all), I seemed to pass not less suddenly from convention back again into nature. And when I considered that this short and otherwise insignificant passage contains all that we ever see of Anne (for it is necessary to forget her former appearance) and yet how clearly the character comes out, how very a woman she is, and yet how distinguishable from any other individual woman, I had no difficulty in acknowledging that the sketch came from the same hand which drew Perdita.

"Next follows the famous trial-scene. And here I could as little doubt that I recognised the same hand to which we owe the trial of Hermione. When I compared the language of Henry and of Wolsey throughout this scene to the end of the Act, with their language in the council-chamber (Act I., sc. ii.), I found that it corresponded in all essential features; when I compared it with their language in the second scene of the second Act, I perceived that it was altogether different. Katharine also, as she appears in this scene, was exactly the same person as she was in the council-chamber; but when I went on to the first scene of the third Act, which represents her interview with Wolsey and Campeius, I found her as much changed as Buckingham was after his sentence, though without any alteration of circumstances to account for an alteration of temper. Indeed the whole of this scene seemed to have all the peculiarities of Fletcher, both in conception, language, and versification, without a single feature that reminded me of Shakspeare; and, since in both passages the true narrative of Cavendish is followed minutely and carefully, and both are therefore copies from the same original and in the same style of art, it was the more easy to compare them with each other.

"In the next scene (Act III., sc. ii.) I seemed again to get out of Fletcher into Shakspeare; though probably not into Shakspeare pure; a scene by another hand perhaps which Shakspeare had only remodelled, or a scene by Shakspeare which another hand had worked upon to make it fit the place. The speeches interchanged between Henry and Wolsey seemed to be entirely Shakspeare's; but in the altercation between Wolsey and the lords which follows, I could recognise little or nothing of his peculiar manner, while many passages were strongly marked with the favourite Fletcherian cadence¹; and as for the famous 'Farewell, a long farewell,' &c. though associated by means of Enfield's Speaker with my earliest notions of Shakspeare, it appeared (now that my mind was open to entertain the doubt) to belong entirely and unquestionably to Fletcher.

"Of the fourth Act I did not so well know what to think. For the most part it seemed to bear evidence of a more vigorous hand than Fletcher's, with less mannerism, especially in the description of the coronation, and the character of Wolsey; and yet it had not, to my mind, the freshness and originality of Shakspeare. It was pathetic and graceful, but one could see how it was done. Katharine's last speeches, however, smacked strongly again of Fletcher. And altogether it seemed to me that if this Act had occurred in one of the plays written by Beaumont and Fletcher in conjunction, it would probably have been thought that both of them had had a hand in it.

"The first scene of the fifth Act, and the opening of the second, I should again have confidently ascribed to Shakspeare, were it not that the whole passage seemed so strangely out of place. I could only suppose (what may indeed be supposed well enough if my conjecture

¹ As, for instance:—

'Now I feel
Of what base metal ye are moulded,—En | vy.
How eagerly ye follow my disgra | ces
As if it fed ye, and how sleek and wan | ton

| Ye appear in everything may bring my ru | in!
Follow your envious courses, men of mal | ice:
Ye have Christian warrant for them,' &c.

with regard to the authorship of the several parts be correct) that the task of putting the whole together had been left to an inferior hand; in which case I should consider this to be a genuine piece of Shakspeare's work, spoiled by being introduced where it has no business. In the execution of the christening scene, on the other hand (in spite again of the earliest and strongest associations), I could see no evidence of Shakspeare's hand at all; while in point of *design* it seemed inconceivable that a judgment like his could have been content with a conclusion so little in harmony with the prevailing spirit and purpose of the piece."

Mr. Spedding then dealt with the evidence of the metre of the play, and applied the extra-syllable test, and I (in 1873) the end-stopt-line test, with the following result:—

Act.	Scene.	Lines.	Extra Syll.	Proportion.	Author.	Unstopt Line.
I.	i.	225	63	1 to 3·5	Shakspeare	1 to 1·83
	ii.	215	74	" 2·9	"	" 1·86
	iii. & iv.	172	100	" 1·7	Fletcher	" 3·84
II.	i.	164	97	" 1·6	"	" 2·96
	ii.	129	77	" 1·6	"	" 3·43
	iii.	107	41	" 2·6	Shakspeare	" 2·37
	iv.	230	72	" 3·1	"	" 2·13
III.	i.	166	119	" 1·3	Fletcher	" 4·83
	¹ ii.	193	62	" 3·	Shakspeare	" 2·
	iii.	257	152	" 1·6	Fletcher	" 3·43
IV.	i.	116	57	" 2·	"	" 3·
	ii.	80	51	" 1·5	"	} " 4·55
	iii.	93	51	" 1·8	"	
V.	i.	176	68	" 2·5	Shakspeare	" 2·28
	ii.	217	115	" 1·8	Fletcher	" 4·77
	iii.	(almost all prose or rough verse)		"	"	" 5·01
	iv.	37	44	" 1·6	"	" 6·41

In short, the proportion of Shakspeare's double endings was 1 to 3, of Fletcher's 1 to 1·7; of Shakspeare's unstopt lines, 1 to 2·03, of Fletcher's 1 to 3·79, both tests making Shakspeare's part of the play his latest work. Mr. Spedding's division of the play between Shakspeare and Fletcher was confirmed independently by the late Mr. S. Hickson, in *Notes and Queries*, ii. 198, August 24, 1850; and by Mr. Fleay, in *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, Appendix, p. 23. It may be looked on as certain. The length to which this discussion has run prevents me from dwelling on the noble character of Katharine, who, with her pleadings for the unjustly oppressed poor, the dignity and forbearance with which she meets crushing misfortune, her forbearance to her rival, and her forgiveness to her ruffian husband is, as Mrs. Jameson says, in one sense "the triumph of Shakspeare's genius and his wisdom." Though it seems very hard to take from Shakspeare, Wolsey's last speeches, yet that they are Fletcher's in manner, the evidence shows. He may, of course, have worked on hints left in Shakspeare's MS., which was handed to him. Those who believe that Fletcher wrote no prose, can cut the porter's scene up into rough, irregular verse, no worse than some of Fletcher's.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.—This play and *Edward III.* have been included in this edition at my request, because so many critics of the first rank have declared in favour of part of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* being Shakspeare's, while one such critic has committed himself to the opinion² that at least the king and countess scene in *Edward III.* is by the same master's hand. This latter opinion I do not share, though I am content to believe that Shakspeare took some part in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The play was first printed in 1634: "**THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN:** Presented at the Blackfriars by the Kings Maiesties servants, with great applause: Written by the memorable Worthies of their time, { Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare, } Gent. Printed at London by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson:

¹ To exit of the King. The rest of ii. is made iii.

² An off-hand opinion after once reading of the play. I hope and believe that it will not be permanent.

and are to be sold at the signe of the *Crown*, in *Pauls Church-yard*, 1634." We have no other external evidence either for or against Shakspeare's authorship, as the play no doubt remaiend in the custody of Fletcher (d. Aug. 28, 1625) and his representatives, and was never available to the Editors of the First Folio. Internal evidence can then alone decide the question as to whether Shakspeare wrote any part of the play. The metrical evidence is, I think, conclusive, that there are two hands in the play. Mr. Fleay and I examined it by the extra-syllable and stopt-line tests on the scheme which Mr. Hickson proposed, that Shakspeare designd the underplot as well as the main part of the play, and wrote Acts I.; II. i.; III. i., ii.; IV. i. (prose); V. all but scene ii.; while Fletcher wrote the rest. as Hickson thought was shown by its weakness when compar'd with Shakspeare's part, and its more frequent use of the extra final syllable. The double-ending test and the end-stopt-line test, show, that while in the supposed 1,124 Shakspeare-lines in the play there are 321 with extra final syllables or double endings— that is, 1 in 3·5, and only 1 line of 4-measures—in the 1,398 Fletcher-lines there are 771 with double endings, or 1 in 1·8, nearly twice as many as in the supposed Shakspeare, and 14 lines of 4-measures. Also in the supposed Shakspeare's lines the proportion of unstopt lines to end-stopt ones is 1 in 2·11, while in Fletcher's it is 1 in 5·48.¹ See Appendix to *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, where Mr. Spedding's and Mr. Hickson's Papers are reprinted. But the great question is whether the whole of the part assigned to Shakspeare by Mr. Hickson or even by Professor Spalding is by our great dramatist.

The following scheme shows where Professor Spalding and Mr. Hickson, and the latest editor of the play, my friend Mr. Harold Littleddale², agree, and where they differ:—

Prologue			FLETCHER (Littleddale).
Act I.,	sc. i.	SHAKSPEARE. Spalding, Hickson, Dyce (? Bridal Song not Shakspeare's: Dowden, Nicholson, Littleddale, Hargrove, Furni- vall ³).	
"	sc. ii.	SHAKSPEARE. Spalding (Shakspeare revisd by Fletcher: Dyce, Skeat, Swinburne, Littleddale).	SHAKSPEARE and FLETCHER, or Fletcher revisd by Shakspeare. Hickson.
"	sc. iii., iv.	SHAKSPEARE. Spalding, Hickson, Littleddale.	
"	sc. v.	SHAKSPEARE. Spalding, Dyce, ?Shakspeare, Hickson.	FLETCHER. Littleddale.
Act II.,	sc. i. (prose)	⁴ SHAKSPEARE. Hickson, Coleridge, Little- ddale.	⁴ FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
"	sc. ii., iii., iv., v., vi.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hick- son, Dyce, Littleddale.
Act III.,	sc. i.	SHAKSPEARE. Spalding, Hickson; most, L.	
"	sc. ii.	⁴ SHAKSPEARE. Hickson (not Fletcher, Fur- nivall); Sh. toucht by Fletcher, Littl.	⁴ FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
"	sc. iii., iv., v., vi.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hick- son, Dyce, Littleddale.

¹ Mr. Hargrove has kindly tabulated the proportions in *Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* from the figures in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, with slight corrections. But he says they need revision:—

	HENRY VIII.		TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.	
	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	<i>Fletcher.</i>	<i>Shakspeare.</i>	<i>Fletcher.</i>
Total number of lines	1146.	1467.	1095.	1426.
Unstopt lines . .	575, or 1 in 2·03	415, or 1 in 3·79	517, or 1 in 2·1	271, or 1 in 5·26
{ Light endings . .	45, or 1 in 25·5	7, or 1 in 209	50, or 1 in 21	3, or 1 in 445
{ Weak endings . .	37, or 1 in 31	1, or 1 in 1467	34, or 1 in 32	1, or 1 in 1426
Double endings . .	380, or 1 in 3·16	863, or 1 in 1·7	321, or 1 in 3·4	771, or 1 in 1·9

² See his reprint of the quarto, and Pt. I. of his revised edition, in the *New Shakspeare Society* books for 1876, and specially his most able *Introduction*, 1881. The text in the present volume is his.

³ I cannot get over Chaucer's daisies being call'd "smellous but most quaint." The epithets seem to me not only poor but pauper: implying entire absence of fancy and imagination.—F. "Chough hoar" is as bad though. Still, "Shakspeare's marriage-songs are none of them stinking or unconventional; they are not above the level of the greater part of this one. See *The Tempest*, IV. i. *As You Like It*, V. iv."—Littleddale, *Introd.*, p. 30.

⁴ Here Professor Spalding and Mr. Hickson differ.

Act IV., sc. i., ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, Dyce, Littledale.
" sc. iii.	'SHAKSPERE. Hickson (toucht by Fletcher, L.)	FLETCHER. Spalding, Dyce.
Act V., sc. i. (includes SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, Dyce.		lines 1-17 by FLETCHER. Skeat, Littledale.
Weber's sc. i., ii., iii.) (except lines 1	17, Skeat, Littledale).	
" sc. ii.		FLETCHER. Spalding, Hickson, Dyce, Littledale.
" sc. iii., iv.	SHAKSPERE. Spalding, Hickson, &c. (SH., with FLETCHER interpolations, Littledale). Sc. iv. (with FLETCHER interpolations, Swinburne, Littledale).	
Epilogue		FLETCHER. Littledale.

Professor Spalding's able "Letter on Shakspeare's authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*,"—published in 1833, and reprinted by the New Shak. Soc. in 1876, with Forewords by myself, a life of the author by Dr. J. Hill Burton, and an able note by Mr. J. Herbert Stack,—was the leading authority on the play. Mr. Littledale's Introduction to his edition, 1881, now is. The Letter convinced Hallam and Dyce; but these writers were not aware of a fact which I did not find out till I had become assured that Professor Spalding's letter assigned too much of the play to Shakspeare—that Professor Spalding himself had, with further reflection, modified his own early judgment, and had in 1840 (*Edinburgh Review*, July, No. 144, p. 468) declared that his opinion "is not so decided as it once was," and in 1847 (*Edinburgh Review*, July, 1847, p. 578), that "the question of Shakspeare's share in this play is really insoluble." Still every student of the play should read Professor Spalding's well-reasoned, keen, and brilliant letter, as well as Mr. Hickson's article alluded to above. Professor Spalding contrasts the broken and pauseful versification of Shakspeare with Fletcher's smoother end-stopped and double-ending lines. He finds in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* many of Shakspeare's images and his very words, as well as the energy, obscurity, abruptness, and brevity of his late plays, while in other parts of the play he shows that there is the diffuseness, the amplification, and delicacy of Fletcher. As instances of Shakspeare's metaphors he quotes "what man *thinks* his own worth?" "Let us be widows to our woes," "Our kind air, to them unkind," "Her arms shall *corset* thee," "unpang'd judgment,"

"Our Reasons are not prophets,
When oft our Fancies are" (V. v),

'Give us the bones
Of our dead kings that we may *chapel* them,"

and the like. Then he finds in one part of the play the active imagination of Shakspeare, hardly ever indulging in lengthened description, whereas in other parts or scenes are Fletcher's poverty of metaphor and his romantic and picturesque descriptions. He contrasts, too, Shakspeare's treatment of mythology with Fletcher's, and shows the difference in the two poets. Then he contrasts Shakspeare's tendency to reflection, and his active and inquiring thought, his practical worldly wisdom, the mass of general truths he puts into his writing, with the want of these characteristics in Fletcher. Shakspeare's faults of conceit and quibbles, too, with their resistless force, he contrasts with the slow elegance and want of pointedness in Fletcher, who is also almost guiltless of plays on words. Then he shows how Shakspeare differs from Fletcher in his personification of Grief and Time, Strife and War, Peace and Love, Mercy and Courage, Reason and Fancy, &c. He also shows what a firm grasp of imagery Shakspeare has as contrasted with Fletcher, and again how the choice of the simple story must have been Shakspeare's, who belonged to the old school, and not Fletcher's, who belonged to the new school of involved and invented plots. Shakspeare relied on characterisation and avoided spectacles. He kept in this play the two moving passions of Love and Jealousy always in the front, which Fletcher could not have done. The harmony of its parts was, too, an idea beyond Fletcher's. The shrewdness and good sense of the characters were so likewise. And, on the whole, Professor Spalding concluded that Shakspeare wrote the scenes assigned to him in the table above, viz., Act I., Act III., sc. i.; Act V., except sc. ii. While reading Professor Spalding's enthusiastic and able argument, backed by his well-chosen quotations, it is difficult to resist his conclusions. But when you turn to the play and read it by yourself or aloud with a party of friends, then you begin to doubt. Professor Spalding himself hesitated on further reflection, as we have seen. He was from the first obliged to admit that in Shakspeare's speciality, characterisation, the

¹ Here Professor Spalding and Mr. Hickson differ. The reader had better follow the latest and ablest critic of the play, Mr. Littledale, in his Introduction to it. He is a safer guide than Mr. Swinburne.

play was weak. He could not have denied that whereas in one part the character of Chaucer's Emilia, the huntress seeking no marriage-bed, is rightly seized; in another she is turned into a kind of foolish waiting-maid, not knowing which of her suitors she loves, and fearing that Arcite may be wounded and get his figure spoilt:—

<p style="text-align: center;">"Arcite may win me, And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to</p>	}	<p style="text-align: center;">The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity Enough for such a chance!"</p>
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If the student accepts the theory of Shakspeare's taking anything like a half share in the play, he must yet allow that portions of his work and conception were afterwards spoilt by Fletcher. The comparison of Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, the source of the play, with the play itself, is in no way to Chaucer's discredit. The fear expressed in the Prologue that Chaucer's bones might shake on hearing a possible hiss at the play on its first production has a certain justification. That the play opens finely with the woes of the three queens, that Palamon's speech in the temple (Act V.) is very fine, one gladly admits. But there is nothing else to match Chaucer's description of the foes engaged in the tournament, of the adornments of the building where it was held; nor can the sketch of Emilia in the play be set for a minute beside Chaucer's lovely picture of Emilia in the garden. The repulsiveness of the under-plot, whose details are due to Fletcher, detracts terribly from the effect of the play as a whole. The under-plot, as Mr. Stack has noticed, is not interwoven with the main plot. It might, as he says, "be altogether omitted without affecting the story. Theseus, Emilia, Hippolyta, Arcite, Palamon, never exchange a word with the group of Jailer's Daughter, Wooser, Brother, Two Friends, and Doctor. And Palamon's only remembrance of the Daughter's services is, that at his supposed moment of execution he generously leaves her the money he had no further need of, to help her to get married to a remarkably tame young man who assumes the name of his rival in order to bring his sweetheart to her senses." Mr. Stack says also, "I should incline to the middle opinion, that Shakspeare selected the subject, began the play, wrote many passages, had no under-plot, and generally left it in a skeleton state; that Fletcher took it up, patched here and there, and added an under-plot; that Fletcher, not Shakspeare, is answerable for all the departures from Chaucer, for all the under-plot, and for the revised play as it stands." This was as far as any one could rightly go, I used to think. My former feeling was to substitute "some" for the word "many" in the passage above, and to suggest that Beaumont or some one who modelled himself on the run-on lines of Shakspeare's later time, as Fletcher did on the extra-syllable lines, wrote much of the work in this play assigned by Spalding (at first) and Hickson to Shakspeare; but I cannot resist, though I unwillingly give in to, Mr. Littledale's parallels and arguments. His Introduction should be studied and followed.

On the source of the play, Mr. Harold Littledale has kindly sent me the following note:—"The Two Noble Kinsmen.—The source of the play which has been reprinted in our volume under this name is the *Knightes Tale*, in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*; and a comparison of play and poem will show how closely the original story has been adhered to in the structure of the main plot. Unlike many of the plays which Shakspeare took in hand, we have no evidence, beyond the vaguest conjecture, to suggest that this play has been based on an earlier drama on the same subject. We know that in 1566 a play called *Palamon and Arcyte*, by Richard Edwardes, was performed before Queen Elizabeth at Oxford, but certain indications make it pretty clear, though this play has perished, that it can have had little likeness to *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and may rather have resembled the *Damon and Pythius* (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, vol. iv.) of the same author. Wood's account in the *Athenæ Oxonienses* mentions the play several times, but the following passages, communicated to Nicholls, the historian of Elizabeth's Progresses, by Mr. Gutch, from Wood's MSS., are more detailed, and clearly show that Edwardes's play and the play before us must have differed so materially as to make it almost certain that the authors of the latter can have known nothing of the former. Part of the play was performed on Sept. 2, 1566, when a scaffolding fell, and three lives were lost. Wood continues:—"Sept. 4, 1566. At night the Queen was present at the other part of the play of *Palamon and Arcyte*, which should have been acted the night before, but deferred because it was late when the Queen came from disputations at St. Mary's. When the play was ended, she called for Mr. Edwards, the author, and gave him very great thanks, with promises of reward, for his pains: then making a pause, said to him and her retinue standing about her, this relating to part of the play: "By Palamon, I warrant he dallieth not in love when he was in love

indeed ; by Arcyte, he was a right martial knight, having a sweet countenance, and a manly face ; by Treccio, God's pity, what a knave it is ; by Perithous, throwing St. Edward's rich cloak into the funeral fire, which a stander-by would have stayed by the arm with an oath, he knoweth his part, I warrant." In the said play was acted a cry of hounds in the Quadrant, upon the train of a fox in the hunting of Theseus, with which the young scholars, who stood in the windows, were so much taken (supposing it was real), that they cried out, "Now, now !—there, there !—he's caught, he's caught !" All which the Queen merrily beholding, said, "O, excellent ! those boys, in very troth, are ready to leap out of the windows to follow the hounds !" [. . .] In the acting of the said play there was a good part performed by the Lady Amelia, who, for gathering her flowers prettily in a garden there represented, and singing sweetly in the time of March, received eight angels for a gracious reward by her Majesty's command, &c. I have given the foregoing account as fully as my limits would permit, as I believe it has never hitherto been pointed out, and it eliminates Edwards's play from the possible sources of the Shaksperian Drama. Unfortunately we have not such explicit evidence on the remaining possible source of this play. Mr. Dyce (*Shakspeare*, vol. viii., p. 118, ed. 1876) says : ' . . . we learn from Henslowe's *Diary* that a piece entitled *Palamon and Arset* was acted several times at the Newington Theatre in 1594. [*Diary*, pp. 41, 43, 44, ed. Shake. Soc.] Mr. Collier conjectured that the last-mentioned piece may have been a rifacimento of Edwards's play, and that in 1594 Shakspeare may have introduced into *Palamon and Arset* those alterations and additions which afterwards "were employed by Fletcher in the play as it was printed in 1634." But I suspect that the *Palamon and Arset* of 1594 was a distinct piece from the academical drama of 1566 ; and I cannot persuade myself that the "Shakspearian" portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were composed so early as 1594,—stamped as they everywhere are with the manner of Shakspeare's later years.' As this play of 1594 has perished, we are unable to say whence the authors derived the under-plot : they have no hint of it in Chaucer (v. *Knights Tale*, l. 610) ; and they may either have invented it, or elaborated it from the 1594 play. The question of authorship may be said to have been competently pronounced on for the first time by Charles Lamb, followed by Coleridge, who both declared strongly for Shakspeare's share in the work. De Quincey also confidently supported the same view. Against this array of opinion William Hazlitt stands forth pre-eminent. These writers proceeded, however, by no systematic method of examination, and merely pronounced as they felt, that the hand of Shakspeare, well known as it was to them, was, or was not, to be found in the work. But the first systematic analysis of the work, in which the evidence is fairly stated, was Professor Spalding's Letter, &c.—as noticed above. (On the Oxford performance of *Palamon and Arcyte*, see my *Harrison*, p. liv.)

§ 14. EDWARD THE THIRD.—This play was published in 1596 with the following title : "The | Raigne of | King Edward | the Third : | As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London. London, | Printed for Cuthbert Burby, 1596." It was entered in the Stationers' Registers, on the 1st of December, 1595.¹ There were other editions of it in 1597, 1609, 1617 (and 1625). The play was therefore well known and popular. But it was not put into any folio of Shakspeare's works, not even into the third and fourth, which contained seven New Pieces or doubtful plays ; and this, though Cuthbert Burby was the publisher of two genuine Shakspeare quartos, the first of *Love's Labours Lost*... in 1598, and the second (the first genuine one) of *Romeo and Juliet* in 1599, which were both used for the folio, the *Love's Labours Lost* one directly, the *Romeo and Juliet* one thro' its reprint in 1609. The play is not in Meres's list of Shakspeare's works in 1598 ; and it is therefore certain that *Edward III.* was not known as Shakspeare's during his life, nor was his writing it ever suggested till 1656, when T. Goff, in his *Catalogue of Playes*, entered [Marlowe's] "Edward II., Edward III. [and Heywood's] Edward IV." to "Shaksperc." In 1760, Capel reprinted and published *Edward III.* as "thought to be writ by Shaksperc."² There is,

¹ "Cuthbert Burby. Entred for his copie vnder the handes of the wardens A booke intituled *Edward the Third and the Blacke Prince, their warres with kinge John of Fraunce* . . . vj."

² It must be remembered that Capel also thought the non-Shakspeare *Titus Andronicus* genuine. As Farmer says : "Capell thought *Edward III.* was Shakspeare's because *nobody* could write so, and *Titus Andronicus* because *every body* could ! Well fare his heart, for he is a jewel of a reasoner !" — *Var. Shakspeare*, xxi. 381.

therefore, no external evidence in favour of Shakspeare's authorship of the play. On the contrary, the external evidence is dead against that authorship. The argument for our poet having written the play must therefore proceed from within; and the question is, what does the internal evidence prove? A few wild, untrustworthy folk contend that Shakspeare wrote the whole play. Against them the internal evidence is clear. The style is not his; and it is impossible that he at any time of his life can have been guilty of the faults this drama contains, at the same time that he could have produced its beauties. First, the play has no dramatic unity. It is made up of two halves. It has two distinct plots, that of the King and Countess and that of the King and the Black Prince and the wars. The plots are not interwoven with one another, after Shakspeare's invariable manner; the first is a mere episode, and simply stops the action and progress of the main plot. Secondly, there's great want of characterisation throughout the play, except in the King and Countess episode; all the characters talk in the same high, exaggerated strain. Thirdly, there's no humour, no wit, and no comedy. Fourthly, there's a high moral tone forced on the notice of the audience and reader. Fifthly, there are such weak bits as—

"But, soft, I hear the music of their drums,
By which I guess that their approach is near."

Sixthly, there are absurdly inconsistent and mixed metaphors and similes like—

"The snares of French *like emnets on a bank*
Muste about him; whilst he *lion-like*,

Entangled in *the net of their assaults*,
Frantic'ly rends and bites the woven toil," &c.

Like the prince's—

"Now, Audley, sound those silver wings¹ of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time."

(Are the silver wings, Audley's moustachios, or words of ancient wisdom, or what?²)

"Wither, my heart, that like *a sapless tree*
I may remain *the map of infamy*?"

"A slender point
Within the compass of the horizon
As 'twere a rising bubble in the sea,
Or as a bear fast chain'd unto a stake."

Seventhly, there are exaggerated and incongruous descriptions. Take the description of the sea-fight,—

"Purple the sea; whose channel fill'd as fast
With streaming gore, that from the maim'd fell,
As did her gushing moisture break into
The cranny'd cleftures of the through-shot planks:

Here flew a head, dis sever'd from the trunk;
There mangled arms, and legs, were toss'd aloft;
As when a whirlwind takes the summer dust
And scatters it in middle of the air."

Recollecting that this is part of a mariner's speech, it will be perhaps a sufficient specimen of the bombastic show-off passages that abound in the play and are quite inconsistent with the speaker's character, and which not even the Sergeant's talk in *Macbeth* can allow us to consider Shakspeare's. One other instance I may cite which is worthy of Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*,—

"What may I do
To win thy life, or to revenge thy death?
If thou wilt drink the blood of captive kings,

Or that it were restorative, command
A health of kings' blood, and I'll drink to thee."

There are plenty more instances of like kind in the play, though certain poetic power must be allowed to the writer; his tendency to show off is effective when put into Audley's mouth in Act IV., sc. iv., the description of the French at Cressy, &c.; yet any one who attributes all the stilted nonsense in this play to Shakspeare may be safely written down ass, for this opinion, however clever on other points he may be. We come, then, to those more moderate and sensible critics, who contend that the King-and-Countess Act alone is

¹ Delius reads "strings."

² Perhaps the writer was thinking of the Homeric *ἄργα πτερόεντα*. Silver refers to the sweetness of Audley's eloquence. Milk-white messengers are his grey locks which have brought with them experience.—W. G. S.

Shakspeare's. And I willingly grant them that the Act is worthy of the young Shakspeare, and that it is worth an effort to try and secure for his early time so noble a figure as that of the true English woman and wife, the Countess of Salisbury, to set against the Margaret of *Henry VI.*, or the more colourless female characters of the other historical plays before *King John*. But one has to look at the evidence; and the first thing that strikes one is this, was Shakspeare, who was above all a dramatist, was he likely to put even into another man's play a whole act, twenty pages in the Tauchnitz edition, having nothing to do with, nay, stopping, the action of that play? Next, was he who took all the facts, the groundwork of his historical plays from Holinshed's and other chronicles (though he followed the old *King John* when he recast it), was he likely to go for any facts in the life of one of our heroic kings, Edward III., to an English translation of an Italian novel, which turned the Earl and Countess of Warwick into panders to betray their married daughter's virtue, and which made the Countess of Salisbury Edward's queen¹? I cannot believe it. Further, is it likely that when in the almost parallel scene, recast in Part III. of *Henry VI.*, near the time when *Edward III.* was written,—is it likely that when humour was put into the courtship of Lady Elizabeth by Edward IV., humour should have been kept out of Edward III.'s courtship of the Countess, if Shakspeare had anything to do with it? But it is argued that there are many echoes of Shakspeare's previous plays in the King and Countess episode, and also many echoes of lines in this episode in Shakspeare's after work, while Sonnet 94, line 14, quotes from Act II., sc. i., here, its "Lilies that fester, smell far worse than weeds."

I admit that Shakspeare must have read and been impressed by this Act; perchance he saw the play acted. But I cannot admit that the Act is his. Admirable as many of its parts are, there is a continuous strain throughout it, which to me is not Shakspeare's. Its style and want of relief, too, are not his. Its want of connection with the rest of the play, its giving four pages of talk on the stage, where action is required, to the composition of the king's love-letter, is not his. And I submit that it is not my duty to prove the negative; it is the business of the advocates of Shakspeare's authorship of this scene to prove the affirmative. We must not assume that there was no known author of Marlowe's school except himself.² There were, doubtless, one-play men in those days, as there have been one-book men since. As at present advised, I refuse to admit the episode as Shakspeare's. The story of the Episode is founded on Froissart³, and the history of it has some interest, for, as my friend Prof. Guizot pointed out to me, Froissart⁴ first believed in Jean le Bel's story that Edward III. had used force and violated the Countess. Then when he came to England, he inquired right and left as to the truth of the story, and having found it, set it down. But the story was deliberately rejected by Shakspeare's authority, Holinshed⁵, as it was afterwards by Barnes in his *History of Edward III.*, p. 251. But Bandello, the Italian story-teller, saw what an admirable tale it would make, and he re-told it⁶, but did all he could to spoil it, with his long affected

¹ The writer of the Episode in *Edward III.* rejects Bandello's pander-mother, and killing the Earl of Salisbury, and making the Countess Queen. He also sweeps away a lot of Bandello's rubbishy talk; but he doubles the Countess's dagger. My friend Mr. W. G. Stone, of Walditch, and I are slowly preparing an edition of the play and its originals for the New Shakspeare Society.

² Can't the King and Countess episode be his?

³ I. 98, ed. 1812. From him Grafton tells the story (without Bandello's additions, of course) in his *Chronicle*, i. 354, ed. 1809.

⁴ "Vous avés bien chy dessus oy parler coumment li roys englès fu enamourés de lo comtesse de Sallebrin. Toutte-foix, lez cronikez monseigneur Jehan le Bel parollent de ceste amour plus avant et mains convignablement que je ne doie faire; car, se il plaist à Dieu, je ne peusse ja à encouper le roy d'Engleterre, ne le comtesse de Sallebrin, de nul villain reproche. Et pour continuer l'istore et aouvrir le verité de la matiere, par quoy toutes bonnez gens en soient apaisés et sachent pourquoy j'en parolle et ramentoy maintenant ceste amour, voirs est que messires Jehans li Biaux maintient par ces croniques que li roys englès assés villainement usa de ceste damme et en eult, ce dist, ses volentéz si comme par forche: dont je vous di, se Dieux m'aït, que j'ai moult repairiet et conversé en Engleterre, en l'ostel dou roy principalement, et des grans seigneurs de celui pays, mès onques je n'en oy parler en nul villain cas; si en ai je demandé as pluisseurs qui bien le acquissent, se riens en eust esté. Ossi je ne poroie croire, et il ne fait mies à croire, que ungs si haux et vaillans homs que li roys d'Engleterre est et a esté, se dagnaist ensonnuer de deshonnuer une sienne noble damme ne un sien chevalier qui si loyaument l'a servi, et servi toute se vie: si ques d'ores en avant de ceste amour je me tairay."—Froissart, ed. Luce. MS. d'Amiens, III. 293. (Soc. de l'Histoire de France.)

⁵ Fabian and Polidore Vergil admit the story. Drayton, in his *England's Heroical Epistles*, makes the Black Prince the wooer of the Countess.

⁶ In *La Seconda Parte de le Novelle del Bandello*; Lucca, M.D.LIIII., Novella XXXVIII., fols. 228-254. The Countess's name is "Aclips;" her father is "Ricciardo, Conte de Varuccia." The French version does not follow the original accurately.

love-makings, reflections, and love-letters. He invented the secretary and the letters; he turned the lady's father and mother into panders to her; he killed her husband; he made her offer to stab herself, or be killed by the king; and then made the king offer to marry her, and actually marry her; after which, as the English translation says, "shee was conveyed up into a publick place, and proclaimed Queene of England, to the exceeding gratulacion, and ioye incredible, of all the subiectes" (l. 199). The Italian story was very freely translated by Boastuan in his *Histoires Tragiques, Extraictes des Œuvres Italiennes de Bandel*, and this was englisht by William Painter in his *Palace of Pleasure*, 1575, v. l. i., leaves 182 to 199, the forty-sixth novel. We may note in the play the double repetition of the leading idea of the King-and-Countess scene—a man won from intended baseness by the appeal of a nobler nature: first, Prince Charles of France by Villiers's appeal to him; second, King John of France by his son Prince Charles's appeal to him.

In no other play is there any real pretence that Shakspeare took part. The so-called "doubtful plays," excepting the two above treated, have not a trace of him in them. I do not think that the substituted piece by a different hand in *Sir Thomas More*, pp. 24-9, ed. Dyce, Old Shakesp. Soc., is Shakspeare's, or that the leaves 8, 9, of the MS. Harleian, 7,368, on which it is written, are in Shakspeare's hand. (Some four years ago I took the opinion of the best MS. men in the Museum on the latter point, and discuss't the Shakspeareanmess of this part of the play with some of the best men I knew. We all agreed that there was nothing necessarily Shakspearean in it, though part of it was worthily of him.¹ (It was the *Edward III.* King-and-Countess scene over again.) But this portion of *Sir Thomas More* is so far better than the rest of the play, that Mr. Spedding wishes to know what other dramatist than Shakspeare could have written it.)

We have now gone through the series of Shakspeare's works, have seen him begin with those that suited youth, skits on the Londoners' fashions and follies, showing his Stratford clowns on the London stage, dealing with love and its vagaries, starting into fancy, incorporating all his country lore in Puck and his companions, first stepping on to the ground of Italian story in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, then bursting into a fervour of passion in *Romeo and Juliet*, and his early poems; passing thence to history, to speak his mind to his countrymen on the disputes that rent England asunder in his time. Then again, falling back with renewed power on Italian story, and first taking his due lead before all other men in *The Merchant of Venice*, then sinking almost his history in the humourful comedies of Falstaff and the brilliant plays of the Second Period that succeeded them; then, troubled in heart himself, as we see in his *Sonnets*, disappointed in his affection for his friend who was his all, cast off by his dark mistress, passing the "hell of time" of which he speaks to his

¹ Take the best bit, More's remonstrance against the citizens' outbreak to turn out the aliens, p. 27:—

"More. Graunt them remoned, and graunt that
this your noyee
Hath chidde downe all the maiestie of England;
Ymagin that you see the wretched straingers—
Their babyes at their backes, and their poor
luggage,—
Plodding tooth' ports and costes for transpor-
tacion,
And that you sytt as kinges in your desyres,
Aucthority quyte sylenet by your braule,
And you in ruff of your oppynious clothd :

What had you gott? I'll tell you: you had taught
How insolence and strong hand shoold prevayle,
How ordere shoold be quell'd; and by this
patterne
Not on [—one] of you shoold lyve an aged man;
For other ruffians, as their fancies wrought,
With sealf same hand, sealf reasons, and sealf
right,
Woold shark on you, and men, lyke ravenous
fishes,
Woold feed on on [—one] another."

It's a strong man's work assuredly. The picture of the plodding aliens with babies and luggage on back, while their oppressors "sit as kings in your desires . . . And you in ruff of your opinions clothd;" that "*shark* on you," the later uplifting of the office of the king, and the leading the majesty of law in leash, to slip him like a hound, certainly justified my late sweet-natured friend Richard Simpson in suggesting that these *More* insertions were Shakspeare's, and do justify Mr. Spedding's arguing that they are so still, specially as the play was one of Shakspeare's company's, and the alteration in it was made hurriedly by direction of the Master of the Revels, Sir E. Tylney. But when we note that the allusions in the play fix its date to 1586, as Mr. Simpson acknowledgd, when Shakspeare was probably at Stratford, that the humour in the insertion is not distinctively his, that another scene, the one between Lady More and her son-in-law and daughter, pp. 75-6, ed. Dyce, is also much above the level of the rest of the play, and yet neither specially Shakspearean nor a later insertion, we are justified in declining to hold as his the first insertion on pp. 24-9. Mr. Simpson's letter on the question is in *Notes and Queries*, viii, 1, and Mr. Spedding's in x. 227.

friend when they were reconciled again, and during this time no doubt giving to the world those tragedies in which he laid the burden of life on souls too weak to bear it, in which he let noble men be drawn to their ruin by temptations from without, by suggestions from within, in which he showed ingratitude eating the hearts of father and of child, in which he let lust lead its noble victims to their death, in which he showed all old-world glory and honour but a sham, in which at last he made Timon curse all mankind; and then we saw him, no longer wielding the scourge of vengeance, but acting as the minister of reconciliation, passing from his time of terror to one of peace, and in Prospero, Posthumus, Imogen, Hermione, Queen Katharine, forgiving injuries for which of old he would have exacted death. And in this temper we find him, after leaving the scenes of his trials and triumphs in London, enjoying as a boy again the sweet sights and sounds of his native home.

§ 15. In 1592 we had to face the question of what Shakspeare had then written to provoke the sneers of the dying reprobate, Robert Greene, our poet's predecessor, and perchance teacher, in comedy. And having once entered on the subject of the succession of Shakspeare's plays, and the means by which it was made out, we could not well leave it till we'd workt it thro'. It took us from 1592 to 1613, and gave us Shakspeare's mental and spiritual life during that time. Now we've to put together the few facts of his and his family's outward life that still survive to us.

I divide Shakspeare's life—like his plays—into four Periods: (1) from his birth, in 1564, to his leaving Stratford for London in perhaps 1587, the Home-Period; (2) from 1587 to 1599, when he was taken as partner in the profits of the Globe, the Period of Struggle to Success; (*a.* 1587 to 1592, unrecorded, *b.* 1592 to 1599, recorded); (3) from 1599 to 1609, or whenever else he left London, the Period of Triumph or Assured-Success; (4) from his return to Stratford 1609 (?), to his death, 1616, the Period of Renewed Family Life, or Peace.

II. *a.* The Plays I suppose to have been written by 1592 are *Love's Labours Lost*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Milsummer-Night's Dream*, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Romeo and Juliet*, a few passages in *Titus Andronicus*, and the Temple-Garden Scene in 1 *Henry VI*. These are the only records of his life during the first part of his Period of Struggle. Now for the second part.

II. *b.* In 1593 began, no doubt, Shakspeare's visits to his publisher, Richard Field¹, in St. Paul's Churchyard², when *Venus and Adonis* was entered in the Stationers' Registers, and publishd. It was the acting of *Romeo and Juliet*, and the issue of the *Venus and Lucrece*, that first brought Shakspeare fame; and a tradition, reported by Rowe as coming from Sir William Davenant, states that Lord Southampton, to whom these two poems were dedicated, "at one time gave him [Shakspeare] a thousand pounds to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to." But though the gift is likely enough, its amount has no doubt been exaggerated, seeing what £1,000 meant then. ³On the night of December 28, 1594—one of a week's entertainments at Gray's Inn—Shakspeare and Bacon

¹ He was a fellow-townsmen of Shakspeare's; and the goods and chattels of his father, Henry Field, tanner, of Stratford, were valued by Shakspeare's father, John Shakspeare, in 1592. (*Old Shakspeare Society's Papers*, iv. 36.)

² St. Paul's Churchyard before the Fire was chiefly inhabited by booksellers, and several of the early editions of Shakspeare's poems and plays were published here. *Venus and Adonis*, 1593, was to be sold at the White Greyhound, where also J. Harrison published *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594. The first edition of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* appeared at the Flower de Luce and Crown, kept by A. Johnson; the first edition of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Green Dragon, by T. Heyes; the first editions of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *First Part of Henry IV.* at the Angel, by A. Wise; the first edition of *Troilus and Cressida* at the Spread Eagle over against the great north door of Paul's, by R. Bonian and H. Whalley; the first edition of *Lear* at the Pied Bull, by N. Butter; and the first known edition of *Titus Andronicus* at the Gun, near the little north door of Paul's, by E. White. M. Law published several of the quartos at the Fox.—II. B. Wheatley, in my *Harrison*, p. cv., from Peter Cunningham's *London*.

³ In 1593 I suppose *Richard II.* to have been written; and in 1593-4, the revising of *The Contention* and *True Tragedy* into 2 & 3 *Henry VI.* with *Richard III.* In 1594 were publishd *Lucrece*, a second edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and the first of *The Contention*, on which 2 *Henry VI.* was based, and the first of *The Taming of a Shrew*, the groundwork of *The Taming of the Shrew*. *Willohie his Avis*, 1594, notices Shakspeare's *Lucrece*, and Sir Wm. Harbert and Drayton evidently allude to it, as Robert Southwell does to his *Venus*. (I shall not note all the allusions here. For them, see the second edition of Dr. Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*, by Miss F. T. Smith, given by him to the New Shakspeare Society in 1879.)

were no doubt present in Gray's Inn Hall together at the performance of the former's *Errors*: "After such sports, a *Comedy of Errors* (like to Plautus his *Menechmus*) was played by the players: so that night was begun, and continued to the end, in nothing but confusion and errors; whereupon it was ever afterwards called *The Night of Errors*." (*Gesta Graiorum*, p. 22, ed. 1688 (in Dyce); Nichols's *Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*, iii. 262; Spedding's *Letters and Life of Bacon*, i. 326.)¹ "From a paper now before me, which formerly belonged to Edward Alleyn the player, our poet appears to have lived in Southwark, near the Bear-garden, in 1596," says Malone in his *Inquiry into the Authenticity of Certain Papers*, &c., p. 215. This paper having disappeared, one of the modern Shakspeare forgers provided another of like kind in its place, among the Dulwich College papers, and Mr. J. P. Collier printed it; but its sham was soon detected. On August 11, 1596, as I have noticed under *King John*, p. xli, above, Shakspeare's only son, Hamnet (baptised February 2, 1585), died, and was buried at Stratford, "1596, August 11th. Hamnet, filius William Shakspeare" (Neil). That his son's death must have been a great blow to Shakspeare, as well as a father as a man wishing to found a family, we cannot doubt. That he had the ambition of being recognised as a gentleman in his own town and county is clear. He was like Walter Scott and so many other Britishers in this, following the hereditary instinct, poor though it is, of his Anglo-Saxon forefathers, that what constitutes a free man is the possession of land: landed, free; landless, thrall. And though his father on January 26, 1596, had by a deed, in which he is described as John Shakspeare, *yeoman*, sold part of the ground belonging to his Henley Street (or birthplace) property to George Badger for £2, we find in the Heralds' College a draft grant of arms to this John Shakspeare, as a *gentleman*, dated the 20th October, 1596, which, notwithstanding the doubt formerly thrown on it, *The Herald and Genealogist*, Part VI., pp. 503-5 (cited by Dyce, *Shakspeare*, 1866, p. 21), inclines to think was executed. We know that then, as now, men rising or having risen in the world could, and did, buy arms for themselves, with, often, forged pedigrees attached to them. Harrison says in 1577-87, pp. 128-9 of my edition:—"Gentlemen whose ancestors are not known to come in with William duke of Normandie (for of the Saxon races yet remaining we now make none account, much lesse of the British issue) doo take their beginning in England, after this manner in our times. Who soeuer studieth the lawes of the realme, who so abideth in the vniuersitie giving his mind to his booke, or professeth physicke and the liberall sciences, or beside his seruice in the roome of a capteine in the warres, or good counsell giuen at home, whereby his common-wealth is benefited, can live without manuell labour, and thereto is able and will bear the port, charge, and countenance of a gentleman, he shall, *for monie*, haue a cote and arms bestowed vpon him by heralds (who in the charter of the same doo of custome pretend antiquitie, and seruice, and manie gaye things²) and therevnto, being made so good cheape, be called 'master,' which is the title that men giue to esquiers and gentlemen, and reputed for a gentleman euer after. Which is so much the lesse to be disallowed of, for that the prince dooth loose nothing by it, the gentleman being so much subiect to taxes and publike payments as is the yeoman or husbandman, which he likewise dooth beare the gladlier for the sauing of his reputation. Being called also to the warres, (for with the gouernment of the common-wealth he medleth litle) what soeuer it cost him, he will both arraie & arme himselfe accordinglie, and shew the more manly courage, and all the tokens of the person which he representeth. No man hath hurt by it but himselfe, who peraduenture will go in wider buskins than his legs will beare, or as our proverbe saith, now and then beare a bigger saile than his boat is able to susteine." (Sir Thomas Smith borrowd this passage.)

¹ In 1595 was publisht *The True Tragedy*, which was altered into 3 *Henry VI.*; and in 1596, the third edition of *Venus and Adonis*. I believe that *King John* was written in 1595, *The Merchant* in 1596; that *The Shrew* was revised in 1596-7, and 1 *Henry IV.* written.

² The 1599 grant accordingly speaks of the ancestors of John Shakespeare having been advanct and rewarded for their services by King Henry VII. (Folio *Life*, p. 69.) Heralds' gammon, no doubt. That some actors had turned squires, *The Return from Parnassus* (1602), printed 1606, tells us:—

"England affords those glorious vagabonds,
That carried erst their fardles on their backs,
Coursers to ride on through the gazing streets,
Sweeping it in their glaring satin suits,
And pages to attend their masterships:

With mouthing words that better wits have
framed,
They purchase lands, and now esquiers are
made." Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 202.

Now the "monie" for the grant of arms to John Shakspeare, then known at Stratford as a "yeoman," can hardly have come from him. Without doubt his rising London son supplied it. And when the second grant was applied for, and made, in 1599, the heralds, Dethick and Camden, wouldn't quarter with Shakspeare's arms those of the Warwickshire gentlefolk, the Ardens of Park Hall, Curdworth—*Ermine, a fess chequy or and azure*—but gave instead, the arms of the more distant Ardernes of Alvanley, in Cheshire—*Gules, three crosslets fitchée, and a chief or, with a martlet for difference*—who were farther away from Stratford, and not likely to have notice of the matter, or make any fuss about it. Moreover, there is no existing record of the Arden quartering ever having been assumed by Shakspeare or his family. On his monument are the Shakspeare arms alone; and they alone are impaled on his daughter Susanna's monument with those of Hall. When he grew older, had his position, and married his younger daughter Judith to a wine-dealer's¹ son, he no doubt gave up the ambitious fancy of his earlier days.

In or before Easter Term of the 39th of Elizabeth, 1597, Shakspeare bought of William Underhill, for £60, New Place², a house and grounds at the corner of (the Guild) Chapel Lane, and Chapel Street leading to the Grammar School and Church. The house was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, about 1490, bought by a "Stratford attorney, William Bott, in 1563, and sold by him to Wm. Underhill in 1567. In the note³ of the fine levied on the sale to Shakspeare, Underhill is described as *generosus*, a gentleman, but Shakspeare is not so called. And as in lines the description of the property was almost always doubled⁴, we find here, as in the double garden and orchard on the sale of the birthplace property, that there were two barns and two gardens included. Shakspeare repaired New Place. Long after his death a new house was built, probably on its foundations, and of these a few scraps can still be seen, owing to Mr. Halliwell's care. (He got up a subscription to buy the place.)⁵

Early in 1598 Shakspeare wanted to lay out more money in the neighbourhood of Stratford, and was nibbling at the titles of which he afterwards bought a moiety or half-part in 1605. Abraham Sturley, writing on January 24, 1597-8, from Stratford to a friend in London: evidently Richard Quiney, father of Shakspeare's future wine-dealing son-in-law—says:—"It semeth bi him ('ur [=your] father'), that our countriman, Mr. Shakspeare, is willinge to disburse some monie upon some od yarde land or other att Shottri or neare about us; he thinketh it a veri fitt patterne to move him to deule in the matter of our tithes. Bi the instruccions u can geve him theareof, and bi the frendes he can make therefore, we thinke it a faire marke for him to shoote att, and not impossible to hitt. It obtained, would advance him in deede, and would do us much good." (*Halliwell*, Octavo 172, Folio 140.) A Subsidy Roll, dated October 1, 1598, shows that a namesake (? no relation) of our poet was assesst 13s. 4d. on property in the parish of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, London: "Affid. William Shakespeare, v. li.—xiiij s. iiij d." During a scarcity of grain at Stratford, "A noate of corne and malte" there was taken—dated February 4, 1597-8, and among the dwellers in Chapel Street Ward is entered as a holder of grain, "Wm. Shlakespere, X quarters." In this year too is the following entry in the Chamberlains' account: "Pd. to Mr. Shaxpere for on lod of ston x d." As the repairs of New Place were probably going on, the poet, and not his father, was probably the seller of the stone.

In a dateless and unsigned letter, "To my lovyngc sonne Rycharde Quyney, at the Belle in Carter Leyne, deliver thesse in London," evidently written by Adrian Quiney of Stratford, and perhaps in 1598, is the following sentence: "Yff yow barger with Wm. Sha . . . or receve money therefor, bryngc your money home, that yow maye." Next comes the only letter written to Shakspeare that has survived to us. It is from his friend, the above-named Richard Quiney, asking for the loan of £30:—"Loveinge

¹ Remember that Chaucer's father, uncle, and grandfather, were wine-dealers and taverners too.

² So called before it came into Shakspeare's hands. Early in the sixteenth century, when the Cloptons had it, it was called *the great house*. (*Halliwell*, Octavo *Life*, p. 166.)

³ "Exemplification" is the technical word for it.

⁴ The reason given me as a pupil in chambers for this practice was, that the fine might include enough; one garden might have been accidentally left out of the description of the property bought. Often, with arable land too, some pasture was thrown in on spec.

⁵ In 1597 were published the first or spurious Quarto of *Romeo and Juliet* and the first Quartos of *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* In 1598, second editions of *Lucrece*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and the first of *1 Henry IV.* and *Love's Labour's Lost*. The latter play was written about by R. Tofte, in 1598. I suppose that *2 Henry IV.* was written in 1597-8, and *The Merry Wives* in 1598-9.

contreyman, I am bolde of yow, as of a frende, crawinge yowr helpe with xxx. li. vpon Mr. Bushells and my securitye, or Mr Myttons with me. Mr. Rosswell is nott come to London as yeate, and I have especial cawse. Yow shall frende me muche in helpeing me out of all the debettes I owe in London, I thancke God, & muche quiet my mynde, which wolde nott be indebted. I am nowe towarde the Cowrte, in hope of answer for the dispatche of my Buysnes. Yow shall nether lose creddytt nor monney by me, the Lorde wyllinge; & nowe butt perswade yowrselfe soe, as I hope, and yow shall nott need to feare butt with all heartie thanckefullnes I wyll holde my tyme, and content yowr frende; & yf we Bargaine farther, yow shalbe the paie-master yowr selfe. my tyme biddes me hastene to an ende, and soe I committ thys [to] yowr care, & hope of yowr helpe. I feare I shall nott be backe thys night from the Cowrte. Haste. The Lorde be with yow & with us all. amen! from the Bell in Carter Lane, the 25 octobr 1598.

"Yours in all kyndenes,

RVC. QUINEY.

"To my louinge good frend and contreyman, Mr. Wm. Shakespere, deliver thees."

On November 4, 1598, the before-named Abraham Sturley writes from Stratford "to his most lovinge brother, Mr. Richard Quinei, att the Bell in Carter Lane att London Ur [=your] letter of the 25. of Octobr . . . imported . . . that our countriman Mr. Wm. Shak. would procure us monei, which I will like of, as I shall heare when and wheare and howe; and I prai let not go that occasion, if it mai sorte to ani indifferent condicions. Also, that if monei might be had for 30 or 40*l.*, a lease &c. might be procured. . . ." In 1598 came Meres's praise of Shakspeare, and a list of his poems and plays, already noted on p. xiv, note 1; and in the same year Shakspeare acted in Ben Jonson's famous comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*.¹ In 1598 also "The Theater" built by James Burbage, where his and his sons' (or Shakspeare's) company playd, was pulld down, and rebuilt as "The Globe" on Bankside, Southwark, in 1599; and Shakspeare, being a "deserveing" man, was taken as one of the "partners in the profittes of that they call the House" (see *Henry V.*, p. lv, note 3, above), that is the chief actors' share, not including that of the Burbages as owners of the lease of the theatre from Sir Matthew Brand. He got him "a fellowship in a cry of players" (*Hamlet*, III. ii. 280), tho' not "halfe a share." I take this admission as a partner into the profits of the New *Globe* as the start of a new Period in Shakspeare's life. It marks definitely his success in London better than his purchase of New Place at Stratford does.²

III. The Third-Period of Shakspeare's life, tho' I call it the Period of Assured-Success, opens darkly like the dark Third-Period of his plays, that of his greatest tragedies. In January, 1601 (1600-1), Essex's rebellion breaks out, and, for his share in it, Lord Southampton, Shakspeare's patron, is imprisond in the Tower, where he stays till James I.'s accession in 1603 (see p. lxxiii, above). On September 8, 1601, Shakspeare's father, John Shakspeare, was buried at Stratford. On May-day, 1602, Shakspeare buys of Wm. and Jn. Combe, for £320, a hundred and seven acres of arable land in the parish of Old Stratford; and as he was not then at Stratford, the conveyance was delivered to his brother Gilbert.³ On September 28, 1602, Walter Gatley surrendered to Shakspeare a cottage, with its appurtenances⁴, in Walker's Street, *alias* Dead Lane, Stratford, near New Place. And by a fine levied in Michaelmas Term, 1602, we learn that Shakspeare bought of Hercules Underhill for £200 a messuage with two barns, two orchards, and two gardens, in Stratford: the

¹ His name stands first in the list of the actors at the end of the play in the Folio edition of Jonson's Works, 1616.

² In 1599 came out the pirated *Passionate Pilgrim*, the fourth edition of *Venus and Adonis*, and the second of 1 *Henry IV.*, and the second or genuine Quarto of *Roméo and Juliet*. *Henry V.* was written in 1599, and *Much Ado* and *As You Like It* by or in 1600. 1600 was the chief publishing year of Shakspeare's life. It saw issued a fifth edition of *Venus*, a third of *Lucretia*, first of 2 *Henry IV.* and *Much Ado*, first and second of both *The Merchant* and the *Midsummer-Night's Dream*, first or imperfect Quarto of *Henry V.*, and the first extant edition of *Titus Andronicus*.

³ Shakspeare seems to have increast this property afterwards, for in a fine levied of it in Trinity Term, 1611, an additional "twenty acres of pasture land" are described; and that this was not a fancy addition (p. cxviii, n. 4, above) appears from the fact that "in a deed which bears date in 1652, this land is also stated to be of the same extent." (Halliwell, *Folio Life*, p. 165.) In the conveyance, Shakspeare is described as "gentleman," and in the exemplification of the fine of the Gatley sale as *gentrosus* (gentleman).

⁴ It was copyhold of the Manor of Rowington. The Shaksperes of Rowington were a different family.

doubling was no doubt due to the fancy addition in the note of the fine. In a most interesting play, *The Returne from Peruassus*, which is dated 1602, from its mentioning the Queen's day (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, ix. 161), occurs the following testimony to Shakspeare's powers (*ib.* 194): "*Kemp*. Few of the university, pen plaies well; they smell too much of that writer *Ovid*, and that writer *Metamorphosis*, and talke too much of *Proserpina* & *Juppiter*. Why, here's our fellow *Shakespeare* puts them all downe, I, and *Ben Jonson* too. O that *Ben Jonson* is a pestilent fellow; he brought up *Horace* giving the Poets a pill; but our fellow *Shakespeare* hath given him a purge that made him berray his credit." "*Burbage*. It's a shrewd fellow indeed."¹ (*Ingleby's Centurie of Prayse*, 1874, p. 39.)

On March 24, 1602-3, Queen Elizabeth died. Shakspeare had written on her in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* those delightful lines on the "fair vestal throned in the west," "the imperial votaress," II. i. 157-164. She had

"Graced his desert,
And to his laies open'd her royall care,"

as Chettle says in his *Englandes Mourning Garment*, 1603 (New Shakspeare Society's *Allusion-Books*, p. 98), she had been "so taken" by his plays, as Ben Jonson said in his lines "To the Memory of Shakspeare;" she had so liked Falstaff that she had ordered his creator to show him in love (see *The Merry Wives*, p. liii), and yet, as Chettle complains, "the silver-tonged Melicert" (Shakspeare) did not "drop from his honied Muse one sable teare." His company no doubt expected favours from James I., thro' one of their members, Laurence Fletcher, who had acted before James in Scotland, with the English actors who were there between October, 1599, and December, 1601, and who was granted the freedom of the city of Aberdeen on October 22, 1601, as "comedian to his Majesty." Accordingly, ten days after James had reacht London, he, by Warrant dated May 17, 1603, licenst Fletcher's (or Shakspeare's) company "these our servants, Laurence Fletcher, William Shakespeare, Richard Burbage, Augustine Phillipps, John Hemmings, Henric Condell, William Sly, Robert Aruyn, Richard Cowlye, and the rest of their associats, freely to use and exercise the arte and faculty of playing comedies, tragedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastorals, stage-plaies, and such other like . . . as well for the recreation of our loving subjects, as for our solace and pleasure when we shall thinke good to see them, during our pleasure; and the said comedies, trajedies, histories, enterludes, moralls, pastoralls, stage-plaies, and such like, to show and exercise publicquely to their best commoditie, when the infection of the plague shall decrease, as well within their now usuall howse called the Globe, within our county of Surrey, as also within anie towne halls, or mout halls, or other convenient places within the liberties and freedome of any other citie, universitie, towne, or borough whatsoever, within our said realmes and dominions. . . ."

Shakspeare's company was thus changed from "The Lord Chamberlain's Servants" to "The King's Players." But it is quite clear from the Warrant, and the Burbages' Memorial of 1635, printed on p. lv, above, note 3, that when the Warrant was issued the company did not play at the Blackfriars Theatre, as that had been then for some time "leased out to one Evans that first sett up the boyes, commonly called the Queenes Majesties Children of the Chappell." It is also quite clear that when, evidently after 1603, the Burbages bought back "the lease remaining from Evans with our money," Shakspeare was still an actor², for the Burbages say they placed in the Blackfriars "men *players*, which were Hemings, Condall, Shakespeare," &c. I see no reason to doubt that Shakspeare remained an actor as long as he stayd in London. It is possible that his Sonnet 111, might have been written as late as 1607-8; the later the better, I think, as showing a reason why he'd like to turn his back on London. The plague of which James I.'s Warrant speaks, is mentioned by Stowe on pp. 1,415, 1,425, of his *Annals*, ed. 1605. It stopt the King from riding from the Tower thro' the City, as was customary before coronations; the citizens were ordered not to come to Westminster; Wednesday, August 5, and every succeeding Wednesday, were appointed to

¹ In 1602 were publisht the sixth and seventh Quartos of *Venus and Adonis*, the third of *Richard III.*, the first botcht Quarto of *Hamlet*, the first imperfect one of *The Merry Wives*, and the second of *Henry V.* *All's Well* and *Julius Cæsar* I assign to 1601, *Hamlet* to 1602-4, and *Measure for Measure* to 1603.

² I know some critics hold that Shakspeare left London in 1604. But then they are such awful guessers. They put *Henry VIII.* in 1604 too.

be kept holy, for the offering of prayers "while the heavy hand of God, by the plague of pestilence, continued among us;" and between December 23, 1602, and December 22, 1603, there died of the plague, 30,578 souls.¹ After the latter date Stowe does not mention the plague. It probably stopt gradually; must certainly have been over by March; as, for the procession of King James, his Queen Anne, and son Henry, on March 15, 1603-4, to the City of London, the King's Players, as part of the Household,² were each given four yards and a half of "red cloth;" and the first name in the list of nine players is "William Shakspeare" (from "The Accompte of Sir George Howne, Knight, Master of the Greate Warederober" to James I.—*Athenæum*, April 30, 1864; *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1877 9, p. 11); and on April 9, 1604, the King's Council wrote a Letter to the Lord Mayor of London and the Magistrates of Middlesex and Surrey, directing them to allow the King's Company (or Shakspeare's), and the Queen's, and Prince's, "publickly to exercise their plaies in their severall usuall howses," &c.³ Was Shakspeare revising *Hamlet*?—the second or genuine Quarto was publisht in 1604—writing *Measure for Measure* (the tone of the play would suit a plague-struck city: see p. lxxxii, above), and planning *Othello* during his enforced leisure? It is odd to turn from that terrible third Act of *Othello*, and learn that the next news of Shakspeare is from Stratford, and shows the poet as a malster. (*Folio Life*, p. 170.)

Between March, 1604, and the end of May, he had sold Philip Rogers, of Stratford, £1 19s. 10d. worth of malt, and had also, on June 25, lent him 2s. The rogue Rogers had only paid 6s. of his debt; so Shakspeare sued him in the Stratford Court of Record for the balance, £1 15s. 10d. On July 24, 1604, Shakspeare bought for £440 the remaining thirty-two years' term of the moiety or half of a ninety-two years' lease (granted in 1544) of the great and small tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe, no doubt the same property that he'd been after in January, 1597-8, and the conveyance is from "Raphe Husbände, esquire, to William Shakspeare, of Stratford uppon Avon, gentleman." It must have been a good purchase, as it brought in £60 a year, that is, paid 5 per cent on the whole of the purchase-money during the thirty-two years, and brought back besides—in yearly instalments of £38, which could be re-invested as they came in—£1,216 for the £440.⁴ Augustine Phillipps, of Shakspeare's company (see *Richard II.*, p. xxxv, the Burbages' Memorial, p. lv, n. 3, and James I.'s Warrant, p. cxx, above), by his will, dated May, 1605, leaves "William Shakspeare a thirty-shilling peece in gold."⁵ (Gunpowder Plot, November 5, 1605.)

¹ "Also by reason of God's visitation for our sinnes, the plague of Pest[ilence] there raigning in the City of London and suburbes (the Pageants and other shewes of triumph, in most sumptuous maner prepared, but not finished), the Kinge rode not from the Toure through the City in royal manner as had bene accustomed; neither were the Citizens permitted to come at Westminster, but forbidden by proclamation, for feare of infection to be by that meanes increased, for there died that weake in the Citye of London and suburbes, of all diseases, 1103; of the plague, 857.—Pp. 1415 and 1416 (the second couple so numbered)."

"Wednesday the 10. of August was by the ordinary appoynted to be kept Holliday, and fasted, the church to be frequented with prayers to almighty God, Sermons of repentance to the people, and charity to the poore to be collected & distributed, and the like commanded to be done weekly euery wednesday while the heavy hand of God, by the plague of pest[ilence] continued among vs.—P. 1416 (the second).

"In the former yeare, to wit 1602, the plague of pest[ilence] being great in Holland, Sealand, and other the low countries, and many souldiers returning thence into England, the infection was also spred in diuers parts of this realme; namely [...especially], in the Cite of London and liberties thereof it so increased, that in the space of one whole yeare, to wit, from the 23. of December 1602. vnto the 22. of December, 1603, there died of all diseases (as was weekly accepted by the parish clerks, and so certified to the King), 38244, whereof, of the Plague, 30578. God make vs penitent. For he is mercifull."—P. 1425.

² Shakspeare's yearly fee was no doubt £3 6s. 8d., like that of James's "Plaiers of enterludes, 8.," in 1614. (Lansd. MS. 272, leaf 27.)

³ To this letter, after Malone saw it, was stuck a forged list—first printed by Mr. Collier, as usuall,—of the King's Players, with "Shakspeare" second in it. Another forged passage about Shakspeare was printed by Mr. Collier in Mrs. Alleyn's letter of October 20, 1603; another about Lodge was also printed by him, &c. &c.: see the books of my friends Mr. N. E. S. A. Hamilton and Dr. Ingleby on these shameful matters.

⁴ Neither of his uses of *plague* in III. i., IV. vii., or *pestilence* in V. i. 196, can be taken as an allusion. See my Forewords to Griggs's Facsimile of *Hamlet*, Quarto 2 (1604), 1880.

⁵ But if we allow 10 per cent. for interest—as Shakspeare does in his will on his younger daughter Judith Quiney's marriage-portion,—then the yearly balance of £16 would only return £512 for the £440.

⁶ In 1605, the fourth edition of *Richard III.* was publisht. In 1607, the fourth edition of *Lucrece*. I suppose *Othello* to have been written in 1604, *Macbeth* in 1605-6, *Leare* in 1605-6, and *Troilus and Cressida* and *Antony and Cleopatra* in 1606-7.

In 1607, Shakspeare's eldest daughter, Susanna, being then 24, married, on June 7, Dr. John Hall, a physician at Stratford of large practice¹, to the english notes of whose cures of patients—including his own wife and daughter, himself, the poet Drayton, &c. —I have before alluded, when stating my belief that Dr. Hall is to some extent embodied in Cerymon of *Pericles*. (Had he but cured Shakspeare in 1616 instead of letting him die, we should have had an interesting account of the success. Possibly some successor of Ireland and our Victorian Shakspeare-forgers will produce an earlier cure of Shakspeare from the thousand notes of cases of which Dr. Hall's translator speaks in his Postscript.) On December 31, Shakspeare's youngest brother, Edmund, "player," was buried at St. Saviour's, Southwark, close to the Globe Theatre, and 20s. were paid for a "forenoon knell of the great bell." Shakspeare's first granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall, the only child of her parents, was baptised on February 21, 1607-8; and on "1608, September 9, Mayry Shaxpere, Wydowe," our poet's mother, was buried at Stratford. On October 16, Shakspeare stands godfather to a boy, William Walker—son of Henry Walker, of Stratford, chosen alderman January 3, 1605-6—to whom he afterwards left by his will "20s. in gold." In 1608 died Thomas Whittington, shepherd to Richard Hathaway, and by his will left "unto the poor of Stratford 40s. that is in the hand of Anne Shaxspere, wyfe unto Mr. Wyllyam Shaxspere, and is due debt unto me, being paid to mine executor by the sayd Wyllyam Shaxspere or his assignes." In August, 1608, Shakspeare brought an action against John Addenbrooke for a debt. After several months' delay a verdict was given in Shakspeare's favour for £6, and £1 4s. costs; but as the defendant couldn't be found, Shakspeare sued Addenbrooke's bail, Thomas Horneby, for the money. The latest date noted in the record is June 7, 1609.²

IV. In or about 1609, after the Period of his great Tragedies, grandfather Shakspeare is supposed to have left London, for his new life at Stratford, his fresh delight in all its flowers and scenes, its sweet girls and country sports. There is nothing definite to fix the change to any one year; but as Shakspeare's *Sonnets* and *Pericles* were both publisht, evidently without his leave, in 1609; as a new tone—a new scent as of violets or sweetbriar—breathes from his plays in and after 1609; as the later ones are loose in dramatic construction, as if written away from the theatre; as Shakspeare must, before he made his will, have sold or releast to his partners all his interest in the Globe and Blackfriars profits, and in his plays, we conclude that his leaving town dates from 1609 or thereabouts, tho' the first Stratford tidings seem against the notion. In September, 1609, Thomas' Greene, the Town-Clerk of Stratford, says that a G. Brown might stay longer in his (Greene's) house, "the rather because I perceyved I might stay another yere at New Place." Greene may have been living there with his "cosen Shakspeare"; if not, Shakspeare cannot have settled at New Place till later. By June 21, 1611, Thomas Greene is probably in his own house, as an order was made that the town is "to repara the churchyard wall at Mr. Greene's dwelling-place" (Halliwell's *Hist. of New Place*). In a list of donations "collected towards the charge of prosecuting the bill in Parliament for the better repaire of the highe waies, and amendinge divers defectes in the statutes already made," dated Wednesday, September 11, 1611, the name of "Mr. William Shackspeare" is found in the margin, with no sum to it. "This MS.," says Mr. Halliwell in his *Folio Life*, p. 202, "evidently relates to Stratford."³

The draft of a bill⁴ to be filed before Lord Ellesmere by "Richard Lane, of Awston, in

¹ "This Learned Author lived in our time, and in the County of Warwick, where he practised Physik many years, and in great Fame for his skill, far and near. Those who seemed highly to esteem him, and whom by Gods blessing he wrought these cures upon, you shall finde to be among others, Persons Noble, Rich, and Learned."—James Cooke, the englisher of Dr. Hall's Cures. "To the Judicious Reader." Dr. Hall left another book ready for the press, besides his *Cures*. His widow sold them both to Mr. Cooke as another man's MSS. (*Cures*, sign. A. 3, back.)

² In 1608 were issued the first and second Quartos of *Lear*, the fourth of 1st *Henry IV.*, the third of *Richard II.*, and the third of the imperfect *Henry V.* I put down *Coriolanus* and *Timon* as written in 1607-8. Milton, Clarendon, and Fuller were born in 1608.

³ In 1609 were publisht *The Sonnets*, the first edition of *Troilus and Cressida* (in two states, with differing titles, see p. lxxxviii), the first and second Quartos of *Pericles*, and the third and fourth of *Romeo and Juliet*. Shakspeare's part of *Pericles* I date 1608-9, and *The Tempest* 1609-10.

⁴ In 1611 came out the fourth edition of *Hamlet*, the third of *Pericles*, and the second of *Titus Andronicus*. I suppose *Cymbeline* to have been written in 1610, *The Winter's Tale* in 1611, and the Shakspeare part of *Henry VIII.* and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (?) in 1612-13.

⁵ See *Folio Life*, p. 212.

the countie of Warwicke, esquire, Thomas Greene, of Stratford uppon Avon, in the said countie of Warwicke, esquire, and William Shakspeare, of Stratford uppon Avon aforesaid, in the said countie of Warwicke, gentleman ;” undated but seemingly drawn up in 1612, shows Shakspeare in a lawsuit about his share in the tithes which he had bought in 1605. Some of the lessees of the tithes had refused to pay their share of a reserved rent of £27 13s. 4*l.*, and had thus driven Shakspeare and a few others to pay the defaulters’ share as well as their own, in order to prevent the lease being forfeited. The draft bill states Shakspeare’s income from the tithes of corn and grain, wool and lamb, privy tithes, oblations and alterages as being £60 a year.¹ His brother Richard was buried at Stratford on February 4, 1612-13. On the 10th of March in that year Shakspeare bought for £140 from Henry Walker, citizen and minstrel of London, a house² and a piece of ground near the Blackfriars Theatre, “abutting upon a streete leading down to Pudle Wharffe on the east part, right against the Kinges Maiesties’ Wardrobe.” But as Shakspeare only paid £80 of the purchase-money, he next day mortgaged the property to the vendor Henry Walker for the odd £60, and let the house, which he mentions in his will, to John Robinson, the then tenant of it. On June 29, 1613, the Globe Theatre on Bankside, Blackfriars, was burnt down during a performance of *Henry VIII.*, as I have noted above on pp. xiii, xiv; and we can fancy Shakspeare’s feelings on hearing of the destruction of the old house, for so many years the scene of his triumphs. He must have been glad to see its rebuilding at once begun. In a paper dated September 5, 1614, Shakspeare is mentioned among the “Auncient freeholders in the fields of Old Stratford and Welcombe,” viz. :—“Mr. Shakspeare, Thomas Parker, Mr. Lane, Sir Frauncys Smyth, Mace, Arthur Cawdrey, and Mr. Wright, Vicar of Bishopton;” thus, “Mr. Shakspeare 4 yard land, noe common nor ground beyond Gospell-bushe, nor ground in Sandfield, nor none in Slow-hill-field beyond Bishopton, nor none in the enclosures beyond Bishopton.” And by an agreement, dated October 8, 1614, between Shakspeare and William Replingham, a joint-owner with him of the tithes before-mentiond, Replingham covenanted with Shakspeare to repay him all such loss as he should incur in respect of the decreasing³ of the yearly value of the tithes held by Replingham and Shakspeare, by reason of any enclosure or decaye of tillage intended in the tithable fields by the said Replingham. To the enclosure of the Welcombe common and hills, whence the best view of Stratford is to be got, the Corporation was strongly opposed,—as so many writers of Tudor time were to like enclosures, because they cared for their poorer neighbours;—and the Corporation clerk or lawyer, Shakspeare’s kinsman, Thomas Greene, was in London on this business when he made the following Memorandum :—

“1614: Jovis, 17 No. My cosen Shakspear comyng yesterdy to town, I went to see him how he did. He told me that they assured him they ment to inclose no further than to Gospell Bush, and so upp straight (leavyng out part of the Dyngles to the field) to the gate in Clopton hedg, and take in Salisburys peece; and that they mean in Aprill to survey the land, and then to gyve satisfaction, and not before; and he and Mr. Hall⁴ say they think ther will be nothyng done at all.” (Folio *Life*, p. 222.)

About a fortnight after the above date, says Dyce, Greene, having left Shakspeare in London, returned to Stratford; where he continued his notes:—“23 Dec. A hall. Lettres wrytten, one to Mr. Manyng, another to Mr. Shakspear, with almost all the company’s hands to cyther. I also wrytte myself to my cosen Shakspear the coppies of all our acts, and then also a not of the inconvenyences wold happen by the inclosure.”

“The letter to Arthur Mainwaring (Lord Ellesmere’s domestic auditor) is still preserved; but the more interesting one has perished.” A page of Thomas Greene’s Diary survives, in which are the three following entries relating to Shakspeare’s business and the enclosures :—1. [1614-15] “10 Januarii, 1614. • Mr. Manwaring and his agreement for me

¹ In 1612 were published the fifth edition of *Richard III.*, and the third (with Heywood’s Poems)—no copy of the second edition is known—of *The Passionate Pilgrim*. In 1613, the fifth Quarto of *Henry IV.*

² See a wood-cut of what purports to be it in Halliwell’s *Octavo Life*, p. 217. The counterpart of the conveyance (printed *ib.*, pp. 248-251) is in the Guildhall Library, London. The Mortgage is in the British Museum show-room. An autotype of it can be had at the Museum for 2s.

³ MS. increasing. Folio *Life*, p. 221.

⁴ No doubt the doctor, Shakspeare’s son-in-law.

with my cosen Shakspeare. 2. [1614-15] 9 Jan., 1614. Mr. Replyngham, 28 Octobris, article with Mr. Shakspear, and then I was putt in by Thursday. 3. [1615] 1 Sept. Mr. Shakspeare told Mr. J. Greene that I was not able to heare the enclosing of Welcombe." (Folio *Life*, p. 223.)

In 1614 died John Combe, bailiff or factor to the Earl of Warwick, and by his will left "To Mr. William Shakspeare, five pounds." In the same will is mentiond "Parsons close, *alias* Shakespeares² close." This year too the Stratford Corporation, according to their custom when a strange preacher preacht before them, sent a present of wine to one—a Puritan, no doubt—stopping at Shakspeare's house. The Chamberlain's account charges, "Item: for one quart of sack, and on quart of clarett wine, geven to a preacher at the Newe Place, xx^d." On January 25, 1615-16, the fair copy of Shakspeare's Will was ready, but he put off executing it till March 25—when he had some alterations made in it—after the marriage of his younger daughter, Judith, then 31, who, like her mother, wedded a man younger than herself—tho' only four years now, not eight—Thomas Quiney³, vintner and wine-merchant of Stratford, son of the Richard Quiney who in 1598 askt Shakspeare to lend him £30 (p. cxix, above), and who died on May 31, 1602, while bailiff of Stratford. From the fact of Judith having made her mark to a deed instead of signing her name, it has been supposed that she could not write; but this is not certain, as many folk well known in history, who could write, have still put their marks to deeds. Susanna Hall could write fairly. Having executed his will on March 25, Shakspeare died at New Place on April 23, 1616, and was buried in the chancel of Stratford Church on the 25th.⁴ The only report as to the cause of his death is in the Diary (printed in 1839) of the Rev. John Ward, who was appointed vicar of Stratford in 1662, that "Shakespeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merie meeting, and itt seems drank too hard, for Shakespear died of a feavour there contracted." Mr. Halliwell has in his *History of New Place* suggested another cause: that the pigsties and nuisances which the Corporation books show to have existed in Chapel Lane, which ran the whole length of New Place, bred the fever of which Shakspeare is said to have died. Mr. Halliwell gives several extracts from the books, as—"1605: the Chamberlaines shall gyve warning to Henry Smyth to plucke downe his pigges cote which is built nere the chapple wall, and the house of office (= privy) there." (*New Place*, p. 29.)

SHAKSPERE'S WILL.—By his will, Shakspeare, like so many other unjust Englishmen, in accordance with the unjust custom of their country, settled almost all his property on his eldest child, and gave the younger much less. He bequeathed his daughter Judith (Quiney) only: (1.) £150—£100 as a marriage portion (with 10 per cent. interest on it till it was paid), and £50 on her releasing her right in his Rowington copyhold tenement (in Dead Lane, p. cxix, n. 4, above), to her sister Susanna Hall. (2.) £150 more if she or any issue of hers should be living at the end of three years from Shakspeare's death, with interest thereon at £10 per cent. in the meantime. (If she should die without issue in three years—she lived till February, 1638-9, surviving her three children—Shakspeare gave £100 to his "niece [granddaughter], Elizabeth Hall," and £50 to be invested for, and the income from it paid to, his sister, "Johane Harte," during her life, the principal going equally among her children at her death.) But if Judith Quiney survived the three years (as she did), her £150 was to be invested, the interest paid to her during her life, and the principal among her children after her death. Also, if her husband should settle on her and her issue lands worth the £150, in the judgment of Shakspeare's executors, they were to pay the husband "the said cl. li." (the contraction for £150). Then Shakspeare gives his sister, Joan Hart, £20 and all his wearing apparel, and a life interest in the house in Stratford wherein she dwelt, she paying 12*d*. a year rent for it. He also gave her three sons, William, —, and Michael, £5 each. Then came the small legacies: all his plate, except his broad silver

¹ Our Poet did not live to see the termination of this contest: it was not till 1618 that an order of the Privy Council forbade all further attempt at enclosure (Dyce).

² It's in Hampton, bounded by Ingon Lane, leading on one side to Snitterfield, on the other to Stratford. (See the plan in *Halliwell*.) Nothing is known to connect it with Shakspeare.

³ The name still exists in Stratford, and, I believe, is pronounced "Quin-ny." But Dr. Hall wrote "Quenny." See p. xcvi, note 2.

⁴ These dates are Old Style ones. April 23 and 25 correspond to May 3 and May 5, New Style. See below, p. cxvi. In 1616, the fifth Quarto of *Lucrece* was published. In the 1615 Continuation of *Stowe's Annals* by Edmund Howes, "M. Willi. Shakespeare, gentleman," is entered among "Our moderne and present excellent Poets which worthely flourish in their owne workes" (p. 811).

and gilt bowl (which he gave to his daughter Judith), he bequeathed to the said Elizabeth Hall; £10 to the Stratford poor; his sword to Mr. Thomas Combe; £5 to Thomas Russell, esquire; £13 6s. 8d. to Francis Collins, of Warwick; then for rings, 26s. 8d. each to Hamlett Sadler, William Raynoldes, "my fellowes John Henmynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell;" 20s. in gold to his godson William Walker, and 26s. 8d. to Mr. John Nashe. Then came the main devise of the will: he gave his New Place (p. cxvii), his tenement in Henley Street (pp. ii, vi), his Stratford, Old-Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe tithes (p. cxxi), his Blackfriars house near the Wardrobe, let to Robinson (p. cxxiii), and all his other hereditaments, to his daughter Susanna Hall for her life, and then to her sons successively in tail male; and in default of sons, to his said "niece" (that is, granddaughter, eight years old), Elizabeth Hall in tail male; and in default of such issue, to his daughter Judith Quiney in tail male; and in default of such issue, to his own right heirs. Then, by an interlined bequest, he gave his wife his second best bed with the furniture. (She would be entitled to dower in his freeholds, and to freebench in his copyholds, if the custom of the manor gave it.) All the rest of his personalty, after payment of debts, legacies, and funeral expenses, he gave to his son-in-law, "John Hall, gent.," and his daughter Susanna, John Hall's wife, and made them executors of his will, the said Thomas Russell and Francis Collins being overseers of it—to see that the executors did their duty.—The will was witnessed by "Fra: Collyns, Julyus Shawe, John Robinson, Hamnet Sadler, Robert Whattcott," and if the law was then as it is now, Collyns and Sadler¹ lost their claim to their legacies by witnessing the will. The will is on three sheets of moderate size, signed by Shakspeare on the margin of the first sheet, at the foot of the second, and about the middle of the third. It was proved on June 22, 1616, by John Hall, who alone acted as executor, power being reserved, as usual, for Susanna Hall to prove, when she wanted to. The note of the proof contains the words "(Inv. ex.)," which shows that Dr. Hall exhibited an Inventory of Shakspeare's goods; and I long hoped that the Fire of London and the rats and rain of and in the St. Paul's Cathedral rooms, where the 17th century Inventories long were, might have left this Shakspeare Inventory in one of the eight and twenty boxes in the Probate Office containing these Inventories. After I saw them in an underground room in Doctors' Commons, some ten or eleven years ago, I tried to get the Treasury to appoint a clerk to catalogue these Inventories, but in vain, and so was obliged to have a turn at them myself in the spring of 1881. Mr. J. Chaloner Smith (the superintendent of the Literary Search Department) and I tested every one of the boxes in all its parts, giving about three hours to each box, but we could not find one inventory of Shakspeare's time. All but some two or three per cent. were of the date 1660 to 1700, though a few went up to 1530, and a few others down to 1724. We were forced to conclude that all the early 17th century Inventories were burnt in the Fire of London. The only Inventory we found in any way relating to Shakspeare was that of Sir John Barnard, the second and surviving husband of Shakspeare's granddaughter, Elizabeth Hall; and in it the only entries that could relate to Shakspeare's land and New Place were "a Rent at Stratford-upon-Avon iiij. li.," and "old goods and Lumber at Stratford-upon-Avon, at iiij. li." When the calendar of these Inventories is made, Lady Barnard's will no doubt turn up.

Over Shakspeare's grave in the chancel of Stratford Church is a dark flat tombstone, with this inscription, which Dowdall says was "made by himsele a little before his death":—

"Good frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To digg the dust enclosed heare:
Bleste be y^e man y^e spares thes stones,
And evrst be he y^e moves my bones."

On the left or north wall of the chancel, against the blockt-up bottom of the second window from the communion-table, is the monument to Shakspeare, containing the celebrated Stratford life-size bust, evidently cut from a death-mask², and said by

¹ If "Hamnet" and "Hamlett" Sadler were one and the same man, as I suppose they were.

² "We may mention—on the authority of Mr. Butcher, the very courteous clerk of Stratford Church, who saw the examination made—that two years ago Mr. Story, the great American sculptor, when at Stratford, made a very careful examination of Shakspeare's bust from a raised scaffolding, and came to the conclusion that the face of the bust was modelled from a death-mask. The lower part of the face was very death-like; the upper lip was elongated and drawn up from the lower one by the shrinking of the nostrils, the first part of the face to 'go' after death; the eyebrows were neither of the same length nor on

Dugdale (*Life, Diary*, p. 99), to have been "made by one Gerard Johnson," a well-known sculptor.¹

This bust and the Droeshout engraving in the first Folio, are the only authentic representations of Shakspeare. The Chandos, Felton, and other portraits², and the Kesselstadt death-mask—fine though it is—have no real evidence whatever in their favour. The bust was originally coloured, but Malone stupidly had it all painted white.³ It has, however, since been repainted in the original colours: eyes light hazel, hair and beard auburn, cheeks ruddy, sleeved doublet scarlet, sleeveless gown black, neckband and wristbands white, upper part of the cushion, under the hands, green; under half, crimson; edge-cord and tassels, gilt. The left hand rests on a piece of white paper; the right holds a pen and rests on the cushion. The expression of the face is stolid and staring. Below the bust is the inscription following:—

"Iudicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, populus moriet, Olympus habet.

"Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious Death hath plapt
Within this monument, Shakspeare, with whom
Quick nature did; whose name doth deck y' tombe
Far more than cost; such⁴ all y' he hath writt
Leaves living art but page to serve his witt.

Obiit An^r Dei 1616,
Ætatis 53, die 23 Apr.^r"

We must recollect that "23 April" then was the same day that we call the 3rd of May now. As Mr. John J. Bond says in his *Handy Book*, 1866, p. xxvii., "Some writers have supposed that both Cervantes and Shakspeare died on the same day, whereas the fact is, that there was ten days' difference between the dates of the death of the one and the other. Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, the author of *Don Quixote*, died on the 23rd of April, 1616, at Madrid, on *Saturday*, according to the New Style of writing dates in use at that time in Spain, which style had been adopted there as early as the year 1582. (Year Letters C.B., 1616, New Style, 23rd of April, 1616, Saturday.) And William Shakspeare died on the 23rd of April, 1616, at Stratford-on-Avon, on *Tuesday*, according to the Old Style of writing dates at that time in use in England, the New Style not having been adopted in England at that time, and not until the year 1752. (Year Letters G.F., 1616, Old Style, 23rd of April, 1616, Tuesday.)

Saturday, 23rd of April, 1616, New Style, corresponded with Saturday, 13th of April, 1616, Old Style,

Tuesday, 23rd of April, 1616, Old Style, corresponded with Tuesday, 3rd of May, 1616, New Style.

Hence it is shown that Cervantes died ten days before Shakspeare." And don't let us forget that on this Tuesday, April 23, Old Style, or May 3, New, the great Oliver Cromwell entered himself as a student at Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge.

Shakspeare's wife died on August 6, 1623, being sixty-seven years old. His eldest daughter, Susanna Hall, died July 11, 1649, aged sixty-six (having survived her husband John Hall, who died November 25, 1635, aged sixty). His granddaughter Elizabeth Hall married first Thomas Nashe, on April 22, 1626, and (after his death on April 4, 1647), namely, June 5, 1649, a widower, John Barnard of Abington, Northamptonshire, who was knighted in 1661; but she had no child by either husband, and she died at Abington,

the same level; the depth from the eye to the ear was extraordinary: the cheeks were of different shapes, the left one being the more prominent at top. On the whole, Mr. Story felt certain of the bust being made from a death-mask."—F. J. F., in *The Academy*, August 22, 1874, p. 205, col. 3. Mr. Woolner has since told me that he too has examined the bust, and is also convinced that it was made from a death-mask. Chantrey, the sculptor, and Haydon, the painter, &c., had before expressed the same opinion. But, says Mr. Spedding, the death-mask was made to represent a live face, by sticking a pair of almond-shaped raised lines on the top of the eyelids—to represent open eyes—and laying clay enough upon the upper lip to allow of the dead mouth being made to smile.

¹ Mr. Halliwell supposes that Johnson didn't work so late as 1616, but that one of his sons may have cut the bust.

² The beery, loose-looking picture in the so-called Birthplace is a special abomination to me.

³ These lines have been written on this intense piece of ill taste (*Neil*, p. 66):—

"Stranger to whom this monument is shown,
Invoke the Poet's curse upon Malone,

Whose meddling zeal his barbarous taste displays,
And daubs his tombstone, as he mars his plays."

⁴ For *sith*, since; y'=this; y'=that.

and was buried there on February 17, 1669-70. The three tombstones of Shakspeare's wife, daughter Susanna, and her husband, Dr. Jn. Hall, lie by his in the chancel of Stratford Church. On Mrs. Hall's is the following epitaph, which shows that the daughter had both the father's wit and tender heart :—

' Witty above her sexe, but that 's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall :
Something of Shakspeare was in that : but this,
Wholy of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear

To weepe with her that wept with all ;
But wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall ?
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne'er a tear to shed."

Shakspeare's younger daughter, Judith Quiney, was buried at Stratford on February 9, 1661-2, having survived her three sons, Shakespeare, baptised November 23, 1616, buried May 8, 1617 ; Richard, baptised February 9, 1617-18, buried February 26, 1638-9 ; Thomas, baptised January 23, 1619-20, buried January 28, 1638-9. No entry of the burial of her husband Thomas Quiney is in the Stratford register. Shakspeare's sister Joan Hart was buried at Stratford on November 4, 1646. To Joan's grandson, Thomas Hart, Lady Barnard,—who, with her mother and first husband, had barred the entail under Shakspeare's will,—left the Henley Street or Birthplace houses ; and these houses were sold in 1847, by descendants of the Harts, to trustees for the nation. New Place was sold, after Sir John Barnard's death, to Sir Edward Walker. His only child Barbara married Sir John Clopton, and she brought New Place back into the family of its old possessors. About 1720, Sir Hugh Clopton pulled down New Place, and built a new house, probably more or less on the old foundations. His son-in-law and executor, Henry Talbot, sold the property to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, Cheshire ; and this confounded man not only cut down in 1756 the so-called "Shakspeare's mulberry tree" in the garden, because folks wanting to see it bothered him, but also in 1759 pulled down Sir H. Clopton's fresh "New Place." On the property coming into the market in 1862, Mr. J. O. Halliwell got up a subscription and bought it, afterwards added to it the site of the theatre built on part of the old garden, and other grounds adjacent, laid bare the foundations of the house, put the whole place into nice order, and in 1876 handed it over to the Corporation of Stratford for the use of the public, subject to visitors paying a small fee, as at the Birthplace. The gratitude of every lover of Shakspeare is due to Mr. Halliwell—however little they may think of his critical power—not only for his exertions to secure New Place for the nation, but also for his long searches into the records of Shakspeare's life, and for never having forged a document or an emendation, though unluckily he has reprinted other folks' forgeries, and at first declared them genuine. As he says, such mistakes as he's made, have at least been honest ones.

§-16. The statement of my old acquaintance Professor Craik, in his edition of *Julius Cæsar*, 1857, still remains true, that

"After all the commentatorship and criticism of which the works of Shakespeare have been the subject, they still remain to be studied in their totality with a special reference to himself. The man Shakespeare as read in his works—Shakespeare as there revealed, not only in his genius and intellectual power, but in his character, disposition, temper, opinions, tastes, prejudices—is a book yet to be written" (pp. 8, 9).

Till some one has carefully pickt out the extra-dramatic bits from his plays, and combined them with the like bits in his poems, we cannot have his picture complete. But we know enough to get a fair notion of him. His boyhood and young manhood I have already sketched, on pages iv—ix. The latter was that of his own ideal, as so happily pictured by my friend Miss O'Brien, in her article on "Shakspeare's Young Men"¹ (and their

¹ She says on "Shakspeare's own ideal of young manhood" . . . "First, as to the animal natures of these young heroes of his, it is noticeable what physical perfection they are all supposed to have. . . . His young hero should, as a general thing, 'laugh merrily' like Valentine, 'eat and drink heartily, walk manfully, and only look sad when his purse was empty.' He should be able to climb walls with Romeo, wrestle with Orlando, fence and fight pirates like Hamlet, or swim through the stormy waves like Ferdinand ; and he should enjoy doing it. Shakspeare seems to have revelled in the creation of these healthy, and consequently fearless, young fellows. Further, he seems to lay stress on their being natural, unaffected, as if to him affectation indicated a weakness somewhere in the man's character ; . . . we have hints in the description of Parolles, with his 'scarfs and bannets,' 'his soul in his clothes,' (cp. Cloten) which show us Shakspeare's amused contempt for such creatures. . . . Shakspeare seems to value very highly a decided capacity for friendship between men . . . This friendship is shown us in many forms and varying degrees of intensity. There is the deep and devoted kind ; . . . there is every shade of genial sociability. . . . Clearly his model young man ought to be able to get on

5 classes) in *The Westminster Review* for October, 1876. His outward history is that of so many thousands of his countrymen. Born and bred in the country, he comes up to London poor, and gradually makes his fortune there, keeps an eye always to his country-home, lays out his first money there, makes his father a gentleman, and then himself retires to be a country gentleman in Stratford too, leaving behind him the city, the source of his fortune, the scene of his triumphs. He, as is usual with self-made men, wants to found a family, and entails his landed property on his eldest daughter and her child, leaving the youngest daughter but £300, marriage-portion and all. As to his likes and dislikes, he disliket women's sham hair and face-painting¹; men's absurd dresses and frequent changes of fashion², and their excessive word-play and quips³; he also disliket jealous wives⁴, scented effeminate men (Hotspur's courtier, and Osric, &c.), Puritans⁵, courtiers' pretensions⁶, pompous justices⁷, presumptuous officials⁸, and affectations of all kinds; the fickle multitude⁹, child actors, clowns saying more than was set down for them, ranting actors¹⁰, and dramatists¹¹; and, actor and playwright tho' he was, liking the applause with which the well-gracet actor left the stage (*Richard II.*, V. ii.), he still felt that his business lowerd his moral nature, and left its stain on him. (Sonnet 111.). No wonder, if the general run of writers and actors was like Marlowe, Peele, and Greene. Shakspeare used the poor rather as material for fun, to amuse his richer patrons with, than as folk with whom he felt. He doesn't show much sympathy with 'em, not so much as Chaucer, I think; but his representations of 'em are all in good part, and, like those of Chaucer and Dickens, make his hearers think kindly of the men they laugh at. Shakspeare also couldn't bear the enclosure of commons near towns. He, like the other Elizabethan dramatists, doesn't, in his play, show much home feeling. He and they have hardly any of the modern feeling as to the English home.¹² 'Twas hardly possible then: Paul's Walks, the theatres, the taverns, were the leading features of the London life of Elizabeth's and James's time; and tho' hints of happy home-life are given here and there in Shakspeare—"sat at good men's feasts" (*As You Like It*, II. vii.), and, oddly enough, in the Roman plays—just as in Sir Thomas More's household, in Philip Stubbes's Life of his sweet young wife, who read the Bible so hard and was always asking him to explain texts—yet it was not till the Puritan time that we get the Lucy Hutchinson, the Lady Russell, the foundation of the English home, to which the cavalier spirit, when purified, was to add lightness and grace. The hardness of early English home-life is seen in the Paston Letters, in the *Italian Relation of England*, in Lady Jane Grey's bringing up, &c. (See the Forewords to my *Babees' Book*, &c.) In connection with this want of home-life, there seems to me in Shakspeare some want of sympathy with child-nature.¹³ Admirable as his sketches of children's characters are,

with other people. That he should be capable of really falling in love is almost a matter of course. 'It was not a matter of course, in those days or since, that the love so represented should be the pure and honest thing it is with these young heroes. Passionate, ardent, outspoken, it is always straightforward, frank, and honourable, in both the lover and the object of his love, in any character held up for our admiration. . . . Shakspeare's young hero must be a gentleman too, in the best sense of that indefinable word. Our poet clearly believed that blood and birth made a good deal of difference, fully agreeing with Spenser, 'that gentle blood will gentle manners breed.' . . . But whether the polish was to be innate or acquired, at all events it must be there before the young man's character would be agreeable to Shakspeare. It is not enough that the young hero should be daring and gallant, generous and true, he must also have something of cultivation and grace as well. . . . One point, however, should not be overlooked in connection with these young men. With all their sociability, their friendship and hospitality, it is remarkable how little allusion there is to anything of a rollicking, drinking style of conviviality. . . . Healthy, brave, natural, genial, constant in friendship, noble in love, well-bred, cultivated, and self-restrained; such are the main points which we can discover of Shakspeare's ideal young man. We would not say that there might not be something higher, that we might not wish for some example of real heroism and self-sacrifice; but the world is not made up of heroes, and Shakspeare did not seem to feel called upon to draw the exceptional people."

¹ See above, p. xx, and note 2 there.

² Portia, in *The Merchant*, p. xlv, above, &c.

³ See above, pp. xix, xx.

⁴ Adriana and the Abbess, in the *Errors*, II. i.; V. i.

⁵ *Twelfth-Night*.

⁶ *Lea*, V. ii. 15, 17; *Much Ado*, p. lx, note 1.

⁷ *Merry Wives*; 2 *Henry IV*.

¹² Mr. Spencer. Miss O'Brien also notes the little there is in Shakspeare of mother and daughter (cf. Juliet and her mother, Hermione and Perdita), as if he was not sure of the ways of women together.

¹³ He liket their boldness and pluck. Cp. Edward IV.'s and Coriolanus's boys.

⁸ *Hamlet*, III. i.; *Measure for Measure*, II. ii.

⁹ 1 *Henry IV.*, end; 2 *Henry IV.*, induc.; *Julius Caesar*.

¹⁰ *Hamlet*, III. ii.; *Troilus and Cressida*; *Coriolanus*.

¹¹ Quotations from Marlowe's *Tamburlaine* and *Kyd*, in 2 *Henry IV.*, II. iv.

it is rather their parents' feelings for them, than the children themselves, that he seems to care for. Shakspeare was, too, like most Tudor Englishmen, too fond of kings and queens. But in his time they were mistaken for their country. (The modern Comtist, also, judging Shakspeare as a Victorian, not an Elizabethan, finds that he had no high purpose in his life, set up no high ideal in his plays; that he ridiculed the poor to please the rich, &c. &c. These objections seem to me out of time and place.) Shakspeare's love for the country is one of his most striking characteristics: his knowledge of, and delight in, its flowers and plants, its birds and beasts, horses and dogs, its clouds and sunshine, its pastoral life and fairy lore, its sports, its men and ma' lens, he puts into all his plays. A thorough landsman, he never speaks of the sea with pleasure.¹ Loving Nature even more than Chaucer, he is no student, no book-reader, in the sense that Chaucer was, that even Ben Jonson was. No reflections of other men's work shine thro' his every second line as in much of Chaucer. He studies men and women, as he does Nature, at first-hand, not second, and reads mainly, I expect, for material for his work, in the intervals of his busy active life. Baptista Mantuanus, Ovid, Plautus, of the classics—perchance all in translations—certainly Plutarch's Lives in North's englisht version from Amiot's French one; Chaucer, George Gascoigne, Holinshed's *Chronicle*, Lyly's *Euphues*,² Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, and other collections of Novels, Greene's Prose Tales, Montaigne's Essays, are the main books we trace in his works. The English Bible he seems to have known well (see Bp. Chas. Wordsworth's book on this).³ Of all the arts he lov'd Music next to Poetry—what lovely tender passages he has written on it!—then painting; then statuary. Full-blooded, impulsive he must have been,⁴ and full of life. He likt his cakes⁵ and ale, and took enjoyingly the pleasures sensuous and sexual⁷ that the fates provided. (It is absurd to try and make him out, in this regard, a Milton or a Wordsworth. The unneeded double-ententes, the broad jokes, in his early plays, his *Venus*, &c., show that he had the allowable enjoyment of his time in an amusing splash of dirt. But it is all wholesome coarseness; and he has far less of it than his dramatic contemporaries have.)

But with this full-blooded, strong, intense nature, with an overflowing store of humour, geniality and wit, Shakspeare combined the atmost sensitiveness, the tenderest, humblest, devoted, womanlike love for his friend. What can be more beautiful—weak tho' it may seem to some—than his affection for his Will of the Sonnets? These are the poems that explain to us his contemporaries' name for him, "gentle Shakspeare," "gentle Will;" these, the work that show us whence sprang his strong hold on the rough blustering Ben Jonson, and drew from Ben those expressions of affection which—-notwithstanding their "buts"—are his own truest title to a place in our hearts: "I loved the man, and do

¹ From my friend Mr. Joseph Knight. As also Shakspeare twice makes the sailor's half-hour glass a landsman's hour (*All's Well*, II. i. 168; *Tempest*, v. 223), we may be sure that he was never at sea for any time.—B. Nicholson, *New Sh. Soc. Trans.*, 1881, pp. 12-3.

² See Mr. Rushton's book on this, and Note, p. cxliv, below. His borrowings he took "by sovereignty of nature."—*Coriol.*, IV. vii. 36.

³ See, too, my Forewords to "*Shakspeare and Holy Writ*," Marcus Ward and Co., 1s., 1881, and note below, p. cxliv.

⁴ *Merchant of Venice*, V. i.; *Twelfth-Night*, I. i., II. iv., &c.; *Julius Caesar*, I. ii., &c. &c.

⁵ This was a note of the time. Cp. Sir P. Sidney's threat to drive his dagger into his father's secretary, if the latter read his letters.

⁶ The saffron cakes with raisins in, that were eaten with the ale in Elizabeth's time to make the ale taste better. See my *Harrison*, p. lxxi.

⁷ "13 March, 1601. Upon a tyme when Burbidge played Richard III. there was a citizen gone soe farr in liking with him, that before shce went from the play shce appointed him to come that night unto her by the name of Richard the Third. Shakspeare, overhearing their conclusion, went before, was intertained, and at his game ere Burbidge came. Then message being brought that Richard the Third was at the dore, Shakspeare caused retourne to be made that William the Conqueror was before Richard the Third. Shakspeare's name William (*Mr. Touse t*)." (Manningham's *Diary*, castrated, p. 39. Camden Society.) See too the 2nd Group of Sonnets, p. lxxi, and note 2, p. liii, above. The Mrs. Davenant story is in Aubrey's MSS., in the Ashmole Collection, in the Bodleian, and in Oldys's MS. Collections for a Life of Shakspeare. See *Dyce*, 2nd ed., i. 123, note 7.

⁸ "*De Shakspeare nostrat.—Augustus in Hat(erium).*"—I remember, the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, 'Would he had blotted a thousand!' Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour: for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and

honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions" (*Discoveries*, p. 747, col. 1): and -

"Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe, homage owe.
He was not for an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines! . . .
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter, nature be,
His art doth give the fashion . . .
. . . Look, how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly
shines

In his well torned and true filed lines . . .
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of
Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay! I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou *Star of poets*, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping
stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath
mourn'd like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volumes light."

(From Ben Jonson's poem in the Folio of 1623, "To the Memory of my beloved Master, William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us."—Ben Jonson's *Works*, p. 693, col. 1.)

Fuller says of Shakspeare: "Many were the wit combats betwixt him and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great gallion and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention." (*Worthies*, p. 126, sign. A.a.a, ed. fol., in *Dyce*, p. 70.) Aubrey had heard that Shakspeare "was a handsome, well-shap't man," "very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt." His kindly reference to his dead rival Marlowe in *As You Like It*, I have already notised, p. lxi, and Chettle's testimony to his early worth, pp. xi, xii, note 7, end. And who can read his plays without feeling that in all that's frank, and generous, and beautiful, all that's noble, and to be reverent and loved in their characters and them, there is a part of Shakspeare himself? Grant that in his bad characters there is somewhat of him too, that he had yielded to temptation, passion, felt possibilities of crime; but yet how greatly the good outweighs the ill! how surely we feel that the ideals Shakspeare created, he strove to reach, and that all that was true and right came to him as to its home! In religion, he was no doubt an orthodox Christian of his day. (See p. cxliv.)

As a dramatist, a poet, Shakspeare, like Chaucer, started late, and ripened late, though earlier than the older maker. Chaucer's first poem, the *Pity*, must have been written when he was nearly twenty-eight, his *Prologue* when he was forty-eight. Shakspeare's first poem, his *Venus and Adonis*, the first heir of his invention, when he was twenty-nine; his first play, *Love's Labours Lost*, when he was twenty-four or twenty-five; his *Othello* when he was forty. Chaucer began in sadness, and worked through it into the sunshine and humour of his merry Tales, but passed at last into complaints against Fortune, poverty and ill hap. Shakspeare started with fun and farce, and passing through his early tragedy and histories to his brilliant sunny comedies, plunged into the gloom and terrors of the tragedies of his Third Period, but emerged, to end, in sunshine and in peace. What strikes me most in Shakspeare is his magnificent power and ease. True poet as Chaucer is, and much as I love him (my work for him shows it); true poet as Marlowe is—let Miss Lee speak his praise—it seems

free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: *Sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things, could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.' He replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like; which were ridiculous. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned." (*Discoveries*; in *Works*, ed. 1838, p. 747, col. 1.) On the detractor's but, Chaucer's *Parson's Tale* says, under "Envy:" "And this synne / of bakbitynge or detraccion / hath certeine speces / as thus ¶ Som man preiseth his neigheore by a wikke entente / [494] for he maketh alwey a wikked knote atte laste ende / alwey / he maketh a nut / atte laste ende / that is digne of moore blame / than worth is al the preisyngne."

¹ "To what a pitch of greatness Marlowe's genius might have reached had he lived to attain

to me that Shakspeare can take them both up in his right hand, and all the other English poets in his left, and walk off with them without feeling their weight. This strength, this ease of doing all he wants, and having power in reserve; this ability to swing you right away on whatever tide of passion, pity, terror, joy, humour, wit, he chooses to raise, I find in no one else in like degree. Then comes Shakspeare's characterisation, proceeding from that quick eye that saw the eagle's shaking wings, &c., in the *Venus*, from that sensibility which was affected by every object in Nature, every emotion in Man, like a photographer's plate is by every ray of light; that sympathy that enabled Shakspeare to feel with and for every change in the physical world, every mood in the spiritual; that intensity with which he could throw his whole strong, tender self, into his characters; that insight, that imagination penetrative, which showed him what was at the heart of every man and thing with which he dealt; that power of realisation which enabled him to embody his conceptions, his studies from life, as themselves really living beings. Then comes the wonderful variety, the many-sidedness of the man. With all natures he is kin. From Caliban to Titania, Miranda; from Bottom to Theseus, Prospero; from Parolles to Hotspur, Henry V.; Doll Tearsheet to Isabella; Mrs. Quickly to Volumnia, he ranges with equal power at will. True that he knows men, but adores women—his reverence for women (even if mainly ideal only) is to me the most beautiful trait in his character—true that he always analyses and lays bare the weaknesses and sins of the one sex, while of the other, only Cleopatra and Cressid does he dissect¹, as Chaucer does the wife of Bath, when he displays her; the rest of his heroines he lifts into angels, yet keeps them all sweet loving women still.² Yet how fair he is to his characters! Iago and Edmund are his only pure villains; and for both we are shown excuses in the causes for their crimes. The nearest man to them, Richard III., has his excuse too, in his birth; and he loves his father, and suffers in his restless bed and his conscience-stricken awakening. With Shylock, Macbeth, our hearts feel. Then comes the love of Nature in all Shakspeare's work,—but of this I have spoken above, p. cxxix; not Wordsworth himself was fuller of it: it was in every fibre of his being. Then “the presence of a spirit of active and enquiring thought through every page of his writings is too evident to require any proof. . . . He has impressed no other of his own mental qualities on all his characters: this quality colours every one of them.” (Spalding's *Letter*, p. 20.) Then the deep wisdom and reflective power, specially in the Third and Fourth-Period plays, so often shown in short pregnant sentences that weigh and glisten like gold. Then the rich and lovely fancy of the early poems and plays, carried on, tho' subdued and chastened, to the last. Then the delightful humour and fun; Shakspeare's evident enjoyment of it; the boy's heart in him to the end, as Antiochus shows. Then his brilliant wit, his aptness of epithet, and mastery of language. Then the manliness and healthiness of his work—notwithstanding its occasional coarseness of his time—his sound judgment and strong common-sense. His knowledge of human nature. His conviction that breakers of law, natural and moral, must and do suffer for their sins. His interweaving of fancy and farce, pathos and comedy, of tragedy and humour. But where shall I stop? Who shall number all Shakspeare's attributes? All lovers of him know dozens more than I have mentioned in this poor summary; and all of them are but the agents of that imagination which made him the greatest poet of the world. (Note his special originality in comedy. Hardly any of his chief folk in it are from other men's sketches.)

perfect manhood I cannot tell. All I know is, that when he died at the age of thirty years he was the greatest dramatic poet whom England had yet seen (a greater poet, I dare to say, than Shakspeare was at the same date); and that in power of imagery, in majesty of thought, in depth of passionate feeling, he excelled all who had written before him, and all (even Shakspeare) who wrote during his lifetime. His short life and brief period of greatness remind me of the story told of the stranger athlete who—when the men of Greece were assembled to view the game of quoits, and were watching with delight and admiration the feats of strength achieved by their youth—strode down from the mountains, and taking the quoit flung it without effort further than it had ever yet been thrown by any man; and then, while old and young gazed on him with wonder and with envy, turned and left them and was seen no more.”—*New Sh. Soc.'s Trans.*, 1875-6, p. 239.

This so pleasant enthusiastic praise hides all Marlowe's faults, his rant and tawdriness, his strain, and want of naturalness, characterization, humour, &c. But he was no doubt Shakspeare's teacher in tragedy and blank verse.

¹ We may add Mrs. Quickly, perhaps, of non-heroines. Whom else?

² Lady Macbeth, Goneril, Regan, he has unsexed.

In the construction of his dramas, Shakspeare's weakness seems to me to spring from his strength. That was characterisation. Give him a story that afforded him scope for development of character, and he didn't care much for a plot; he didn't attend enough to the maxim that a play must act itself. See on what loose threads of dramatic continuity plays like the *Dream*, *King John*, *Henry V.*, *Cymbeline*, *Winter's Tale*, &c., are strung. As Prof. Spalding has pointed out in his able *Letter*, pp. 62, 66, Shakspeare belonged to the old school of dramatists as regards plots: any old well-known story would suit him, for he knew he could make the dry bones live; but the hold of his works on the stage as acting plays has loosened from their want of better plots. It is odd too in how many of his plays the climax is reached before the fifth Act¹: this is due to his impetuosity; and to the same cause is owing his frequent inconsistency in details: see *Hamlet*, p. lxxvi, note 1. To the Leading-Idea-of-each-Play notion, so strongly insisted on by many German critics and their English followers, I do not take, in the sense that Shakspeare entertained it consciously before he wrote a Play. He never sat down to write a play as a parson writes a sermon, on the evils of avarice²; nor did he, in my belief, according to the doctrine of some critics, sit still till old James Burbage or his son Richard or Cuthbert came to him, and said, "Now, Shakspeare, we want a tragedy this day fortnight: something stirring, you know. Suppose you take *Hamlet*, in which the hero's always doing nothing and making excuses for it—splendid subject for a drama, for action, that!--You cook it up, and mind you bring it home to time." I believe, on the one hand, that Shakspeare soon became king and teacher of his company—his own fellows *must* have known the difference between him and other men, and lookt up to him with pride,—and that he produc'd them comedy when he liked it, and tragedy when he liked it, without asking them for orders. On the other hand, I conceive that Shakspeare, according to the mood he was in, either heard a fresh story, or recollected an old one, which suited his mood, and gave him a chance for developing character; then he threw himself into the circumstances and people of the story, made such changes in them as he thought fit, in accordance with his idea of his plot and each of his characters, and then develop'd the whole. If one character dominated the whole play, as in *Othello*, &c., then the play had a leading idea; if one character didn't dominate it, as in *The Merchant*, then the play hadn't any leading idea, except the one leading every play, that of exhibiting human emotion and character. Shakspeare cared for life, and didn't bother himself about subject, object, idea, teleology, &c.

Altogether "a manly man" (as Chaucer says) this Shakspeare, strong, tender, humorous, sensitive, impressionable, the truest friend, the foe of none but narrow minds and base. And as we track his work from the lightness and fun of its rise, through the fairy fancy, the youthful passion, the rich imaginings, the ardent patriotism, the brilliant sunshine, of his first and second times, through the tender affection of his Sonnets, the whirlwind of passions in his Tragedies, and then to the lovely sunset of his latest plays, what can we do but bless his name and be thankful that he came to be a delight, a lift and strength, to us and our children's children to all time—a bond that shall last for ever between all English-speaking, English-reading men, the members of that great Teutonic brotherhood which shall yet long lead the world in the fight for freedom and for truth?

§ 17. "Go to Stratford-upon-Avon, and see the town where Shakspeare was born, and bred, and died; the country over which he wandered and playd when a boy, whose beauties

¹ The real climax is generally in the third Act, as in *Othello*, *Julius Caesar*, &c.; a weak fourth Act often follows; then a stronger fifth. In *Macbeth* the true climax is the murder scene in Act II. In *Richard III.*, the first Act, with its wooing of Lady Anne, pales everything that follows. (Mr. Irving has grasped the character of Richard admirably.) It is clear to me too that Shakspeare, in writing his plays, followed his own impulses as to their length, and not the mere players' requirements. The times given for plays, by his contemporaries, are two, two-and-a-half, and three hours. Allowing 800 lines for an hour, none of Shakspeare's important plays but *Macbeth* (2,108 lines), the *Tempest* (2,062), *Dream* (2,174), and *Julius Caesar* (2,478), can have been acted without large cuts, which in *Hamlet* (3,931 lines), and *Richard the Third* (3,619), must have slash'd off a third of the play. James Wright, in his *Hist. Histrionica*, 1699, p. 4 (Hazlitt's *Dodsley*, xv. 400), says:—"Shakspeare, as I have heard, was a much better Poet than Player." Tradition says that Shakspeare acted the Ghost in *Hamlet*, Adam in *As You Like It*, Knowell in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. (*Hamlet*, Quarto 1, 2,143 lines, took 2½ hours to act on April 16, 1881.

² The only plays I recognise as incidental-purpose ones are *Richard II.* and *John*. The only direct-purpose ones are *Love's Labours Lost* and *Julius Caesar*.

³ Reprinted, like most of § 19, from my Gervinus *Introduction*.

and whose lore, as a man, he put into his plays. Go either in spring, in April, "when the greatest poet was born in Nature's sweetest time," and let Mr. Wise ("Shakespeare: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood," pp. 44, 58, &c.) tell you how "everything is full of beauty" that you'll see; or go in full summer, as I did one Saturday afternoon in July, 1874. See first the little low room where tradition says Shakspeare was born, though his father did not buy the house till eleven years after his birth¹: look at the foundation of "New Place," walk on the site of Shakspeare's house, in the garden whose soil he must often have trod, thinking of his boyhood and hasty marriage, of London, with its trials and triumphs, and the wonder he had created for its delight; follow his body, past the school where he learnt, to its grave in the Avon-side church ringed with elms; see the worn slab that covers his bones, with wife's and daughter's beside; look up at the bust which figures the case of the brain and heart that have so enriched the world, which shows you more truly than anything else what Shakspeare was like in the flesh; try to see in those hazel eyes, those death-drawn lips, those ruddy cheeks, the light, the merriment, the tenderness, the wisdom, and love that once were theirs; walk by the full and quiet Avon's side, where the swan sails gently, by which the cattle feed; ask yourself what word sums up your feelings on these scenes: and answer, with me, "Peace"!

Next morning, walk up the Welcombe Road, across the old common lands whose enclosing Shakspeare said he "was not able to bear:" when up Rowley Bank, turn round; see the town nestle under its circling hills, shut in on the left by its green wall of trees. The corn is golden beside you. Meon Hill meets the sky in your front; its shoulder slants sharply to the spire of the church where Shakspeare's dust lies: away on the right is Broadway, lit with the sun; below it, the ridge of Roomer Hill, yellow for harvest on the right, passes leftwards into a dark belt of trees to the church, their hollows filled with blue haze. In this nest is Shakspeare's town. After gazing your fill on the fair scene before you, walk to the boat-place, paddle out for the best view of the elm-framed church, then by its river-bordered side to the stream below; get a beautiful view of the tower through a vista of trees beyond the low waterfall; then pass by cattle, half-knee deep in the shallows, sluggishly whisking their tails, happily chewing the cud; go under Wier-Brake Bank, whose trees droop down to the river, whose wood-pigeons greet you with coos; past many groups of grey willows, with showers of wild-roses between: feathery reeds rise beside you, birds twitter about, the sky is blue overhead, your boat glides smoothly down stream: you feel the sweet content with which Shakspeare must have looked on the scene. Later, you wander to Shottery, to Anne Hathaway's cottage, where perchance in hot youth the poet made love. Then you ride through Charlecote's tall-elm park, and see the deer whose ancestors he may have stolen: on to Warwick, with its castle rising grandly from Avon bank; back to Stratford, with a glorious view from the hill, on your left in your homeward ride.² Evening comes: you stroll again by the riverside, through groups of townfolk pleasant to see, in well-to-do Sunday dress. From Cross-o'-th'-Hill you look at the fine view of church and town, backed by the Welcombe Hills; through Wier Brake³ and ripe corn, you walk to the bridge that brings you to the opposite level bank of the stream. Then you lie down, chatting of Shakspeare to your friend, while lovers in pairs pass lingering by, and the twilight comes. Then again you say that the peace of the place was fit for Shakspeare's end, and that the memory of its quiet beauty will never away from your mind.

Yes, Stratford will help you to understand Shakspeare.

§ 18. It has been my privilege to set the torch of Shakspeare's genius to some young minds, and to see them kindle at its touch in a way that it has been one of the great pleasures of my life to witness. It has been my privilege, too, to bring for the first time before some life-long students of Shakspeare, the order and succession of his works in their

¹ He may have rented it before: but I expect that the former house, in Henley Street, in which John Shakspeare dwelt, would have a better claim to be "the birthplace," if it were now known.

² If you can, get on to ruin Kenilworth, where Shakspeare may have seen Leicester's pageants before Elizabeth, in 1575 (see my edition of *Captain Cor*, Ballad Society), to use in *Midsummer-Night's Dream*. Heaven forbid that he should have turned the great mason Captain into Bottom!

³ The young Stratford folk call their Sunday-evening stroll through this wooded bank, "Going to Chapel." That their devotions interested the attendants, I can say.

gradual development of power, and beauty, and wisdom, together with the oneness of these works through all their growth, and thus to give these students a quite new interest and delight in the great writer they had so long loved. I hope this Introduction may be of like use to a larger number of people now. I am certain that the mere study of isolated plays must give way to the study of them as parts of a whole, and in relation to the other parts, as well as singly; that the study of Shakspeare's works must be made like that of the works of every other great artist, painter, musician, &c., like that of the Creator's works—natural and scientific, and in the order of the maker's making. And I claim that the method I have pursued is that of the man of science, comparison, noting of differences and identities of expression, subject, character, mood, and temper of mind; and that this method and its results do bring a fresh element of certainty into the order of Shakspeare's plays, and the groups into which they fall. The evidence of this order and grouping has come to me gradually and unexpectedly; and it is all undesigned evidence. The first thing that struck me on reading Gervinus was the absolute necessity of a Fourth Period for the latest Group of Plays, just as one had been wanted for Chaucer. Next, on a second reading of the plays, came out the connecting link of the Errors or mistaken-identity fun between the three earliest plays. Then came the conviction—started by Mr. (now Professor) Hales's chat to us at the New Shakspeare Society—that Mr. Halliwell's discovery of the allusion to *Julius Caesar* by Weever in 1601, was justified by the internal evidence of the play¹; and on working the subject out independently many months afterwards, I was surprised to find how strong and how many the links between *Julius Caesar* and *Hamlet* were (several of these are given above at p. lxxv), and that the former's place was clearly before *Hamlet*, and not after *Measure for Measure*², as I had put it in my first table (Gervinus *Introduction*, p. xlv.). Then at once showed itself the link of likeness of character; Brutus, Hamlet, Claudio, Angelo, all unfit natures for the task set them, all failing under the burden laid on them. Next came the position of the Poems. Following Gervinus, and many criticisms in print and out of it, I at first put the *Venus and Adonis* down as Shakspeare's earliest work (Gerv. *Introd.*, p. xlv.); and while under this notion, I undertook to edit this present volume of Shakspeare. I wrote the Introduction to the *Venus*, and thought I had persuaded myself that it really was Shakspeare's first work. But on turning to *Love's Labours Lost* and the *Errors* after it, the absurdity was too apparent; the poem clearly belonged to the Passion Group, which was prepared for by *The Two Gentlemen*; and, my youngest brother's death occurring just at the time, I gave up my editing, and asked Messrs. Cassell to take Professor Delius's text, non-copyright one, as the best for their book, and, as in duty bound, his order of the Plays.³ Then, I had at first put *King John* in the First Period, from its dramatic weakness, its climax—if John's death can be so called—having nothing to do with the motives of the play. But its variety of well-drawn characters, its richness and pathos as compared with *Richard III.*, its links with *The Merchant*, soon convinced me that it must be of the Second Period, and with *The Merchant* from the Life-Play Group. *The Shrew* was difficult to place; but the kinship of Grumio's humour to Falstaff's, the admirable drawing of Petruchio's character⁴, showed that it must be close to, though before, 1 *Henry IV.*: and so on. It is by one's mistakes that one learns. Of course this method can be ridiculed by any little fool—April or other—who wants to raise a laugh, just as metrical tests have been: "there's a man and a woman in *The Tempest* and the *Dream*; therefore they are next to one another; 'the' and 'a' are in all the plays, therefore they were all written the same day," &c. But it must be a poor method or man that's put down by

¹ Till then I had been struck only by the contrast of the characters of Brutus and Hamlet. On Shakspeare's possible, though not probable, use of Appian in his play *Julius Caesar*, see *Notes*, p. cxlii.

² The strong temptation to put *Measure for Measure* next *All's Well* I had instinctively resisted from the first.

³ It differs from mine in some points. I have not looked to see which. Every reader must judge for himself, after work and thought, whether either or neither of us is right.

⁴ Every reading of plays near one another, brings out fresh links. Only last night at 2 *Henry IV.* my friend and colleague, Mr. F. D. Matthew, noted that Pistol's song-quotation (? when putting off his boots, 134), "Where is the life that late I led?" V. iii. 143, is Petruchio's when pulling off his boots in *The Shrew*, IV. i. 135. It was no doubt a popular air that Shakspeare himself sang at this time.

"A glibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shal low laughing hearers give to fools."—*L. I. Last*, V. ii. 849–851.

Students must, too, have a certain knowledge of the succession of Shakspeare's plays, in order to appreciate the value of the evidence. May I again refer to a mistake of mine—and a happy hit—to illustrate this? When trying for the order and groups of Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales*, I could at first find nothing better than to follow my best MS., the Ellesmere, and our best old editor, Tyrwhitt. But on sending up my scheme to the only man in the world w. o knew anything about the subject, and had long workt in vain at it, Mr. H. Bradshaw, the sight of my mistake at once enabled him to set me and himself right, and to settle at once and for ever the order of the Tales. So in Chaucer's Minor Poems, I had followed the best leader and argument I could find, and printed the *Dethe of Blanche* first. Then Mr. Bradshaw told me he had never been able to get a place for *The Complaint to Pity*. On a careful reading of it—never till then given—I saw it was Chaucer's first original poem, before the *Blanche*, and that the latter alluded to his love-sickness explained in the *Pity*.¹ Mr. Bradshaw's knowledge of Chaucer—unequall'd it is, in these points—made him agree in this firstness of the *Pity*. But a man with very much slighter knowledge of Chaucer details, Mr. Minto, could not agree—he hadn't had the special training to enable him to—and he made the comical suggestion that Chaucer's illness was due to the want of cash², of which the poet complains in his very latest poem. Now the critic I want for the order and groups of Shakspeare's plays is a Bradshaw, and not a Minto; some one—a friend I hope—who *knows*; who can say, "That play or group must come out of your wrong place, and go into my right one, there;" and whom one can gladly, delightedly, thank for setting one right. For in these small, as in greater matters, it's—

"What delights can equal those
That stir the spirit's inner deeps

When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows!"
In Memoriam, xli. 9 12.

Chaucer was right in putting his clerk's "gladly wolde he lerne," before the "gladly wolde he teche": the learning's ever so much pleasanter. Why won't the men of the level of Tennyson, Spedding, Pater, Symonds, Dowden, Ingram, do more for us at Shakspeare? Wooden-heads, and pert know-littles, we've had in plenty. But we want the men who see.

The plays about the place of which there is most doubt, are the *Dream*³—which, after formerly shifting, after the *Two Gentlemen*, I perhaps wrongly mov'd back again—*The Shrew*, and *Troilus*, specially the last.⁴ If they are in their wrong places now, and get mov'd to their right ones, I have no doubt that a number of links of like phrases, thoughts, subjects, characters, will be perceiv'd between them and the plays lying next them. I believe, nay, assert, that down each side-edge of every one of Shakspeare's plays are several hooks and eyes of special patterns, which, as soon as their play is put in its right place, will find a set of eyes and hooks of the same pattern on the adjoining play to fit into. This was oddly the case with *Julius Cæsar* when put into its right place before *Hamlet*. And the only exception to the rule is, where an entirely new or different subject like this *Julius Cæsar* is started, after such a succession of comedies as closes Shakspeare's Second Period: in this case the links, the hooks and eyes, on the left edge of the new play, may be wanting. Note too, that, as in conjunctions, we have both copulative and disjunctive ones, so in links we have both bonds of likeness and contrast, as I have shown under *Hamlet*, p. lxxv. These links—almost always undesignd ones—I contend are only what must naturally exist between works written by the same man nearly at the same time of his life and in the

¹ This poem also explains the cause of the great preponderance of melancholy thwarted-love poetry in Chaucer's early time, as contrasted with the prevailing humorous poetry of his Third Period.

² *Characteristics of English Poets*, p. 10. "Matrimonial pangs" Mr. Minto has since suggested in his article in the *Encycl. Britan.*, which contains some great blunders.

³ The Temple-Garden scene in 1 *Henry VI.* was no doubt written some time before Shakspeare's part of 2 & 3 *Henry VI.*: but I had to treat the whole quadrilogy together.

⁴ Professor Dowden puts *Troilus* next *Measure for Measure*. He is no doubt justified by the metrical argument. I accept his judgment on the point in preference to my own. On the wisdom in *Troilus* see *Notes*, p. cxlii.

same mood. From evidence of like kind, comparing the general tone of the Four Periods of his works, I hold that Shakspeare's plays, when lookt at broadly in their successive Periods, represent his own prevailing temper of mind, as man as well as artist, in the succeeding stages of his life. These tempers and moods, as they change in Shakspeare's Four Periods, are but those of nature. Mr. Spedding—alas that I have now to say the late: he died March 9th, 1881—who objected to part of my views, yet said:—

“Along with the resemblances between the writings of the same man, there will also be differences; differences corresponding to changes in his tastes, humours, habits, fortunes, and mental conditions. In his earlier youth, farce and deep tragedy may probably divide his affections between them. As his mind expands and ripens, the broader humours of farce and the simpler horrors of tragedy lose their attraction, and give place to the richer, chaster, and more delicate humour of high comedy, and the deeper mysteries of tragic passion. As advancing years cool the blood, and decreasing activity makes the pleasures of a quiet life more attractive than those of a stirring one, it is probable that the writer's taste will incline to the calmer and more soothing kind of pathos, in which the feeling is too profound and tender for what is called comedy, and yet the final impression too peaceful for what is called tragedy. Tastes so changing would no doubt induce changes both in the choice of subjects and in the treatment of them; and looking through your list of Shakspeare's plays in the order of their dates as determined upon independent grounds, the succession is much what we might (without inventing any extraordinary spiritual trials in his private life to account for the changes) have expected. Take your Four Periods, and you will find that the differences in choice and treatment suit very naturally with the natural changes in a man's mind as he grows older; and that the whole series will divide very well into four groups. Between twenty-four and thirty, Shakspeare had a young man's tastes, both in the light and the heavy line—a taste for merriment and absurdity and ingenious conceits and slang and bawdry, in the light line; and for love, in the ‘sighing-like furnace’ and bowl-and-dagger stage in the serious. After thirty he lost his relish for these puerilities, aimed at a higher order of wit and humour in comedy, and a higher moral standard altogether; while for the true elements of human tragedy he turned to history. Five or six years of such work led him upwards into a still higher region. In comedy, though the vein was as rich as ever and as full of enjoyment, yet the pathetic element springing from the tender and serious feeling with which he had come to regard all human things became more and more predominant, and so prevailed over the other in the general effect, that his later works which end happily are hardly to be called comedies. I suppose nobody ever thought of *Measure for Measure* as a comedy, though everybody in it except Lucio is happily disposed of, and the effect of *his* sentence is rather comic than otherwise. *All's Well* is allied to tragedy rather than comedy, by the pity and serious interest with which we follow the fortunes of the heroine: and *Twelfth-Night*, in spite of the number and perfection of the comic scenes, and the wonderful liveliness and rapidity and variety of incident and action, is nevertheless to me one of the most pathetic plays I know—and would draw tears far sooner than *Romeo and Juliet*. So Shakspeare may be said to have taken leave of comedy proper in *The Merry Wives*, and to have grown out of it before he was forty years old. In the meantime his exercises in tragedy proper had led him into the region of the great passions which disclose the heights and depths of humanity—a region which was destined to become and remain his own. These passions,—for the benefit of the theatre, the glory of Burbage, the amusement and instruction of the play-going public—and partly it may be for the satisfaction and relief of his own genius—he brought, by means of such stories as he could find, suitable for showing them in action, upon the stage. And to this we owe *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and the rest; which occupied the ‘unhappy Third Period.’ I should like to have a period of unhappiness like that. [No doubt.] The Fourth Group follows naturally enough. He was forty-four years old; he had made money enough; he had retired from business; he had passed the period when the mind takes pleasure in violent agitations; and he employed himself upon such subjects as suited—or treated the subjects which he found so as to make them suit—the autumnal days:—Witness *The Winter's Tale* and *The Tempest*.

“Classing the plays according to their general character, I find that they fall naturally into these broad divisions, and that they have a kind of correspondence with the divisions which are observable in the life of man. But if you want to separate these natural divisions

into subordinate groups, according to the particular feature which distinguishes each, it seems to me that you must have as many groups as there are plays. The distinguishing feature of each would depend upon many things besides the author's state of mind. It would depend upon the story which he had to tell; and the choice of the story would depend upon the requirements of the theatre—the taste of the public, the popularity of the different actors, the strength of the company. A new part might be wanted for Burbage or Kempe. The two boys that acted *Hermia* and *Helena* [and *Rosalind* and *Celia*—the tall and the short one,—or the two men who were so like that they might be mistaken for each other, might want new pieces to appear in¹; and so on. The stories would be selected from such as were to be had (and had not been used up), to suit the taste of the frequenters of the theatre; and the characters and incidents would be according to the stories.²

If then the broad divisions are those of Nature, if they are *à priori* probable, and the succession of the plays in each Period can be made out—as I have shown it can be, with a close approach to certainty—by a combination of all the evidence from without and within, how can we help asking ourselves what smaller groups the plays of each Period fall into? how can we help refusing to admit the evidence under our noses that, for instance, *Julius Cæsar*, *Hamlet*, and *Measure for Measure* are most closely allied by the unfitness of Brutus, Hamlet, Claudio, to bear the burden put on them, while *Othello* and *Macbeth*, tho' like the first group in the unfitness of their heroes' nature for the strain put on them, are yet more closely linkt to one another by their heroes, under the influence of their quick-working imaginations, yielding to temptations from without and from within? And so on. Next, as to the question how far we are justified in assuming that Shakspeare put his own feelings, himself, into his own plays. Some men scorn the notion, ask you triumphantly which of his characters represents him, assert that he himself is in none of them, but sits apart, serene, unruffled himself by earthly passion, making his puppets move.³ I believe, on the contrary, that all the deepest and greatest work of an artist,—playwright, orator, painter, poet, &c.,—is based on personal experience, on his own emotions and passions⁴, and not merely on his observations of things or feelings outside him, on which his fancy and imagination work. I find that Fra Angelico, whose angel-pictures breathe calm into you as you walk up to them, and lift you into heaven's own serene, makes you smile at his devils. I find that Wordsworth cannot paint passion, but that Michael Angelo can. I find that Milton's Satan has Milton's noble nature perverted—is no devil, &c.;—but that Dante can paint hell, because he's felt it. Shakspeare tells me he's felt hell: and in his *Othello*, *Macbeth*, *Lear*, *Coriolanus*, *Timon* I see the evidence of his having done so.⁴ He tells me how he loved his friend, as with woman's love; and in his *Antonio*—thrice repeated—his *Helena*,

¹ Cp. *Viola* and *Sebastian* in *Twelfth-Night*, and the two pairs of *Antipholuses* and *Dromios* in *The Errors*.

² They take the Fourth-Period calm of *Prospero*, reacht thro' trial and storm, as that of Shakspeare's whole life, even his "hell of time." It is a strange mistaking of this life-ful, nerve-ful man.

³ The revived doctrine that the main object of poetry is to please, amuse, seems to me too contemptible to be discussd. I don't believe the mere wish to please, ever produced anything better than toys.

⁴ I look for the Shakspeare of each Period—good part of him, at least—to the character or opposite characters whom he has drawn with most sympathy in it: to *Valentine* (and *Romeo*?) in the First Period; to *Henry V.* on the one hand, *Antonio* on the other, in the Second Period: to *Hamlet* on the one hand, *Othello* on the other, in the Third Period: to *Prospero* in the Fourth. I can't believe that Shakspeare had much of the wily *Ulysses* or the calm, self-seeking (tho' repentant) *Enobarbus* in him, tho' they may represent, for his Third Period, the self-control that *Benvolio* does for his First. While he knew with *Romeo* what the ecstasy of love was, with *Antonio* what the self-sacrifice of life to friendship was, with *Hamlet* what will-weakness, with *Othello* what jealousy, with *Coriolanus*, with *Timon*, what ingratitude were; though with his nerve-ful sensitive frame, his yieldings, his falterings, his *mauvais quarts d'heure* were many, yet his healthy nature pulld him thro'. And as Professor Dowden says, George Chapman's lines fitly represent him:—

"Give me a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails filled with a lusty
wind
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts
crack,
And his rapt ship runs on her side so low

That she drinks water, and her keel ploughs
air;
There is no danger to the man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
(*Byron's Conspiracy*, Act III. end.)

"Such a master-spirit pressing forward under strained canvas was Shakspeare. If the ship dipped and drank water, she rose again; and at length we see her within view of her haven, sailing under a large, calm wind, not without tokens of stress of weather, but if battered, yet unbroken, by the waves."

his Viola, I see his own devoted love reflected. He tells me what his false swarthy mistress was: and in his *Cleopatra* I see her, to some extent, embodied. Tradition tells me of the merry meetings at the Mermaid, and the wit-combats there; and in the Falstaff-scenes at the Boar's Head, &c. &c., I see these imaged. The early plays show me what Shakspeare was at the beginning of his career—how comparatively poor in nature, and merely sharp and witty. I see him grow in knowledge and experience of life from Period to Period, almost play to play, enriching himself with the society of gracious Elizabethan ladies, and courtly men, fighting the deepest questions which puzzle the will, getting convinced of the sternness of the Moral Ruler of mankind, of the weakness of his own nature, of the suffering that sin brings;¹ I see him laying bare his own soul as he strips the covering off other men's; and I see him at last passing into at-oneness with God and man, into fresh delight in all the glories of the outward world, and the sweet girls about him in his Stratford home. Then content to sleep. And I refuse to separate Shakspeare the man from Shakspeare the artist. He himself, his own nature and life, are in all his plays, to the man who has eyes, and chooses to look for him and them there.

But still let those who reject this view, note that all I have said of the succession of Shakspeare's Plays is independent of it. Only let them study the works of Shakspeare chronologically, as they do those of Raphael, Turner, Mozart, Handel, Beethoven; and let them help to put down the idiotic helplessness and confusion on the subject that have hitherto been so prevalent in England, and which still make many men turn angrily on you when you try to get them out of 'em. Let them also insist, that Shakspeare's Poems be studied with his Plays, as Chaucer's Minor Poems must be with his Tales. Neither man can be known from Plays or Tales alone.

(I owe an apology to my readers for the slightness and inequality of parts of this Introduction. Most of it has been dragged out of me when out of sorts, in a Hamlet-like mood of putting-off, and amid the pressure of other work. All the play-part was dictated to an amanuensis, from old notes and recollections², and under constant injunctions to be short. But the intended thirty-two pages have grown to four times their length, and yet much that should have been said remains unsaid. I have not had time either, to work out fully the links between the plays,—with the help of the Variorum edition or a Concordance³—or § 16 on Shakspeare. How poorly the words I have used, represent him or my own feeling for him, I painfully feel. Still, that they will help beginners at least, teachers and students of long standing, who have themselves learnt from what I have written, have assured me; and I know, when I began work at Shakspeare, how much I wanted such an introduction to him as is given here. My best thanks are due to the friends who have looked over these sheets, and added the suggestions to which their names are put.)

§ 19. *a.* The best books to help the student to understand Shakspeare's mind, growth, and purpose, are Gervinus's "*Commentaries*" (14s., Smith and Elder); Dowden's "*Shakspeare, his Mind and Art*," 12s., and Primer, 1s.; Mrs. Jameson's "*Characteristics of Women*," that is, Shakspeare's women—an enthusiastic and beautiful book (5s., Routledge); Watkiss Lloyd's "*Critical Essays on the Plays*" (2s. 6d., Bell and Sons); S. T. Coleridge's "*Shakespeare Lectures*," &c., from vol. ii. of his "*Biographia Literaria*" (3s. 6d., Howell, Liverpool).⁴ Then, if you wish for more books, Hudson's "*Shakespeare, his Life, Art, and Characters*" (of his twenty-five greatest plays) (2 vols., 12s., Ginn, Boston, U.S.; Sampson Low, &c.); Schlegel's "*Dramatic Art*" (3s. 6d.); Ulrici's "*Shakspeare's Dramatic Art*" (7s.), and Hazlitt's thin "*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays*" (2s., Bell and Sons).⁵ *b.* For the originals of the Plays, Hazlitt's "*Shakspeare's Library*" (6 vols., 21s., Reeves and Turner), and T. P. Courtenay's matter-of-fact "*Commentaries on the Historical Plays*" (2 vols., Colburn, 1840), are indispensable. *c.* Glossaries, &c.: Dr. Alex. Schmidt's excellent

¹ "We still have judgment here."—*Macbeth*, I. vii. 8.

² If in any there are bits from unacknowledged sources, this arises from forgetting, not intention.

³ I have never used either for the purpose, except in the case of *Lucree*.

⁴ Add Prof. Spalding's Letter on *The Two Noble Kinsmen* and the *Characteristics of Shakspeare's Style* (N. Sh. Soc.). George Bell and Sons are bringing out a fuller edition of Coleridge's Shakspeare criticisms.

⁵ Professor Dowden, who has been through all the German commentators, thinks Kreyssig's *Vorlesungen über Shakespeare* (a big book), and *Shakespeare-Fragen* (a little book), the best popular introduction in German to Shakspeare. Prof. Ward's *History of Dramatic Literature*, 2 vols., octavo, gives a general view of the whole subject, and will be found serviceable. Mr. Hargrove says that he has found "*Mr. Fleay's Handbook* useful, despite its gross defects." The student must not adopt its "more vagary" that Ben Jonson re-wrote or toucht-up *Julius Cæsar*!

"Shakespeare-Lexicon" (26s., Williams and Norgate) gives references to all the senses and constructions of every word in the Poems as well as the Plays, but not quotations of all the passages. It arranges the references under their senses, and the parts of speech of the head-word. Mrs. Cowden Clarke's "Concordance" to the Plays (25s.) gives a quotation for every occurrence of every word not a particle, preposition, auxiliary, &c., but mixes words spelt the same way, and different parts of speech and meanings. Mrs. Horace Howard Furness's "Concordance to the Minor Poems" (15s.) gives a quotation for every use of every word, and prints all the Minor Poems too, for handiness of reference. Dyce's "Glossary" (last vol. of his Shakspeare), and Nares's general Elizabethan "Glossary" (2 vols., 24s., A. R. Smith), are most useful. *d.* Grammar and Metre: Dr. Abbott's "Shakesperian Grammar" (6s., Macmillan) is indispensable, but has some bad misscansions. W. Sidney Walker's three volumes of Shakspeare Text-criticism (15s., A. R. Smith) are excellent; Dr. Ingleby's "Shakespeare Hermeneutics" (10s., Trübner) interestingly defends the Folio text against rash emendations. The late C. Bathurst's capital little half-crown volume on the end-stopt and unstopt line,—"Changes in Shakespeare's Versification at different Periods of his Life" (2s. 6d., J. W. Parker and Son)—is unluckily out of print. *e.* Pronunciation: buy Mr. A. J. Ellis's "Early English Pronunciation with Special Reference to Chaucer and Shakspeare" (four Parts, 40s., Asher and Co.; or Part III. only, the Shakspeare Part [pp. 917-96], 10s.). Get also H. Sweet's "History of English Sounds" (4s. 6d., Trübner).

f. For Text: have the "Leopold" or the "Globe" edition (Macmillan, 3s. 6d.), because its lines are numbered, and for sound text; but do not ruin your eyes by reading the "Globe." For reading, get a small 8vo. clear-type edition like Singer's (10 vols., 25s., Bell and Sons). Get (if you can afford it) Mr. Furness's admirable Variorum edition of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Macbeth* (15s. each, A. R. Smith); *Hamlet*, 2 vols., and *Lear*; (the other plays will slowly follow); and, for their notes, Messrs. Clark and Wright's little Clarendon-Press edition of plays from 1s. to 2s. 6d. each (their 8vo. Cambridge edition with most valuable full collations, is out of print); and Craik's *Julius Cæsar*. The little Rugby editions of the plays are very good, and not so dryasdust as the Clarendon Press ones. Mr. W. J. Rolfe's American school editions, 3s. 6d. a play, are the best and handsomest I know.

g. Get Mr. John R. Wise's charming little book on "Shakespeare: his Birthplace and its Neighbourhood" (3s. 6d., Smith and Elder); and Mr. Roach Smith's "Rural Life of Shakespeare" (3s. 6d., Bell and Sons). And certainly buy a copy of Booth's admirable Reprint of the First Folio of 1623 (12s. 6d., Glaisher, 265, High Holborn; with the Quarto of "Much Adoe" for 1s.); or Chatto and Windus's little photograph-process fac-simile (10s. 6d.), but buy a magnifying glass to read it with. For the facts of Shakspeare's Life, chronologically arranged, Mr. S. Neil's cheap little "Shakespeare: a Critical Biography" (Houlston and Wright) is a handy book, though it is confused, like all others, except (I suppose) Dyce's last, by the forged documents published by J. P. Collier and P. Cunningham. On the "Sonnets," get the best book yet written, Armitage Brown's (6s., A. R. Smith)¹; for the allegorical view of them, Mr. R. Simpson's "Philosophy of Shakespeare's Sonnets," 3s. 6d., Trübner; for useful information and a mistaken theory, Mr. Gerald Massey's book—the edition sold off at 5s. 6d. (Reeves and Turner).—Of course, subscribe a guinea a year to the New Shakspeare Society (Hon. Sec., K. Grahame, Esq., care of Trübner and Co., 57, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.), read its Papers, and work its Texts, specially the parallel ones.

• Get one or two likely friends to join you in your Shakspeare work, if you can, and fight out all your and their difficulties in common: worry every line; eschew the vice of wholesale emendation. Get up a party of ten or twelve men and four or six women to read the plays in succession at one another's houses, or elsewhere, once a fortnight, and discuss each for half an hour after each reading. Do all you can to further the study of Shakspeare, chronologically and as a whole, throughout the nation.

§ 20. The following Metre and Date Table is re-arranged from Mr. Fleay's Metrical Table² in the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1874, p. 16, with dates revised from my Table in my *Gervinus Introduction*, pp. xxvi.—vii.

¹ Now out of print. The book on the Sonnets has yet to be written; and I hope Professor Dowden 'll do it. Dr. Grosart means to comment on them in his *Life of Lord Southampton* (H. W., for Thorpe's W. H.); but he is not a safe guide to follow.

² The figures in this need verifying, but are given for what they may be worth. I have corrected a few mistakes in the "total" column. See the later tables in Dr. Ingleby's *Shakspeare, Man and Book*, Part II., 1881.

METRE AND DATE TABLE OF SHAKSPEARE'S PLAYS.

PLAY.	TOTAL OF LINES.	PROSE.	BLANK.	VERS. & BLANKS.	RYM. SHORT LINES.	SONS.	TOUR. ENDORS.	ALTERNATES.	SONNETS.	DOUBLE.	1 MEASURE.	2 MEASURES.	3 MEASURES.	4 MEASURES.	5 MEASURES.	PUBLISHT.	EARLIEST AMUSION.	SUPPOSED DATE.	PLAY.
Love's L. Lost	2789	1086	579	1028	51	32	9236	71	101	112	13	—	1	1598	1598 M	1588-9	Love's L. Lost		
Com. of Errors	1777	210	1150	380	—	—	137 61	—	109	3	8	9	—	1	1623	1591 M	1589-91	Com. of Errors	
Midsum. N. D.	2174	111	878	733	138	63	29 158	—	—	—	5	3	—	—	1600	1598 M	1590-1	Midsum. N. D.	
T. Gent. of V.	2000	109	1570	116	—	15	203 16	—	18	8	15	32	8	5	1623	1598 M	1590-2	T. Gent. of V.	
Rom. and Jul.	3002	405	2111	486	—	—	118 62	28	—	10	20	16	4	6	1597	1595 M	1591-3	Rom. and Jul.	
Richard II.	2611	—	2107	537	—	—	118 12	—	—	11	17	26	22	33	1597	1593 M	1593-4	Richard II.	
Richard III.	3619	557	3374	170	—	—	570	—	—	20	39	13	23	16	1597	1595 M	1591	Richard III.	

I.—PLAYS OF FIRST (RYMING) PERIOD.

(M=Meres, 1598.)

Love's L. Lost	2789	1086	579	1028	51	32	9236	71	101	112	13	—	1	1598	1598 M	1588-9	Love's L. Lost		
Com. of Errors	1777	210	1150	380	—	—	137 61	—	109	3	8	9	—	1	1623	1591 M	1589-91	Com. of Errors	
Midsum. N. D.	2174	111	878	733	138	63	29 158	—	—	—	5	3	—	—	1600	1598 M	1590-1	Midsum. N. D.	
T. Gent. of V.	2000	109	1570	116	—	15	203 16	—	18	8	15	32	8	5	1623	1598 M	1590-2	T. Gent. of V.	
Rom. and Jul.	3002	405	2111	486	—	—	118 62	28	—	10	20	16	4	6	1597	1595 M	1591-3	Rom. and Jul.	
Richard II.	2611	—	2107	537	—	—	118 12	—	—	11	17	26	22	33	1597	1593 M	1593-4	Richard II.	
Richard III.	3619	557	3374	170	—	—	570	—	—	20	39	13	23	16	1597	1595 M	1591	Richard III.	

II.—HISTORIES AND COMEDIES OF SECOND PERIOD.

King John	2570	2103	150	—	—	54	12	—	—	1	9	4	1	2	1623	1598 M	1596	King John	
Mer. of Venice	2705	673	1896	93	31	9	207	4	—	4	8	16	22	2	14	1600 ²	1598 M	1596	Mer. of Venice
1 Henry IV.	3170	1161	1622	84	—	—	60	4	—	—	16	17	16	16	13	1598	1598 M	1596-7 ³	1 Henry IV.
2 Henry IV.	3446	1860	1117	74	7	15	203	[Pistol 61 l.]	—	3	13	7	—	—	6	1600	1598 M	1597-8 ²	2 Henry IV.
Merry Wives	3018	2703	227	69	—	19	32	[Pistol 39 l.]	—	3	3	—	—	3	1602	1602	1598-9	Merry Wives	
Henry V.	3379	1531	1678	101	2	8	291	[Pistol 157 l.]	11	—	2	13	10	4	23	1600	1599	1599 ³	Henry V.
Much Ado, &c.	2823	2106	613	40	18	16	129	22	—	—	2	7	15	4	4	1600	1600	1599-1600	Much Ado, &c.
As You Like It	2904	1681	925	71	130	97	211	10	—	2	3	10	33	1	5	1623	1600	1600 ³	As You Like It
Twelfth-Night	2684	1741	763	120	—	60	152	—	—	—	8	21	23	5	10	1623	1602	1601 ³	Twelfth-Night
All's Well	2981	1453	1234	280	2	12	223	8	11	—	7	31	31	5	11	1623	—	1601	All's Well
(L.L.Won.1590)																			(L.L.Won.1590)

III.—TRAGEDIES AND COMEDY OF THIRD PERIOD.

Julius Cæsar	2478	165	2211	31	—	—	369	—	—	11	31	55	6	16	1623	1601	1601 ³	Julius Cæsar	
Hamlet	3931	1208	2190	81	—	60	526	[86 l. play]	—	20	53	55	11	47	1603 ²	?	1602-3 ²	Hamlet	
Measure for M.	2809	1131	1571	73	22	6	338	—	—	10	29	66	5	47	1623	—	1603	Measure for M.	
Othello	3317	541	2672	86	—	25	616	—	—	19	66	71	13	78	1622	1610	1604	Othello	
Macbeth	2108	158	1588	118	129	—	399	—	—	8	28	43	8	18	1623	1610	1605-6 ³	Macbeth	
King Lear	3332	903	2238	74	—	83	567	—	—	18	34	116	22	50	1608 ¹	1606	1605-6 ³	King Lear	
Antony and C.	3062	253	2761	42	—	6	613	—	—	11	38	84	31	61	1623	1608 ¹	1606-7	Antony and C.	
Coriolanus	3409	829	2521	42	—	—	708	—	—	3	33	76	19	42	1623	—	? 1607-8	Coriolanus	

IV.—PLAYS OF FOURTH PERIOD.

Tempest ..	2062	458	1458	2	—	96	476	[51 l. masq. l.]	2	16	47	5	11	1623	? 1614	1610	1610	Tempest
Cymbeline	3320	638	2585	107	—	32	726	[84 l. vision]	8	15	31	18	42	1623	1611	1610-12	Cymbeline	
Winter's Tale	3075	844	1825	0	—	57	639	[32 l. chorus]	8	14	19	13	16	1623	1611	? 1611	Winter's Tale	

V.—FIRST SKETCHES IN EARLY QUARTOS.

Rom. and Jul.	2066	261	1451	354	—	—	92	28	—	—	7	26	30	21	92	1597	1595 M	? 1591-3	Rom. and Jul.
Hamlet	2068	509	1462	54	43	—	209	[36 l. play]	13	45	76	37	30	1603 ¹	?	1601-3 ³	Hamlet		
Henry V.	1672	898	771	30	—	—	104	—	—	1	25	35	31	15	1600	1599	1599 ³	Henry V.	
Merry Wives	1395	1207	148	40	38	[fairies]	19	—	—	—	1	—	5	4	1602	1602	1598-9	Merry Wives	

VI.—DOUBTFUL PLAYS.

Titus Andron.	2325	43	2338	144	—	—	151	—	—	4	8	9	9	12	1600	1600	1588-90	Titus Andron.
1 Henry VI.	2693	—	2379	311	—	—	119	—	—	5	5	4	7	12	1623	1592	1592-4	1 Henry VI.
2 Henry VI.	3032	118	2502	122	—	—	255	—	—	8	25	15	21	12	1623	—	1592-4	2 Henry VI.
3 Henry VI.	2901	—	2749	155	—	—	346	—	—	13	11	14	11	7	1623	—	1592-4	3 Henry VI.
Contention	1952	381	1571	44	—	—	51	—	—	14	16	32	44	1591	1592	1588-8	Contention	
True Tragedy	2101	—	2035	66	—	—	148	—	—	14	21	29	38	31	1595	1592	1588-8	True Tragedy

VII.—PLAYS IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS NOT SOLE AUTHOR.

Tam. of Shrew	2671	516	1971	169	15	—	260	—	—	49	4	18	22	23	5	1623	1596-7	Tam. of Shrew
Troilus and C.	3486	1186	2025	196	—	16	411	—	—	10	46	62	13	43	1609	1609	1604-5	Troilus and C.
Timon of Ath.	3358	596	1560	181	18	—	257	—	—	15	28	54	30	37	1623	—	1607-8	Timon of Ath.
Pericles	2360	418	1436	225	89	—	120	[222 l. Gower]	17	49	50	26	18	1609 ¹	1608	1608 ³	Pericles	
Two Noble K.	2734	179	2468	54	—	33	1079	—	—	9	19	46	17	5	1634	—	1612	Two Noble K.
Henry VIII.	2754	67	2613	16	—	12	1195	[61 l. Pr. Ep.]	2	19	18	3	32	1623	1613 ²	1613 ³	Henry VIII.	

Poems publisht:— *Venus and Adonis*, 1593; *Lucrece*, 1594; *Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599; *Phœnix and Turtle* (in Chester's *Loves Martyr*), 1601; *Sonnets*, 1609, with *A Lover's Complaint*.

¹ Entered one year before at Stationers' Hall.² Entered two years before.³ May be look-on as fairly certain.

NOTES.

P. i.—This is Professor Dowden's grouping of the Plays :—

1. PRE-SHAKSPEAREAN GROUP.
(Touched by Shakspeare).
Titus Andronicus! (blood and fire).
1 *Henry VI.*
2. MARLOWE-SHAKSPEARE GROUP.
Early 2 & 3 *Henry VI.* (Marlowe's presence).
History. *Richard III.* (Marlowe's influence).
3. EARLY COMEDIES
Love's Labour's Lost.
Errors.
Two Gentlemen.
Midsummer-Night's Dream.
4. EARLY TRAGEDY.
Romeo and Juliet.
5. MIDDLE HISTORY.
Richard II.
• • *King John.*
6. MIDDLE COMEDY.
Merchant of Venice.
7. LATER HISTORY (History and Comedy united).
1 & 2 *Henry IV.*
Henry V.
8. LATER COMEDY.
Group (a). Rough and boisterous comedy.
No *Shrew.*
sadness. *Merry Wives.*
(b). Refined, joyous, romantic

- Musical *Twelfth-Night.*
sadness. *Much Ado.*
As You Like It.
(Jaques the link to the next group.)
- Discordant (c). Earnest. *All's Well.*
sadness. Bitter, dark. *Measure for Measure.*
Ironical. *Troilus and Cressida*
(which I place here).
9. MIDDLE TRAGEDY (= Tragedy of reflection).
Julius Caesar. Error and misfortune, rather
Hamlet. than passion and crime.
10. LATER TRAGEDY (= Tragedy of passion).
Jealousy and murder. *Othello.*
Ambition and murder. *Macbeth.*
 Ingratitude and parricide. *Lea.*
Voluptuousness. *Antony and Cleopatra.*
Haughtiness (alienation from country). *Coriolanus.*
Misanthropy (alienation from humanity). *Timon.*
(*Timon* is the climax.)
11. ROMANCES.
Sketch *Marina* (1st *Tempest*).
Tempest (*Tempest* again).
Cymbeline.
Winter's Tale.
12. FRAGMENTS.
Henry VIII.
Two Noble Kinsmen.

Observe I have early, middle, and later History ; early, middle, and later Comedy : and early, middle, and later Tragedy ; and the plays might well be read, not only right through in chronological order, but also in these three lines chronologically :—

Comedy.	Tragedy.	History.
a	a	a
b	b	b
c	c	c

P. lxi. *Lord Bacon*.—The idea of Lord Bacon's having written Shakspeare's plays can be entertained only by folk who know nothing whatever of either writer, or are crackt, or who enjoy the paradox or joke. Poor Miss Deba Bacon, who started the notion, was no doubt then mad, as she was afterwards proved to be when shut up in an asylum. Lord Palmerston, with his Irish humour, naturally took to the theory, as he would have done to the suggestion that Benjamin Disraeli wrote the Gospel of St. John. If Judge Holmes's book is not meant as a practical joke, like Archbishop Whately's *Historic Doubts*, or proof that Napoleon never lived, then he must be set down as characteristic-blind, like some men are colour-blind. I doubt whether any so idiotic suggestion as this authorship of Shakspeare's works by Bacon had ever been made before, or will ever be made again, with regard to either Bacon or Shakspeare. The toufoolery of it is infinite.¹

P. lxx. *Sonnets*.—Professor Dowden says :—"The first possible break in the Sonnets is at No. 32 ; the second possible (I don't say actual) one is at No. 74 ; the third possible one at 96. With 100 begins a new series, after three years from the first Sonnets. Beauty, Time, Offspring, Verse, Goodness, Love,—these are the topics of the Sonnets. How shall beauty conquer time? First, by *breed* (early Sonnets). Well, if you won't beget, then by *Verse*. But in the end, *Love as Love is the one eternal thing*, and this love is founded on the virtue of the soul, not the beauty of the face (last of the series, 125). That is the end of the whole matter." But see now Professor Dowden's new edition of the Sonnets, with notes, specially working out the connection between Sonnets 1-126 (Kegan Paul & Co.). Get also Dowden's shilling Shakspeare Primer, Macmillans. Armitage Brown divides the Sonnets into six poems, each with its envoy : I., Nos. 1-26 ; II., 27-55 ; III., 56-77 ; IV., 78-101 ; V., 102-126 ; VI., 127-152. He thinks 153-4 do not relate to the mistress of 127-152.

P. lxxiii. *Weever's Lines*.—Professor Guizot, in a note of February 3, 1877, suggested, that as speeches of Brutus and Antony over Caesar's body were in Appian's *Civil Wars*, Bk. II., ch. cxxxvii.-cxlvi., and that book was englished in 1578, I should look whether the

¹ P.S.—I have since met with a most estimable lady, full of useful practicalities, a student of Bacon from her youth, who believes that he wrote Shakspeare's works. This belief I can only regard as a lamentable delusion, arising from imperfect knowledge of Shakspeare as seen in his works. But my acquaintance's collections of the parallelisms of thought and expression in Shakspeare and Bacon are full of interest and value.

speeches were in the english version, as Weever might have alluded to it, and not to Shakspeare's play. On turning to the anonymous translation of the first books of Appian, publisht by H. Binneman in 1578, I found that though a very long speech by Brutus was given, yet that was a day before Antony's short speeches to the people over the corpse, while Antony's earlier speeches to the Senate were much longer. There was no such sharp contrast between the two orators' speeches as Shakspeare makes, and Weever alludes to. Moreover, the 1578 english Appian can never have been a popular book, and must have been somewhat out of date when Shakspeare wrote his play. Weever's allusion must have been to something fresh in folks' minds in 1601, and to some long and striking speeches that at once followd Brutus's, and were aimed at it, like Antony's in the play were, and not to the short "plaine speeches spoken agaynst the Senate," &c., and others to the people, in the english Appian. But while I am clear that Weever's allusion was to Shakspeare, and not to Appian, I am none the less grateful to my friend Professor Guizot for having pointed out, as Mr. Watkiss Lloyd had before done in 1856 (*Crit. Ess.*, 1875, p. 401), one of the possible sources, in Appian, of our great poet's famous scene and speeches. As the 1578 Appian is very rare, I printed the corpse speeches from it as the fourth Appendix to the *New Shakspeare Society's Transactions*, 1875-6, Part II.

P. lxxx, l. 2.—*Cleverly*.—The following note was crowded out in setting:—"I say 'cleverly,' without forgetting the scandalous injustice of it. But these fellows' prying irritated Hamlet, like Polonius's did. He could get somebody else to kill 'em; and at the moment gladly seizd the chance of carrying out his before-formd resolve. It was the noise behind the arras over again. And, as on that occasion, Hamlet again puts on heaven the murders he commits: 'Even in that'—supplying him with his father's seal—'was Heav'n ordinate.'"—V. ii. 48.

P. lxxxiv, note 2. The late Professor J. Wilson (Christopher North) lookt on Iago's speech about Othello's epilepsy as a mere lie. Dr. Ingleby agrees.

P. lxxxviii. *Troilus and Cressida*.—"Troilus and Cressida is Shakspeare's wisest play in the way of worldly wisdom. It is filled choke-full of sententious, and, in most cases, slightly satirical revelations of human nature, uttered with a felicity of phrase and an impressiveness of metaphor that make each one seem like a beam of light shot into the recesses of man's heart. Such are these:—

'In the reproof of chance
Lies the true proof of men.'
'The wound of peace is surety;
Surety secure; but modest doubt is called
The beacon of the wise.'
'What is aught, but as 'tis valued?'
'Tis mad idolatry
To make the service greater than the god.'
'A stirring dwarf we do allowance give
Before a sleeping giant.'

'Tis certain, greatness once fall'n out with
fortune
Must fall out with men too; what the'declin'd
is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others
As feel in his own fall; for men, like butter-
flies,
Show not their mealy wings but to the
summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honor.'

Besides passages like these, there are others of which the wisdom is inextricably interwoven with the occasion."

"The undramatic character of *Troilus and Cressida*, which has been already mentioned, appears in its structure, its personages, and its purpose. . . . There is also a singular lack of that peculiar characteristic of Shakspeare's dramatic style, the marked distinction and nice discrimination of the individual traits, mental and moral, of the various personages. Ulysses is the real hero of the play; the chief, or, at least, the great purpose of which is the utterance of the Ulyssean view of life; and in this play Shakspeare is Ulysses, or Ulysses Shakspeare. In all his other plays Shakspeare so lost his personal consciousness in the individuality of his own creations that they think and feel, as well as act, like real men and women other than their creator, so that we cannot truly say of the thoughts and feelings which they express, that Shakspeare says thus or so; for it is not Shakspeare who speaks, but they with his lips. But in Ulysses, Shakspeare, acting upon a mere hint, filling up a mere traditionary outline, drew a man of mature years, of wide observation, of profoundest cogitative power, one who knew all the weakness and all the wiles of human nature, and who yet remained with blood unbittered and soul unsoured—a man who saw through all shams, and fathomed all motives, and who yet was not scornful of his kind, not misanthropic, hardly cynical except in passing moods; and what other man was this than

Shakespeare himself? What had he to do when he had passed forty years, but to utter his own thoughts when he would find words for the lips of Ulysses? And thus it is that *Troilus and Cressida* is Shakespeare's wisest play. If we would know what Shakspeare thought of men and their motives after he reached maturity, we have but to read this drama; drama it is; but with what other character, who shall say? For, like the world's pageant, it is neither tragedy nor comedy, but a tragi-comic history, in which the intrigues of amorous men and light-o'-loves and the brokerage of panders are mingled with the deliberations of sages and the strife and the death of heroes.

"The thoughtful reader will observe that Ulysses pervades the serious parts of the play, which is all Ulyssean in its 'hought and language. And this is the reason, or rather the fact of the play's lack of distinctive characterisation. For Ulysses cannot speak all the time that he is on the stage; and, therefore, the other personages, such as may, speak Ulyssean, with, of course, such personal allusion and peculiar trick as a dramatist of Shakespeare's skill could not leave them without for difference. For example, no two men could be more unlike in character than Achilles and Ulysses, and yet the former, having asked the latter what he is reading, he, uttering his own thought, says as follows with the subsequent reply:—

'*Ulyss.* A strango fellow here
Writes me: That man, how dearly ever parted,*
How much in having, or without or in,
Cannot make boast to have that which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection,
As when his virtues shining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the first giver.'

* *I.e.*, gifted, endowed with parts.

'*Achil.* This is not strange, Ulysses.
The beauty that is borne here in the face,
The bearer knows not, but commends itself
To others' eyes; nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself,
Not going from itself; but eye to eye opposed,
Salutes each other with each other's form;
For speculation turns not to itself
Till it hath travelled, and is mirror'd there
Where it may see itself. This is not strange at all.'

"Now these speeches are made of the same metal and coined in the same mint; and they both of them have the image and superscription of William Shakespeare. No words or thoughts could be more unsuited to that bold, blo'dy egoist, 'the broad Achilles,' than the reply he makes to Ulysses; but here Shakespeare was merely using the Greek champion as a lay figure to utter his own thoughts, which are perfectly in character with the son of Autolyceus. Ulysses thus flows over upon the whole serious part of the play. Agamemnon, Nestor, Aeneas, and the rest, all talk alike, and all like Ulysses. That ~~Ulysses~~ speaks for Shakespeare will, I think, be doubted by no reader who has reached the second reading of this play by the way which I have pointed out to him. And why, indeed, should Ulysses not speak for Shakespeare, or how could it be other than that he should? The man who had written *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Othello*, and *Macbeth*, if he wished to find Ulysses, had only to turn his mind's eye inward; and thus we have in this drama Shakespeare's only piece of introspective work." Let Shakspeare's worldly wisdom of 1606 be in Ulysses. His spirit of the Fourth Period is not. God forbid that Ulysses,—not Prospero, and Cressid, not Imogen, Hermione, Perdita, should give us our last impression of Shakspeare! I give up the theory of two dates to *Troilus and Cressida*.

P. cix, note 3. Miss Hickey defends the *quaint* for daisies as an archaism, like Milton's "quaint enamell'd eyes," and quotes,—

"And then bycometh the grounde so proude
That it wolde have a newe shroude,
And maketh so *quaint* his robe, and faire,
That it had hevs an hundred payre." . . .

"There spronge the violete al newe,
And fresshe pervynke ryche of hewe. . . .
Ful gaye was all the grounde, and *quaint*,
And poudred, as men had it peynt." . . .
Romaunt of the Rose, p. 61, ed. R. Bell.

P. cxiv. *Edward III.* Froissart and Jean le Bel.—Mr. W. G. Stone writes:—"Froissart follows Jehan le Bel almost verbally in his account of Edward's visit to the castle of Salisbury after the retreat of the King of Scots. He adds the chess game between the king and countess, and the story of the ring.¹ At the end of chap. 50, in which the visit is related, Jehan le Bel promises the story of the countess's violation. Froissart alters this into a promise to give a description of the tournament held by Edward for love of the countess. Jehan le Bel, in chap. 61, also describes the tournament in much the same terms

¹ In the Amiens MS.

as Froissart uses. In chap. 65, Jehan le Bel narrates that during the absence of the earl in Brittany, Edward paid a second visit to the countess on the pretext of inspecting the defences of the country. The countess received him, although unwelcome, with courtesy. The king renewed his suit, but failed. When the night was come, and he knew the countess was in her chamber, and every one in the castle was asleep, he rises, and ordering his chamberlains not to disturb him, goes to the countess's room, where, after closing the door of the *garde-robe*, in order to prevent her ladies from coming to her assistance, he stops her mouth and effects his purpose. The next day he returned to London without a word, *grandement courroussié de ce qu'il avoit commis*. After this the king goes to Brittany, and returns to England with the Earl of Salisbury. The earl on reaching his home is received by the countess with constrained cheerfulness, but when they retire for the night she tells him the whole story. He says that he cannot remain in England after this dishonour; she shall have half his lands for her support and their child's whom he commits to her care. They lament together, and the earl departs for London, taking with him his son. He appears before the king, and after reproaching Edward for his ingratitude, and predicting that it will be an eternal blot on his name, the earl commends his young son to the king's protection, and leaves the court. The earl enters into the service of the King of Spain, who was then at war with the King of Granada, and dies at the siege of Algesiras. Jehan supposes that the countess did not long survive him. M. Polain, the editor of Jehan le Bel, says that his partiality for Edward would have led Jehan to express any doubts he felt about this story, and that it is confirmed by the chronicles of Flanders."

P. cxx. *Shakspeare, one of the "meane" folk, made a King's Player*. In 1604 Gilbert Dugdale says, in his *Time Triumphant*, of James I., "not onely to the indifferent of worth and the worthy of honor, did he freely deale about thiese causes [giving honours to gentlemen and lords], but to the *meane* gave grace, as taking to him the late Lord Chamberlaine's Servants, now the King's Acters; the Queene taking to her the Earle of Worster's Servants, that are now her Acters; the Prince, their Sonne, Henry Prince of Wales, full of hope, tooke to him the Earle of Nottingham his Servants, who are now his Acters; so that of Lords Servants, they are now the Servants of the King, Queene, and Prince."—Nichols's *Progresses of James I.*, i. 413.

P. cxxix. *Shakspeare's Books*. The chief of these are given in the account of the sources of each play in this Introduction. I divide Shakspeare's books into his trade- or plot-ones—those that he used directly for his business, as the *Menechmi*, *Contention*, *True Tragedy*, *Troublesome Raigne*, *A Shrew*, *Holinshed*, *Plutarch's Lives*, Italian story-books, &c.; and his leisure or occasional books, from which he took bits only, the Bible, Marlowe, Montaigne, Lyly, Harsnet, *A 100 Merry Tales*, &c. See my Forewords to Marcus Ward's *Shakspeare and Holy Writ*, 1881.

P. cxxx. *Shakspeare's Religion*. He declares his belief in immortality; where, he speaks for himself in his Sonnet 146, his remonstrance with his own soul—

"So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,
And Death once dead, there's no more dying then."

Against this we cannot set his saying for Prospero, "Our little life is rounded with a sleep," not only because that is a sleep from which men may be waked, but because Prospero's dissolution of "the great globe itself" implies a reference to *Revelation* xx. 11, and xxi. 1, where "a newe heaven and a newe earth" are to take the place of those that "were passed away," and whose "place was no more found," and because Prospero's declaration that "Every third thought shall be my grave" surely means that he looks on this life as a preparation for a future one. At the same time no one can fairly put down as Shakspeare's own belief all the biblical and superstitious utterances in his characters' mouths in his plays. His dramatic voice, of course, does not always speak his own beliefs. Yet such is his "saturation with the Bible story," so thoroughly does it "seem as much part of him as his love of nature and music, bubbling out of him at every turn," that I, with some reluctance, conclude that he held in the main the orthodox layman's belief of his day. See my Forewords to *Shakspeare and Holy Writ*, Marcus Ward, 1s.

FREDK. J. FURNIVALL

February 11, 1877. (Partly Revised, Jan.—July, 1881.)

Fac-Simile
of
Shakspeare's Will,

from the Original
in the Probate Registry, Somerset House, London.

Presented with No. 1 and Part 1 of

THE ROYAL SHAKSPEARE,

*Published by CASSELL & COMPANY, Limited,
London, Paris & Melbourne.*

2nd 13 Feb 1900

[Handwritten signature]

[illegible]

21. 10. 1944

[illegible]

1847 to the publication
 of the first volume
 of the series
 by John W. Foster
 and John W. Foster
 and John W. Foster
 and John W. Foster

13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848

Endorsements of the Will.

W^{ill} Blackspere
 Bm 5-96

Handwritten notes, possibly a signature or date, including "1896" and "Blackspere".

W^{ill} Blackspere
 his will

Shakspeare's Will.

IN THE PROBATE REGISTRY, SOMERSET HOUSE, LONDON.*

VICESIMO quinto die [Januarii] Martii, anno regni domini nostri Jacobi, nunc regis Angliæ, &c., decimo quarto, et Scotiæ xlix., annoque Domini 1616.

T. WMI SHACKSPEARE.

• In the name of God, Amen! I William Shackspeare, of Stratford upon Avon in the countie of Warr., gent., in perfect health and memorie, God be prayeds, doe make and ordayne this my last will and testament in manner and forme followeing, that ys to saye, first, I comend my soule into the handes of God my Creator, hoping and assuredlie beleeving, through thonelic merites, of Jesus Christe my Saviour, to be made partaker of lyfe everlastinge, and my bodye to the earth whereof yt ys made. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my [sonne and] daughter Judyth one hundred and fyftie poundes of lawfull English money, to be paid unto her in the manner and forme foloweing, that ys to saye, one hundred poundes *in discharge of her marriage porcion* within one yeare after my deceas, with consideracion after the rate of twoe shillings in the pound for soe long tyme as the same shalbe unpaid unto her after my deceas, and the fyftie poundes residwe thereof upon her surrendring of, or gyving of such sufficient securitie as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or graunte all her estate and right that shall discend or come unto her after my deceas, *or that shee* nowe hath, of, in, or to, one copiehold teneunte, with thappurtenaunces, lyeing and being in Stratford upon Avon aforesaied in the saied countye of Warr., being parcell or holden of the manour of Bowington, unto my daughter Susanna Hall and her heires for ever. Item, I gyve and bequeath ~~unto~~ *to* my saied daughter Judith one hundred and fyftie poundes more, if shee or anie issue of her bodie be lyvinge att thend of three yeares next ensueing the daie of the date of this my will, during which tyme my executours are to paie her consideracion from my deceas according to the rate aforesaied; and if she dye within the saied tearme without issue of her bodye, then my will ys, and I doe gyve and bequeath one hundred poundes thereof to my neece Elizabeth Hall, and the fyfte poundes to be sett fourth by my executours during the lief of my sister Johane Harte, and the use and profit thereof cominge shalbe payed to my saied sister Jone, and after her deceas the saied l.^{ty} shall remaine amongst the children of my saied sister, equallie to be divided amongst them; but if my saied daughter Judith be lyving att thend of the saied three yeares, or anie yssue of her bodye, then my will ys, and soe I devise and bequeath the saied hundred and fyftie poundes to be sett out *by my executours and overseers* for the best benefitt of her and her issue, and *the stock not to be paid* unto her soe long as she shalbe marryed and covert baron [by my executours and overseers]; but my will ys, that she shall have the consideracion yearelie paid unto her during her lief, and, after ~~her~~ *her* deceas, the saied stocke and consideracion to bee paid to her children, if she have anie, and if not, to her executours or assignes, she lyving the saied terme after my deceas, Provided that yf suche husband as she shall att thend of the saied three yeares be marryed unto, or att anie after (*sic*), doe sufficientlie assure unto her and thissue of her bodie landes answerable to the porcion by this my will gyven unto her, and to be adjudged soe by my executours and overseers, then my will ys, that the saied cl.^{ty} shalbe paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his owne use. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto my saied sister Jone xx.^{ty} and all my wearing apparrell, to be paid and delivered within one yeare after my deceas; and I doe will and devise unto her *the house* with thappurtenaunces in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her naturall lief, under the yearlie rent of xij.^{ty} Item, I gyve and bequeath unto her three soynes, William Harte, - - - Hart, and Michael Harte, fyve pounds a peece, to be paid within one yeare after my deceas [to be sett out for her within one yeare after my deceas by my executours, with thadvise and direccions of my overseers, for her best profit, untill her mariage, and then the same with the increase thereof to be paid unto

* The words which have been erased are put between brackets; those which have been interlined are printed in italics.

SHAKSPERE'S WILL.

her]. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto [her] *the saied Elizabeth Hall*, all my plate, *except my brod silver and gilt bole*, that I now have att the date of this my will. Item, I gyve and bequeath unto the poore of Stratford aforesaid tenn poundes; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russell esquier fyve poundes; and to Frauncis Collins, of the borough of Warr. in the countie of Warr. gentleman, thirteene poundes, sixe shillings, and eight pence, to be paid within one ycare after my deceas. Item, I gyve and bequeath to [Mr. Richard Tyler thelder] *Hamlett Sadler* xxvj.^{s.} viij.^{d.} to buy him a ringe; to *William Raynoldes, gent.*, xxvj.^{s.} viij.^{d.} to buy him a ringe: to my godson William Walker xx^{s.} in gold; to Anthonyo Nashe gent., xxvj.^{s.} viij.^{d.}; and to Mr. John Nashe xxvj.^{s.} viij.^{d.} [in gold]; and to my fellowes *John Hemmynges, Richard Burbage, and Henry Cundell*, xxvj.^{s.} viij.^{d.} a peece to buy them ringes. Item, I gyve, will, bequeath, and devise, unto my daughter Susanna Hall, *for better enabling of her to performe this my will, and towards the performans thereof*, all that capitall messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I nowe dwell, and two messuages or tenementes with thappurtenaunces, scituat, lyeing, and being in Henley streete, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barnes, stables, orchardes, gardenes, landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, scituat, lyeing, and being, or to be had, receyved, perceyved, or taken, within the townes, hamletes, villages, feldes, and groundes, of Stratford upon Avon, Oldstratford, Bushopton, and Welcombe, or in anie of them in the saied countie of Warr. And alsoe all that messuage or tenemente with thappurtenaunces, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, scituat, lyeing and being, in the Blackfriars in London, nere the Wardrobe; and all my other landes, tenementes, and hereditamentes whatsoever, To have and to hold all and singuler the saied premisses, with their appurtenaunces, unto the saied Susanna Hall, for and during the terme of her naturall lief, and after her deceas, to the first sonne of her bodie lawfullie yssueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied first sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, to the second sonne of her bodie lawfullie issueing, and to the heires males of the bodie of the saied second sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such heires, to the thirld sonne of the bodie of the saied Susanna lawfullie yssueing, and of the heires males of the bodie of the saied third sonne lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, the same soe to be and remaine to the flourth [sonne], flyfth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes of her bodie lawfullie issueing, one after another, and to the heires males of the bodies of the saied fourth, fifth, sixte, and seaventh sonnes lawfullie yssueing, in such manner as yt ys before lymitted to be and remaine to the first, second, and third sonns of her bodie, and to their heires males; and for defalt of such issue, the said premisses to be and remaine to my sayed neece Hall, and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie yssueing; and for defalt of such issue, to my daughter ~~Judith~~ and the heires males of her bodie lawfullie issueing; and for defalt of such issue, to the right heires of me the saied William Shakspeare for ever. Item, I gyve unto my wief my second best bed with the furniture. Item, I gyve and bequeath to my saied daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bole. All the rest of my goodes, chattel, leases, plate, jewels, and household stuffe whatsoever, after my dettes and legasies paid, and my funerall expenses dischargded, I give, devise, and bequeath to my sonne in lawe, John Hall gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wief, whom I ordaine and make executours of this my last will and testament. And I doe intreat and appoint *the saied* Thomass Russell esquier and Frauncis Collins gent. to be overseers hereof, and doe revoke all former wills, and publishe this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my [seale] hand, the daie and ycare first abovewritten.

By me WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witnes to the publyshing hereof,

FRA: COLLYNS,
JULYUS SHAW,
JOHN ROBINSON,
HAMNET SADLER,
ROBERT WHATTCOTT.

Probatum coram magistro Willielmo Byrde, legum doctore comiss. &c. xxij^{da}. die mensis Junii, anno Domini 1616, juramento Johannis Hall, unius executorum, &c. cui &c. de bene &c. jurat. reservat. potestate &c. Susannæ Hall, alteri executorum &c. cum venerit petitur. &c. (Inv. ex.)

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | |
|---|--|
| SATURNINUS, <i>Son to the late Emperor of Rome.</i> | ALARBUS, }
DEMETRIUS, } <i>Sons to Tamora.</i> |
| BASSIANUS, <i>Brother to Saturninus.</i> | CHIRON, } |
| TITUS ANDRONICUS, <i>a noble Roman.</i> | AARON, <i>a Moor.</i> |
| MARCUS ANDRONICUS, <i>Brother to Titus.</i> | <i>A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown ;</i> |
| LUCIUS, } | <i>Romans.</i> |
| QUINTUS, } | <i>Goths and Romans.</i> |
| MARTIUS, } | TAMORA, <i>Queen of the Goths.</i> |
| MUTIUS, } | LAVINIA, <i>Daughter to Titus Andronicus.</i> |
| YOUNG LUCIUS, <i>a Boy, Son to Lucius.</i> | <i>A Nurse, and a black Child.</i> |
| PUBLIUS, <i>Son to Marcus Andronicus.</i> | <i>Kinsmen of Titus, Scutours, Tribunes, Officers,</i> |
| ÆMILIUS, <i>a noble Roman.</i> | <i>Soldiers, and Attendants.</i> |

SCENE. ROME, and the Country near it.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators aloft : and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms ;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords.
I am his first-born son, that was the last
That wore the imperial diadem of Rome :
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers
Of my right,
If ever Bassianus, Caesar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol ;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
The imperial seat, to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility :
But let desert in pure election shine :
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and
by friends

Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know, that the people of Rome, for whom
we stand

A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome :

A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous
Goths ;

That, with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in
arms.

Ten years are spent since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with
arms

Our enemies' pride : five times he hath re-
turn'd

Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field :

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.

Let us entreat, by honour of his name,

Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,

Whom you pretend to honour and adore,
That you withdraw you, and abate your
strength :

Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm
my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons, 50
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled
all,

Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exit the Followers of BASSIANUS.*]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward
in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exit the Followers of SATURNINUS.*]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me, 60
As I am confident and kind to thee.—
Open the gates, and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.
[*They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way! The good
Andronicus,

Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd
From where he circumscrib'd with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter
two of TITUS'S Sons. After them two Men
bearing a coffin covered with black; then
two other Sons. After them TITUS AN-
DRONICUS: and then TAMORA, with ALAR-
BUS, CHIRON, DEMETHIUS, AARON, and
other Goths, prisoners: Soldiers and People
following. They set down the coffin, and
TITUS speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourn-
ing weeds!
Lo! as the bark, that hath discharg'd her
fraught,
Returns with precious lading to the bay,
From whence at first she weigh'd her
anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel
boughs,

To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome. 6
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five and twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that King Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These, that survive, let Rome reward with
love;

These, that I bring unto their latest home, 20
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath
my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*The tomb is opened.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's
wars!

O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of
Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile
Ad manes fratrum sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthly prison of their bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that sur-
vives,

The eldest son of this distressed queen. 30

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren!—Gracious
conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O, think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome,
To beautify thy triumphs and return,
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the
streets,

For valiant doings in their country's cause? 30
O! if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.

Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood:
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge;
Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient yourself, madam, and pardon
me.

These are their brethren, whom you Goths
beheld

Alive, and dead ; and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
To appease their groaning shadows that are
gone.

Luc. Away with him ! and make a fire
straight :

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs, till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS,
and MUTIUS, with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Dem. Oppose not Scythia to ambitious
Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threatening look,
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope
withal,

The self-same gods that arm'd the Queen of
Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the Queen of Goths
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was
queen),

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

[*Re-enter* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, MARTIUS, and
MUTIUS, with their swords bloody.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have
perform'd

Our Roman rites. Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the
sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud 'larums welcome them to
Rome.

Tit. Let it be so ; and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Trumpets sounded, and the coffins
laid in the tomb.*

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here
in rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps !
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells ;
Here grow no damned drugs ; here are no
storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons !

[*Enter* LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live Lord Titus
long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame.

Lo ! at this tomb my tributary tears

I render for my brethren's obsequies :

And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.

O ! bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortune Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, that hast thus lovingly
reserv'd

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days.

And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise !

[*Enter* MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and others.

Marc. Long live Lord Titus, my beloved
brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother
Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from suc-
cessful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame.
Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,
That in your country's service drew your
swords ;

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspir'd to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their
trust,

This palliament of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons.
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What should I don this robe, and trouble
you ?

Be chosen with proclamations to day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all !

Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,

And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country.

Give me a staff of honour for mine age,
But not a sceptre to control the world :

Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
empire.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst
thou tell ?

Tit. Patience, Prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right. —

Patricians, draw your swords, and sheathe
them not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor.— 112
Andronicus, 'would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the
good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince: I will restore
to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from
themselves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die: 150
My faction if thou strengthen with thy
friends,

I will most thankful be; and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable need.

Tit. People of Rome, and noble tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages:
Will you bestow them friendly on Andro-
nicus?

Trib. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you; and this suit
I make, 160

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
'Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say,—“Long live our
emperor!”

Marc. With voices and applause of every
sort,

Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor,
And say,—“Long live our Emperor Satur-
nine!” [A long flourish.

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours
done 171

To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon her espouse.
Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee? 180

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match

I hold me highly honour'd of your grace;
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our commonweal,

The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners;
Presents well worthy Rome's imperious lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my
life! 190

How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. [To TAMORA.] Now, madam, are you
prisoner to an emperor;

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose
anew.—

Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy counte-
nance: 200

Though chance of war hath wrought this
change of cheer,

Thou can'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Damm't all your hopes: madam, he comforts
you,

Can make you greater than the Queen of
Goths.—

Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord; sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia.—Romans, let
us go. 210

Ransomless here we set our prisoners free:
Proclaim our honours, lords, with tramp and
drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid
is mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.

Tit. How, sir? Are you in earnest then,
my lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus; and resolv'd
withal,

To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will, and shall, if Lucius
live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! Where is the em-
peror's guard? 220

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd! by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[Exit MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence
away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What, villain boy!

Barr'st me my way in Rome! [*Kills* MUTIUS.

Mut. Help, Lucius, help!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine: 211

My sons would never so dishonour me.

Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will; but not to be his wife,

That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*

Sat. No, Titus, no; the emperor needs her not,

Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock:

I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once;

Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, Confederates all thus to dishonour me. 210

Was there none else in Rome to make a stale,

But Saturnine? Full well, Andronicus, Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine,

That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these!

Sat. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword.

A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy;

One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons,

To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome. 210

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sat. And therefore, lovely Tamora, Queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs,

Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome,

If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice,

Behold, I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride,

And will create thee Empress of Rome.

Speak, Queen of Goths, dost thou applaud my choice?

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water art so near, 210

And tapers burn so bright, and every thing

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome,

Or climb my palace, till from forth this place

I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the Queen of Goths,

She will a handmaid be to his desires,

A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sat. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon. Lords, accompany 210

Your noble emperor, and his lovely bride,

Sent by the heavens for Prince Saturnine,

Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered.

There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SATURNINUS and his Followers:

TAMORA and her Sons; AARON and Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride.

Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone,

Dishonour'd thus, and challeng'd of wrongs!

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see! O, see what thou hast done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed

That hath dishonour'd all our family:

Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial, as becomes: Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb.

This monument five hundred years hath stood,

Which I have sumptuously re-edified:

Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors,

Repose in fame; none basely slain in brawls.

Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you. 210

My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him:

He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him. 210

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,

And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one;

So, trouble me no more, but get you gone.

And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aar. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not keep the peace.

Dem. Why, boy, although our mother, unadvis'd,

Gave you a dancing-rapier by your side,

Are you so desperate grown, to threat your friends!

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,

Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I have,

Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Dem. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave

[*They draw.*]

Aar. Why, how now, lords!

So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,

And maintain such a quarrel openly!

Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge: I would not for a million of gold

The cause were known to them it most concerns;

Nor would your noble mother, for much more, Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.

For shame, put up.

Dem. Not I, till I have sheath'd My rapier in his bosom, and, withal, Thrust those reproachful speeches down his throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd and full resolv'd,

Foul-spoken coward, that thunder'st with thy tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aar. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,

This petty brabble will undo us all.

Why, lords,—and think you not how dangerous It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What! is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,

Without controulment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware!—an should the empress know

This discord's ground, the music would not please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she and all the world:

I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Dem. Youngling, learn thou to make some meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

Aar. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not, in Rome

How furious and impatient they be,

And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths

Would I propose, to achieve her whom I love.

Aar. To achieve her, how!

Dem. Why mak'st thou it so strange!

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of: and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Ay, and 'as good as Saturninus may.

Dem. Then, why should he despair that knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What! hast thou not full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aar. Why, then, it seems some certain snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Dem. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aar. 'Would you had hit it too;

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools,

To square for this? would it offend you then, That both should speed?

Chi. Faith, not me.

Dem. Nor me, so I were one.

Aar. For shame, be friends, and join for that you jar.

'Tis policy and stratagem must do

That you affect; and so must you resolve,

That what you cannot as you would achieve,

You must perforce accomplish as you may.

Take this of me: Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than lingering languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,

And strike her home by force, if not by words:

This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.

Come, come; our empress, with her sacred wit,

To villainy and vengeance consecrate,

Will we acquaint with all that we intend;

And she shall file our engines with advice,

'That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
But to your wishes' height advance you both.
The emperor's court is like the house of Fame,
The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears :
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and
dull ;

There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
your turns ;

There serve your lust, shadow'd from
heaven's eye, 120

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no coward-
dice.

Dem. Sit fast out of us, till I find the
stream

To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits,
Per Styga, per nautæ vehor. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. --A Forest.

Horns and cry of hounds heard.

*Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with Hunters, &c.,
MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.*

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
grey,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are
green.

Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
That all the court may echo with the noise.
Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
To attend the emperor's person carefully :
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.
[*Horns wind a peal.*

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
LAVINIA, DEMETRIUS, CHIRON, and
Attendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty ;
Madam, to you as many and as good.— 12
I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my
lords,
Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you ?

Lav. I say, no ;

I have been broad awake two hours and
more.

Sat. Come on then, horse and chariots let
us have,
And to our sport. [*To TAMORA.*] Madam,
now shall ye see
Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord, 20

Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where
the game

Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the
plain.

Dem. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
nor hound ;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. --A desert Part of the Forest.

Enter AARON, with a bag of gold.

Aar. He that had wit would think that I
had none.

To bury so much gold under a tree,
And never after to inherit it.
Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
Which, cunningly effected, will beget
A very excellent piece of villainy :
And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest.
[*Hides the gold.*

That have their alms out of the empress'
chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
thou sad, 10
When everything doth make a gleeful boast ?
The birds chaunt melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling
wind,

And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground.
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the
hounds,

Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,
Let us sit down and mark their yelping
noise : 20

And—after conflict, such as was suppos'd
The wandering prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave—
We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber ;
Whilst hounds, and horns, and sweet melo-
dious birds,

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aar. Madam, though Venus govern your
desires, 30
Saturn is dominator over mine.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy;
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder, when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution!

No, madam, these are no venerable signs:
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,¹⁰
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day:
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.—
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me
than life!

Lar. No more, great empress. Bassianus
comes:⁵¹

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy sons
To back thy quarrels, whatsoe'er they be.

[*Erit.*

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Bass. Whom have we here? Rome's
royal empress,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her.

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of my private steps!

Had I the power that some say Dian had,⁶¹

Thy temples should be planted presently

With horns as was Acteon's, and the hounds

Should drive upon thy new-transformed
limbs,

Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lar. Under your patience, gentle empress,

'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in
morning

And to be doubted that your Moor and you

Are singled forth to try experiments.

Jove shield your husband from his hounds
to-day;⁷⁰

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth
Chimærian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,

Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequester'd from all your train,
Dismounted from your snow-white goodly
steed,

And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

Accompanied but with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lar. And being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated⁸¹
For sauciness!—I pray you, let us hence,
And let her joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have
note of this.

Lar. Ay, for these slips have made him
noted long:

Good king, to be so mightily abus'd!

Tam. Why have I patience to endure all
this?

Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.

Dem. How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and
wan?⁹⁰

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to
look pale?

These two have tied me hither to this place.
A barren detested vale, you see, it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and
lean,

O'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe;

Here never shines the sun; here nothing
breeds,

Unless the nightly owl or fatal raven.

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,

They told me, here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,

Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,

As any mortal body, hearing it,¹⁰⁵

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,

But straight they told me, they would bind
me here

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death:

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Fascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms

That ever ear did hear to such effect;¹¹¹

And, had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed.

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,

Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Dem. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs BASSIANUS.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show
my strength. [*Stabbing him likewise.*

Lar. Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, bar-
barous Tamora;

For no name fits thy nature but thine own.

Tam. Give me thy poniard: you shall
know, my boys,¹²⁰

Your mother's hand shall right your mother's wrong.

Dem. Stay, madam, here is more belongs to her :

First thrash the corn, then after burn the straw.

This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty.

And, with that painted hope, braves your nightiness :

And shall she carry this unto her grave !

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.

Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,

Let not this wasp outlive, us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make that sure.—

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice-preserved honesty of yours.

Lar. O Tamora ! thou bear'st a woman's face,—

Tam. I will not hear her speak ; away with her !

Lar. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a word.

Dem. Listen, fair madam : let it be your glory

To see her tears ; but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lar. When did the tiger's young ones teach the dam ?

O ! do not learn her wrath ; she taught it thee ;

The milk thou suck'dst from her did turn to marble :

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.

Yet every mother breeds not sons alike :

[*To CHIRON.*] Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

Chi. What ! wouldst thou have me prove myself a bastard !

Lar. 'Tis true, the raven doth not hatch a lark ;

Yet have I heard,—O, could I find it now !—
The lion mov'd with pity did endure

To have his princely paws par'd all away.

Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds furnish in their nests :

O ! be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful.

Tam. I know not what it means ; away with her !

Lar. O ! let me teach thee : for my father's sake,

That gave thee life, when well he might have slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,

To save your brother from the sacrifice ;

But fierce Andronicus would not relent.

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you will :

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lar. O Tamora ! be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place ;

For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long :

Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then ? fond woman, let me go.

Lar. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell.

O ! keep me from their worse than killing lust,

And tumble me into some loathsome pit,

Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their fee :

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Dem. Away ! for thou hast stay'd us here too long.

Lar. No grace ! no womanhood ! Ah, beastly creature !

The blot and enemy to our general name !

Confusion fall—

Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth.—
Bring thou her husband :

[*Dragging off Lavinia.*]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

[*Exit CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.*]

Tam. Farewell, my sons : see, that you make her sure.

Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflower.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aar. Come on, my lords, the better foot before :

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,

Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you : were't not for shame,

Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[*Falls into the pit.*]

Quint. What! art thou fall'n?—What subtle hole is this,

Whose mouth is cover'd with rude-growing briars,

Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,

As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?

A very fatal place it seems to me.

Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother! with the dismall'st object hurt,

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may give a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

Mart. Why dost not comfort me, and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;

A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints:

My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone; and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold

The thing whereat it trembles by surmise.

O! tell me how it is; for ne'er till now

Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embrewed here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,

In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 'tis he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole,

Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,

And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:

So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,

When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.

O brother! help me with thy fainting hand—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath—

Out of this fell devouring receptacle,

As hateful as Cocythus' misty mouth.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,

I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb

Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below.

Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.
[*Falls in.*]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.

Say, who art thou, that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,

To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead! I know, thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,

Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;

'Tis not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But, out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, with Attendants; TITUS ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora; though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound:

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
[*Giving a letter.*]

The complot of this timeless tragedy;

And wonder greatly that man's face can fold

In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

Sat. [*Reads.*] "An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—

Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 'tis, we mean,—

Do thou so much as dig the grave for him.

Thou know'st our meaning: look for thy reward

Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends."
O Tamora! was ever heard the like!
This is the pit, and this the elder-tree.
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aar. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

[*Showing it.*]

Sat. [To *TITUS*.] Two of thy whelps, fell
curs of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life.
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison:
There let them bide, until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What! are they in this pit! O
wondrous thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee
I beg this boon with tears not lightly shed;
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them,—

Sat. If it be proved! you see, it is ap-
parent.

Who found this letter? Tamora, was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord: yet let me be their
bail;

For, by my fathers' reverend tomb, I vow,
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them: see, thou
follow me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the
murderers;

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than
death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons, they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
with them.

[*Exeunt reverally.*]

SCENE V.—The Same.

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
ravished; her hands cut off, and her tongue
cut out.*

Dem. So, now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,

Who 't was that cut thy tongue, and ravish'd
thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy
meaning so;

And if thy stumps will let thee, play the
scribe.

Dem. See, how with signs and tokens she
can scriawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash
thy hands,

Dem. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands
to wash;

And so let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my case, I should go hang
myself.

Dem. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit
the cord.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON.*]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who's this?—my niece, that flies
away so fast!

Cousin, a word: where is your husband!—

If I do dream, 'would all my wealth would
wake me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,

That I may slumber in eternal sleep!—

Speak, gentle niece, what stern ungentle
hands

Have lopp'd and hew'd, and made thy body
bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments,
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness

As have thy love? Why dost not speak to
me!—

Alas! a crimson river of warm blood,

Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with
wind,

Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,

Coming and going with thy honey breath.

But, sure, some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,

And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy
tongue.

Ah! now thou turn'st away thy face for
shame;

And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,

As from a conduit with three issuing spouts,

Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face

Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.

Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 'tis so?

O, that I knew thy heart; and knew the
beast,

That I might rail at him, to ease my mind!

Sorrow concealed, like an oven stopp'd,

Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.

Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,

And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind:

But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;

A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,

And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,

That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
 O! had the monster seen those lily hands
 Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
 And make the silken strings delight to kiss
 them,
 He would not then have touch'd them for his
 life;
 Or had he heard the heavenly harmony,
 Which that sweet tongue hath made,
 He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell
 asleep,

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As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
 Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;
 For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
 One hour's storm will drown the fragrant
 meads:
 What will whole months of tears thy father's
 eyes!
 Do not draw back, for we will mourn with
 thee:
 O, could our mourning ease thy misery!
 [Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I. Rome. A Street.

Enter Senators, Tribunes, and Officers of Justice, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS, bound, passing on to the place of execution: TITUS going before, pleading.

Titus. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!
 For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
 In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
 For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel
 shed;
 For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
 And for these bitter tears, which now you see
 Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
 Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
 Whose souls are not corrupted as 't is thought.
 For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
 Because they died in honour's lofty bed;
 For these, tribunes, in the dust I write
 [Throwing himself on the ground.
 My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad
 tears.
 Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
 My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
 blush. [Exeunt Senators, Tribunes,
 &c., with the Prisoners.
 O earth! I will befriend thee more with
 rain,
 That shall distil from these two ancient urns,
 Than youthful April shall with all his
 showers:
 In summer's drought, I'll drop upon thee
 still;
 In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the
 snow,
 And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
 So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

O reverend tribunes! O gentle-aged men!
 Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;
 And let me say, that never wept before,

My tears are now prevailing orators.

Luc. O noble father, you lament in vain.
 The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
 And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
 plead.

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Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you,—

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears
 you speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man: if they
 did hear,

They would not mark me, or if they did
 mark,

They would not pity me, yet plead I must,
 And bootless unto them.

Therefore I tell my sorrows to the stones,
 Who, though they cannot answer any distress,
 Yet in some sort they are better than the
 tribunes,

For that they will not intercept my tale.

10

When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
 Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
 And were they but attired in grave weeds,
 Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is soft as wax, tribunes more hard
 than stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not,
 And tribunes with their tongues doom men
 to death.

[Rises.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
 drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
 death;

For which attempt the judges have pro-
 nounc'd

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My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. O happy man! they have befriended
 thee.

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive,
 That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
 Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey,
 But me and mine: how happy art thou then,
 From these devourers to be banished!

But who comes with our brother Marcus
• here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy aged eyes to weep;

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break :
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

Tit. Will it consume me ! let me see it then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me ! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise, and look upon her.

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand

Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight !

What fool hath added water to the sea, 68

Or brought a faggot to bright-burning Troy !

My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,

And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds.

Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too ;

For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain ;

And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life ;

In bootless prayer have they been held up,

And they have serv'd me to effectless use ;

Now all the service I require of them

Is that the one will help to cut the other.—

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands,

For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd thee ? 81

Marc. O ! That delightful engine of her thoughts,

That blab'd them with such pleasing eloquence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,

Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung

Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. O ! say thou for her, who hath done this deed ?

Marc. O ! thus I found her, straying in the park,

• Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer,

That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound. 90

Tit. It was my deer ; and he that wounded her

Hath hurt me more, than had he kill'd me dead :

For now I stand as one upon a rock,

Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,

Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,

Expecting ever when some envious surge

Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone ;

Here stands my other son, a banish'd man,

And here my brother, weeping at my woes ;
But that which gives my soul the greatest
spurn, 100

Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.—

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight,

It would have madd'd me : what shall I do

Now I behold thy lively body so !

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,

Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee :

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death

Thy brothers are condemn'd and dead by this.

Look, Marcus ; ah ! son Lucius, look on her :

When I did name her brothers, then fresh
tears 111

Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew

Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they
kill'd her husband ;

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed ;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips, 120

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease.

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd, like meadows yet not
dry,

With miry slime left on them by a flood !

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clear-
ness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears !

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine !

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb
shows 131

Pass the remainder of our hateful days !

What shall we do ! let us, that have our
tongues,

Plot some device of further misery,

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears ; for
at your grief,

See, how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece.—Good Titus,
dry thine eyes:

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus ! brother, well I
wot,

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine, 140
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with
thine own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia ! I will wipe thy
cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark ! I understand her signs.

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee :
His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,
Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.
O ! what a sympathy of woe is this ;
As far from help as limbo is from bliss !

Enter AARON.

Aar. Titus Andronicus, my lord the emperor

Sends thee this word,—that, if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,
Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king : he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. O gracious Emperor ! O gentle Aaron !
Did ever raven sing so like a lark,
That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise !
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off ?

Luc. Stay, father ! for that noble hand of thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,
Shall not be sent : my hand will serve the turn.
My youth can better spare my blood than you,
And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not defended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's castle ?
O ! none of both but are of high desert.
My hand hath been but idle ; let it serve
To ransom my two nephews from their death :
Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aar. Nay, come, agree, whose hand shall go along,
For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go !

Tit. Sirs, strive no more : such wither'd herbs as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you ; I will spare my hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS and MARCUS.]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron ; I'll deceive them both :

Lend me thine hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aar. [*Aside*] If that be call'd deceit, I will be honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so :—

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass.

[*Cuts off* TITUS's hand.]

Re-enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife ; what shall be, is despatch'd.—

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand :
Tell him, it was a hand that ward'd him
From thousand dangers ; bid him bury it :
More hath it merited ; that let it have.
As for my sons, say, I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price ;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aar. I go, Andronicus ; and, for thy hand,
Look by and by to have thy sons with thee.

[*Aside.*] Their heads, I mean.—O, how this villainy

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it !
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*]

Tit. O ! here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth :

If any power pities wretched tears,

To that I call.—[*To* LAVINIA.] What ! wilt thou kneel with me ?

Do then, dear heart ; for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,

And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,

When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. O ! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom ?

Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes.

When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth o'erflow ?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoln
face?

And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?
I am the sea; hark, how her sighs do blow!
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:
Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why my bowels cannot hide her woes, ²⁰
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.
Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter
tongues.

Enter a Messenger, with two heads and a hand.

Mess. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor.
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And hero's thy hand, in scorn to thee sent
back:

Thy griefs their sports, thy resolution
mock'd;

That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*]

Marc. Now let hot Ætna cool in Sicily, ²¹
And be my heart an ever-burning hell!
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some
deal,

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so
deep a wound,
And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to
breathe! [*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*]

Marc. Alas, poor heart! that kiss is com-
fortless, ²⁵

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have
an end?

Marc. Now farewell, flattery: die, An-
dronicus.

Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons'
heads,

Thy warlike hand, thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah! now no more will I control thy griefs.
Rent off thy silver hair, thy other hand ²⁶⁰
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal
sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes!

Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not
with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears;
Then, which way shall I find Revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threat me, I shall never come to bliss, ²⁷²
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed
them.

Come, let me see what task I have to do,—

You heavy people, circle me about,
That I may turn me to each one of you,
And swear unto my soul to write your
wrongs.

The vow is made.—Come, brother, take a head;
And in this hand the other will I bear. ²⁸⁰

Lavinia, thou shalt be employed in these
things:

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between
thy teeth.

As for thee, boy, go, get thee from my sight;
Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:

Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;

And if you love me, as I think you do,
Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.*]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble
father;

The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome.
Farewell, proud Rome: till Lucius come again,

He leaves his pledges dearer than his life. ²⁹⁰
Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;

O, 'would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
But now nor Lucius, nor Lavinia lives,

But in oblivion, and hateful griefs.

If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
And make proud Saturnine and his empress

Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,

To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine. ³⁰⁰
[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in TITUS's House. A
Banquet set out.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and young
LUCIUS, a boy.*

Tit. So, so; now sit; and look you eat
no more
Than will preserve just so much strength in
us

As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot :
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our
 hands,

And cannot passionate our ten-fold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of
 mine

Is left to tyrannise upon my breast ;
 And when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh, 10
 Then thus I thump it down.—

[To LAVINIA.] Thou map of woe, that thus
 dost talk in signs,

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous
 beating

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it
 still.

Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with
 groans ;

Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole ;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears. 20

Marc. Fie, brother, fie ! teach her not thus
 to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now ! has sorrow made thee dote
 already ?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life ?
 Ah ! wherefore dost thou urge the name of
 hands ;

To bid Æneas tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miser-
 able !

O ! handle not the theme, to talk of hands,
 Lest we remember still that we have none. 30
 Fie, fie ! how frantically I square my talk,
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands !—
 Come, let's fall to : and, gentle girl, eat
 this. —

Here is no drink. Hark, Marcus, what she
 says ;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs.

She says she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrow, mash'd upon her
 cheeks.

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy
 thought ;

In thy dumb action will I be as perfect, 40
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers :
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to
 heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a
 sign,

But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,

And, by still practice, learn to know thy
 meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter
 deep laments :

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing
 tale.

Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion
 mov'd,

Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling ; thou art made
 of tears, 50

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—
 [MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy
 knife ?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord,—
 a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer ! thou kill'st
 my heart ;

Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny :
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother. Get thee gone ;
 I see, thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas ! my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and
 mother, 60

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air ?

Poor harmless fly,

That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry ! and thou hast
 kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir : it was a black ill-
 favour'd fly,

Like to the empress' Moor : therefore I kill'd
 him.

Tit. O, O, O !

Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed. 70

Give me thy knife, I will insult on him :

Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,

Come hither purposely to poison me.—

There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.

Ah, sirrah !—

Yet I think we are not brought so low,

But that between us we can kill a fly,

That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man ! grief has so
 wrought on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances. 80

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with
 me :

I'll to thy closet ; and go read with thee

Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—

Come, boy, and go with me : thy sight is
 young,

And thou shalt read, when mine begins to
 dazzle. [Exeunt.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The same. Before TITUS's House.

*Enter TITUS and MARCUS. Then enter young LUCIUS, LAVINIA running after him.**Boy.* Help, grandsire, help! my aunt LaviniaFollows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see, how swift she comes!

Alas! sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thine aunt.*Tit.* She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.*Boy.* Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.*Marc.* What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?*Tit.* Fear her not, Lucius:—somewhat doth she mean.

See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy! Cornelia never with more careRead to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's Orator.*Marc.* Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?*Boy.* My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,Unless some fit or frenzy do possess her;
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad through sorrow: that made me to
fear;Although, my lord, I know, my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my
youth;Which made me down to throw my books,
and fly,Causeless, perhaps. But pardon me, sweet
aunt;And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.*Marc.* Lucius, I will.[LAVINIA turns over the books which
LUCIUS had let fall.*Tit.* How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what
means this?Some book there is that she desires to see.—
Which is it, girl, of these?—Open them, boy.But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, and take choice of all my library.And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.—
What book?

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?

Marc. I think, she means that there was
more than oneConfederate in the fact:—ay, more there
was;Or else to heaven she heaves them for re-
venge.*Tit.* Lucius, what book is that she tosseth
so?*Boy.* Grandsire, 't is Ovid's Metamorphoses:
My mother gave it me.*Marc.* For love of her that's gone.
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.*Tit.* Soft! so busily she turns the leaves!
Help her:What would she find?—Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel.And treats of Terens' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.*Marc.* See, brother, see! note, how she
quotes the leaves.*Tit.* Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'd,
sweet girl,Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy
woods?—

See, see!—

Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt.
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders, and for rapes.*Marc.* O! why should nature build so foul
a den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl, for here are none
but friends,What Roman lord it was durst do the deed:
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed?*Marc.* Sit down, sweet niece:—brother, sit
down by me.—

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury.

Inspire me, that I may this treason find!—

My lord, look here:—look here, Lavinia:
This sandy plot is plain; guide, if thou canst,
This after me.[He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with feet and mouth.
I have writ my name

Without the help of any hand at all.
Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift!

Write thou, good niece, and here display at last

What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth!
[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and guides it with her stumps and writes.*

Tit. O! do you read, my lord, what she hath writ!

Stuprum—Chiron—Demetrius. ⁸⁰

Marc. What, what! the lustful sons of Tamora

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed!

Tit. *Magni dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera? tam lentus vides?

Marc. O! calm thee, gentle lord; although I know

There is enough written upon this earth,
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclaim.

My lord, kneel down with me; Lavinia, kneel;

And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope;

And swear with me,—as with the woful fore,

And father, of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus swear for Lucrece' rape.

That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'Tis sure enough, an you knew how;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware:

The dam will wake, and if she wind you once:

She's with the lion deeply still in league, ¹⁰⁰
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back;
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.

You're a young huntsman: Marcus, let alone;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,

And lay it by. The angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyl's leaves abroad,

And where's your lesson then?—Boy, what say you?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bedchamber should not be safe ¹¹⁰

For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.
Marc. Ay, that's my boy! thy father hath full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.

Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury:

Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal my boy

Shall carry from me to the empress' sons

Presents, that I intend to send them both.

Come, come; thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their besoms, grandsire. ¹²⁰

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another course.

Lavinia, come.—Marcus, look to my house:

Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court;

Ay, marry, will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.*

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man groan,

And not relent, or not compassion him?

Marcus, attend him in his ecstasy,

That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,

Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;

But yet so just, that he will not revenge.—¹³⁰

Revenge the heavens for old Andronicus!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter AARON, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, at one door: at another door, young LUCIUS, and an Attendant, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ upon them.

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius; He hath some message to deliver us.

Aar. Ay, some mad message from his mad grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus;—

[*Aside.*] And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

Dem. Gramercy, lovely Lucius. What's the news?

Boy. [*Aside.*] That you are both decipher'd, that's the news,

For villains mark'd with rape. [*To them.*]

May it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me

The goodliest weapons of his armoury, ¹¹

To gratify your honourable youth,

The hope of Rome; for so he bade me say,

And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,
You may be armed and appointed well.
And so I leave you both, [*aside*] like bloody
villains.

[*Exeunt Boy and Attendant.*]

Dem. What's here! a scroll; and written
round about?

Let's see:

Integer vite scelerisque purus, 30
Non eget Mauri jaculis nec arcu.

Chi. O! 't is a verse in Horace; I know it
well:

I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aar. Ay, just!—a verse in Horace;—right,
you have it.

[*Aside.*] Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
Here's no sound jest! the old man hath
found their guilt,

And sends them weapons wrapp'd about with
lines,

That wound, beyond their feeling, to the
quick;

But were our witty empress well afoot,
She would applaud Andronicus' conceit: 30

But let her rest in her unrest awhile.—

[*To them.*] And now, young lords, was't not
a happy star

Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
Captives, to be advanced to this height?

It did me good, before the palace gate

To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Dem. But me more good, to see so great a
lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aar. Had he not reason, Lord Demetrius?
Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Dem. I would we had a thousand Roman
dames 40

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust.

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aar. Here lacks but your mother for to
say amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thou-
sand more.

Dem. Come, let us go, and pray to all the
gods

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aar. [*Aside.*] Pray to the devils; the gods
have given us over. [*Trumpets sound.*]

Dem. Why do the emperor's trumpets
flourish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Dem. Soft! who comes here? 50

Enter a Nurse, with a blackamoor Child.

Nur. Good morrow, lords. O! tell me,
did you see

Aaron the Moor!

Aar. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit
at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nur. O gentle Aaron! we are all undone.
Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aar. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou
keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine
arms?

Nur. O! that which I would hide from
heaven's eye, 60

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's dis-
grace.—

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aar. To whom?

Nur. I mean she's brought a-bed.

Aar. Well, God give her good rest! What
hath he sent her?

Nur. A devil.

Aar. Why, then she is the devil's dam:
A joyful issue.

Nur. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrow-
ful issue.

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy
seal, 70

And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's
point.

Aar. Out, you whore! is black so base a
hue? 80

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom,
sure.

Dem. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aar. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aar. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Dem. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast
undone her.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed
choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend! 90

Chi. It shall not live.

Aar. It shall not die.

Nur. Aaron, it must: the mother wills it so.

Aar. What! must it, nurse? then let no
man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's
point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon
despatch it.

Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy
bowels up.

[*Takes the child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your
brother?

Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scimitar's sharp point
That touches this my first-born son and heir.
I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus,
With all his threatening band of Typhon's
brood,

Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war,
Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.
What, what, ye sanguine, shallow-hearted
boys!

Ye white-lin'd walls! ye ale-house painted
signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue, 100
In that it scorns to bear another hue;
For all the water in the ocean
Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,
Although she lave them hourly in the flood.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age
To keep mine own; excuse it how she can.

Dem. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress
thus?

Aar. My mistress is my mistress; this,
myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:
This before all the world do I prefer; 110
This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,
Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Dem. By this our mother is for ever
shamed.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul
escape.

Nur. The emperor in his rage will doom
her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignomy.

Aar. Why, there's the privilege your
beauty bears.

Fie, treacherous hue! that will betray with
blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:
Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer. 120
Look, how the black slave smiles upon the
father,

As who should say, "Old lad, I am thine
own."

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed
Of that self blood that first gave life to you:
And from that womb, where you imprison'd
were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:
Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,
Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nur. Aaron, what shall I say unto the
empress?

Dem. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be
done, 130

And we will all subscribe to thy advice:
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aar. Then sit we down, and let us all con-
sult.

My son and I will have the wind of you;
Keep there; now talk at pleasure of your
safety. [*They sit.*]

Dem. How many women saw this child of
his?

Aar. Why, so, brave lords: when we join
in league,

I am a lamb; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms.—
But say again, how many saw the child? 140

Nur. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aar. The empress, the midwife, and your-
self:

Two may keep counsel, when the third's
away.

Go to the empress; tell her this I said:

[*Stabbing her.*]

Weke, weke!—so cries a pig prepared to the
spit.

Dem. What mean'st thou, Aaron? where-
fore didst thou this?

Aar. O lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy.
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours, 150
A long-tongu'd babbling gossip? no, lords, no.
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus, my countryman;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go pack with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be
advanc'd,

And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine, 160
To calm this tempest whirling in the court;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords; you see, I have given her
physic. [*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral;
The fields are near, and you are gallant
grooms.

This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.

The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the
air 170

With secrets.

Dem. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing
off the dead Nurse.*]

Aar. Now to the Goths, as swift as
swallow flies;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends.—
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the
goat.
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up 180
To be a warrior, and command a camp.
[Exit, with the Child.

SCENE III.—The Same. A public Place.

*Enter TITUS, bearing arrows, with letters on
the ends of them ; with him MARCUS,
young LUCIUS, and other Gentlemen, with
bows.*

Tit. Come, Marcus, come ;—kinsmen, this
is the way.—

Sir boy, now let me see your archery :
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there
straight.

Terras Astrea reliquit :

Be you remember'd, Marcus, she's gone, she's
fled.

Sirs, take you to your tools. You, cousins,
shall

Go sound the ocean, and cast your nets ;

Happily you may find her in the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land.—

No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do
it ; 10

'T is you must dig with mattock, and with
spade,

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth :

Then, when you come to Pluto's region,

I pray you, deliver him this petition ;

Tell him, it is for justice and for aid,

And that it comes from old Andronicus,

Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.—

Ah, Rome !—Well, well ; I made thee miser-
able,

What time I threw the people's suffrages

On him that thus doth tyrannise o'er me.—20

Go, get you gone ; and pray be careful all,

And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd :

This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence ;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for
justice.

Marc. O Publius ! is not this a heavy
case,

To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lord, it highly us con-
cerns,

By day and night to attend him carefully ;
And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past
remedy. 30

Join with the Goths, and with revengeful
war

Take wreak on Rome for this ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now ? how now, my
masters ?

What, have you met with her ?

Pub. No, my good lord ; but Pluto sends
you word,

If you will have Revenge from hell, you
shall :

Marry, for Justice, she is so employ'd,

He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or some
where else, 40

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with
delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,

And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.—

Marcus, we are but shrubs, no cedars we ;

No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size,

But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back ;

Yet wrung with wrongs, more than our
backs can bear :

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods, 50

To send down Justice for to wreak our
wrongs.

Come, to this gear. You are a good archer,
Marcus. [He gives them the arrows.

Ad Jovem, that's for you :—here, *ad
Apollinem* :—

Ad Martem, that's for myself :—

Here, boy, to Pallas :—here, to Mercury :

To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine ;

You were as good to shoot against the
wind.—

To it, boy ; Marcus, loose when I bid.

Of my word, I have written to effect ;

There's not a god left unsolicited. 60

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into
the court :

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. [They shoot.]
O, well said, Lucius !

Good boy, in Virgo's lap : give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the
moon :

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha ! Publius, Publius, what hast thou
done ?

See, see ! thou hast shot off one of Taurus'
horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord : when
 Publius shot,
 The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a
 knock,
 That down fell both the Ram's horns in the
 court ;
 And who should find them but the empress'
 villain ?
 She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not
 choose
 But give them to his master for a present.
Tit. Why, there it goes : God give his
 lordship joy !

*Enter the Clown, with a basket and two
 pigeons in it.*

News ! news from heaven ! Marcus, the post
 is come.

Sirrah, what tidings ! have you any letters ?
 Shall I have justice ? what says Jupiter ?

Clo. Ho ! the gibbet-maker ! he says that
 he hath taken them down again, for the man
 must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee ?

Clo. Alas, sir ! I know not Jupiter : I
 never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier ?

Clo. Ay, of my pigeons, sir ; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from
 heaven ?

Clo. From heaven ? alas, sir ! I never
 came there. God forbid, I should be so bold
 to press to heaven in my young days. Why,
 I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal
 plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt
 my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be, to
 serve for your oration ; and let him deliver
 the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to
 the emperor with a grace ?

Clo. Nay, truly, sir, I could never say
 grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither. Make no more ado,
 But give your pigeons to the emperor :
 By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.
 Hold, hold meanwhile, here's money for
 thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.—

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a suppli-
 cation ?

Clo. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you.
 And when you come to him, at the first
 approach you must kneel ; then kiss his foot ;
 then deliver up your pigeons ; and then look
 for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir ; see
 you do it bravely.

Clo. I warrant you, sir ; let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife ? Come, let
 me see it.—

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration ;
 For thou hast made it like an humble sup-
 pliant :—

And when thou hast given it to the emperor,
 Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clo. God be with you, sir ; I will.

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go.—Publius,
 follow me. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—The Same. Before the Palace.

*Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, DEMETRIUS,
 CHIRON, Lords, and others : SATURNINUS
 with the arrows in his hand that TITUS
 shot.*

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these :
 Was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
 Troubled, confronted thus ; and, for the ex-
 tent

Of equal justice, us'd in such contempt ?
 My lords, you know, as do the nightful gods,
 (However these disturbers of our peace
 Buz in the people's ears) there nought hath
 pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons
 Of old Andronicus. And what an ill
 His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits,
 Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
 His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness ?
 And now he writes to heaven for his redress.
 See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury ;
 This to Apollo ; this to the god of war ;
 Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of
 Rome !

What's this but libelling against the senate,
 And blazoning our injustice every where ?
 A goodly humour, is it not, my lords ?
 As who would say, in Rome no justice were.
 But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
 Shall be no shelter to these outrages ;
 But he and his shall know, that justice lives
 In Saturninus' health ; whom, if he sleep,
 He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
 Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Satur-
 nine,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
 Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
 The effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
 Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and
 scarr'd his heart ;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

Than prosecute the meanest, or the best,
For these contempt. [*Aside.*] Why, thus
it shall become
High-witted Tamora to gloze with all :
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out. If Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.—

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow ! wouldst thou speak
with us ?

Clo. Yes, forsooth, an your mistership be
imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the
emperor.

Clo. 'T is he.—God and Saint Stephen give
you good den. I have brought you a letter,
and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him
presently.

Clo. How much money must I have ?

Tam. Come, sirrah ; you must be hang'd.

Clo. Hang'd ! By'r lady, then I have
brought up a neck to a fair end.

[*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs !
Shall I endure this monstrous villainy ?
I know from whence this same device pro-
ceeds.

May this be borne ?—As if his traitorous
sons,

That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrong-
fully !—

Go, drag the villain hither by the hair :
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege.—
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-
man ;

Sly frantic wretch, that holp'st to make me
great,

In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

What news with thee, Æmilius ?

Æmil. Arm, my lords ! Rome never had
more cause.

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a
power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus :

Who threats, in course of this revenge,
to do

As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the
Goths ?

These tidings nip me ; and I hang the head

As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms.

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach.

'T is he the common people love so much :

Myself hath often heard them say,

When I have walked like a private man,

That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,

And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear ? is not our
city strong ?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
And will revolt from me to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it !

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby ;

Knowing that with the shadow of his wings

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so may'st thou the giddy men of Rome.

Then cheer thy spirit ; for know, thou em-
peror,

I will enchant the old Andronicus,

With words more sweet, and yet more
dangerous,

Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep,

Whenas the one is wounded with the bait,

The other rotted with delicious feed.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for
us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he
will ;

For I can smooth and fill his aged ear

With golden promises, that, were his heart

Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,

Yet should both ear and heart obey my
tongue.—

[*To ÆMILIUS.*] Go thou before, be our am-
bassador :

Say that the emperor requests a parley

Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting.

Even at his father's house, the old Androni-
cus.

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably :
And if he stand on hostage for his safety,

Bid him demand what pledge will please him
best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.
[*Exit.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus,
And temper him with all the art I have,

To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike
Goths.

And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,

And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to
him. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Plains near Rome.

Enter LUCIUS, and an army of Goths, with drum and colours.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their emperor,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious, and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scath,
Let them make treble satisfaction.

1 *Goth.* Brave slip, sprung from the great Andronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our comfort;

Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,
Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us: we'll follow where thou lead'st,

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora.

Goths. And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you all.

But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

Enter a Goth, leading AARON, with his Child in his arms.

2 *Goth.* Renowned Lucius, from our troops I stray'd,

To gaze upon a ruinous monastery;
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall.
I made unto the noise; when soon I heard
The crying babe controll'd with this discourse:—

"Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!

Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor:
But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,

They never do beget a coal-black calf.
Peace, villain, Peace!"—even thus he rates the babe,—

"For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth;

Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,

Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake."
With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,

Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither,

To use as you think needful of the man

Luc. O worthy Goth, this is the incarnate devil,

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand:
This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye,

And here's the base fruit of his burning lust.—

Say, wall-ey'd slave, whither wouldst thou convey

This growing image of thy fiend-like face?

Why dost not speak? What! deaf? not a word?

A halter, soldiers! hang him on this tree,
And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aar. Touch not the boy; he is of royal blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.—

First hang the child, that he may see it sprawl;

A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Get me a ladder!

[A ladder brought, which AARON is made to ascend.]

Aar. Lucius, save the child;

And bear it from me to the empress.

If thou do this, I'll show thee wondrous things,

That highly may advantage thee to hear:

If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,

I'll speak no more; but vengeance rot you all!

Luc. Say on; an if it please me which thou speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aar. An if it please thee? why, assure thee, Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak:

For I must talk of murders, rapes, and massacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,

Complots of mischief, treason, villainies

Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd:

And this shall all be buried in my death,

Unless thou swear to me, my child shall live.

Luc. Tell on thy mind: I say, thy child shall live.

Aar. Swear that he shall, and then I will begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st no god:

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aar. What if I do not? as, indeed, I do not;

Yet, for I know thou art religious,
And hast a thing within thee, called conscience,

With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
Therefore I urge thy oath:—for that I know
An idiot holds his bauble for a god,
And keeps the oath which by that god he swears,

To that I'll urge him:—therefore, thou shalt vow

By that same god, what god soe'er it be,
That thou ador'st and hast in reverence,
To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;

Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my god I swear to thee I will.

Aar. First know thou, I begot him on the empress.

Luc. O most insatiate and luxurious woman!

Aar. Tut! Lucius, this was but a deed of charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon. 'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus: They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her, And cut her hands, and trimm'd her as thou saw'st.

Luc. O detestable villain! call'st thou that trimming?

Aar. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and trimm'd, and 't was

Trim sport for them that had the doing of it.

Luc. O barbarous, beastly villains, like thyself!

Aar. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct them.

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,

As sure a card as ever won the set;

That bloody mind, I think, they learn'd of me,

As true a dog as ever fought at head.

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,

Where the dead corse of Bassianus lay;

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
And hid the gold within the letter mention'd,
Confederate with the queen and her two sons:
And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,

Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it? I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand,
And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads:

Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swooned almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What! canst thou say all this, and never blush?

Aar. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous deeds?

Aar. Ay, that I had not done a thousand more.

Even now I curse the day (and yet, I think,
Few come within the compass of my curse),
Wherewith I did not some notorious ill:

As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and hay-stacks in the night,

And bid the owners quench them with their tears.

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,

And set them upright at their dear friends' doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
"Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead."

Tut! I have done a thousand dreadful things,
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil, for he must not die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aar. If there be devils, 'would I were a devil,

To live and burn in everlasting fire:

So I might have your company in hell,

But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from Rome,

Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius! what's the news from Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and you princes of the Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me:

And, for he understands you are in arms,

He craves a parley at your father's house,

Willing you to demand your hostages.

And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

1 Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges

Unto my father and my uncle Marcus,

And we will come.—March away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Rome. Before TITUS'S House.

Enter TAMORA, DEMETRIUS, and CHIRON, disguised.

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habili-
ment

I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous
wrongs.—

Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminate strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him, Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock.*]

TITUS opens his study door.

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick, to make me ope the door, ¹⁰
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd: for what I mean to do,
See here, in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my
talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?

Thou hast the odds of me, therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well
enough:

Witness this wretched stump, witness these
crimson lines;

Witness these trenches made by grief and
care;

Witness the tiring day and heavy night;

Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well

For our proud empress, mighty Tamora.

Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know, thou sad man, I am not
Tamora:

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.

I am Revenge, sent from the infernal king-
dom,

To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,

By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.

Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light:

Confer with me of murder and of death.

There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,

No vast obscurity or misty vale,

Where bloody murder, or detested rape,

Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;

And in their ears tell them my dreadful name,
Revenge, which makes the foul offender
quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent
to me,

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tam. I am; therefore come down, and
welcome me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.

Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder,
stands;

Now give some surance that thou art Re-
venge:

Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels,

And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,

And whirl along with thee about the globes.

Provide thee two proper palfreys, black as jet,

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,

And find out murderers in their guilty caves:

And when thy car is laden with their heads,

I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel

Trot like a servile footman all day long,

Even from Hyperion's rising in the east

Until his very downfall in the sea:

And day by day I'll do this heavy task,

So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tam. These are my ministers, and come
with me.

Tit. Are these thy ministers? what are
they call'd?

Tam. Rapine and Murder; therefore called
so,

'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of
men.

Tit. Good Lord, how like the empress' sons
they are,

And you the empress ! but we worldly men
Have miserable, mad-mistaking eyes.
O sweet Revenge ! now do I come to thee ;
And, if one arm's embracement will content
thee,

I will embrace thee in it by and by. [*Exit.*

Tam. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits, ⁷¹
Do you uphold and maintain in your speeches,
For now he firmly takes me for Revenge ;
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son ;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies.
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter Titus.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for
thee. ⁸¹

Welcome, dread Fury, to my woful house.—
Rapine and Murder, you are welcome too.—
How like the empress and her sons you are !
Well are you fitted, had you but a Moor
Could not all hell afford you such a devil ?
For, well I wot, the empress never wags,
But in her company there is a Moor ;
And would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil.
But welcome as you are. What shall we do ?

Tam. What wouldst thou have us do, An-
dronicus ?

Dem. Show me a murderer, I'll deal with
him.

Chi. Show me a villain that hath done a
rape,

And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tam. Show me a thousand that have done
thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wick'd streets
of Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like
thyself,

Good Murder, stab him : he's a murderer.—
Go thou with him ; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee, ¹⁰²

Good Rapine, stab him : he's a ravisher.—

Go thou with them ; and in the emperor's
court

There is a queen attended by a Moor :

Well may'st thou know her by thine own
proportion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee, do on them some violent death ;

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tam. Well hast thou lesson'd us : this shall
we do. ¹¹⁰

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,
To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,
Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house :
When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,
I will bring in the empress and her sons,
The emperor himself, and all thy foes,
And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel,
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device ? ¹²⁰

Tit. Marcus, my brother !—'t is sad Titus
calls.

Enter Marcus.

Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius ;
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths :
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths ;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him, the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with
them.

This do thou for my love, and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life. ¹³⁰

Marc. This will I do, and soon return
again. [*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about thy business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay, let Rape and Murder stay
with me,

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. [*Aside to them.*] What say you, boys ?
Will you abide with him,
Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest ?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him
fair, ¹⁴⁰

And tarry with him, till I turn again.

Tit. [*Aside.*] I know them all, though they
suppose me mad,

And will o'erreach them in their own devices,
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

Dem. Madam, depart at pleasure ; leave us
here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus : Revenge now
goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes.

Tit. I know thou dost ; and, sweet Re-
venge, farewell. [*Exit TAMORA.*

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be
employ'd ?

Tit. Tut ! I have work enough for you to
do.— ¹⁵⁰

Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine!

Enter PUBLIUS, and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons

I take them, Chiron and Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie! thou art too much deceiv'd;

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;

And therefore bind them, gentle Publius;

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.

Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,

And now I find it: therefore, bind them sure,
And stop their mouths, if they begin to cry.

[Exit TITUS.—PUBLIUS, &c., seize CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.]

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress' sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are commanded.—

Stop close their mouths, let them not speak a word.

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.

Re-enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, with LAVINIA; she bearing a basin, and he a knife.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are bound.—

Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,

But let them hear what fearful words I utter.—

O villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband, and for that vild fault

Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest:

Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.
What would you say, if I should let you speak?

Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.
This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know, your mother means to feast with me,

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.—

Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste;

And of the paste a coffin I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads;

And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,
Like to the earth, swallow her own increase.

This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on;

For worse than Philomel you us'd my daughter,

And worse than Progne I will be reveng'd.

And now prepare your throats.—Lavinia, come,

Receive the blood: and when that they are dead,

Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it;

And in that paste let their vild heads be bak'd.—

Come, come, be every one officious

To make this banquet, which I wish may prove

More stern and bloody than the Centaurs' feast.

So, now bring them in, for I will play the cook,

And see them ready 'gainst their mother comes.

[Exeunt, bearing the dead bodies.]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Pavilion.

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and Goths; with AARON, prisoner.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's mind,

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

1 Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil.

Let him receive no sustenance; fetter him,

Till he be brought unto the empress' face,

For testimony of her foul proceedings.

And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aar. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,

And prompt me, that my tongue may utter forth

The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog! unhallow'd slave!—

Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.—

[*Exeunt Goths, with AARON. Trumpets sound.*]

The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

Enter SATURNINUS and TAMORA, with Tribunes, and others.

Sat. What! hath the firmament more suns than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break the parle;

These quarrels must be quietly debated.

The feast is ready, which the careful Titus

Hath ordain'd to an honourable end,

For peace, for love, for league, and good to Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys sound.*]

Enter TITUS, dressed like a cook, LAVINIA, veiled, young LUCIUS, and others. TITUS places the dishes on the table.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome, bread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;

And welcome, all. Although the cheer be poor,

'T will fill your stomachs: please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,

To entertain your highness, and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andronicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you were.

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,

To slay his daughter with his own right hand, Because she was enforc'd, stain'd, and deflour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord?

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual; A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant, For me, most wretched, to perform the like.—

Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee; And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die!

[*Kills LAVINIA.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was, And have a thousand times more cause than he

To do this outrage;—and it is now done.

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did the deed?

Tit. Will 't please you eat? will 't please your highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daughter thus?

Tit. Not I: 't was Chiron, and Demetrius: They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue, And they, 't was they, that did her all this wrong.

Sat. Go, fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that pie;

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,

Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

'T is true, 't is true; witness my knife's sharp point. [*Killing TAMORA.*]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [*Killing TITUS.*]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's need for meel, death for a deadly deed.

[*Killing SATURNINUS. A great tumult. The people in confusion disperse. MARCUS, LUCIUS, and their partisans, go up into the balcony.*]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproar sever'd, like a flight of fowl Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,

O! let me teach you how to knit again

This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,

These broken limbs again into one body,

Lest Rome herself be lame unto herself:

And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,

Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,

Do shameful execution on herself.

But it my frosty signs and chaps of age,

Grave witnesses of true experience,

Cannot induce you to attend my words,—

[*To LUCIUS.*] Speak, Rome's dear friend, as erst our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse

To love-sick Dido's sad-attending ear

The story of that baleful burning night,

When subtle Greeks surprised King Priam's
Troy.

Tell us, what Sinon hath bewitched our
ears,

Or who hath brought the fatal engine in,
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.—

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory, ⁹⁰
And break my very utterance, even in the
time.

When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.

Here is a captain, let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known
to you,

That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's
brother;

And they it was that ravished our sister.
For their fell faults our brothers were be-
headed, ¹⁰⁰

Our father's tears despis'd and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel
out,

And sent her enemies unto the grave:

Lastly, myself unkindly banished,
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping
out,

To beg relief among Rome's enemies;
Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a
friend: ¹⁰⁵

I am the turn'd-forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my adventurous body.

Alas! you know, I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they
are,

That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. O! pardon me;
For, when no friends are by, men praise
themselves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak. Behold
this child;

Of this was Tamora delivered, ¹²⁰
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge, what cause had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable, past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.

Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? Show us
wherein,

And, from the place where you behold us
now, ¹³⁰

The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our
brains,

And make a mutual closure of our house.
Speak, Romans, speak! and if you say we
shall,

Lo! hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of
Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,
Lucius our emperor: for well I know,
The common voice do cry, it shall be so. ¹⁴⁰

Marc. Lucius, all hail! Rome's royal
emperor!—

[*To Attendants.*] Go, go into old Titus' sorrow-
ful house,

And hither hail that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering
death,

As punishment for his most wicked life.—

[*LUCIUS, &c., descend.*]

Lucius, all hail! Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans: may I
govern so,
To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her
woe!

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,—
For nature puts me to a heavy task.— ¹⁵⁰

Stand all aloof;—but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.—

O! take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,
[*Kisses* *TITUS.*]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd
face,

The last true duties of thy noble son!

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for
kiss,

Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips:
O! were the sum of these that I should pay

Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy: come, come, and
learn of us ¹⁶⁰

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd
thee well;

Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;

Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy:

In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so :
Friends should associate friends in grief and
 woe.

Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave ;
Do him that kindness, and take leave of
 him. 171

Boy. O grandsire, grandsire ! even with all
 my heart

'Would I were dead, so you did live again.—
O Lord ! I cannot speak to him for weeping ;
My tears will choke me, if I ope my mouth.

. *Enter Attendants with AARON.*

1 *Rom.* You sad Andronici, have done with
 woes !

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast-deep in earth, and
 furnish him ;

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for
 food : 180

If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies. This is our doom ;
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aar. O ! why should wrath be mute, and
 fury dumb ?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done.

Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will :

If one good deed in all my life I did,

I do repent it from my very soul. 190

Luc. Some loving friends convey the
 emperor hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave.

My father, and Lavinia, shall forthwith

Be closed in our household's monument.

As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,

No funeral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,

No mournful bell shall ring her burial

But throw her forth to beasts, and birds of
 prey. 198

Her life was beast-like, and devoid of pity,

And, being so, shall have like want of pity.

See justice done on Aaron, that damn'd Moor,

By whom our heavy haps had their beginning :

Then, afterwards, to order well the state,

That like events may ne'er it ruinat. [*Exeunt.*]

KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 DUKE OF GLOSTER, *Uncle to the King, and Protector.*
 DUKE OF BEDFORD, *Uncle to the King, Regent of France.*
 THOMAS BEAUFORT, *Duke of Exeter, Great-uncle to the King.*
 HENRY BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*
 JOHN BEAUFORT, *Earl of Somerset.*
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
 EARL OF WARWICK.
 EARL OF SALISBURY.
 EARL OF SUFFOLK.
 TALBOT, *afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury.*
 JOHN TALBOT, *his Son.*
 EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
Mortimer's Keeper, and a Lawyer.
 SIR JOHN FASTOLFE, SIR WILLIAM LUCY,
 SIR WILLIAM GLANSDALE, SIR THOMAS
 GARGRAVE.
 WOODVILLE, *Lieutenant of the Tower.*
Mayor of London.

VERNON, *of the White-Rose or York Faction.*
 BASSET, *of the Red-Rose or Lancaster Faction.*
 CHARLES, *Dauphin, and afterwards King of France.*
 REIGNIER, *Duke of Anjou, and titular King of Naples.*
 DUKE OF BURGUNDY, DUKE OF ALENÇON.
 BASTARD OF ORLEANS.
Governor of Paris.
Master-Gunner of Orleans, and his Son.
General of the French Forces in Bordeaux.
A French Sergeant. A Porter.
An old Shepherd, Father to Joan la Pucelle.
 MARGARET, *Daughter to Reignier.*
 COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.
 JOAN LA PUCELLE, *commonly called Joan of Arc.*
Fiends appearing to La Pucelle, Lords, Warders of the Tower, Herald, Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and several Attendants both on the English and French.

SCENE.—Partly in England, and partly in France.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Westminster Abbey.

Dead March. The Corse of King HENRY the Fifth is discovered, lying in state; attended on by the Dukes of BEDFORD, GLOSTER, and EXETER; the Earl of WARWICK, the Bishop of WINCHESTER, Herald, &c.

Bed. Hung be the heavens with black,
 yield day to night!
 Comets, importing change of times and
 states,
 Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky,
 And with them scourge the bad revolting
 stars,
 That have consented unto Henry's death!
 King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live
 long!
 England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.
Glo. England ne'er had a king, until his
 time.
 Virtue he had, deserving to command:

His brandish'd sword did blind men with his
 beams;
 His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings;
 His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
 More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
 Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their
 faces.
 What should I say? his deeds exceed all
 speech:
 He ne'er lift up his hand, but conquered.
Eze. We mourn in black: why mourn we
 not in blood?
 Henry is dead, and never shall revive.
 Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
 And death's dishonourable victory
 We with our stately presence glorify,
 Like captives bound to a triumphant car.
 What! shall we curse the planets of mishap,
 That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
 Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
 Conjurers and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,

By magic verses have contriv'd his end?

Win. He was a king, bless'd of the King
of kings.

Unto the French the dreadful judgment-day
So dreadful will not be, as was his sight. 30
The battles of the Lord of hosts he fought :
The Church's prayers made him so prosperous.

Glo. The Church ! where is it ? Had not
Churchmen pray'd,

His thread of life had not so soon decay'd :
None do you like but an effeminate prince,
Whom, like a school-boy, you may over-awe.

Win. Gloster, whate'er we like, thou art
protector,

And lookest to command the prince and
realm.

Thy wife is proud ; she holdeth thee in awe,
More than God or religious Churchmen may.

Glo. Name not religion, for thou lov'st the
flesh ; 41

And ne'er throughout the year to church
thou go'st,

Except it be to pray against thy foes.

Bed. Cease, cease these jars, and rest your
minds in peace !

Let's to the altar :—heralds, wait on us.—
Instead of gold, we'll offer up our arms,
Since arms avail not, now that Henry's
dead.

Posterity, await for wretched years,
When at their mother's moist eyes babes
shall suck,

Our isle be made a marish of salt tears, 50
And none but women left to wail the dead.—

Henry the Fifth ! thy ghost I invoke :
Prosper this realm, keep it from civil broils !
Combat with adverse planets in the heavens !
A far more glorious star thy soul will make,
Than Julius Cæsar, or bright—

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My honourable lords, health to you
all.

Sad tidings bring I to you out of France,
Of loss, of slaughter, and discomfiture :
Guienne, Champagne, Rheims, Orleans, 60
Paris, Guycors, Poictiers, are all quite lost.

Bed. What say'st thou, man ! before dead
Henry's corse

Speak softly, or the loss of those great towns
Will make him burst his lead, and rise from
death.

Glo. Is Paris lost ? is Roan yielded up ?
If Henry were recall'd to life again,
These news would cause him once more yield
the ghost.

Exc. How were they lost ? what treachery
was us'd ?

Mess. No treachery ; but want of men and
money.

Among the soldiers this is muttered,— 70
That here you maintain several factions ;
And, whilst a field should be despatch'd and
fought,

You are disputing of your generals.

One would have lingering wars with little cost ;
Another would fly swift, but wanteth wings ;
A third man thinks, without expense at all,
By guileful fair words peace may be obtain'd.
Awake, awake, English nobility !

Let not sloth dim your honours new-begot :
Cropp'd are the flower-de-luces in your arms ;
Of England's coat one half is cut away. 81

Exc. Were our tears wanting to this
funeral,

These tidings would call forth their flowing
tides.

Bed. Me they concern ; regent I am of
France.—

Give me my steeled coat ! I'll fight for
France.—

Away with these disgraceful wailing robes !
Wounds will I lend the French, instead of
eyes,

To weep their intermissive miseries.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Lords, view these letters, full of
bad mischance.

France is revolted from the English quite, 90
Except some petty towns of no import :
The Dauphin Charles is crowned king in
Rheims ;

The Bastard of Orleans with him is join'd ;
Reignier, Duke of Anjou, doth take his
part ;

The Duke of Alençon flieth to his side.

Exc. The Dauphin crowned king ! all fly
to him !

O ! whither shall we fly from this reproach ?

Glo. We will not fly, but to our enemies'
throats.—

Bedford, if thou be slack, I'll fight it out.

Bed. Gloster, why doubt'st thou of my
forwardness ? 100

An army have I mustered in my thoughts,
Wherewith already France is overrun.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Mess.* My gracious lords, to add to your
laments,

Wherewith you now bedew King Henry's
hearse,

I must inform you of a dismal fight

Betwixt the stout Lord Talbot and the
French.

Win. What! wherein Talbot overcame?
is't so?

3 *Mess.* O, no! wherein Lord Talbot was
o'erthrown:

The circumstance I'll tell you more at large.
The tenth of August last, this dreadful lord,
Retiring from the siege of Orleans, ¹¹¹
Having full scarce six thousand in his troop,
By three-and-twenty thousand of the French
Was round encompassed and set upon.
No leisure had he to enrank his men:
He wanted pikes to set before his archers;
Instead whereof, sharp stakes, pluck'd out of
hedges,

They pitched in the ground confusedly, ¹¹⁸
To keep the horsemen off from breaking in.
More than three hours the fight continued:
Where valiant Talbot, above human thought,
Enacted wonders with his sword and lance.
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst
stand him;

Here, there, and everywhere, enrag'd he flew.
The French exclaim'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood amaz'd on him.
His soldiers, spying his undaunted spirit,
A Talbot! a Talbot! cried out amain,
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle. ¹²⁹
Here had the conquest fully been seal'd up,
If Sir John Fastolfe had not play'd the
coward.

He, being in the vaward, plac'd behind
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wrack and massacre:
Enclosed were they with their enemies.
A base Walloon, to win the Dauphin's grace,
Thrust Talbot with a spear into the back;
Whom all France, with their chief assembled
strength,

Durst not presume to look once in the face. ¹⁴⁰

Bed. Is Talbot slain? then I will slay
myself,

For living idly here in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a worthy leader, wanting aid,
Unto his bastard foemen is betray'd.

3 *Mess.* O, no! he lives; but is took
prisoner,
And Lord Scales with him, and Lord Hun-
gerford:

Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.

Bed. His ransom there is none but I
shall pay.

I'll hale the Dauphin headlong from his
throne;

His crown shall be the ransom of my friend:
Four of their lords I'll change for one of
ours. ¹⁵¹

Farewell, my masters; to my task will I.

Bonfires in France forthwith I am to make,
To keep our great Saint George's feast withal:
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe
quake.

3 *Mess.* So you had need; for Orleans is
besieg'd.

The English army is grown weak and faint;
The Earl of Salisbury craveth supply,
And hardly keeps his men from mutiny, ¹⁶⁰
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.

Exc. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry
sworn,

Either to quell the Dauphin utterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your yoke.

Bed. I do remember it; and here take my
leave.

To go about my preparation. *[Exit.]*

Glo. I'll to the Tower, with all the haste
I can,

To view the artillery and munition;
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.

[Exit.]

Exc. To Eltham will I, where the young
king is, ¹⁷⁰

Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his safety there I'll best devise.

[Exit.]

Win. Each hath his place and function to
attend:

I am left out; for me nothing remains.
But long I will not be Jack-out-of-office.
The king from Eltham I intend to steal,
And sit at chiefest stern of public weal.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—France. Before Orleans.

Flourish. Enter CHARLES, with his Forces;
ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Mars his true moving, even as in
the heavens,

So in the earth, to this day is not known.
Late did he shine upon the English side;
Now we are victors, upon us he smiles.

What towns of any moment but we have?

At pleasure here we lie near Orleans;
Otherwhiles, the famish'd English, like pale
ghosts,

Faintly besiege us one hour in a month.

Alen. They want their porridge, and their
fat bull-beeves:

Either they must be dieted like mules, ¹⁸⁰
And have their provender tied to their
mouths,

Or piteous they will look like drowned mice.

Reig. Let's raise the siege. Why live we idly here?

Talbot is taken, whom we wont to fear :
Remaineth none but mad-brain'd Salisbury,
And he may well in fretting spend his gall ;
Nor men nor money hath he to make war.

Char. Sound, sound alarum ! we will rush on them.

Now for the honour of the forlorn French !
Him I forgive my death, that killeth me, 20
When he sees me go back one foot, or fly.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarums ; Excursions ; afterwards a Retreat.
Re-enter CHARLES, ALENÇON, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Who ever saw the like? what men have I !—

Dogs ! cowards ! dastards !—I would ne'er have fled,
But that they that left me 'midst my enemies.

Reig. Salisbury is a desperate homicide ;
He fighteth as one weary of his life :
The other lords, like lions wanting food,
Do rush upon us as their hungry prey.

Alen. Froissart, a countryman of ours, records,

England all Olivers and Rowlands bred 30
During the time Edward the Third did reign.
More truly now may this be verified ;
For none but Samsons, and Goliases,
It sendeth forth to skirmish. One to ten !
Lean raw-bon'drascals ! who would e'ersuppose
They had such courage and audacity ?

Char. Let's leave this town ; for they are hare-brained slaves,

And hunger will enforce them to be more eager :

Of old I know them ; rather with their teeth
The walls they'll tear down than forsake the siege. 40

Reig. I think, by some odd gimmors, or device,

Their arms are set like clocks still to strike on ;

Else ne'er could they hold out so, as they do.
By my consent, we'll e'en let them alone.

Alen. Be it so.

Enter the BASTARD of Orleans.

Bast. Where's the Prince Dauphin ? I have news for him.

Char. Bastard of Orleans, thrice welcome to us.

Bast. Methinks, your looks are sad, your cheer appall'd :

Hath the late overthrow wrought this offence ?
Be not dismay'd, for succour is at hand : 50

A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordain'd is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France.

The spirit of deep prophecy she hath,
Exceeding the nine sibyls of old Rome ;
What's past, and what's to come, she can desery.

Speak, shall I call her in ? Believe my words,
For they are certain and unfallible.

Char. Go, call her in. [*Exit BASTARD.*]
But first, to try her skill, 60

Reignier, stand thou as Dauphin in my place :

Question her proudly, let thy looks be stern.
By this means shall we sound what skill she hath. [*Retirrs.*]

Enter LA PUCELLE, BASTARD of Orleans, and others.

Reig. Fair maid, is't thou wilt do these wondrous feats ?

Puc. Reignier, is't thou that thinkest to beguile me ?

Where is the Dauphin ?—Come, come from behind ;

I know thee well, though never seen before.
Be not amaz'd, there's nothing hid from me :
In private will I talk with thee apart.—
Stand back, you lords, and give us leave awhile. 70

Reig. She takes upon her bravely at first dash.

Puc. Dauphin, I am by birth a shepherd's daughter,

My wit untrain'd in any kind of art.
Heaven and our Lady gracious hath it pleas'd
To shine on my contemptible estate :
Lo ! whilst I waited on my tender lambs,
And to sun's parching heat display'd my cheeks,

God's mother deigned to appear to me ;
And, in a vision full of majesty,
Will'd me to leave my base vocation,
And free my country from calamity.
Her aid she promis'd, and assur'd success :
In complete glory she reveal'd herself ;
And, whereas I was black and swart before,
With those clear rays, which she infus'd on me,

That beauty am I bless'd with, which you see.
Ask me what question thou canst possible,
And I will answer unpremeditated :
My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex. 80
Resolve on this,—thou shalt be fortunate,
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Char. Thou hast astonish'd me with thy high terms.

Only this proof I'll of thy valour make :
In single combat thou shalt buckle with me,
And, if thou vanquishest, thy words are true ;
Otherwise, I renounce all confidence.

Puc. I am prepar'd. Here is my keen-
edg'd sword,
Deck'd with five flower-de-luces on each side ;
The which at Touraine, in Saint Katharine's
church-yard, ¹⁰⁰

Out of a great deal of old iron I chose forth.

Char. Then come, o' God's name : I fear
no woman.

Puc. And, while I live, I'll ne'er fly from
a man. *[They fight.]*

Char. Stay, stay thy hands ! thou art an
Amazon,
And fightest with the sword of Deborah.

Puc. Christ's mother helps me, else I were
too weak.

Char. Whoe'er helps thee, 't is thou that
must help me.

Impatiently I burn with thy desire ;
My heart and hands thou hast at once subdued.
Excellent Pucelle, if thy name be so, ¹¹⁰
Let me thy servant, and not sovereign, be :
'T is the French Dauphin sueth to thee thus.

Puc. I must not yield to any rites of love,
For my profession's sacred from above :
When I have chased all thy foes from hence,
Then will I think upon a recompense.

Char. Meantime look gracious on thy
prostrate thrall.

Reig. My lord, methinks, is very long in
talk.

Alen. Doubtless he shrives this woman to
her smock ;

Else ne'er could he so long protract his speech.

Reig. Shall we disturb him, since he keeps
no mean ? ¹²¹

Alen. He may mean more than we poor
men do know :

These women are shrewd tempters with their
tongues.

Reig. My lord, where are you ? what devise
you on ?

Shall we give over Orleans, or no ?

Puc. Why, no, I say : distrustful re-
creants !

Fight till the last gasp ; I will be your guard.

Char. What she says, I'll confirm : we'll
fight it out.

Puc. Assign'd am I to be the English
scourge.

This night the siege assuredly I'll raise : ¹³⁰
Expect Saint Martin's summer, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.

Glory is like a circle in the water,
Which never ceaseth to enlarge itself,
Till, by broad spreading, it disperse to nought,
With Henry's death the English circle ends ;
Dispersed are the glories it included.

Now am I like that proud insulting ship,
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare at once.

Char. Was Mahomet inspired with a dove ?
Thou with an eagle art inspired then. ¹⁴¹

Helen, the mother of great Constantine,
Nor yet Saint Philip's daughters were like thee.
Bright star of Venus, fall'n down on the
earth,

How may I reverently worship thee enough ?

Alen. Leave off delays, and let us raise
the siege.

Reig. Woman, do what thou canst to save
our honours.

Drive them from Orleans, and be im-
mortalis'd.

Char. Presently we'll try.—Come, let's
away about it :

No prophet will I trust, if she prove false. ¹⁵⁰
[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—London. Tower Hill.

*Enter, at the gates, the Duke of GLOSTER, with
his Serving-men, in blue coats.*

Glo. I am come to survey the Tower this day ;
Since Henry's death, I fear, there is con-
veyance.

Where be these warders, that they wait not
here ?

Open the gates ! 'T is Gloster that calls.

[Servants knock.]

1 *Ward.* *[Within.]* Who's there, that
knocks so imperiously ?

1 *Serv.* It is the noble Duke of Gloster.

2 *Ward.* *[Within.]* Whoe'er he be, you may
not be let in.

1 *Serv.* Villains, answer you so the lord
protector ?

1 *Ward.* *[Within.]* The Lord protect him !
so we answer him :

We do no otherwise than we are will'd. ¹⁰

Glo. Who willed you ? or whose will
stands but mine ?

There's none protector of the realm but I.—
Break up the gates, I'll be your warrantise.

Shall I be flouted thus by duffghill grooms ?

[GLOSTER'S Men rush at the Tower gates.]

Enter to the gates, WOODVILLE, the Lieutenant.

Wood. *[Within.]* What noise is this ? what
traitors have we here ?

Glo. Lieutenant, is it you whose voice I hear?
Open the gates! here's Gloster that would enter.

Wood. [*Within.*] Have patience, noble duke; I may not open;
The Cardinal of Winchester forbids:
From him I have express commandment, so
That thou, nor none of thine, shall be let in.

Glo. Faint-hearted Woodville, prizest him fore me?

Arrogant Winchester, that haughty prelate,
Whom Henry, our late sovereign, ne'er could brook?

Thou art no friend to God, or to the king:
Open the gates, or I'll shut thee out shortly.

1 *Serv.* Open the gates unto the lord protector,
Or we'll burst them open, if that you come not quickly.

Enter WINCHESTER, attended by Servants in tawny coats.

Win. How now, ambitious Humphrey? what means this?

Glo. Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out? so

Win. I do, thou most usurping proditor,
And not protector of the king or realm.

Glo. Stand back, thou manifest conspirator,
Thou that contriv'dst to murder our dead lord;

Thou that giv'st whores indulgences to sin.
I'll canvass thee in thy broad cardinal's hat,
If thou proceed in this thy insolence.

Win. Nay, stand thou back; I will not budge a foot:

This be Damascus, be thou cursed Cain,
To slay thy brother Abel, if thou wilt. so

Glo. I will not slay thee, but I'll drive thee back.

Thy scarlet robes as a child's bearing-cloth
I'll use to carry thee out of this place.

Win. Do what thou dar'st; I'll beard thee to thy face.

Glo. What! am I dar'd, and bearded to my face?—

Draw, men, for all this privileged place;
Blue-coats to tawny-coats. Priest, beware your beard;

[*GLOSTER and his Men attack the Bishop.*
I mean to tug it, and to cuff you soundly.
Under my feet I stamp thy cardinal's hat,
In spite of pope or dignities of Church; so
Here by the cheeks I'll drag thee up and down.

Win. Gloster, thou'lt answer this before the pope.

Glo. Winchester goose! I cry—a rope! a rope!—

Now beat them hence: why do you let them stay?—

Thee I'll chase hence, thou wolf in sheep's array.—

Out, tawny-coats!—out, scarlet hypocrite!

Here GLOSTER's Men beat out the Cardinal's Men, and enter in the hairy-burly the Mayor of London and his Officers.

May. Fie, lords! that you, being supreme magistrates,

Thus contumeliously should break the peace!
Glo. Peace, mayor! thou know'st little of my wrongs.

Here's Beaufort, that regards not God nor king, so

Hath here distrain'd the Tower to his use.

Win. Here's Gloster, a foe to citizens;
One that still motions war, and never peace,
O'ercharging your free purses with large fines;

That seeks to overthrow religion,
Because he is protector of the realm;
And would have armour here out of the Tower,

To crown himself king, and suppress the prince.

Glo. I will not answer thee with words, but blows. [*Here they skirmish again.*]

May. Nought rests for me, in this tumultuous strife, so

But to make open proclamation.—

Come, officer: as loud as e'er thou canst: Cry.

Off. All manner of men, assembled here in arms this day, against God's peace, and the king's, we charge and command you, in his highness' name, to repair to your several dwelling-places: and not to wear, handle, or use, any sword, weapon, or dagger, henceforward, upon pain of death.

Glo. Cardinal, I'll be no breaker of the law; so

But we shall meet, and break our minds at large.

Win. Gloster, we will meet; to thy cost, be sure:

Thy heart-blood I will have for this day's work.

May. I'll call for clubs, if you will not away.—

This cardinal's more haughty than the devil.

Glo. Mayor, farewell: thou dost but what thou may'st.

Win. Abominable Gloster! guard thy head;
 For I intend to have it, e'er long. [*Exeunt.*
May. See the coast clear'd, and then we will depart.—
 Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear!
 I myself fight not once in forty year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—France. Before Orleans.

Enter, on the walls, the Master Gunner and his Son.

M. Gun. Sirrah, thou know'st how Orleans is besieg'd,
 And how the English have the suburbs won.
Son. Father, I know; and oft have shot at them,
 Howe'er, unfortunate, I miss'd my aim.
M. Gun. But now thou shalt not. Be thou rul'd by me:
 Chief master-gunner am I of this town;
 Something I must do to procure me grace.
 The prince's espials have informed me,
 How the English, in the suburbs close in-trench'd,
 Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
 In yonder tower, to overpeer the city;
 And thence discover, how, with most advantage,
 They may vex us with shot, or with assault.
 To intercept this inconvenience,
 A piece of ordnance 'gainst it I have plac'd;
 And fully even these three days have I watch'd,
 If I could see them. Now, boy, do thou watch,
 For I can stay no longer.
 If thou spy'st any, run and bring me word;
 And thou shalt find me at the governor's. [*Exit.*
Son. Father, I warrant you; take you no care:
 I'll never trouble you, if I may spy them.

Enter, in an upper chamber of a tower, the Lords SALISBURY and TALBOT; Sir WILLIAM GLANSDALE, Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE, and others.

Sal. Talbot, my life, my joy! again return'd?
 How wert thou handled, being prisoner,
 Or by what means got'st thou to be releas'd?
 Discourse, I pry'thee, on this turret's top.
Tal. The Duke of Bedford had a prisoner,
 Called the brave Lord Ponton de Santraillies;

For him I was exchange'd and ransomed.
 But with a baser man of arms by far,
 Once, in contempt, they would have barter'd me:
 Which I, disdaining, scorn'd: and craved death,
 Rather than I would be so vile-esteem'd.
 In fine, redeem'd I was as I desir'd.
 But, O! the treacherous Fastolfe wounds my heart:
 Whom with my bare fists I would execute,
 If I now had him brought into my power.
Sal. Yet tell'st thou not, how thou wert entertain'd.
Tal. With scoffs, and scorns, and contumelious taunts.
 In open market-place produc'd they me,
 To be a public spectacle to all:
 Here, said they, is the terror of the French,
 The scarecrow that affrights our children so.
 Then broke I from the officers that led me,
 And with my nails digg'd stones out of the ground,
 To hurl at the beholders of my shame.
 My grisly countenance made others fly;
 None durst come near, for fear of sudden death.
 In iron walls they deem'd me not secure;
 So great fear of my name 'mongst them was spread,
 That they suppos'd I could rend bars of steel,
 And spurn in pieces posts of adamant:
 Wherefore a guard of chosen shot I had,
 That walk'd about me every minute-while;
 And if I did but stir out of my bed,
 Ready they were to shoot me to the heart.
Sal. I grieve to hear what torments you endure'd;
 But we will be reveng'd sufficiently.
 Now, it is supper-time in Orleans:
 Here, through this grate, I count each one,
 And view the Frenchmen how they fortify.
 Let us look in; the sight will much delight thee.
 Sir Thomas Gargrave, and Sir William Glansdale,
 Let me have your express opinions,
 Where is best place to make our battery next.
Gar. I think, at the north gate; for there stand lords.
Glan. And I, here, at the bulwark of the bridge.
Tal. For aught I see, this city must be famish'd,
 Or with light skirmishes enfeebled.
 [*Shot from the town. SALISBURY and Sir THOMAS GARGRAVE fall.*

Sal. O Lord! have mercy on us, wretched sinners!

Gar. O Lord! have mercy on me, woful man!

Tal. What chance is this, that suddenly hath cross'd us?—

Speak, Salisbury; at least if thou canst speak:

How far'st thou, mirror of all martial men? One of thy eyes, and thy cheek's side struck off!—

Accursed tower! accursed fatal hand,
That hath contriv'd this woful tragedy!
In thirteen battles Salisbury o'ercame;
Henry the Fifth he first train'd to the wars;
Whilst any trumpet did sound, or drum struck up,

His sword did ne'er leave striking in the field.

Yet liv'st thou, Salisbury? though thy speech doth fail,

One eye thou hast to look to heaven for grace:

The sun with one eye vieweth all the world.—
Heaven, be thou gracious to none alive,
If Salisbury wants mercy at thy hands!—
Bear hence his body, I will help to bury it.
Sir Thomas Gargrave, hast thou any life?
Speak unto Talbot; nay, look up to him.
Salisbury, cheer thy spirit with this comfort;
Thou shalt not die, whiles—

He beckons with his hand, and smiles on me,
As who should say, "When I am dead and gone,

Remember to avenge me on the French."—
Plantagenet, I will; and like thee, Nero,
Play on the lute, beholding the towns burn:
Wretched shall France be only in my name.

[*An alarum; it thunders and lightens.*
What stir is this? what tumult's in the heavens?

Whence cometh this alarum, and the noise?

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! the French have gather'd head:
The Dauphin, with one Joan la Pucelle join'd,—

A holy prophetess, new risen up,—
Is come with a great power to raise the siege.

[*SALISBURY groans.*
Tal. Hear, hear, how dying Salisbury doth groan!

It irks his heart he cannot be reveng'd.—
Frenchmen, I'll be a Salisbury to you,
Pucelle or puzzel, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels,

And make a quagmire of your mingled brains.—

Convey me Salisbury into his tent,
And then we'll try what these dastard Frenchmen dare.

[*Exeunt bearing out the bodies.*

SCENE V.—The Same. Before one of the Gates.

Alarum. Skirmishings. TALBOT pursues the DAUPHIN, drives him in and exit: then enter JOAN LA PUCELLE, driving Englishmen before her, and exit after them. Then re-enter TALBOT.

Tal. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force?

Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them;

A woman clad in armour chaseth them.

Re-enter LA PUCELLE.

Here, here she comes.—I'll have a bout with thee;

Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee:

Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come; 't is only I that must disgrace thee. [*They fight.*

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail?

My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,

And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,

But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell; thy hour is not yet come:

I must go victual Orleans forthwith.

O'ertake me, if thou canst; I scorn thy strength.

Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men;

Help Salisbury to make his testament:

This day is ours, as many more shall be.

[*PUCELLE enters the town, with Soldiers.*

Tal. My thoughts are whirled like a potter's wheel;

I know not where I am, nor what I do.

A witch, by fear, not force, like Hannibal,
Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists:

So bees with smoke, and doves with noisome stench,

Are from their hives and houses driven away.
They call'd us for our fierceness English dogs;

Now, like to whelps, we crying run away.

[*A short alarm.*]

Hark, countrymen! either renew the fight,
Or tear the lions out of England's coat;
Renounce your soil, give sheep in lions' stead:
Sheep run not half so treacherous from the
wolf,

Or horse, or oxen, from the leopard,
As you fly from your oft-subdued slaves.

[*Alarm. Another skirmish.*]

It will not be.—Retire into your trenches:
You all consented unto Salisbury's death,
For none would strike a stroke in his
revenge.—

Pucelle is enter'd into Orleans
In spite of us, or aught that we could do.
O, 'would I were to die with Salisbury!
The shame hereof will make me hide my
head.

[*Alarm; Retreat. Exeunt
TALBOT and his Forces.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same.

*Flourish. Enter, on the walls, PUCELLE,
CHARLES, REIGNIER, ALENÇON, and Sol-
diers.*

Puc. Advance our waving colours on the
walls!

Rescu'd is Orleans from the English.

Thus Joan la Pucelle hath perform'd her
word.

Char. Divinest creature, Astræa's daughter,

How shall I honour thee for this success?
Thy promises are like Adonis' gardens,
That one day bloom'd, and fruitful were the
next.—

France, triumph in thy glorious prophetess!—
Recover'd is the town of Orleans:

More blessed hap did ne'er befall our state.

Reig. Why ring not out the bells aloud
throughout the town?

Dauphin, command the citizens make bon-
fires,

And feast and banquet in the open streets,
To celebrate the joy that God hath given us.

Alen. All France will be replete with
mirth and joy,

When they shall hear how we have play'd
the men.

Char. 'Tis Joan, not we, by whom the day
is won:

For which I will divide my crown with her;
And all the priests and friars in my realm
shall in procession sing her endless praise.

A statelier pyramis to her I'll rear,
Than Rhodope's, or Memphis', ever was:

In memory of her, when she is dead,
Her ashes, in an urn more precious

Than the rich-jewell'd coffer of Darius,
Transported shall be at high festivals

Before the kings and queens of France.
No longer on Saint Dennis will we cry,

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.
Come in; and let us banquet royally,

After this golden day of victory.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter to the gates, a French Sergeant, and
two Sentinels.*

Serg. Sirs, take your places, and be
vigilant.

If any noise, or soldier, you perceive
Near to the walls, by some apparent sign
Let us have knowledge at the court of guard.

1 *Sent.* Sergeant, you shall.

[*Exit Sergeant.*]

Thus are poor servitors
(When others sleep upon their quiet beds)
Constrain'd to watch in darkness, rain, and
cold.

*Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, and
Forces, with scaling-ladders; their drums
beating a dead march.*

Tal. Lord regent, and redoubted Burgundy,

By whose approach the regions of Artois,
Walloon, and Picardy, are friends to us,
This happy night the Frenchmen are secure,
Having all day carous'd and banqueted:

Embrace we then this opportunity,
As fitting best to quittance their deceit,
Contriv'd by art, and baleful sorcery.

Bed. Coward of France!—how much he
wrongs his fame,

Despairing of his own arm's fortitude,
To join with witches, and the help of hell!

Bur. Traitors have never other company.
But what's that Pucelle, whom they term so
pure?

Tal. A maid, they say.

Bed. A maid, and be so martial!

Bur. Pray God, she prove not masculine
ere long;

If underneath the standard of the French
She carry armour, as she hath begun.



H. G. SLOUS, *Paint.*

G. C. FINDEN, *Sculpt.*

JOAN OF ARC AND CHARLES.

La Pucelle. Advance our waving colours on the walls
Thus Joan la Pucelle hath performed her word.

Charles. Divinest creature, bright Astræa's daughter,
How shall I honour thee for this success?

Tal. Well, let them practise and converse
with spirits;

God is our fortress, in whose conquering
name

Let us resolve to scale their flinty bulwarks.

Bed. Ascend, brave Talbot; we will follow
thee.

Tal. Not all together: better far, I guess,
That we do make our entrance several ways,
That if it chance the one of us do fail,
The other yet may rise against their force.

Bed. Agreed. I'll to yond corner.

Bur. And I to this.

Tal. And here will Talbot mount, or
make his grave.—

Now, Salisbury, for thee, and for the right
Of English Henry, shall this night appear
How much in duty I am bound to both.

[*The English scale the walls, crying:*
“*Saint George! A Talbot!*” and
all enter the town.

Sent. [Within.] Arm, arm! the enemy
doth make assault!

The French leap over the walls in their shirts.

Enter, several ways, BASTARD, ALENÇON,
REIGNIER, half ready, and half unready.

Alen. How now, my lords? what, all un-
ready so!

Bast. Unready? ay, and glad we 'scap'd so
well.

Reig. 'Twas time, I trow, to wake and
leave our beds,

Hearing alarms at our chamber-doors.

Alen. Of all exploits, since first I follow'd
arms,

Ne'er heard I of a warlike enterprise
More venturous, or desperate, than this.

Bast. I think, this Talbot be a fiend of
hell.

Reig. If not of hell, the heavens sure
favour him.

Alen. Here cometh Charles: I marvel how
he sped.

Bast. Tôt! holy Joan was his defensive
guard.

Enter CHARLES and LA PUCELLE.

Char. Is this thy cunning, thou deceitful
dame?

Didst thou at first, to flatter us withal,
Make us partakers of a little gain,
That now our loss might be ten times so
much?

Puc. Wherefore is Charles impatient with
his friend?

At all times will you have my power alike?
Sleeping or waking, must I still prevail;

Or will you blame, and lay the fault on me?—
Improvident soldiers! had your watch been
good,

This sudden mischief never could have fallen.

Char. Duke of Alençon, this was your
default,

That, being captain of the watch to-night,
Did look no better to that weighty charge.

Alen. Had all your quarters been as safely
kept,

As that whereof I had the government,

We had not been thus shamefully surpris'd.

Bast. Mine was secure.

Reig. And so was mine, my lord.

Char. And for myself, most part of all
this night,

Within her quarter, and mine own precinct,

I was employ'd in passing to and fro,

About relieving of the sentinels:

Then how, or which way, should they first
break in?

Puc. Question, my lords, no further of the
case,

How, or which way: 't is sure, they found
some place

But weakly guarded, where the breach was
made.

And now there rests no other shift but this,—
To gather our soldiers, scatter'd and dispers'd,

And lay new platforms to endamage them.

Alarum. *Enter an English Soldier, crying:*
“*A Talbot! A Talbot!*” *They fly, leav-*
ing their clothes behind.

Sold. I'll be so bold to take what they have
left.

The cry of Talbot serves me for a sword;

For I have loaden me with many spoils,
Using no other weapon but his name. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—Orleans. Within the Town.

Enter TALBOT, BEDFORD, BURGUNDY, a Cap-
tain, and others.

Bed. The day begins to break, and night is
fled,

Whose pitchy mantle over-veil'd the earth.

Here sound retreat, and cease our hot pur-
suit.

[*Retreat sounded.*

Tal. Bring forth the body of old Salisbury;
And here advance it in the market-place,

The middle centre of this cursed town.—

Now have I paid my vow unto his soul;

For every drop of blood was drawn from him,
There hath at least five Frenchmen died to-

night.

And that hereafter ages may behold
What ruin happen'd in revenge of him,
Within their chiefest temple I'll erect
A tomb, wherein his corse shall be interr'd:
Upon the which, that every one may read,
Shall be engrav'd the sack of Orleans,
The treacherous manner of his mournful
death,

And what a terror he had been to France.
But, lords, in all our bloody massacre,
I muse, we met not with the Dauphin's
grace,

His new-come champion, virtuous Joan of
Arc,

Nor any of his false confederates.

Bed. 'Tis thought, Lord Talbot, when the
fight began,

Rous'd on the sudden from their drowsy beds,
They did, amongst the troops of armed men,
Leap o'er the walls for refuge in the field.

Bur. Myself, as far as I could well discern,
For smoke, and dusky vapours of the night,
Am sure I scar'd the Dauphin, and his trull;
When arm in arm they both came swiftly
running,

Like to a pair of loving turtle-doves, 39
That could not live asunder, day or night.
After that things are set in order here,
We'll follow them with all the power we
have.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. All hail, my lords! Which of this
princely train
Call ye the warlike Talbot, for his acts
So much applauded through the realm of
France?

Tal. Here is the Talbot; who would speak
with him?

Mess. The virtuous lady, Countess of
Auvergne,
With modesty admiring thy renown,
By me entreats, great lord, thou wouldst
vouchsafe 40

To visit her poor castle where she lies;
That she may boast she hath beheld the man
Whose glory fills the world with loud report.

Bur. Is it even so? Nay, then, I see, our
wars

Will turn unto a peaceful comic sport,
When ladies crave to be encounter'd with.—
You may not, my lord, despise her gentle
suit.

Tal. Ne'er trust me then; for when a world
of men

Could not prevail with all their oratory,
Yet hath a woman's kindness over-rul'd.— 50
And therefore tell her, I return great thanks,

11 And in submission will attend on her.—
Will not your honours bear me company?
Bed. No, truly, it is more than manners
will;

And I have heard it said, unbidden guests
Are often welcomest when they are gone.

Tal. Well then, alone, since there's no
remedy,

I mean to prove this lady's courtesy.

Come hither, captain. [*Whispers.*]—You per-
ceive my mind. 50

Capt. I do, my lord, and mean accordingly.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Auvergne. Court of the Castle.

Enter the COUNTESS and her Porter.

Count. Porter, remember what I gave in
charge;

And when you have done so, bring the keys
to me.

Port. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*]

Count. The plot is laid: if all things fall
out right,

I shall as famous be by this exploit,
As Scythian Tomyris by Cyrus' death.
Great is the rumour of this dreadful knight,
And his achievements of no less account:
Fain would mine eyes be witness with mine
ears,

To give their censure of these rare reports. 10

Enter Messenger and TALBOT.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship
lesir'd

By message crav'd, so is Lord Talbot come.

Count. And he is welcome. What! is this
the man?

Mess. Madam, it is.

Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their
babes?

I see, report is fabulous and false?
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas! this is a child, a silly dwarf: 21
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble
you;

But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.

Count. What means he now?—Go ask him,
whither he goes.

Mess. Stay, my Lord Talbot, for my lady craves

To know the cause of your abrupt departure.

Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,

I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.

Tal. Prisoner! to whom?

Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord; And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.

Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,

For in my gallery thy picture hangs:

But now the substance shall endure the like,

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,

That hast by tyranny, these many years,

Wasted our country, slain our citizens,

And sent our sons and husbands captivate.

Tal. Ha, ha, ha!

Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.

Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond, To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,

Whereon to practise your severity.

Count. Why, art not thou the man?

Tal. I am, indeed.

Count. Then have I substance too.

Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:

You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;

For what you see, is but the smallest part

And least proportion of humanity.

I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,

It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,

Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.

Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;

He will be here, and yet he is not here:

How can these contrarieties agree?

Tal. That will I show you presently.

He winds his horn. Drums strike up; a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced, enter Soldiers.

How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,

That Talbot is but shadow of himself?

These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,

With which he yoketh your rebellious necks,

Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,

And in a moment makes them desolate.

Count. Victorious Talbot, pardon my abuse:

I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,

And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.

Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;

For I am sorry, that with reverence

I did not entertain thee as thou art.

Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconster

The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake

The outward composition of his body.

What you have done hath not offended me:

No other satisfaction do I crave,

But only, with your patience, that we may

Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.

Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured

To feast so great a warrior in my house.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. The Temple Garden.

Enter the Earls of SOMERSET, SUFFOLK, and WARWICK; RICHARD PLANTAGENET, VERNON, and a Lawyer.

Plan. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?

Dare no man answer in a case of truth?

Suf. Within the Temple Hall we were too loud:

The garden here is more convenient.

Plan. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth,

Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?

Suf. Faith, I have been a truant in the law,

And never yet could frame my will to it;

And, therefore, frame the law unto my will.

Som. Judge you, my Lord of Warwick, then between us.

War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch,

Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth,

Between two blades, which bears the better temper,

Between two horses, which doth bear him best,

Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,

I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment;

But in these nice sharp quilllets of the law,

Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.

Plan. Tut, tut! here is a mannerly forbearance :

The truth appears so naked on my side, 20
That any purblind eye may find it out.

Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,

So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.

Plan. Since you are tongue-tied, and so loath to speak,

In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts :
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.

Som. Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer, 31

But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours ; and, without all colour

Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.

Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset ;

And say withal, I think he held the right.

Ver. Stay, lords and gentlemen, and pluck no more,

Till you conclude that he, upon whose side 40
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.

Som. Good Master Vernon, it is well objected :

If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.

Plan. And I.

Ver. Then, for the truth and plainness of the case,

I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.

Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off,

Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red, 50

And fall on my side so, against your will.

Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.

Som. Well, well, come on : who else ?

Law. Unless my study and my books be false,

The argument you held was wrong in you ;
In sign whereof, I pluck a white rose too.

Plan. Now, Somerset, where is your argument ?

Som. Here, in my scabbard ; meditating that,

Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red. *

Plan. Meantime, your cheeks do counterfeit our roses ;

For pale they look with fear, as witnessing The truth on our side.

Som. No, Plantagenet,

'T is not for fear, but anger, that thy cheeks Blush for pure shame, to counterfeit our roses,
And yet thy tongue will not confess thy error.

Plan. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset ?

Som. Hath not thy rose a thorn, Plantagenet ?

Plan. Ay, sharp and piercing, to maintain his truth, 70

Whiles thy consuming canker eats his falsehood.

Som. Well, I'll find friends to wear my bleeding roses,

That shall maintain what I have said is true,
Where false Plantagenet dare not be seen.

Plan. Now, by this maiden blossom in my hand,

I scorn thee and thy faction, peevish boy.

Suf. Turn not thy scorns this way, Plantagenet.

Plan. Proud Poole, I will ; and scorn both him and thee.

Suf. I'll turn my part thereof into thy throat.

Som. Away, away, good William de la Poole : 80

We grace the yeoman by conversing with him.

War. Now, by God's will, thou wrong'st him, Somerset :

His grandfather was Lionel, Duke of Clarence,
Third son to the third Edward, King of England.

Spring crestless yeomen from so deep a root ?

Plan. He bears on him the place's privilege,
Or durst not, for his craven heart, say thus.

Som. By Him that made me, I'll maintain my words

On any plot of ground in Christendom.

Was not thy father, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, 90

For treason executed in our late king's days ?
And by his treason stand'st thou not attainted,

Corrupted, and exempt from ancient gentry ?
His trespass yet lives guilty in thy blood ;

And, till thou be restor'd, thou art a yeoman.

Plan. My father was attached, not attainted;
Condemn'd to die for treason, but no traitor ;

And that I'll prove on better men than Somerset,

Were growing time once ripen'd to my will.

For your partaker Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory.



J. D. WATSON, *Paint.*

T. SHERRATT, *Sculpt.*

THE TWO ROSES.

Plas. Hath not thy rose a canker, Somerset?

To scourge you for this apprehension :

Look to it well, and say you are well warn'd.

Som. Ay, thou shalt find us ready for thee still,

And know us by these colours for thy foes ;
For these my friends, in spite of thee, shall wear.

Plan. And, by my soul, unis pale and angry rose,

As cognisance of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear,
Until it wither with me to my grave, 10
Or flourish to the height of my degree.

Suf. Go forward, and be chok'd with thy ambition :

And so farewell, until I meet thee next. [*Exit.*

Som. Have with thee, Poole.—Farewell, ambitious Richard. [*Exit.*

Plan. How I am brav'd, and must perforce endure it !

War. This blot, that they object against your house,

Shall be wip'd out in the next parliament,
Call'd for the truth of Winchester and Gloster ;

And if thou be not then created York,
I will not live to be accounted Warwick. 120
Meantime, in signal of my love to thee,
Against proud Somerset, and William Poole,
Will I upon thy party wear this rose.

And here I prophecy :—this brawl to-day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,

A thousand souls to death and deadly night.

Plan. Good Master Vernon, I am bound to you,

That you on my behalf would pluck a flower.

Ver. In your behalf still will I wear the same. 130

Law. And so will I.

Plan. Thanks, gentle sir.

Come, let us four to dinner : I dare say,
This quarrel will drink blood another day.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Room in the Tower.

Enter MORTIMER, brought in a chair by two Keepers.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,

Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment ;

And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death,

Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer.

These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,

Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent ;

Weak shoulders, overborne with burdening grief, 10

And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground :
Yet are these feet,—whose strengthless stay is numb,

Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,

As witting I no other comfort have.—

But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come ?

I Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come :

We sent unto the Temple, unto his chamber,
And answer was return'd that he will come.

Mor. Enough ; my soul shall then be satisfied.— 21

Poor gentleman ! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
Before whose glory I was great in arms,
This loathsome sequestration have I had
And even since then hath Richard been
obscur'd,

Depriv'd of honour and inheritance :

But now, the arbitrator of despairs,

Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence. 30

I would his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET.

I Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come ?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,
Your nephew, late despised Richard, comes.

Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,

And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

O ! tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—

And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock, 41

Why didst thou say, of late thou wert despis'd ?

Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm,

And in that ease I'll tell thee my disease.

This day, in argument upon a case,

Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me ;

Among which terms he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death :
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him. 50

Therefore, good uncle, for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance sake, declare the cause
My father, Earl of Cambridge, lost his head.

Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that im-
prison'd me,
And hath detain'd me all my flow'ring youth
Within a louthsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was curs'd instrument of his disease.

Plan. Discover more at large what cause
that was ;

For I am ignorant, and cannot guess. 60

Mor. I will, if that my fading breath
permit,

And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the Fourth, grandfather to this king,
Depos'd his nephew Richard, Edward's son,
The first-begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent :
During whose reign the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne.
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was, for that (young King Richard thus
remov'd, 71

Leaving no heir begotten of his body)
I was the next by birth and parentage ;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel, Duke of Clarence, the third son
To King Edward the Third ; whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark : as, in this haughty great attempt
They laboured to plant the rightful heir, 80
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the Fifth
(Succeeding his father Bolingbroke) did reign,
Thy father, Earl of Cambridge, then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, Duke of
York,

Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army, weening to redeem
And have install'd me in the diadem ;
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl, 90
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.

Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is
the last.

Mor. True ; and thou seest, that I no issue
have,
And that my fainting words do warrant
death.

Thou art my heir : the rest, I wish thee
gather ;

But yet be wary in thy studious care.

Plan. Thy grave admonishments prevail
with me.

But yet, methinks, my father's execution
Was nothing less than bloody tyranny. 100

Mor. With silence, nephew, be thou politic :
Strong-fixed is the house of Lancaster,
And, like a mountain, not to be remov'd.
But now thy uncle is removing hence,
As princes do their courts, when they are
cloy'd

With long continuance in a settled place.

Plan. O, uncle ! 'would some part of my
young years

Might but redeem the passage of your age !

Mor. Thou dost then wrong me ; as the
slaughterer doth,
Which giveth many wounds, when one will
kill. 110

Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good ;
Only, give order for my funeral :

And so farewell ; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life, in peace, and war !
[Dies.

Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting
soul !

In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpass'd thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast ;
And what I do imagine, let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence ; and I myself 120
Will see his burial better than his life.—

[*Exeunt Keepers, bearing out the body
of MORTIMER.*

Here lies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort :
And, for those wrongs, those bitter injuries,
Which Somerset hath offer'd to my house,
I doubt not but with honour to redress ;
And therefore haste I to the parliament,
Either to be restored to my blood,
Or make my ill the advantage of my good.

[*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same. The Parliament-House.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, EXETER, GLOSTER, WARWICK, SOMERSET, and SUFFOLK; the Bishop of WINCHESTER, RICHARD PLANTAGENET, and others. GLOSTER offers to put up a bill; WINCHESTER snatches it, and tears it.

Win. Com'st thou with deep-premeditated lines,

With written pamphlets studiously devis'd,
Humphrey of Gloster? If thou canst accuse,
Or ought intend'st to lay unto my charge,
Do it without invention suddenly;
As I with sudden and extemporal speech
Purpose to answer what thou canst object.

Glo. Presumptuous priest! this place commands my patience,
Or thou shouldst find thou hast dishonour'd me.

Think not, although in writing I preferr'd
The manner of thy vile outrageous crimes,
That therefore I have forg'd, or am not able
Verbatim to rehearse the method of my pen:
No, prelate; such is thy audacious wickedness,
Thy lewd, pestiferous, and dissentious pranks,
As very infants prattle of thy pride.
Thou art a most pernicious usurer,
Froward by nature, enemy to peace;
Lascivious, wanton, more than well beseems
A man of thy profession and degree:
And for thy treachery, what's more manifest?
In that thou laidst a trap to take my life,
As well at London Bridge, as at the Tower.
Beside, I fear me, if thy thoughts were
sifted,

The king, thy sovereign, is not quite exempt
From envious malice of thy swelling heart.

Win. Gloster, I do defy thee.—Lords,
vouchsafe

To give me hearing what I shall reply.
If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse,
As he will have me, how am I so poor?
Or how haps it, I seek not to advance
Or raise myself, but keep my wonted calling?
And for dissension, who preferreth peace
More than I do, except I be provok'd?
No, my good lords, it is not that offends;
It is not that that hath incens'd the duke:
It is, because no one should sway but he;
No one but he should be about the king;
And that engenders thunder in his breast,
And makes him roar these accusations forth.

But he shall know, I am as good—

Glo. As good!

Thou bastard of my grandfather!

Win. Ay, lordly sir; for what are you, I pray,

But one imperious in another's throne?

Glo. Am I not protector, saucy priest?

Win. And am not I a prelate of the church?

Glo. Yes, as an outlaw in a castle keeps,
And useth it to patronage his theft.

Win. Unreverent Gloster!

Glo. Thou art reverent,
Touching thy spiritual function, not thy life.

Win. Rome shall remedy this.

War. Roam thither then.

Som. My lord, it were your duty to forbear.

War. Ay, see the bishop be not overborne.

Som. Methinks, my lord should be religious,
And know the office that belongs to such.

War. Methinks, his lordship should be
humbler;

It fitteth not a prelate so to plead.

Som. Yes, when his holy state is touch'd
so near.

War. State holy, or unhallow'd, what of
that?

Is not his grace protector to the king?

Plan. [Aside.] Plantagenet, I see, must
hold his tongue,

Lest it be said, "Speak, sirrah, when you
should;

Must your bold verdict enter talk with
lords?"

Else would I have a fling at Winchester.

K. Hen. Uncles of Gloster, and of Winchester,

The special watchmen of our English weal,
I would prevail, if prayers might prevail,
To join your hearts in love and amity.

O! what a scandal is it to our crown,
That two such noble peers as ye should jar:

Believe me, lords, my tender years can tell,
Civil dissension is a viperous worm,

That gnaws the bowels of the common-
wealth.— [*A noise within: "Down
with the tawny-coats!"*]

What tumult's this?

War. An uproar, I dare warrant,
Begun through malice of the bishop's men.

[*A noise again: "Stones! stones!"*]

Enter the Mayor of London, attended.

May. O, my good lords, and virtuous
Henry,

Pity the city of London, pity us !
The bishop and the Duke of Gloster's men,
Forbidden late to carry any weapon,
Have fill'd their pockets full of pebble-stones
And banding themselves in contrary parts, *
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate,
That many have their giddy brains knock'
out.

Our windows are broke down in every street.
And we, for fear, compell'd to shut our shops.

*Enter, skirmishing, the Retainers of GLOSTER
and WINCHESTER, with bloody pates.*

K. Hen. We charge you, on allegiance to
ourselves,
To hold your slaught'ring hands, and keep
the peace.

Pray, uncle Gloster, mitigate this strife.

1 Serv. Nay, if we be
Forbidden stones, we'll fall to it with our
teeth.

2 Serv. Do what ye dare ; we are as
resolute. [*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. You of my household, leave this
peevish broil,

And set this unaccustom'd fight aside.

1 Serv. My lord, we know your grace to
be a man

Just and upright, and, for your royal birth,
Inferior to none but to his majesty ;
And ere that we will suffer such a prince,
So kind a father of the commonweal,
To be disgraced by an inkhorn mate,
We, and our wives, and children, all will
fight, ¹⁰⁰

And have our bodies slaughter'd by thy foes.

3 Serv. Ay, and the very parings of our
nails

Shall pitch a field, when we are dead.

[*Skirmish again.*]

Glo. Stay, stay, I say !

And, if you love me, as you say you do,
Let me persuade you to forbear awhile.

K. Hen. O, how this discord doth afflict
my soul !—

Can you, my Lord of Winchester, behold
My sighs and tears, and will not once relent ?
Who should be pitiful, if you be not ?
Or who should study to prefer a peace, ¹¹⁰
If holy churchmen take delight in broils ?

War. Yield, my lord protector ;—yield,
Winchester ;

Except you mean, with obstinate repulse,
To slay your sovereign, and destroy the
realm.

You see what mischief, and what murder
too,

Hath been enacted through your enmity ;

Then, be at peace, except ye thirst for blood,
Win. He shall submit, or I will never
yield.

Glo. Compassion on the king commands
me stoop ;

Or I would see his heart out, ere the priest
Should ever get that privilege of me. ¹²¹

War. Behold, my Lord of Winchester, the
duke

Hath banish'd moody discontented fury,
As by his smoothed brows it doth appear :
Why look you still so stern, and tragical ?

Glo. Here, Winchester, I offer thee my
hand.

K. Hen. Fie, uncle Beaufort ! I have heard
you preach,

That malice was a great and grievous sin ;
And will not you maintain the thing you
teach,

But prove a chief offender in the same ? ¹³⁰

War. Sweet king !—the bishop hath a
kindly gird,—

For shame, my Lord of Winchester, relent :
What, shall a child instruct you what to do ?

Win. Well, Duke of Gloster, I will yield
to thee ;

Love for thy love, and hand for hand I give.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Ay ; but, I fear me, with a
hollow heart.—

See here, my friends, and loving countrymen,
This token serveth for a flag of truce.

Betwixt ourselves and all our followers.

So help me God, as I dissemble not ! ¹⁴⁰

Win. [*Aside.*] So help me God, as I intend
it not !

K. Hen. O loving uncle, kind Duke of
Gloster,

How joyful am I made by this contract !—

Away, my masters : trouble us no more ;

But join in friendship, as your lords have
done.

1 Serv. Content : I'll to the surgeon's.

2 Serv. And so will I.

3 Serv. And I will see what physic the
tavern affords.

[*Exeunt Mayor, Servants, &c.*]

War. Accept this scroll, most gracious
sovereign,

Which in the right of Richard Plantagenet

We do exhibit to your majesty. ¹⁵⁰

Glo. Well urg'd, my Lord of Warwick :—
for, sweet prince,

As if your grace mark every circumstance,
You have great reason to do Richard right ;
Especially for those occasions

At Eltham Place I told your majesty.

K. Hen. And those occasions, uncle, were
of force :

Therefore, my loving lords, our pleasure is,
That Richard be restored to his blood.

War. Let Richard be restored to his blood ;
So shall his father's wrongs be recompens'd.

Win. As will the rest, so willeth Winchester. 161

K. Hen. If Richard will be true, not that alone,

But all the whole inheritance I give,
That doth belong unto the house of York,
From whence you spring by lineal descent.

Plan. Thy humble servant vows obedience,
And humble service, till the point of death.

K. Hen. Stoop then, and set your knee
against my foot ;

And, in requerdon of that duty done,
I girt thee with the valiant sword of York. 170
Rise, Richard, like a true Plantagenet,
And rise created princely Duke of York.

Plan. And so thrive Richard as thy foes
may fall !

And as my duty springs, so perish they
That grudge one thought against your majesty !

All. Welcome, high prince, the mighty
Duke of York !

Som. [*Aside.*] Perish, base prince, ignoble
Duke of York !

Glo. Now will it best avail your majesty,
To cross the seas, and to be crown'd in
France.

The presence of a king engenders love 180
Amongst his subjects, and his loyal friends,
As it disanimates his enemies.

K. Hen. When Gloster says the word,
King Henry goes ;

For friendly counsel cuts off many foes.

Glo. Your ships already are in readiness.
[*Flourish.* *Exeunt all but EXETER.*]

Exe. Ay, we may march in England, or in
France,

Not seeing what is likely to ensue.
This late dissension, grown betwixt the
peers,

Burns under feigned ashes of forg'd love,
And will at last break out into a flame : 190
As fester'd members rot but by degree,
Till bones, and flesh, and sinews, fall away,
So will this base and envious discord breed.

And now I fear that fatal prophecy,
Which, in the time of Henry nam'd the
Fifth,

Was in the mouth of every sucking babe,—
That Henry born at Monmouth should win
all,

And Henry born at Windsor should lose all :
Which is so plain, that Exeter doth wish
His days may finish ere that hapless time. 200

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—France. Before Rouen.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, disguised, and Soldiers
dressed like countrymen, with sacks upon
their backs.*

Puc. These are the city gates, the gates of
Roan,

Through which our policy must make a
breach.

Take heed, be wary how you place your
words ;

Talk like the vulgar sort of market-men,
That come to gather money for their corn.

If we have entrance (as I hope we shall),
And that we find the slothful watch but
weak,

I'll by a sign give notice to our friends,
That Charles the Dauphin may encounter
them.

1 *Sold.* Our sacks shall be a mean to sack
the city, 19

And we be lords and rulers over Roan ;
Therefore we'll knock. [*Knocks.*]

Guard. [*Within.*] *Qui est là ?*

Puc. *Paisans, pauvres gens de France :*

Poor market-folks, that come to sell their
corn.

Guard. [*Opens the gates.*] Enter, go in : the
market-bell is rung.

Puc. Now, Roan, I'll shake thy bulwarks
to the ground.

[*PUCELLE, &c., enter the city.*]

*Enter CHARLES, BASTARD of Orleans,
ALENÇON, and Forces.*

Char. Saint Dennis bless this happy strata-
gem,

And once again we'll sleep secure in Roan.

Bast. Here enter'd Pucelle, and her prac-
tisans ; 20

Now she is there, how will she specify
Where is the best and safest passage in ?

Alen. By thrusting out a torch from yonder
tower ;

Which, once discern'd, shows that her mean-
ing is,—

No way to that, for weakness, which she
enter'd.

*Enter LA PUCELLE on a battlement, holding
out a torch burning.*

Puc. Behold ! this is the happy wedding
torch,

That joineth Roan unto her countrymen,
But burning fatal to the Talbotites.

Bast. See, noble Charles, the beacon of our
friend,

The burning torch in yonder turret stands. 20

Char. Now shine it like a comet of revenge,

A prophet to the fall of all our foes !

Alen. Defer no time ; delays have dangerous ends :

Enter, and cry, "The Dauphin !" presently,
And then do execution on the watch.

[*They enter.*]

Alarums. Enter TALBOT and English Soldiers.

Tal. France, thou shalt rue this treason
with thy tears,

If Talbot but survive thy treachery.

Pucelle, that witch, that damned sorceress,
Hath wrought this hellish mischief unawares,
That hardly we escap'd the pride of France. 40

[*Exeunt to the town.*]

Alarum : Excursions. Enter, from the town,
BEDFORD, brought in sick in a chair, with
TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and the English Forces.
Then, enter on the walls, LA PUCELLE,
CHARLES, BASTARD, ALENÇON, REIGNIER,
and others.

Puc. Good morrow, gallants. Want ye
corn for bread ?

I think, the Duke of Burgundy will fast,
Before he'll buy again at such a rate.

'T was full of darnel : do you like the taste ?

Bur. Scoff on, vile fiend, and shameless
courtesan !

I trust, ere long, to choke thee with thine
own,

And make thee curse the harvest of that
corn.

Char. Your grace may starve, perhaps, be-
fore that time.

Bed. O ! let no words, but deeds, revenge
this treason.

Puc. What will you do, good grey-beard ?
break a lance, 50

And run a tilt at death within a chair ?

Tal. Foul fiend of France, and hag of all
despite,

Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours,
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,
And twit with cowardice a man half dead ?
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame.

Puc. Are you so hot, sir ?—Yet, Pucelle,
hold thy peace :

If Talbot do but thunder, rain will follow.—

[*TALBOT, and the rest, consult together.*
God speed the parliament ! who shall be the
speaker ? 60

Tal. Dare you come forth, and meet us in
the field ?

Puc. Belike, your lordship takes us then
for fools,

To try if that our own be ours, or no.

Tal. I speak not to that railing Hecate,
But unto thee, Alençon, and the rest.

Will ye, like soldiers, come and fight it out ?

Alen. Signior, no.

Tal. Signior, hang !—base muleters of
France !

Like peasant footboys do they keep the
walls,

And dare not take up arms like gentlemen. 70

Puc. Away, captains ! let's get us from the
walls,

For Talbot means no goodness by his looks.—
God be wi' you, my lord : we came but to tell
you

That we are here.

[*Exeunt LA PUCELLE, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. And there will we be too, ere it be
long,

Or else reproach be Talbot's greatest fame.

Vow, Burgundy, by honour of thy house,
Prick'd on by public wrongs, sustain'd in
France,

Either to get the town again, or die ;

And I, as sure as English Henry lives,

And as his father here was conqueror,

As sure as in this late-betrayed town

Great Cordelion's heart was buried,

So sure I swear, to get the town, or die.

Bur. My vows are equal partners with thy
vows.

Tal. But ere we go, regard this dying
prince,

The valiant Duke of Bedford.—Come, my
lord,

We will bestow you in some better place,

Fitter for sickness, and for crazy age.

Bed. Lord Talbot, do not so dishonour me ;

Here will I sit before the walls of Roan, 91

And will be partner of your weal or woe.

Bur. Courageous Bedford, let us now per-
suade you.

Bed. Not to be gone from hence ; for once
I read,

That stout Pendragon, in his litter, sick,

Came to the field, and vanquished his foes.

Methinks, I should revive the soldiers' hearts,
Because I ever found them as myself.

Tal. Undaunted spirit in a dying breast !—

Then, be it so :—heavens keep old Bedford
safe !— 100

And now no more ado, brave Burgundy,

But gather we our forces out of hand,

And set upon our boasting enemy.

[*Exeunt BURGUNDY, TALBOT, and Forces,*
leaving BEDFORD and others.

Alarum : Excursions. Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE and a Captain.

Cap. Whither away, Sir John Fastolfe, in such haste?

Fast. Whither away? to save myself by flight:

We are like to have the overthrow again.

Cap. What! will you fly, and leave Lord Talbot?

Fast. Ay,
All the Talbots in the world, to save my life.

Cap. Cowardly knight! ill fortune follow thee! *[Exit.]*

Retreat : Excursions. Enter, from the town, LA PUCELLE, ALENÇON, CHARLES, &c., and exeunt, flying.

Bed. Now, quiet soul, depart when Heaven please, 110

For I have seen our enemies' overthrow.

What is the trust or strength of foolish man?
They, that of late were daring with their scoffs,

Are glad and fain by flight to save themselves.
[Dies, and is carried off in his chair.]

Alarum. Enter TALBOT, BURGUNDY, and others.

Tal. Lost, and recover'd in a day again!
This is a double honour, Burgundy;
Yet heavens have glory for this victory!

Bur. Warlike and martial Talbot, Burgundy
Enshrines thee in his heart, and there erects
Thy noble deeds, as valour's monument. 120

Tal. Thanks, gentle duke. But where is Pucelle now?

I think her old familiar is asleep:

Now where's the Bastard's braves, and Charles his gleeks?

What, all a-mort? Roan hangs her head for grief,

That such a valiant company are fled.

Now will we take some order in the town,

Placing therein some expert officers,

And then depart to Paris to the king;

For there young Henry with his nobles lie.

Bur. What wills Lord Talbot pleaseth Burgundy. 130

Tal. But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble Duke of Bedford, late deceas'd,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Roan.

A braver soldier never couched lance,

A gentler heart did never sway in court;

But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;

For that's the end of human misery. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Same. The Plains near the City.

Enter CHARLES, the BASTARD, ALENÇON, LA PUCELLE, and Forces.

Puc. Dismay not, princes, at this accident,
Nor grieve that Roan is so recovered:
Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,
For things that are not to be remedied.
Let frantic Talbot triumph for a while,
And like a peacock sweep along his tail;
We'll pull his plumes, and take away his train,
If Dauphin and the rest will be but rul'd.

Char. We have been guided by thee hitherto,
And of thy cunning had no diffidence: 10
One sudden foil shall never breed distrust.

Bast. Search out thy wit for secret policies,
And we will make thee famous through the world.

Alen. We'll set thy statue in some holy place,
And have thee reverenc'd like a blessed saint:
Employ thee then, sweet virgin, for our good.

Puc. Then thus it must be; this doth Joan devise:

By fair persuasions, mix'd with sugar'd words,
We will entice the Duke of Burgundy
To leave the Talbot, and to follow us. 20

Char. Ay, marry, sweeting, if we could do that,

France were no place for Henry's warriors;
Nor should that nation boast it so with us,
But be extirped from our provinces.

Alen. For ever should they be expuls'd from France,

And not have title of an earldom here.

Puc. Your honours shall perceive how I will work,

To bring this matter to the wished end.

[Drums heard afar off.]
Hark! by the sound of drum you may perceive

Their powers are marching unto Paris-ward.

An English march. Enter, and pass over, TALBOT, and his Forces.

There goes the Talbot, with his colours spread, 31

And all the troops of English after him.

A French march. Enter the Duke of BURGUNDY and Forces.

Now, in the rearward comes the duke, and his:

Fortune in favour makes him lag behind.
Summon a parley; we will talk with him.

[Trumpets sound a parley.]

Char. A parley with the Duke of Burgundy.

Bur. Who craves a parley with the Burgundy?

Puc. The princely Charles of France, thy countryman.

Bur. What say'st thou, Charles? for I am marching hence.

Char. Speak, Pucelle, and enchant him with thy words.

Puc. Brave Burgundy, undoubted hope of France,

Stay, let thy humble handmaid speak to thee.

Bur. Speak on; but be not over-tedious.

Puc. Look on thy country, look on fertile France,

And see the cities and the towns defac'd
By wasting ruin of the cruel foe.

As looks the mother on her lowly babe,
When death doth close his tender dying eyes,
See, see the pining malady of France;
Behold the wounds, the most unnatural
wounds,

Which thou thyself hast given her woful
breast.

O! turn thy edged sword another way;
Strike those that hurt, and hurt not those
that help.

One drop of blood, drawn from thy country's
bosom,

Should grieve thee more than streams of
foreign gore:

Return thee, therefore, with a flood of tears,
And wash away thy country's stained spots.

Bur. Either she hath bewitch'd me with
her words,

Or nature makes me suddenly relent.

Puc. Besides, all French and France ex-
claims on thee,

Doubting thy birth and lawful progeny.
Who join'st thou with, but with a lordly
nation,

That will not trust thee but for profit's sake?
When Talbot hath set footing once in France,
And fashion'd thee that instrument of ill,
Who then but English Henry will be lord,
And thou be thrust out like a fugitive?
Call we to mind, and mark but this for proof,
Was not the Duke of Orleans thy foe,
And was he not in England prisoner?

But, when they heard he was thine enemy,
They set him free, without his ransom paid,
In spite of Burgundy, and all his friends.

See then, thou fight'st against thy country-
men,

And join'st with them will be thy slaughter-
men.

Come, come, return; return, thou wand'ring
lord:

Charles and the rest will take thee in their
arms.

Bur. I am vanquished: these haughty
words of hers

Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot,
And made me almost yield upon my knees.—
Forgive me, country, and sweet countrymen!
And, lords, accept this hearty kind embrace:
My forces and my power of men are yours—
So, farewell, Talbot; I'll no longer trust thee.

Puc. [*Aside.*] Done like a Frenchman:
turn, and turn again!

Char. Welcome, brave duke! thy friend-
ship makes us fresh.

Bas. And doth beget new courage in our
breasts.

Alen. Pucelle hath bravely play'd her part
in this,

And doth deserve a coronet of gold.

Char. Now let us on, my lords, and join
our powers,

And seek how we may prejudice the foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Paris. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and other
Lords; VERNON, BASSET, &c. To them
TALBOT and some of his Officers.*

Tal. My gracious prince, and honourable
peers,

Hearing of your arrival in this realm,
I have awhile given truce unto my wars,
To do my duty to my sovereign:

In sign whereof, this arm—that hath re-
claim'd

To your obedience fifty fortresses,
Twelve cities, and seven walled towns of
strength,

Besides five hundred prisoners of esteem—
Lets fall his sword before your highness' feet;

[*Kneeling.*]

And, with submissive loyalty of heart,
Ascribes the glory of his conquest got

First to my God, and next unto your grace.

K. Hen. Is this the Lord Talbot, uncle
Gloster,

That hath so long been resident in France?

Glo. Yes, if it please your majesty, my
liege.

K. Hen. Welcome, brave captain, and vic-
torious lord.

When I was young (as yet I am not old),
I do remember how my father said,

A stouter champion never handled sword.
 Long since we were resolved of your truth, 20
 Your faithful service, and your toil in war ;
 Yet never have you tasted our reward,
 Or been requerdon'd with so much as thanks,
 Because till now we never saw your face :
 Therefore, stand up ; and, for these good
 deserts,
 We here create you Earl of Shrewsbury ;
 And in our coronation take your place.
 [*Flourish. Exeunt King HENRY, GLOSTER,*
TALBOT, and Nobles.
Ver. Now, sir, to you, that were so hot at
 sea,
 Disgracing of these colours, that I wear
 In honour of my noble Lord of York, 30
 Dar'st thou maintain the former words thou
 spak'st ?
Bas. Yes, sir ; as well as you dare patronage
 The envious barking of your saucy tongue

Against my lord, the Duke of Somerset.
Ver. Sirrah, thy lord I honour as he is.
Bas. Why, what is he ? as good a man as
 York.
Ver. Hark ye ; not so : in witness, take ye
 that. [*Striking him.*
Bas. Villain, thou know'st, the law of arms
 is such,
 That, whoso draws a sword, 'tis present
 death,
 Or else this blow should broach thy dearest
 blood. 40
 But I'll unto his majesty, and crave
 I may have liberty to venge this wrong ;
 When thou shalt see, I'll meet thee to thy
 cost.
Ver. Well, miscreant, I'll be there as soon
 as you ;
 And, after, meet you sooner than you would.
 [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room of State.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, EXETER, YORK,
SUFFOLK, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, WAR-
WICK, TALBOT, the Governor of Paris, and
others.

Glo. Lord bishop, set the crown upon his
 head.

Win. God save King Henry, of that name
 the sixth !

Glo. Now, governor of Paris, take your
 oath,— [*Governor kneels.*

That you elect no other king but him,
 Esteem none friends, but such as are his
 friends,

And none your foes, but such as shall pretend
 Malicious practices against his state :

This shall ye do, so help you righteous God !

[*Exeunt Governor and his Train.*

Enter Sir JOHN FASTOLFE.

Fast. My gracious sovereign, as I rode
 from Calais,
 To haste unto your coronation, 10
 A letter was deliver'd to my hands,
 Writ to your grace from the Duke of Bur-
 gundy.

Tal. Shame to the Duke of Burgundy, and
 thee !

I vow'd, base knight, when I did meet thee
 next,

To tear the garter from thy craven's leg ;

Which I have done, because unworthily
 [*Plucking it off.*

Thou wast installed in that high degree.—
 Pardon me, princely Henry, and the rest.
 This dastard, at the battle of Patay,
 When but in all I was six thousand strong, 20
 And that the French were almost ten to one,
 Before we met, or that a stroke was given,
 Like to a trusty squire, did run away :
 In which assault we lost twelve hundred
 men ;
 Myself, and divers gentlemen beside,
 Were there surpris'd, and taken prisoners.
 Then judge, great lords, if I have done amiss ;
 Or whether that such cowards ought to wear
 This ornament of knighthood, yea, or no.

Glo. To say the truth, this fact was in-
 famous, 30

And ill beseeeming any common man,
 Much more a knight, a captain, and a leader.

Tal. When first this order was ordain'd,
 my lords,

Knights of the garter were of noble birth,
 Valiant and virtuous, full of haughty courage,
 Such as were grown to credit by the wars ;
 Not fearing death, nor shrinking for distress,
 But always resolute in most extremes.
 He then, that is not furnish'd in this sort,
 Doth but usurp the sacred name of knight, 40
 Profaning this most honourable order,
 And should (if I were worthy to be judge)
 Be quite degraded, like a hedge-born swain
 That doth presume to boast of gentle blood.

K. Hen. Stain to thy countrymen ! thou
 hear'st thy doom.

Be packing therefore, thou that wast a knight.

Henceforth we banish thee on pain of death.—
[Exit FASTOLFE.]

And now, my lord protector, view the letter
Sent from our uncle Duke of Burgundy.

Glo. What means his grace, that he hath
chang'd his style?

No more but, plain and bluntly,—“To the
king!”

Hath he forgot, he is his sovereign?
Or doth this churlish superscription
Pretend some alteration in good will?

What's here? [*Reads.*] “I have upon especial
cause,

Mov'd with compassion of my country's
wrack,

Together with the pitiful complaints
Of such as your oppression feeds upon,
Forsaken your pernicious faction,
And join'd with Charles, the rightful King
of France.”

O monstrous treachery! Can this be so,
That in alliance, amity, and oaths,
There should be found such false dissembling
guile?

K. Hen. What! doth my uncle Burgundy
revolt?

Glo. He doth, my lord, and is become your
foe.

K. Hen. Is that the worst this letter doth
contain?

Glo. It is the worst, and all, my lord, he
writes.

K. Hen. Why then, Lord Talbot there shall
talk with him,

And give him chastisement for this abuse.—
How say you, my lord? are you not content?

Tal. Content, my liege? Yes: but that I
am prevented,

I should have begg'd I might have been em-
ploy'd.

K. Hen. Then gather strength, and march
unto him straight.

Let him perceive, how ill we brook his
treason;

And what offence it is, to flout his friends.

Tal. I go, my lord; in heart desiring still,
You may behold confusion of your foes.

[Exit.]

Enter VERNON and BASSET.

Ver. Grant me the combat,
sovereign

Bas. And me, my lord; grant me the
combat too!

York. This is my servant: hear him, noble
prince!

Som. And this is mine: sweet Henry,
favour him!

K. Hen. Be patient, lords; and give them
leave to speak.—

Say, gentlemen, what makes you thus ex-
claim?

And wherefore crave you combat? or with
whom?

Ver. With him, my lord; for he hath done
me wrong.

Bas. And I with him; for he hath done
me wrong.

K. Hen. What is that wrong whereof you
both complain?

First let me know, and then I'll answer you.

Bas. Crossing the sea from England into
France,

This fellow here, with envious carping tongue,
Upbraided me about the rose I wear;

Saying, the sanguine colour of the leaves

Did represent my master's blushing cheeks,
When stubbornly he did repugn the truth,

About a certain question in the law,

Argu'd betwixt the Duke of York and him;
With other vile and ignominious terms:

In confutation of which rude reproach,
And in defence of my lord's worthiness,

I crave the benefit of law of arms.

Ver. And that is my petition, noble lord:
For though he seem, with forged quaint

conceit,

To set a gloss upon his bold intent,
Yet know, my lord, I was provok'd by him,

And he first took exceptions at this badge,
Pronouncing, that the paleness of this flower

Bewray'd the faintness of my master's heart.

York. Will not this malice, Somerset, be
left?

Som. Your private grudge, my Lord of
York, will out,

Though ne'er so cunningly you smother it.

K. Hen. Good Lord! what madness rules
in brain-sick men,

When, for so slight and frivolous a cause,
Such factious emulations shall arise!

Good cousins both, of York and Somerset,
Quiet yourselves, I pray, and be at peace.

York. Let this dissension first be tried by
fight,

And then your highness shall command a
peace.

Som. The quarrel toucheth none but us
alone;

Betwixt ourselves let us decide it then.

York. There is my pledge; accept it,
Somerset.

Ver. Nay, let it rest where it began at first.

Bas. Confirm it so, mine honourable lord.

Glo. Confirm it so? Confounded be your
strife!

And perish ye, with your audacious prate !
Presumptuous vassals ! are you not asham'd,
With this immodest clamorous outrage
To trouble and disturb the king and us ?
And you, my lords, methinks you do not well,
To bear with their perverse objections ;
Much less, to take occasion from their mouths
To raise a mutiny betwixt yourselves : 151
Let me persuade you, take a better course.

Exc. It grieves his highness :—good my lords, be friends.

K. Hen. Come hither, you that would be combatants.

Henceforth I charge you, as you love our favour,

Quite to forget this quarrel, and the cause.—
And you, my lords, remember where we are ;
In France, amongst a fickle wavering nation.
If they perceive dissension in our looks,
And that within ourselves we disagree, 140
How will their grudging stomachs be provok'd

To wilful disobedience, and rebel !
Beside, what infamy will there arise,
When foreign princes shall be certified,
That for a toy, a thing of no regard,
King Henry's peers, and chief nobility,
Destroy'd themselves, and lost the realm of France !

O ! think upon the conquest of my father,
My tender years ; and let us not forego
That for a trifle that was bought with blood.
Let me be umpire in this doubtful strife. 151
I see no reason, if I wear this rose,

[Putting on a red rose.]

That any one should therefore be suspicious
I more incline to Somerset than York :
Both are my kinsmen, and I love them both.
As well they may upbraid me with my crown,
Because, forsooth, the King of Scots is crown'd.

But your discretions better can persuade,
Than I am able to instruct or teach :
And therefore, as we hither came in peace, 160
So let us still continue peace and love.—
Cousin of York, we institute your grace
To be our regent in these parts of France :
And, good my Lord of Somerset, unite
Your troops of horsemen with his bands of foot ;

And, like true subjects, sons of your progenitors,

Go cheerfully together, and digest
Your angry choler on your enemies.
Ourself, my lord protector, and the rest,
After some respite, will return to Calais ; 170
From thence to England, where I hope ere long

To be presented, by your victories,
With Charles, Alençon, and that traitorous rout.

[Flourish. Exit King HENRY, GLOSTER, SOMERSET, WINCHESTER, SUFFOLK, and BASSET.]

War. My Lord of York, I promise you, the king

Prettily, methought, did play the orator.

York. And so he did : but yet I like it not,
In that he wears the badge of Somerset.

War. Tush ! that was but his fancy, blame him not ;

I dare presume, sweet prince, he thought no harm.

York. An if I wist, he did,—but let it rest ; 180

Other affairs must now be managed.

[Exit YORK, WARWICK, and VERNON.]

Exc. Well didst thou, Richard, to suppress thy voice ;

For, had the passions of thy heart burst out,
I fear, we should have seen decipher'd there
More rancorous spite, more furious raging broils,

Than yet can be imagin'd or suppos'd.

But howsoever, no simple man that sees

This jarring discord of nobility,

This shouldering of each other in the court,

This factious bandying of their favourites, 190
But that it doth presage some ill event.

'T is much, when sceptres are in children's hands,

But more, when envy breeds unkind division :
There comes the ruin, there begins confusion. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—France. Before Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT, with his Forces.

Tal. Go to the gates of Bourdeaux, trumpeter :

Summon their general unto the wall.

Trumpet sounds a parley. Enter, on the walls, the General of the French Forces, and others.

English John Talbot, captains, calls you forth,
Servant in arms to Harry King of England ;
And thus he would.—Open your city gates,
Be humble to us, call my sovereign yours,
And do him homage as obedient subjects,
And I'll withdraw me and my bloody power ;

But, if you frown upon this proffer'd peace,
You tempt the fury of my three attendants, 195

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing
fire ;

Who, in a moment, even with the earth
Shall lay your stately and air-braving towers,
If you forsake the offer of their love.

Gen. Thou ominous and fearful owl of
death,

Our nation's terror, and their bloody scourge !
The period of thy tyranny approacheth.

On us thou canst not enter but by death ;
For, I protest, we are well fortified,
And strong enough to issue out and fight :
If thou retire, the Dauphin, well appointed,
Stands with the snares of war to tangle
thee :

On either hand thee there are squadrons
pitch'd,

To wall thee from the liberty of flight ;
And no way canst thou turn thee for redress,
But death doth front thee with apparent
spoil,

And pale destruction meets thee in the face.
Ten thousand French have ta'en the sacra-
ment,

To rive their dangerous artillery
Upon no Christian soul but English Talbot.
Lo ! there thou stand'st, a breathing valiant
man,

Of an invincible unconquer'd spirit :
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, 'due thee withal ;
For ere the glass, that now begins to run,
Finish the process of his sandy hour,
These eyes, that see thee now well coloured,
Shall see thee wither'd, bloody, pale, and
dead. [*Drum afar off.*]

Hark ! hark ! the Dauphin's drum, a warn-
ing bell,

Sings heavy music to thy timorous soul,
And mine shall ring thy dire departure out.

[*Exeunt General, &c., from the walls.*]

Tal. He fables not, I hear the enemy.—
Out, some light horsemen, and peruse their
wings.—

O, negligent and heedless discipline !
How are we park'd, and bounded in a pale !
A little herd of England's timorous deer,
Maz'd with a yelping kennel of French
curs

If we be English deer, be then in blood ;
Not rascal-like, to fall down with a pinch,
But rather moody-mad and desperate stags,
Turn on the bloody hounds with heads of
steel,

And make the cowards stand aloof at bay :
Sell every man his life as dear as mine,
And they shall find dear deer of us, my
friends.—

God, and Saint George, Talbot, and England's
right,

Prosper our colours in this dangerous fight !
[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—Plains in Gascony.

*Enter YORK, with Forces ; to him, a
Messenger.*

York. Are not the speedy scouts return'd
again,

That dogg'd the mighty army of the Dauphin ?
Mess. They are return'd, my lord ; and

give it out,
That he is march'd to Bourdeaux with hi.
power,

To fight with Talbot. As he march'd along,
By your espials were discovered
Twomightier troops than that the Dauphin led,
Which join'd with him, and made their
march for Bourdeaux.

York. A plague upon that villain Somerset,
That thus delays my promised supply
Of horsemen, that were levied for this siege !
Renowned Talbot doth expect my aid,
And I am lowted by a traitor villain,
And cannot help the noble chevalier.
God comfort him in this necessity !
If he miscarry, farewell wars in France.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Lucy. Thou princely leader of our English
strength,

Never so needful on the earth of France,
Spur to the rescue of the noble Talbot,
Who now is girdled with a waist of iron,
And hemm'd about with grim destruction.
To Bourdeaux, warlike duke ! to Bourdeaux,
York !

Else, farewell Talbot, France, and England's
honour.

York. O God ! that Somerset, who in
proud heart

Doth stop my cornets, were in Talbot's place !
So should we save a valiant gentleman,
By forfeiting a traitor and a coward.
Mad ire, and wrathful fury, make me weep,
That thus we die, while remiss traitors sleep.

Lucy. O, send some succour to the dis-
tress'd lord !

York. He dies, we lose ; I break my war-
like word ;

We mourn, France smiles ; we lose, they
daily get ;

All 'long of this vile traitor Somerset.

Lucy. Then, God take mercy on brave
Talbot's soul ;

And on his son, young John, whom two
hours since
I met in travel toward his warlike father.
This seven years did not Talbot see his son,
And now they meet where both their lives
are done.

York. Alas! what joy shall noble Talbot
have,
To bid his young son welcome to his grave?
Away! vexation almost stops my breath,
That sunder'd friends greet in the hour of
leath.—
Lucy, farewell: no more my fortune can,
But curse the cause I cannot aid the man.—
Maine, Blois, Poitiers, and Tours, are won
away,
'Long all of Somerset, and his delay.

[*Exit, with his Forces.*]

Lucy. Thus, while the vulture of sedition
Feeds in the bosom of such great commanders,
Sleeping neglect doth betray to loss
The conquest of our scarce-cold conqueror, 50
That ever-living man of memory,
Henry the Fifth: whiles they each other
cross,
Lives, honours, lands, and all, hurry to loss.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Other Plains of Gascony.

*Enter SOMERSET, with his Army; an Officer
of TALBOT'S with him.*

Som. It is too late; I cannot send them
now.
This expedition was by York and Talbot
Too rashly plotted: all our general force
Might with a sally of the very town
Be buckled with. The over-daring Talbot
Hath sullied all his gloss of former honour
By this unheeded, desperate, wild adventure.
York set him on to fight and die in shame,
That, Talbot dead, great York might bear the
name.

Off. Here is Sir William Lucy, who with
me 10
Set from our overmatch'd forces, forth for aid.

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY.

Som. How now, Sir William? whither
were you sent?

Lucy. Whither, my lord? from bought and
sold Lord Talbot;
Who, ring'd about with bold adversity,
Cries out for noble York and Somerset,
To beat assailing death from his weak legions.
And whiles the honourable captain there

Drops bloody sweat from his war-wearied
limbs,

And, in advantage lingering, looks for rescue,
You, his false hopes, the trust of England's
honour, 20

Keep off aloof with worthless emulation.
Let not your private discord keep away
The levied succours that should lend him aid,
While he, renowned noble gentleman,
Yields up his life unto a world of odds.
Orleans the Bastard, Charles, Burgundy,
Alençon, Reignier, compass him about,
And Talbot perisheth by your default.

Som. York set him on, York should have
sent him aid.

Lucy. And York as fast upon your grace
exclaims; 30

Swearing that you withhold his levied horse,
Collected for this expedition.

Som. York lies: he might have sent and
had the horse.

I owe him little duty, and less love,
And take foul scorn to fawn on him by send-
ing.

Lucy. The fraud of England, not the force
of France,

Hath now entrapp'd the noble-minded Talbot.
Never to England shall he bear his life,
But dies, betray'd to fortune by your strife.

Som. Come, go; I will despatch the horse-
men straight: 40

Within six hours they will be at his aid.

Lucy. Too late comes rescue: he is ta'en,
or slain;

For fly he could not, if he would have fled:
And fly would Talbot never, though he might.

Som. If he be dead, brave Talbot, then
adieu!

Lucy. His fame lives in the world, his
shame in you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The English Camp near
Bourdeaux.

Enter TALBOT and JOHN his son.

Tal. O young John Talbot! I did send for
thee,

To tutor thee in stratagems of war.
That Talbot's name might be in thee reviv'd,
When sapless age, and weak unable limbs,
Should bring thy father to his drooping-chair.
But,—O malignant and ill-boding stars!—
Now thou art come unto a feast of death,
A terrible and unavowed danger:
Therefore, dear boy, mount on my swiftest
horse,

And I'll direct thee how thou shalt escape 10
By sudden flight : come, dally not, be gone.

John. Is my name Talbot ? and am I your son ?

And shall I fly ? O ! if you love my mother,
Dishonour not her honourable name,
To make a bastard, and a slave of me :
The world will say, he is not Talbot's blood,
That basely fled, when noble Talbot stood.

Tal. Fly, to revenge my death, if I be slain.

John. He that flies so will ne'er return again.

Tal. If we both stay, we both are sure to die.

John. Then let me stay ; and, father, do you fly :

Your loss is great, so your regard should be ;
My worth unknown, no loss is known in me.
Upon my death the French can little boast ;
In yours they will, in you all hopes are lost.
Flight cannot stain the honour you have won ;

But mine it will, that no exploit have done :
You fled for vantage, every one will swear ;
But if I bow, they'll say, it was for fear.
There is no hope that ever I will stay, 30
If the first hour I shrink, and run away.
Here, on my knee, I beg mortality,
Rather than life preserv'd with infamy.

Tal. Shall all thy mother's hopes lie in one tomb ?

John. Ay, rather than I'll shame my mother's womb.

Tal. Upon my blessing I command thee go.

John. To fight I will, but not to fly the foe.

Tal. Part of thy father may be sav'd in thee.

John. No part of him but will be shame in me.

Tal. Thou never hadst renown, nor canst not lose it.

John. Yes, your renowned name : shall flight abuse it ?

Tal. Thy father's charge shall clear thee from that stain.

John. You cannot witness for me, being slain.

If death be so apparent, then both fly.

Tal. And leave my followers here, to fight and die ?

My age was never tainted with such shame.

John. And shall my youth be guilty of such blame ?

No more can I be sever'd from your side,
Than can yourself yourself in twain divide.

Stay, go, do what you will, the like do I ; 30
For live I will not, if my father die.

Tal. Then here I take my leave of thee, fair son,

Born to eclipse thy life this afternoon.

Come, side by side together live and die,

And soul with soul from France to heaven fly. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Field of Battle.

Alarum : *Excursions, wherein TALBOT'S Son is hemmed about, and TALBOT rescues him.*

Tal. Saint George and victory ! fight, soldiers, fight !

The regent hath with Talbot broke his word,
And left us to the rage of France his sword.

Where is John Talbot ?—pause, and take thy breath :

I gave thee life, and rescu'd thee from death.

John. O, twice my father ! twice am I thy son :

The life thou gav'st me first was lost and lone ;

Till with thy warlike sword, despite of fate,
To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date.

Tal. When from the Dauphin's crest thy sword struck fire, 10

It warm'd thy father's heart with proud desire

Of bold-fac'd victory. Then leaden age,
Quick'en'd with youthful spleen and warlike rage,

Beat down Alençon, Orleans, Burgundy,
And from the pride of Gallia rescu'd thee.

The ireful Bastard Orleans, that drew blood
From thee, my boy, and had the maidenhood

Of thy first fight, I soon encountered,
And, interchanging blows, I quickly shed

Some of his bastard blood ; and, in disgrace,
Bespoke him thus : " Contaminated, base, 21

And misbegotten blood I spill of thine,
Mean and right poor ; for that pure blood of mine,

Which thou didst force from Talbot, my brave boy :—"

Here, purposing the Bastard to destroy,
Came in strong rescue. Speak, thy father's

care,

Art thou not weary, John ? How dost thou fare ?

Wilt thou yet leave the battle, boy, and fly,
Now thou art seal'd the son of chivalry ?

Fly to revenge my death, when I am dead ; 30
The help of one stands me in little stead.

O ! too much folly is it, well I wot,

To hazard all our lives in one small boat.
If I to-day die not with Frenchmen's rage
To-morrow I shall die with mickle age :
By me they nothing gain, and if I stay,
'Tis but the short'ning of my life one day.

In thee thy mother dies, our household's
name,

My death's revenge, thy youth, and England's
fame.

All these, and more, we hazard by thy stay ;
All these are sav'd, if thou wilt fly away. 41

John. The sword of Orleans hath not
made me smart ;

These words of yours draw life-blood from
my heart.

On that advantage, bought with such a
shame,

To save a paltry life, and slay bright fame,
Before young Talbot from old Talbot fly,
The coward horse that bears me fall and die!
And like me to the peasant boys of France,
To be shame's scorn, and subject of mis-
chance !

Surely, by all the glory you have won, 50
An if I fly, I am not Talbot's son :

Then talk no more of flight, it is no boot ;

If son to Talbot, die at Talbot's foot.

Tal. Then follow thou thy desperate sire
of Crete,

Thou Icarus. Thy life to me is sweet :
If thou wilt fight, fight by thy father's side,
And, commendable prov'd, let's die in pride.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Another Part of the Same.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter TALBOT,
wounded, supported by a Servant.

Tal. Where is my other life?—mine own
is gone :

O, where's young Talbot? where is valiant
John ?—

Triumphant death, smear'd with captivity,
Young Talbot's valour makes me smile at
thea.—

When he perceiv'd me shrink, and on my
knee,

His bloody sword he brandish'd over me,
And like a hungry lion did commence
Rough deeds of rage, and stern impatience ;

But when my angry guardant stood alone,
Tend'ring my ruin, and assail'd of none, 10

Dizzy-ey'd fury, and great rage of heart,
Suddenly made him from my side to start
Into the clust'ring battle of the French :

And in that sea of blood my boy did drench

His overmounting spirit ; and there died
My Icarus, my blossom, in his pride.

*Enter Soldiers, bearing the body of JOHN
TALBOT.*

Serv. O my dear lord ! lo, where your son
is borne !

Tal. Thou antick death, which laugh'st us
here to scorn,

Anon, from thy insulting tyranny,
Coupled in bonds of perpetuity, 20

Two Talbots, winged through the lither sky,
In thy despite shall 'scape mortality.—

O ! thou whose wounds become hard-favour'd
death,

Speak to thy father, ere thou yield thy
breath :

Brave death byspeaking, whether he will or no ;
Imagine him a Frenchmen, and thy foe.—

Poor boy ! he smiles, methinks, as who
should say,

Had death been French, then death had died
to-day.

Come, come, and lay him in his father's arms.
My spirit can no longer bear these harms. 30

Soldiers, adieu ! I have what I would have,
Now my old arms are young John Talbot's

grave. [*Dies.*]

Alarums. Exeunt Soldiers and Servant,
leaving the two bodies. Enter CHARLES,
ALENÇON, BURGUNDY, BASTARD, LA PU-
CELLE, and Forces.

Char. Had York and Somerset brought
rescue in,

We should have found a bloody day of this.
Bast. How the young whelp of Talbot's,

raging-wood,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's

blood !
Puc. Once I encounter'd him, and thus I

said :

"Thou maiden youth, be vanquish'd by a
maid ;"

But, with a proud majestical high scorn,
He answered thus : "Young Talbot was not

born 40

To be the pillage of a giglot wench."
So, rushing in the bowels of the French,
He left me proudly, as unworthy fight.

Bur. Doubtless, he would have made a
noble knight ;

See, where he lies inhearsed in the arms
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.

Bast. Hew them to pieces, hack their
bones asunder,

Whose life was England's glory, Gallia's
wonder.

Char. O, no! forbear; for that which we have fled
During the life, let us not wrong it dead. 50

Enter Sir WILLIAM LUCY, attended; a French Herald preceding.

Lucy. Herald, conduct me to the Dauphin's tent,
To know who hath obtain'd the glory of the day.

Char. On what submissive message art thou sent?

Lucy. Submission, Dauphin! 'tis a mere French word;
We English warriors wot not what it means.
I come to know what prisoners thou hast tw'en,

And to survey the bodies of the dead.

Char. For prisoners ask'st thou? hell our prison is.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

Lucy. But where 's the great Alcides of the field, 60

Valiant Lord Talbot, Earl of Shrewsbury,
Created, for his rare success in arms,
Great Earl of Washford, Waterford, and Valence;

Lord Talbot of Goodrig and Urchinfield,
Lord Strange of Blackmere, Lord Verdun of Alton,

Lord Cromwell of Wingfield, Lord Furnival of Sheffield,

The thrice victorious Lord of Falconbridge,
Knight of the noble order of Saint George,
Worthy Saint Michael, and the Golden Fleece,

Great Mareshal to Henry the Sixth 70
Of all his wars within the realm of France?

Puc. Here is a silly stately style indeed!
The Turk, that two-and-fifty kingdoms hath,
Writes not so tedious a style as this.—

Him, that thou magnifiest with all these titles,
Stinking, and fly-blown, lies here at our feet.

Lucy. Is Talbot slain, the Frenchmen's only scourge,

Your kingdom's terror and black Nemesis?
O! were mine eyeballs into bullets turn'd,
That I in rage might shoot them at your faces! 80

O, that I could but call these dead to life!
It were enough to fright the realm of France.
Were but his picture left among you here,
It would amaze the proudest of you all.

Give me their bodies, that I may bear them hence,

And give them burial as beseems their worth.

Puc. I think, this upstart is old Talbot's ghost,

He speaks with such a proud-commanding spirit.

For God's sake, let him have 'em; to keep them here,

They would but stink, and putrefy the air. 90

Char. Go, take their bodies hence.

Lucy. I'll bear them hence:
But from their ashes shall be rear'd

A phoenix that shall make all France afraid.

Char. So we be rid of them, do with 'em what thou wilt.

And now to Paris, in this conquering vein:
All will be ours, now bloody Talbot's slain.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT. V.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, GLOSTER, and EXETER.

K. Hen. Have you perus'd the letters from the pope,
The emperor, and the Earl of Armagnac?

Glo. I have, my lord; and their intent is this:—

They humbly sue unto your excellence,
To have a godly peace concluded of
Between the realms of England and of France.

K. Hen. How doth your grace affect their motion?

Glo. Well, my good lord; and as the only means

To stop effusion of our Christian blood,
And 'stablish quietness on every side. 10

K. Hen. Ay, marry, uncle; for I always thought,

It was both impious and unnatural,
That such immunity and bloody strife
Should reign among professors of one faith.

Glo. Beside, my lord, the sooner to effect,
And surer bind, this knot of amity,
The Earl of Armagnac, near knit to Charles,
A man of great authority in France,
Proffers his only daughter to your grace
In marriage, with a large and sumptuous dowry. 20

K. Hen. Marriage, uncle! alas! my years are young,

And fitter is my study and my books
Than wanton dalliance with a paramour.

Yet, call the ambassadors; and, as you please,

So let them have their answers every one :
I shall be well content with any choice
Tends to God's glory and my country's weal.

*Enter a Legate and two Ambassadors, with
WINCHESTER in a cardinal's habit.*

Exe. What ! is my Lord of Winchester
install'd,

And call'd unto a cardinal's degree ?

Then, I perceive, that will be verified, 50
Henry the Fifth did sometime prophesy,—
“ If once he come to be a cardinal,
He 'll make his cap co-equal with the
crown.”

K. Hen. My lords ambassadors, your
several suits

Have been consider'd and debated on.

Your purpose is both good and reasonable ;

And, therefore, are we certainly resolv'd

To draw conditions of a friendly peace ;

Which, by my Lord of Winchester, we
mean

Shall be transported presently to France. 40

Glo. And for the proffer of my lord your
master,

I have inform'd his highness so at large,

As—liking of the lady's virtuous gifts,

Her beauty, and the value of her dower—

He doth intend she shall be England's
queen.

K. Hen. In argument and proof of which
contract.

Bear her this jewel, pledge of my affection.—

And so, my lord protector, see them
guarded,

And safely brought to Dover ; where, in-
shipp'd, 4

Commit them to the fortune of the sea. 50

*[Exeunt King HENRY and Train ; GLOSTER,
EXETER, and Ambassadors.]*

Win. Stay, my lord legate : you shall first
receive

The sum of money, which I promised

Should be deliver'd to his holiness

For clothing me in these grave ornaments.

Leg. I will attend upon your lordship's
leisure.

Win. Now, Winchester will not submit, I
throw,

Or be inferior to the proudest peer.

Humphrey of Gloster, thou shalt well per-
ceive, 6

That, neither in birth, or for authority,

The bishop will be overborne by thee :

I'll either make thee stoop, and bend thy
knee,

Or sack this country with a mutiny.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—France. Plains in Anjou.

*Enter CHARLES, BURGUNDY, ALENÇON, LA
PUCELLE, and Forces, marching.*

Char. These news, my lords, may cheer
our drooping spirits.

'Tis said, the stout Parisians do revolt,
And turn again unto the warlike French.

Alen. Then march to Paris, royal Charles
of France,

And keep not back your powers in dalliance.

Puc. Peace be amongst them, if they turn
to us ;

Else, ruin combat with their palaces !

Enter a Scout.

Scout. Success unto our valiant general,
And happiness to his accomplices !

Char. What tidings send our scouts ? I
pr'ythee, speak. 10

Scout. The English army, that divided was
Into two parties, is now conjoin'd in one,
And means to give you battle presently.

Char. Somewhat too sudden, sirs, the
warning is ;

But we will presently provide for them.

Bur. I trust, the ghost of Talbot is not
there :

Now he is gone, my lord, you need not fear.

Puc. Of all base passions fear is most ac-
curs'd.—

Command the conquest, Charles, it shall be
thine ;

Let Henry fret, and all the world repine. 20

Char. Then on, my lords ; and France be
fortunate ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—The Same. Before Angiers.

Alarums ; Excursions. Enter LA PUCELLE.

Puc. The regent conquers, and the French-
men fly.—

Now help, ye charming spells, and periapts ;

And ye choice spirits that admonish me,

And give me signs of future accidents :

[Thunder.]

You speedy helpers, that are substitutes

Under the lordly monarch of the north,

Appear, and aid me in this enterprise !

Enter Fiends.

This speedy and quick appearance argues
proof

Of your accustom'd diligence to me.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd

Out of the powerful legions under earth,

Help me this once, that France may get the field. *[They walk, and speak not.]*

O! hold me not with silence over-long.

Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,

I'll lop a member off, and give it you,

In earnest of a further benefit,

So you do condescend to help me now.—

[They hang their heads.]

No hope to have redress?—My body shall

Pay recompense, if you will grant my suit.

[They shake their heads.]

Cannot my body, nor blood-sacrifice, ²⁰

Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?

Then take my soul; my body, soul, and all,

Before that England give the French the foil.

[They depart.]

See! they forsake me. Now the time is come,

That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest,

And let her head fall into England's lap.

My ancient incantations are too weak,

And hell too strong for me to buckle with:

Now, France, thy glory droopeth to the dust.

[Exit.]

Alarums. Enter French and English fighting;

LA PUCELLE and YORK fight hand to hand.

LA PUCELLE is taken. The French fly.

York. Damsel of France, I think, I have you fast: ³⁰

Unchain your spirits now with spelling charms,

And try if they can gain your liberty.—

A goodly prize, fit for the devil's grace!

See, how the ugly witch doth bend her brows,
As if, with Circe, she would change my shape.

Puc. Chang'd to a worsèr shape thou canst not be.

York. O! Charles the Dauphin is a proper man:

No shape but his can please your dainty eye.

Puc. A plaguing mischief light on Charles, and thee!

And may ye both be suddenly surpris'd ⁴⁰
By bloody hands, in sleeping on your beds!

York. Fell banning hag, enchantress, hold thy tongue!

Puc. I pr'ythee, give me leave to curse awhile.

York. Curse, miscreant, when thou comest to the stake. *[Exeunt.]*

Alarums. Enter SUFFOLK, leading in Lady MARGARET.

Suf. Be what thou wilt, thou art my prisoner. *[Gazes on her.]*

O, fairest beauty! do not fear, nor fly,
For I will touch thee but with reverent hands.

I kiss these fingers for eternal peace,

And lay them gently on thy tender side.

Who art thou? say, that I may honour thee.

Mar. Margaret my name, and daughter to a king, ⁵¹

The King of Naples, whosoe'er thou art.

Suf. An earl I am, and Suffolk am I call'd.

Be not offended, nature's miracle,

Thou art allotted to be ta'en by me:

So doth the swan her downy cygnets save,

Keeping them prisoner underneath her wings.

Yet, if this servile usage once offend,

Go, and be free again, as Suffolk's friend.

[She turns away as going.]

O, stay!—I have no power to let her pass; ⁶⁰

My hand would free her, but my heart says—no.

As plays the sun upon the glassy streams,

Twinkling another counterfeited beam,

So seems this gorgeous beauty to mine eyes.

Fain would I woo her, yet I dare not speak:

I'll call for pen and ink, and write my mind.

Fie, de la Poole! disable not thyself;

Hast not a tongue? is she not here thy prisoner?

Wilt thou be daunted at a woman's sight?

Ay; beauty's princely majesty is such, ⁷⁰

Confounds the tongue, and makes the senses rough.

Mar. Say, Earl of Suffolk, if thy name be so,

What ransom must I pay before I pass?

For, I perceive, I am thy prisoner.

Suf. *[Aside.]* How canst thou tell she will deny thy suit,

Before thou make a trial of her love?

Mar. Why speak'st thou not? what ransom must I pay?

Suf. *[Aside.]* She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore to be won.

Mar. Wilt thou accept of ransom, yea, or no? ⁸⁰

Suf. *[Aside.]* Fond man! remember, that thou hast a wife;

Then, how can Margaret be thy paramour?

Mar. I were best to leave him, for he will not hear.

Suf. *[Aside.]* There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card.

Mar. He talks at random: sure, the man is mad.

Suf. *[Aside.]* And yet a dispensation may be had.

Mar. And yet I would that you would answer me.

Suf. [*Aside.*] I'll win this Lady Margaret. For whom?

Why, for my king: tush! that's a wooden thing.

Mar. He talks of wood: it is some carpenter.

Suf. [*Aside.*] Yet so my fancy may be satisfied,

And peace established between these realms. But there remains a scruple in that too; For though her father be the King of Naples, Duke of Anjou and Maine, yet is he poor, And our nobility will scorn the match.

Mar. Hear ye, captain? Are you not at leisure?

Suf. [*Aside.*] It shall be so, disdain they ne'er so much:

Henry is youthful, and will quickly yield.—Madam, I have a secret to reveal.

Mar. [*Aside.*] What though I be enthrall'd? he seems a knight,

And will not any way dishonour me.

Suf. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.

Mar. [*Aside.*] Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French;

And then I need not crave his courtesy.

Suf. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—

Mar. [*Aside.*] Tush! women have been captivate ere now.

Suf. Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Mar. I cry you mercy, 't is but *quid pro quo*.

Suf. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose—

Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?

Mar. To be a queen in bondage is more vile,

Than is a slave in base servility;

For princes should be free.

Suf. And so shall you,

If happy England's royal king be free.

Mar. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?

Suf. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen,

To put a golden sceptre in thy hand, And set a precious crown upon thy head, If thou wilt condescend to be my—

Mar. What?

Suf. His love.

Mar. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.

Suf. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am To woo so fair a dame to be his wife, And have no portion in the choice myself. How say you, madam, are you so content?

Mar. An if my father please, I am content.

Suf. Then call our captains, and our colours, forth!

And, madam, at your father's castle walls We'll crave a parley, to confer with him. 130
[*Troops come forward*]

A parley sounded. Enter REIGNIER, on the walls.

Suf. See, Reignier, see thy daughter prisoner.

Reig. To whom?

Suf. To me.

Reig. Suffolk, what remedy?

I am a soldier, and unapt to weep, Or to exclaim on fortune's fickleness.

Suf. Yes, there is remedy enough, my lord: Consent, and for thy honour give consent, Thy daughter shall be wedded to my king; Whom I with pain have woo'd and won thereto,

And this her easy-held imprisonment Hath gain'd thy daughter princely liberty. 140

Reig. Speaks Suffolk as he thinks?

Suf. Fair Margaret knows, That Suffolk doth not flatter, face, or feign.

Reig. Upon thy princely warrant, I descend, To give thee answer of thy just demand.

[*Exit from the walls.*]

Suf. And here I will expect thy coming.

Trumpets sounded. Enter REIGNIER below.

Reig. Welcome, brave earl, into our territories:

Command in Anjou what your honour pleases.

Suf. Thanks, Reignier, happy for so sweet a child,

Fit to be made companion with a king.

What answer makes your grace unto my suit?

Reig. Since thou dost deign to woo her little worth, 151

To be the princely bride of such a lord,

Upon condition I may quietly

Enjoy mine own, the counties Maine and Anjou,

Free from oppression or the stroke of war, My daughter shall be Henry's, if he please.

Suf. That is her ransom, I deliver her; And those two counties, I will undertake, Your grace shall well and quietly enjoy.

Reig. And I again, in Henry's royal name, As deputy unto that gracious king, 161
Give thee her hand, for sign of plighted faith.

Suf. Reignier of France, I give thee kingly thanks,

Because this is in traffic of a king:

[*Aside.*] And yet, methinks, I could be well content

To be mine own attorney in this case.—
I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemniz'd.
So, farewell, Reignier. Set this diamond safe
In golden palaces, as it becomes.

Reig. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, King Henry, were he
here.

Mar. Farewell, my lord. Good wishes,
praise, and prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*]

Suf. Farewell, sweet madam! But hark
you, Margaret:

No princely commendations to my king?

Mar. Such commendations as become a
maid,

A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

Suf. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly
directed.

But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty?

Mar. Yes, my good lord; a pure unspotted
heart,

Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suf. And this withal. [*Kisses her.*]

Mar. That for thyself: I will not so pre-
sume,

To send such peevish tokens to a king.

[*Exeunt REIGNIER and MARGARET.*]

Suf. O, wert thou for myself!—But,
Suffolk, stay;

Thou may'st not wander in that labyrinth:
There Minotaurs, and ugly treasons, lurk.

Solicit Henry with her wondrous praise:

Bethink thee on her virtues that surmount,
And natural graces that extinguish art;

Repeat their semblance often on the senses,

That, when thou com'st to kneel at Henry's
feet,

Thou may'st bereave him of his wits with
wonder. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—Camp of the Duke of York, in
Anjou.

Enter YORK, WARWICK, and others.

York. Bring forth that sorceress, condemn'd
to burn.

*Enter LA PUCELLE, guarded; and a
Shepherd.*

Shep. Ah, Joan! this kills thy father's heart
outright.

Have I sought every country far and near,
And, now it is my chance to find thee out,
Must I behold thy timeless cruel death?

Ah, Joan! sweet daughter Joan, I'll die
with thee.

Puc. Decrepit miser! base ignoble wretch!
I am descended of a gentler blood:

Thou art no father, nor no friend, of mine.

Shep. Out, out!—My lords, an please you,
't is not so;

I did beget her, all the parish knows:

Her mother liveth yet, can testify

She was the first fruit of my bachelorship.

War. Graceless! wilt thou deny thy
parentage?

York. This argues what her kind of life
hath been:

Wicked and vile; and so her death concludes.

Shep. Fie, Joan, that thou wilt be so
obstacle!

God knows, thou art a collop of my flesh,

And for thy sake have I shed many a tear:

Deny me not, I pr'ythee, gentle Joan.

Puc. Peasant, avaunt!—you have suborn'd
this man,

Of purpose to obscure my noble birth.

Shep. 'T is true, I gave a noble to the
priest,

The morn that I was wedded to her mother.—

Kneel down, and take my blessing, good my
girl.—

Wilt thou not stoop? Now cursed be the
time

Of thy nativity! I would, the milk,

Thy mother gave thee, when thou suck'dst
her breast,

Had been a little ratsbane for thy sake!

Or else, when thou didst keep my lambs
a-field,

I wish some ravenous wolf had eaten thee!

Dost thou deny thy father, cursed drab?

O! burn her, burn her: hanging is too good.

[*Exit.*]
York. Take her away; for she hath lived
too long,

To fill the world with vicious qualities.

Puc. First, let me tell you whom you have
condemn'd;

Not me begotten of a shepherd swain,

But issu'd from the progeny of kings;

Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,

By inspiration of celestial grace,

To work exceeding miracles on earth.

I never had to do with wicked spirits:

But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,

Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,

Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—

Because you want the grace that others have,

You judge it straight a thing impossible

To compass wonders, but by help of devils.

No, misconceived! Joan of Arc hath been

A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought ;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay.—Away with her to execution !

War. And hark ye, sirs ; because she is a maid,

Spare for no fagots, let there be enow :
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Puc. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts ?—

Then, Joan, discover thine infirmity,
That warranteth by law to be thy privilege.—
I am with child, ye bloody homicides :
Murder not then the fruit within my womb,
Although ye hale me to a violent death.

York. Now, heaven forfend ! the holy maid with child ?

War. The greatest miracle that e'er ye wrought !

Is all your strict preciseness come to this ?

York. She and the Dauphin have been juggling :

I did imagine what would be her refuge.

War. Well, go to : we will have no bastards live ;

Especially, since Charles must father it.

Puc. You are deceiv'd ; my child is none of his :

It was Alençon, that enjoy'd my love.

York. Alençon, that notorious Machiavel !
It dies, an if it had a thousand lives.

Puc. O ! give me leave ; I have deluded you :

'Twas neither Charles, nor yet the duke I nam'd,

But Reignier, King of Naples, that prevail'd.

War. A married man : that's most intolerable.

York. Why, here's a girl ! I think, she knows not well,

There were so many, whom she may accuse.

War. It's sign she hath been liberal and free.

York. And yet, forsooth, she is a virgin pure.—

Strumpet, thy words condemn thy brat, and thee :

Use no entreaty, for it is in vain.

Puc. Then lead me hence ;—with whom I leave my curse.

May never glorious sun reflex his beams
Upon the country where you make abode ;
But darkness and the gloomy shade of death
Environ you, till mischief, and despair,

Drive you to break your necks, or hang yourselves ! *[Exit, guarded.]*

York. Break thou in pieces, and consume to ashes,

Thou foul accursed minister of hell !

Enter Cardinal BEAUFORT, attended.

Car. Lord regent, I do greet your excellence

With letters of commission from the king.
For know, my lords, the states of Christendom,

Mov'd with remorse of these outrageous broils,

Have earnestly implor'd a general peace
Betwixt our nation and the aspiring French ;
And here at hand the Dauphin, and his train,
Approacheth to confer about some matter.

York. Is all our travail turn'd to this effect ?

After the slaughter of so many peers,
So many captains, gentlemen, and soldiers,
That in this quarrel have been overthrown,
And sold their bodies for their country's benefit,

Shall we at last conclude effeminate peace ?
Have we not lost most part of all the towns,
By treason, falsehood, and by treachery,
Our great progenitors had conquered ?—

O, Warwick, Warwick ! I foresee with grief
The utter loss of all the realm of France.

War. Be patient, York ! if we conclude a peace,

It shall be with such strict and severe covenants

As little shall the Frenchmen gain thereby.

Enter CHARLES, attended ; ALENÇON, BASTARD, REIGNIER, and others.

Char. Since, lords of England, it is thus agreed,

That peaceful truce shall be proclaim'd in France,

We come to be informed by yourselves

What the conditions of that league must be.

York. Speak, Winchester ; for boiling choleric chokes

The hollow passage of my poison'd voice,

By sight of these our baleful enemies.

Win. Charles, and the rest, it is enacted thus :—

That, in regard King Henry gives consent,
Of mere compassion and of lenity,
To ease your country of distressful war,
And suffer you to breathe in fruitful peace,
You shall become true liegemen to his crown.
And, Charles, upon condition thou wilt swear
To pay him tribute, and submit thyself,

Thou shalt be plac'd as viceroy under him,
And still enjoy thy regal dignity.

Alen. Must he be then as shadow of himself?

Adorn his temples with a coronet,
And yet, in substance and authority,
Retain but privilege of a private man?
This proffer is absurd and reasonless.

Char. 'T is known already that I am possess'd

With more than half the Gallian territories,
And therein reverenc'd for their lawful king:

Shall I, for lucre of the rest unvanquish'd,
Detract so much from that prerogative,
As to be call'd but viceroy of the whole?
No, lord ambassador; I'll rather keep
That which I have, than, coveting for more,
Be cast from possibility of all.

York. Insulting Charles! hast thou by secret means

Us'd intercession to obtain a league,
And, now the matter grows to compromise,
Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison? ¹⁵⁰
Either accept the title thou usurp'st,
Of benefit proceeding from our king,
And not of any challenge of desert,
Or we will plague thee with incessant wars.

Reig. My lord, you do not well in obstinacy

To cavil in the course of this contract:
If once it be neglected, ten to one,
We shall not find like opportunity.

Alen. [*Aside to CHARLES.*] To say the truth,
it is your policy

To save your subjects from such massacre, ¹⁶⁰
And ruthless slaughters, as are daily seen
By our proceeding in hostility;
And therefore take this compact of a truce,
Although you break it when your pleasure
serves.

War. How say'st thou, Charles? shall our
condition stand?

Char. It shall;

Only reserv'd, you claim no interest
In any of our towns of garrison.

York. Then swear allegiance to his majesty;
As thou art knight, never to disobey, ¹⁷⁰
Nor be rebellious to the crown of England,
Thou, nor thy nobles, to the crown of Eng-
land.— [*CHARLES, and his Nobles,*

give tokens of fealty.
So; now dismiss your army when ye
please:

Hang up your ensigns, let your drums be
still,

For here we entertain a solemn peace.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, in conference with SUFFOLK; GLOSTER and EXETER following.

K. Hen. Your wondrous rare description,
noble earl,

Of beauteous Margaret hath astonish'd me:
Her virtues, graced with external gifts,
Do breed love's settled passions in my heart;
And like as rigour of tempestuous gusts
Provokes the mightiest hulk against the tide,
So am I driven, by breath of her renown,
Either to suffer shipwreck, or arrive
Where I may have fruition of her love.

Suf. Tush! my good lord, this superficial
tale

Is but a preface of her worthy praise:
The chief perfections of that lovely dame
(Had I sufficient skill to utter them)
Would make a volume of enticing lines,
Able to ravish any dull conceit.

And, which is more, she is not so divine,
So full replete with choice of all delights,
But, with as humble lowliness of mind,
She is content to be at your command;
Command, I mean, of virtuous chaste intents,
To love and honour Henry as her lord. ²¹

K. Hen. And otherwise will Henry ne'er
presume.

Therefore, my lord protector, give consent,
That Margaret may be England's royal queen.

Glo. So should I give consent to flatter sin.
You know, my lord, your highness is be-
troth'd

Unto another lady of esteem;—
How shall we then dispense with that con-
tract,

And not deface your honour with reproach?

Suf. As doth a ruler with unlawful oaths;
Or one that, at a triumph having vow'd ³¹
To try his strength, forsaketh yet the lists
By reason of his adversary's odds.

A poor earl's daughter is unequal odds,
And therefore may be broke without offence.

Glo. Why, what, I pray, is Margaret more
than that?

Her father is no better than an earl,
Although in glorious titles he excel.

Suf. Yes, my good lord, her father is a
king,

The King of Naples and Jerusalem; ⁴⁰
And of such great authority in France,
As his alliance will confirm our peace,
And keep the Frenchmen in allegiance.

Glo. And so the Earl of Armagnac may do,
Because he is near kinsman unto Charles.

Exe. Beside, his wealth doth warrant a
liberal dower,

Where Reignier sooner will receive than give.

Suf. A dower, my lords! disgrace not so your king,

That he should be so abject, base, and poor,
To choose for wealth, and not for perfect love.

Henry is able to enrich his queen, ⁵¹
And not to seek a queen to make him rich.

So worthless peasants bargain for their wives,
As market-men for oxen, sheep, or horse.

Marriage is a matter of more worth
Than to be dealt in by attorneyship:
Not whom we will, but whom his grace
affects,

Must be companion of his nuptial bed;
And therefore, lords, since he affects her most,

It most of all these reasons bindeth us, ⁶⁰
In our opinions she should be preferred.

For what is wedlock forced, but a hell,
An age of discord and continual strife?

Whereas the contrary bringeth bliss,
And is a pattern of celestial peace.

Whom should we match with Henry, being a
king,

But Margaret, that is daughter to a king?
Her peerless feature, joined with her birth,

Approves her fit for none but for a king:
Her valiant courage, and undaunted spirit, ⁷⁰

(More than in women commonly is seen,)
Will answer our hope in issue of a king;

For Henry, son unto a conqueror,
Is likely to beget more conquerors,

If with a lady of so high resolve,
As is fair Margaret, he be link'd in love.

Then yield, my lords; and here conclude
with me

That Margaret shall be queen, and none but
she.

K. Hen. Whether it be through force of
your report,

My noble Lord of Suffolk, or for that ⁸⁰
My tender youth was never yet attaint

With any passion of inflaming love,
I cannot tell; but this I am assur'd,

I feel such sharp dissension in my breast,
Such fierce alarms both of hope and fear,

As I am sick with working of my thoughts.
Take, therefore, shipping; post, my lord, to

France;
Agree to any covenants, and procure

That Lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come
To cross the seas to England, and be

crown'd ⁹⁰
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen.

For your expenses and sufficient charge,
Among the people gather up a tenth.

Be gone, I say; for till you do return,
I rest perplexed with a thousand cares.—

And you, good uncle, banish all offence:
If you do censure me by what you were,

Not what you are, I know it will excuse
This sudden execution of my will.

And so conduct me, where from company ¹⁰⁰
I may revolve and ruminate my grief. [*Exit.*

Glo. Ay, grief, I fear me, both at first and
last. [*Exeunt GLOSTER and EXETER.*

Suf. Thus Suffolk hath prevail'd; and thus
he goes,

As did the youthful Paris once to Greece;
With hope to find the like event in love,

But prosper better than the Trojan did.
Margaret shall now be queen, and rule the

king;
But I will rule both her, the king, and realm.

[*Exit.*

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DUKE OF MILAN, *Father to Silvia.*

VALENTINE, *the Two Gentlemen.*

PROTEUS,

ANTONIO, *Father to Proteus.*

THURIO, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

EGLAMOUR, *Agent for Silvia in her escape.*

SPEED, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

LAUNCE, *the like to Proteus.*

PANTHINO, *Servant to Antonio.*

Host, where Julia lodges.

Outlaws with Valentine.

JULIA, *beloved of Proteus.*

SILVIA, *beloved of Valentine.*

LUCETTA, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE—Sometimes in VERONA, sometimes in MILAN, and on the frontiers of MANTUA.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—An open Place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus:
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits.
Were't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardis'd at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive
therein,

Even as I would, when I to love begin. 10

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valen-
tine, adieu.

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and in thy
danger,

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy beadsman, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my
success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for
thee. 20

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep
love,

How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love,
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in
love,

And yet you never swum the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not
the boots.

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought
with groans;

Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading
moment's mirth, " 30

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:

If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;

If lost, why then a grievous labour won:

However, but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquish'd.

Pro. So, by your circumstance you call me
fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance, I fear,
you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at: I am not
Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters
you;

And he that is so yoked by a fool, 40
Methinks, should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest
bud

The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward
bud

Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,

Even so by love the young and tender wit

Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,

Losing his verdure even in the prime,

And all the fair effects of future hopes. 50

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
'That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu. My father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our leave.

To Milan let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend;
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell. [*Exit.*]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love:
He leaves his friends to dignify them more;
I leave myself, my friends, and all, for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought,
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master?

Pro. But now he parted hence to embark for Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already,

And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed, a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why, then my horns are his horns, whether I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True, and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my master seeks not me: therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd, the shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee: therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry "baa."

Pro. But dost thou hear? gav'st thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray: 't were best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound,—a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. What said she? [*SPEED nods.*] Did she nod?

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddly.

Speed. You mistook, sir: I say she did nod; and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is noddly.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no; you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word noddly for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come; open the matter in brief: what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once deliver'd.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter. And being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear she'll

prove as hard to you in telling your mind
Give her no token but stones, for she's as
hard as steel.

Pro. What! said she nothing? ¹⁴

Speed. No, not so much as—"Take this for
thy pains." To testify your bounty, I thank
you, you have testern'd me; in requita-
whereof, henceforth carry your letters yourself.
And so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship
from wrack,

Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.—
I must go send some better messenger :
I fear my Julia would not deign my lines, ¹⁵⁰
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—The Same. JULIA'S Garden.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in
love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not un-
heedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll
show my mind
According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir
Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and
fine; ¹⁰
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mer-
catio?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself,
so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle
Proteus?

Luc. Lord, Lord! to see what folly reigns
in us!

Jul. How now! what means this passion
at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam: 't is a passing
shame,

That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the
rest? ²⁰

Luc. Then thus,—of many good I think
him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason:
I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my
love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not
cast away.

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never
mov'd me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best
loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but
small.

Luc. Fire that's closest kept burns most of
all. ³⁰

Jul. They do not love that do not show
their love.

Luc. O! they love least, that let men know
their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. "To Julia." Say, from whom?

Luc. That the contents will show.

Jul. Say, say, who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I
think, from Proteus.

He would have given it you, but I, being in
the way,

Did in your name receive it: pardon the
fault, I pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly
broker! ³⁵

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now, trust me, 't is an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper: see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee
than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the
letter.

't were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid
her. ⁵⁰

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say "No" to that
Which they would have the profferer con-
strue, "Ay."

Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the
nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod.

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,

When willingly I would have had her here:

How angerly I taught my brow to frown, ⁶⁰

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile.
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past.—
What ho! Lucetta!

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is it near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were;
That you might kill your stomach on your
meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you took up so
gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up
That I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it con-
cerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it
concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you
in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune:
Give me a note: your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be
possible:

Best sing it to the tune of "Light o' love." ⁸⁰

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike, it hath some burden
then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, would
you sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song.—How now,
minion!

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will
sing it out:

And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. No, madam; it is too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a
descant: ⁹⁰

There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your un-
ruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth
trouble me.

Here is a coil with protestation!—

[Tears the letter.

Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie:

You would be fingering them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would
be best pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with
the same! ¹⁰⁰

O hateful hands! to tear such loving words:
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your
stings!

I'll kiss each several paper for amends.

Look, here is writ—"kind Julia."—Unkind
Julia!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

And here is writ—"love-wounded Proteus."—
Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed, ¹¹⁰
Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly
heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written
down

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
Till I have found each letter in the letter,
Except mine own name; that some whirl-
wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful-hanging rock,
And throw it thence into the raging sea!
Lo! here in one line is his name twice
writ,—

"Poor forlorn Proteus; passionate Proteus ¹²⁰
To the sweet Julia:"—that I'll tear away;
And yet I will not, sith so prettily
He couples it to his complaining names.
Thus will I fold them one upon another:
Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you
will.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam,
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What! shall these papers lie like
tell-tales here?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take
them up. ¹³⁰

Luc. Nay, I was taken up for laying them
down;

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind to
them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights
you see;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come; will't please you go?

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in
ANTONIO'S House.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was
that,

Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your
son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd, that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at
home,

While other men, of slender reputation,
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out
Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there;
Some, to discover islands far away;

Some, to the studious universities. 10
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said that Proteus, your son, was meet,
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home,
Which would be great impeachment to his
age,

In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me
to that

Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time,
And how he cannot be a perfect man, 20
Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,

And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then, tell me, whither were I best to send
him?

Pant. I think, your lordship is not igno-
rant,

How his companion, youthful Valentine,
Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship
sent him thither.

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourse, converse with noble-
men, 31

And be in eye of every exercise,
Worthy his youth, and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel: well hast thou
advise'd;

And, that thou may'st perceive how well I
like it,

The execution of it shall make known.
Even with the speediest expedition

I will dispatch him to the emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, Don
Alphonso,

With other gentlemen of good esteem, 40

Are journeying to salute the emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall
Proteus go:

And, in good time.—Now will we break with
him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her bath for love, her honour's
pawn.

O! that our fathers would applaud our
loves,

To seal our happiness with their consents!

O heavenly Julia! 50

• *Ant.* How now! what letter are you
reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a
word or two

Of commendations sent from Valentine,
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what
news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that
he writes

How happily he lives, how well belov'd,

And daily graced by the emperor;

Wishing me with him, partner of his
fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his
wish? 60

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's
will,

And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sort'd with his
wish.

Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed,
For what I will, I will, and there an end.

I am resolv'd, that thou shalt spend some
time

With Valentinus in the emperor's court:

What maintenance he from his friends
receives,

Like exhibition thou shalt have from me.

To-morrow be in readiness to go: 70

Excuse it not; for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon pro-
vided:

Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st shall be
sent after thee: . .

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—

Come on, Panthino: you shall be employ'd

To hasten on his expedition.

[*Exeunt ANTONIO and PANTHINO.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire for fear
of burning,

And drench'd me in the sea, where I
brown'd.
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter, ⁸⁸
Lest he should take exceptions to my love ;
And, with the vantage of mine own excuse,
Hath he excepted most against my love.
O ! how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,

And by-and-by a cloud takes all away.

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you :
He is in haste ; therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is : my heart accords
thereto, ⁹⁰

And yet a thousand times it answers, No.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S
Palace.

Enter VALENTINE and, SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for
this is but one.

Val. Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's
mine.—

Sweet ornament, that decks a thing divine !
Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! Madam Silvia !

Val. How now, sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mis-
took. ¹⁰

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for
being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir. Tell me, do you know
Madam Silvia ?

Speed. She that your worship loves ?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in
love ?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks.
First, you have learn'd, like Sir Proteus, to
wreath your arms, like a malcontent ; to
relish a love-song, like a robin-redbreast ; to
walk alone, like one that had the pestilence ;
to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his
A B C ; to weep, like a young wench that
had buried her grandam ; to fast, like one
that takes diet ; to watch, like one that fears
robbing ; to speak puling, like a beggar at
Hallowmas. You were wont, when you
laugh'd, to crow like a cock ; when you
walk'd, to walk 'like one of the lions ; when
you fasted, it was presently after dinner ;
when you look'd sadly, it was for want of
money ; and now you are metamorphosed
with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I
can hardly think you my master. ²⁰

Val. Are all these things perceived in me ?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me ? they cannot.

Speed. Without you ? nay, that's certain ;
for, without you were so simple, none else
would : but you are so without these follies,
that these follies are within you, and shine
through you like the water in an urinal, that
not an eye that sees you, but is a physician
to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady
Silvia ? ⁴⁰

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she
sits at supper ?

Val. Hast thou observed that ? even she I
mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on
her, and yet know'st her not ?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, sir ?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know ? ⁵⁰

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you)
well-favour'd.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite,
but her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted,
and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted ? and how out of count ?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted to make her
fair, that no man counts of her beauty. ⁶⁰

Val. How esteem'st thou me ? I account
of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was
deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deformed ?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her,
and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why ?

Speed. Because Love is blind. O ! that
you had mine eyes ; or your own eyes had
the lights they were wont to have, when you
chid at Sir Proteus for going ungartered ! ⁷⁰

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and he passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed. I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them.

—Peace! here she comes.

Speed. O excellent motion! O exceeding puppet! Now will he interpret to her.

Enter SILVIA.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good-morrows.

Speed. O! 'give ye good even: here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest, and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoind me, I have writ your letter

Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant. 'Tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;

For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam: so it stead you, I will write,

Please you command, a thousand times as much.

And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period. Well, I guess the sequel;

And yet I will not name it;—and yet I care not;—

And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you,

Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

Val. What means your ladyship; do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ,

But since unwillingly, take them again.

Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, sir, at my request,

But I will none of them; they are for you.

I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over:

And, if it please you, so; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam; what then?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labour:

And so good morrow, servant.

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,

As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!

My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device! was there ever heard a better,

That my master, being scribe, to himself should write the letter?

Val. How now, sir! what, are you reasoning with yourself?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming: 't is you that have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from Madam Silvia.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To yourself. Why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you, indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there an end.

Val. I would it were no worse!

Speed. I'll warrant you, 't is as well:
For often have you writ to her, and she, in
modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again
reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might
her mind discover,
Herself hath taught her love himself to write
unto her lover.

All this I speak in print, for in print I found it.
—Why muse you, sir? 't is dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the
chameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one
that am nourish'd by my victuals, and would
fain have meat. O! be not like your mis-
tress: be moved, be moved. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S
House.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the
sooner.

Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*Giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why, then we'll make exchange:
here, take you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy
kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true con-
staney;

And when that hour o'erslips me in the
day,

Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,

The next ensuing hour some foul mischance

Torment me for my love's forgetfulness.

My father stays my coming; answer not.

The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should.

[*Exit JULIA.*]

Julia, farewell. — What! gone without a
word?

Ay, so true love should do: it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to
grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Sir Proteus, you are stay'd for.

Pro. Go; I come, I come.—
Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 't will be this hour ere I have
done weeping: all the kind of the Launces
have this very fault. I have received my
proportion, like the prodigious son, and am
going with Sir Proteus to the imperial's court.
I think Crab, my dog, be the sourest-natured
dog that lives: my mother weeping, my
father wailing, my sister crying, our maid
howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all
our house in a great perplexity, yet did not
this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear. He is
stone, a very pebble stone, and has no more
pity in him than a dog; a Jew would have
wept to have seen our parting: why, my
grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept
herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show
you the manner of it. This shoe is my father:
—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this
left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be
so, neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath
the worser sole. This shoe, with the hole in
it, is my mother, and this my father. A
vengeance on't! there 't is: now, sir, this
staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as
white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this
hat is Nan, our maid: I am the dog;—no,
the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O! the
dog is me, and I am myself: ay, so, so. Now
come I to my father; "Father, your blessing:"
now should not the shoe speak a word for
weeping: now should I kiss my father; well,
he weeps on. Now come I to my mother;
—O, that she could speak now, like a wood
woman!—well, I kiss her; why, there 't is,
here 's my mother's breath up and down. Now
come I to my sister; mark the moan she
makes: now, the dog all this while sheds not
a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay
the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pant. Launce, away, away, aboard: thy
master is shipped, and thou art to post after
with oars. What's the matter? why weep'st
thou, man? Away, ass; you'll lose the tide,
if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the tied were
lost; for it is the unkindest tied that ever
any man tied.

Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Launce. Why, he that's tied here, Crab, my
dog.

Pant. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the
flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy
voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy

master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tied. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man: I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Milan. A Room in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant.

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, Sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'T were good you knock'd him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, Sir Thurio! do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, madam: he is a kind of chameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir: you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam, we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady; for you gave the fire. Sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir: you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers; for it appears by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more. Here comes my father.

Enter the DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.

Sir Valentine, your father's in good health: What say you to a letter from your friends Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful to any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman?

Val. Ay, my good lord; I know the gentleman.

To be of worth, and worthy estimation, And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord; a son, that well deserves

The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I know him as myself; for from our infancy

We have convers'd, and spent our hours together:

And though myself have been an idle truant, Omitting the sweet benefit of time

To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection, Yet hath Sir Proteus, for that's his name,

Made use and fair advantage of his days: His years but young, but his experience old:

His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe: And, in a word (for far behind his worth

Come all the praises that I now bestow), He is complete in feature, and in mind,

With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this good,

He is as worthy for an empress' love,

As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me
With commendation from great potentates :
And here he means to spend his time awhile.
I think, 't is no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had
been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his
worth.

Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, *Sir*
Thurio :—

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it.
I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit.*

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your
ladyship,

Had come along with me, but that his
mistress

Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchis'd
them,

Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them
prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind ; and,
being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you ?

Val. Why, lady, Love hath twenty pair of
eyes.

Thu. They say, that Love hath not an eye
at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as your-
self :

Upon a homely object Love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done. Here comes
the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Proteus* !—*Mistress*, I
beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome
hither,

If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. *Mistress*, it is. Sweet lady, entertain
him

To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a
servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady ; but too mean a
servant

To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability.—

Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his
meed.

Servant, you are welcome to a worthless
mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but your-
self.

Sil. That you are welcome ?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, my lord, your father, would
speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. [*Exit Serr.*

Come, *Sir Thurio*,

Go with me.—Once more, new servant, wel-
come :

I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs ;

When you have done, we look to hear from
you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your lady-
ship.

[*Exeunt SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.*

Val. Now, tell me, how do all from whence
you came ?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them
much commended.

Val. And how do yours ?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady, and how thrives
your love ?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary
you :

I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Proteus*, but that life is alter'd
now :

I have done penance for contemning Love ;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd
me

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore
sighs ;

For, in revenge of my contempt of Love,
Love hath chas'd sleep from my entrall'd
eyes,

And made them watchers of mine own heart's
sorrow.

O gentle *Proteus* ! Love's a mighty lord,

And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,

There is no woe to his correction,

Nor to his service no such joy on earth !

Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;

Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and
sleep,

Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your
eye.

Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ! and is she not a heavenly
saint ?

Pro. No, but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O! flatter me, for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills,

And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her: if not divine,

Yet let her be a principality,¹⁵⁰
Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignified with this high honour,—
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a
kiss,

And, of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,¹⁶⁰
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism
is this?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus: all I can, is
nothing

To her, whose worth makes other worthies
nothing.

She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world. Why, man, she
is mine own,

And I as rich in having such a jewel
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,¹⁷⁰
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay, more,
our marriage-hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of: how I must climb her win-
dow,

The ladder made of cords, and all the means,¹⁸⁰
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.

Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you
forth.

I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessities, that I needs must use,
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

Pro. I will.—

[*Exit VALENTINE.*

Even as one heat another heat expels,¹⁹⁰
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine eye, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus?
She's fair, and so is Julia that I love,—
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd,
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,²⁰⁰
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold,
And that I love him not, as I was wont;
O! but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'T is but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.²¹⁰
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—The Same. A Street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome
to Pulua!

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth,
for I am not welcome. I reckon this always,
that a man is never undone, till he be hang'd;
nor never welcome to a place, till some cer-
tain shot be paid, and the hostess say, "Wel-
come!"

Speed. Come on, you madcap, I'll to the
ale-house with you presently; where for one
shot of five pence thou shalt have five thou-
sand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy
master part with Madam Julia?²²

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest,
they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a
fish.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter
with them?²³

Launce. Marry, thus: when it stands well
with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand
thee not.



C. GREEN, *Paint.*

C. W. SHARPE, *Sculpt.*

SPEED AND LAUNCE.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not
Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not!
My staff understands me.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not. My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand-under and under-stand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But *Launce*, how say'st thou, that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. An Apartment in the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;

To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;

To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;

And even that power which gave me first my oath,

Provokes me to this threefold perjury:

Love bade me swear, and Love bids me forswear.

O sweet-suggesting Love! if thou hast sinn'd, Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.

At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.

Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better.—

Fie, fie, unreverend tongue! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.

Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose:

If I keep them, I needs must lose myself;

If I lose them, thus find I, by their loss,

For Valentine, myself; for Julia, Silvia.

I to myself am dearer than a friend,

For love is still most precious in itself;

And Silvia (witness Heaven that made her fair!)

Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiop.

I will forget that Julia is alive,

Remembering that my love to her is dead;

And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,

Aiming at Silvia, as a sweeter friend.

I cannot now prove constant to myself

Without some treachery used to Valentine:—

This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder

To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window;

Myself in counsel, his competitor.

Now, presently I'll give her father notice

Of their disguising, and pretended flight;

Who, all enrag'd, will banish Valentine,

For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his laughter;

But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross

By some sly trick blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.

Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,

As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—Verona. A Room in JULIA'S House.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me;

And, e'en in kind love, I do conjure thee,
Who art the table wherein all my thoughts

Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,

To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,

How, with my honour, I may undertake

A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
Much less shall she, that hath Love's wings
to fly,
And when the flight is made to one so dear,
Of such divine perfection, as Sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O! know'st thou not, his looks are my
soul's food!
Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with
snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with
words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's
hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of
reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more
it burns.
The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth
rage;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamell'd
stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
And so by many winding nooks he strays
With willing sport to the wild ocean.
Then, let me go, and hinder not my course.
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my
love;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would pre-
vent
The loose encounters of lascivious men.
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such wee
As may beseech some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why, then your ladyship must cut
your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken
strings
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastic, may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make
your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well as—"Tell me, good
my lord,
What compass will you wear your farthin-
gale?"

Why, even what fashion thou best lik'st,
Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a
codpiece, madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta! that will be ill-
favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not
worth a pin,
Unless you have a codpiece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lov'st me, let me
have
What thou think'st meet, and is most
mannerly.

But tell me, wench, how will the world
repute me

For undertaking so unstaid a journey?
I fear me, it will make me scandalis'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home,
and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are
gone.

I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear.
A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful
men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base
effect;

But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth:
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his
heart;
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from
earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you
come to him!

Jul. Now, as thou lov'st me, do him not
that wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth:
Only deserve my love by loving him,
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation;
Only, in lieu thereof, dispatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently:
I am impatient of my tarriance. [Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Milan. An Antechamber in the
DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray,
awhile :

We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit THURIO.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with
me ?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would
discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal ;

But, when I call to mind your gracious
favours

Done to me, undeserving as I am,

My duty pricks me on to utter that

Which else no worldly good should draw from
me.

Know, worthy prince, Sir Valentine, my
friend,

This night intends to steal away your
daughter :

Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know you have determin'd to bestow her

On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates ;

And should she thus be stol'n away from you,

It would be much vexation to your age.

Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose

To cross my friend in his intended drift

Than, by concealing it, heap on your head

A pack of sorrows, which would press you
down,

Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine
honest care,

Which to requite, command me while I live.

This love of theirs myself have often seen,

Haply, when they have judg'd me fast asleep ;

And oftentimes hath purpos'd to forbid

Sir Valentine her company, and my court ;

But, fearing lest my jealous aim might err,

And so unworthily disgrace the man

(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd),

I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find

That which thyself hast now disclos'd to me.

And, that thou may'st perceive my fear of
this,

Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,

I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,

The key whereof myself have ever kept ;

And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devis'd
a mean

How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently,
Where, if it please you, you may intercept
him.

But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,

That my discovery be not aimed at ;

For love of you, not hate unto my friend,

Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never
know

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord : Sir Valentine is
coming. [*Exit.*]

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a mes-
senger

That stays to bear my letters to my friends,

And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify

My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter : stay with me
awhile.

I am to break with thee of some affairs,

That touch me near, wherein thou must be
secret.

'T is not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir Thurio, to my
daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honourable ; besides, the
gentleman

Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities

Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.

Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me : she is peevish, sullen,
froward,

Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;

Neither regarding that she is my child,

Nor fearing me as if I were her father :

And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,

Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;
And, where I thought the remnant of mine

age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like
duty,

I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,

And turn her out to who will take her in :

Then, let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;

For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady in Verona here, Whom I affect; but she is nice, and coy, And nought esteems my aged eloquence: Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor

(For long ago I have forgot to court; Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd), How, and which way, I may bestow myself, To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.

Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind, More than quick words do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her.

Send her another; never give her o'er, For scorn at first makes after-love the more.

If she do frown, 't is not in hate of you, But rather to beget more love in you; If she do chide, 't is not to have you gone, For why the fools are mad, if left alone.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say; For, "get you gone," she doth not mean, "away."

Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;

Though ne'er so black, say they have angels' faces.

That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man

If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean is promis'd by her friends

Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,

And kept severely from resort of men,

That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why, then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground,

And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder quaintly made of cords,

To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks, Would serve to scale another Hero's tower, So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,

Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for Love is like a child,

That longs for everything that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it

Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn?

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then, let me see thy cloak: I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?

I pray thee, let me feel thy cloak upon me.—What letter is this same? What's here?—

"To Silvia?"

And here an engine fit for my proceeding! I'll be so bold to break the seal for once.

[*Reads.*

"My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying;

O! could their master come and go as lightly, Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

I curse myself, for they are sent by me,

That they should harbour where their lord should be."

What's here?

Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee."

'T is so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why, Phaethon (for thou art Merops' son),

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder ! overweening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,
And think my patience, more than thy
desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence. 160
Thank me for this, more than for all the
favours,

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee :
But if thou linger in my territories
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By Heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the
love

I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone : I will not hear thy vain excuse ;
But, as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from
hence. [*Exit DUKE.*]

Val. And why not death, rather than
living torment ?

To die is to be banish'd from myself ;
And Silvia is myself : banish'd from her,
Is self from self ; a deadly banishment.
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen ?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by ?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale ;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day, 180
There is no day for me to look upon.
She is my essence ; and I leave to be,
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom :
Tarry I here, I but attend on death ;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS and LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy ; run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho ! so-ho !

Pro. What seest thou ? 190

Launce. Him we go to find : there's not a
hair on 's head, but 't is a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine ?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then ? his spirit ?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak ? master, shall
I strike ?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike ? 200

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I
pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear.—Friend Valen-
tine, a word.

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear
good news,

So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine. 210

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred
Silvia !—

Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia hath forsworn
me !—

What is your news ?

Launce. Sir, there is a proclamation that
you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd : O ! that is
the news,

From hence, from Silvia, and from me, thy
friend.

Val. O ! I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.

Doth Silvia know that I am banish'd ? 220

Pro. Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the
doom

(Which, unrevers'd, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so
became them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding
tears, 231

Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;

But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.

Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,

When she for thy repeal was suppliant,

That to close prison he commanded her,

With many bitter threats of bidding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word that
thou speak'st

Have some malignant power upon my life :

If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear, 240

As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst
not help,

And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy
love ;

Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,

And manage it against despairing thoughts.

Thy letters may be here, though thou art
hence ;

Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd 250

Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate :
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate,
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs.
As thou lov'st Silvia, though not for thyself,
Regard thy danger, and along with me !

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest
my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the
north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come,
Valentine ²⁵⁰

Val. O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !
[*Exeunt VALENTINE and PROTEUS.*]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you, and yet
I have the wit to think, my master is a kind
of a knave ; but that's all one, if he be but
one knave. He lives not now, that knows
me to be in love : yet I am in love ; but a
team of horse shall not pluck that from me,
nor who 't is I love ; and yet 't is a woman :
but what woman, I will not tell myself ; and
yet 't is a milk-maid ; yet 't is not a maid, for
she hath had gossips ; yet 't is a maid, for
she is her master's maid, and serves for wages.
She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,
which is much in a bare Christian. Here is
the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] of her condi-
tions. Imprimis, "She can fetch and
carry." Why, a horse can do no more : nay,
a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore
is she better than a jade. Item, "She can
milk," look you ; a sweet virtue in a maid
with clean hands.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, Signior Launce ? what
news with your mastership ? ²⁶⁰

Launce. With my master's ship ? why, it is
at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still ; mis-
take the word. What news, then, in your
paper ?

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou
heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black ?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolthead ! thou canst
not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can. ²⁷⁰

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this :
who begot thee ?

Speed. Murry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer ! it was the
son of thy grandmother. This proves, that
thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come : try me in thy
paper.

Launce. There, and Saint Nicholas be thy
speed !

Speed. Imprimis, "She can milk."

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, "She brews good ale." ³⁰⁰

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

Speed. Item, "She can sew."

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can
she so ?

Speed. Item, "She can knit."

Launce. What need a man care for a stock
with a wench, when she can knit him a
stock ?

Speed. Item, "She can wash and scour."

Launce. A special virtue ; for then she need
not be wash'd and scour'd. ³¹⁰

Speed. Item, "She can spin."

Launce. Then may I set the world on
wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, "She hath many nameless
virtues."

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard
virtues ; that, indeed, know not their fathers,
and therefore have no names.

Speed. Here follow her vices.

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, "She is not to be kissed
fasting, in respect of her breath." ³²⁰

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended
with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, "She hath a sweet mouth."

Launce. That makes amends for her sour
breath.

Speed. Item, "She doth talk in her sleep."

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she
sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, "She is slow in words."

Launce. O villain, that set this down
among her vices ! To be slow in words is
a woman's only virtue. I pray thee, out
with 't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, "She is proud."

Launce. Out with that too : it was Eve's
legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, "She hath no teeth."

Launce. I care not for that neither, because
I love crusts.

Speed. Item, "She is curst." ³⁴⁰

Launce. Well ; the best is, she hath no
teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, "She will often praise her
liquor."

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall : if
she will not, I will ; for good things should
be praised.

Speed. Item, "She is too liberal."

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now, of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults."

Launce. Stop there; I'll have her: she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, "She hath more hair than wit,"—

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be: I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit, for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed. —"And more faults than hairs,"—

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed. —"And more wealth than faults."

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious. Well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee! ay; who art thou? he hath stay'd for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him, for thou hast stay'd so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox of your love-letters!

Launce. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter. An unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets.—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

SCENE II.—The Same. An Apartment in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not but that she will love you,

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most:

Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,

That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure

Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat

Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,

And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—

How now, Sir Proteus? Is your countryman,

According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.

Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee

(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert),

Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,

Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect

The match between Sir Thurio and my laughter

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant

How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.

What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love Sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is, to slander Valentine
With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent;

Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:

Therefore, it must, with circumstance, be spoken

By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do:

'T is an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,

Your slander never can enlamage him:

Therefore, the office is indifferent,

Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord. If I can do it

By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,
She shall not long continue love to him.
But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
It follows not that she will love Sir Thurio.⁵⁰

Thu. Therefore, as you unwind her love
from him,
Lest it should ravel and be good to none,
You must provide to bottom it on me ;
Which must be done, by praising me as
much

As you in worth dispraise Sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in
this kind,
Because we know, on Valentine's report,
You are already Love's firm votary,
And cannot soon revolt, and change your
mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access ⁶⁰
Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
And for your friend's sake, will be glad of
you,

Where you may temper her, by your per-
suasion,

To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do I will effect.
But you, Sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
You must lay lime to tangle her desires
By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay, ⁷¹
Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your
heart.

Write, till your ink be dry, and with your tears
Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
That may discover such integrity :

For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets'
sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and
stones,

Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans ⁸⁰
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies,
Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
With some sweet concert : to their instru-
ments

Tune a deploring dump ; the night's dead
silence

Will well become such sweet-complaining
grievance.

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been
in love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in
practice.

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently, ⁹¹

To sort some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

I have a sonnet that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen !

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace till after
supper,

And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it ! I will pardon
you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Forest, between Milan and
Verona.

Enter certain Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast : I see a pas-
senger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but
down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you
have about you ;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone. These are the
villains

That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir : we are your
enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace ! we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we ; for he
is a proper man. ¹⁰

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth
to lose.

A man I am cross'd with adversity ;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourn'd there ? ²⁰

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer
might have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 *Out.* What ! were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse.

I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why, ne'er repent it, if it were done so. 30

But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a loom.

2 *Out.* Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,

Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat friar,

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them:

It is an honourable kind of thievery. 40

Val. Peace, villain!

2 *Out.* Tell us this: have you anything to take to?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,

Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth

Thrust from the company of awful men:

Myself was from Verona banished

For practising to steal away a lady,

An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman, 50

Who, in my mood, I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such-like petty crimes as these.

But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;

And, partly, seeing you are beautified

With goodly shape, and by your own report

A linguist, and a man of such perfection,

As we do in our quality much want—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,

Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you. 60

Are you content to be our general?

To make a virtue of necessity,

And live, as we do, in this wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all.

We'll do thee homage, and be rul'd by thee,

Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you; 70

Provided that you do no outrages

On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No; we detest such vile, base practices.

Come, go with us: we'll bring thee to our crows,

And show thee all the treasure we have got,
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—Milan. The Court of the Palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,

And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.

Under the colour of commending him,

I have access my own love to prefer;

But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,

To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.

When I protest true loyalty to her,

She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;

When to her beauty I commend my vows,

She bids me think how I have been forsworn,

In breaking faith with Julia whom I lov'd: 11

And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,

The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,

Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,

The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.

But here comes Thurio. Now must we to her window,

And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir Proteus? are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio; for you know that love

Will creep in service where it cannot go. 20

Thu. Ay; but I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who? Silvia?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,

Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter Host and JULIA, behind; JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest; methinks you're allicholly: I pray you, why is it?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry. I'll bring you where you shall hear music, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for. 51

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*]

Host. Hark! hark!

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace! let's hear 'em.

SONG.

*Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.*

*Is she kind, as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.*

*Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing 50
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.*

Host. How now! are you sadder than you were before? How do you, man? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake: the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heartstrings. 59

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay; I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark! what fine change is in the music.

Jul. Ay, that change is the spite.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. 70

But, host, doth this Sir Proteus, that we talk on,

Often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me,—he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, tomorrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside: the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear not you: I will so plead 80

That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At Saint Gregory's well

Thu. Farewell.

[*Exeunt THURIO and Musicians.*]

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen.

Who is that that spake?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth,

You would quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish: my will is even this, 91

That presently you bid me home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amerds.

For me, by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit, 100

And by-and-by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;

But she is dead.

Jul. [*Aside.*] 'T were false, if I should speak it;

For, I am sure, she is not buried.

Sil. Say, that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,

Survives, to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betroth'd; and art thou not ashamed

To wrong him with thy importunacy? 110

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,

Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers
thence ;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Jul. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber :
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep ;
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow,
And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. [*Aside.*] If 't were a substance, you
would, sure, deceive it,
And make it but a shadow, as I am.

Sil. I am very loth to be your idol, sir ;
But, since your falsehood shall become you
well

To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it.
And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'ernight,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt* PROTEUS, and SILVIA.]

Jul. Host, will you go ?

Host. By my halidom, I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies Sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house. Trust me, I
think, 't is almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest
night

That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. This is the hour that Madam Silvia
Entreated me to call, and know her mind.
There's some great matter she'd employ me
in.—

Madam, madam !

Enter SILVIA above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Egl. Your servant, and your friend ;
One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good
morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to yourself.
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman
(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not),
Valiant, wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd.
That art not ignorant what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine,

Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhors.
Thyself hast lov'd ; and I have heard thee
say,

No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;
And, for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company.
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still rewards with
plagues.

I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances :
Which since I know they virtuously are
plac'd,

I give consent to go along with you ;
Reeking as little what betideth me
As much I wish all good beforneth you.
When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At Friar Patrick's cell.
Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship.
Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind Sir Eglamour.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter LAUNCE with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play
the cur with him, look you, it goes hard :
one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that
I saved from drowning, when three or four
of his blind brothers and sisters went to it.
I have taught him, even as one would say
precisely, "Thus I would teach a dog." I
was sent to deliver him as a present to
Mistress Silvia from my master, and I came
no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he
steps me to her trencher, and steals her
capon's leg. O ! 't is a foul thing, when a
cur cannot keep himself in all companies. I
would have, as one should say, one that takes

upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily, he had been hang'd for 't: sure as I live, he had suffer'd for 't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. "Out with the dog!" says one; "What cur is that?" says another; "Whip him out," says the third; "Hang him up," says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab, and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: "Friend," quoth I, "you mean to whip the dog?" "Ay, marry, do I," quoth he. "You do him the more wrong," quoth I; "'t was I did the thing you wot of." He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed; I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd for 't: thou think'st not of this now. —Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of Madam Silvia. Did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale? Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well.
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whorson peasant!
Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried Mistress Silvia the dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur; and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for such a present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not. Here have I brought him back again.

Pro. What! didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir: the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,

Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say! Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave that still an end turns me to shame.

[*Exit LAUNCE.*]

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Partly, that I have need of such a youth,

That can with some discretion do my business,

For 't is no trusting to yon foolish lout;

But, chiefly, for thy face, and thy behaviour,

Which (if my augury deceive me not)

Witness good bringing up, fortune, and

truth:

Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.

Go presently, and take this ring with thee:

Deliver it to Madam Silvia.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token.

She's dead, belike?

Pro. Not so: I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, Alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she lov'd you as well

As you do love your lady Silvia.

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'T is pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, Alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and there-withal

This letter:—that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,

I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd

A fox to be the shepherd of thy lambs.

Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him,

That with his very heart despiseth me?

Because he loves her, he despiseth me;

Because I love him, I must pity him.

This ring I gave him when he parted from me,

To bind him to remember my good will ; 100
And now am I (unhappy messenger !)
To plead for that which I would not obtain ;
To carry that which I would have refus'd,
To praise his faith which I would have
disprais'd.

I am my master's true-confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him
speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day. I pray you, be my
mean 110

To bring me where to speak with Madam
Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be
she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your
patience

To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O ! he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[A picture brought.]

Go, give your master this : tell him from
me, 120

One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this
shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this
letter.—

Pardon me, madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not :
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that
again.

Jul. It may not be : good madam, pardon
me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines : 130
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will
break

As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this
ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends
it me ;

For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure.
Though his false finger have profan'd the
ring,

Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you. 140

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender
her.

Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her
much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks, that Proteus hath
forsook her.

Jul. I think she doth, and that's her
cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ? 150

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than
she is.

When she did think my master lov'd her
well,

She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ? 155

Jul. About my stature ; for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in Madam Julia's gown,
Which served me as fit, by all men's judg-
ments,

As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And at that time I made her weep agood,
For I did play a lamentable part.

Madam, 't was Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury and unjust flight ; 170
Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly, and 'would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholding to thee, gentle youth.
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—

I weep myself, to think upon thy words.

Here, youth ; there is my purse : I give thee
this

For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou
lov'st her. 175

Farewell.

[Exit SILVIA, attended.]

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er
you know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beauti-
ful !

I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture. Let me see : I think,

If I had such a tire, this face of mine
 Were full as lovely as is this of hers;
 And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
 Unless I flatter with myself too much.
 Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow:
 If that be all the difference in his love,
 I'll get me such a colour'd periwig.
 Her eyes are grey as glass, and so are mine
 Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's :
 high.
 What should it be, that he respects in her,
 But I can make respective in myself,
 If this fond Love were not a blinded god?

Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow
 up,
 For't is thy rival. O thou senseless form!
 Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd, and
 ador'd,
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That us'd me so, or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing
 eyes,
 To make my master out of love with thee.
[Exit.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. An Abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Egl. The sun begins to gild the western
 sky,
 And now it is about the very hour,
 That Silvia at Friar Patrick's cell should
 meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes.—Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall.
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.
Egl. Fear not: the forest is not three
 leagues off;
 If we recover that, we are sure enough.
[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same.—A Room in the
DUKE'S Palace.*Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, and JULIA.*

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my
 suit?
Pro. O, sir! I find her milder than she
 was:
 And yet she takes exceptions at your person.
Thu. What! that my leg is too long?
Pro. No, that it is too little.
Thu. I'll wear a boot to make it somewhat
 rounder.
Jul. [*Aside.*] But love will not be spurr'd
 to what it loathes.
Thu. What says she to my face?
Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies: my face
 is black.
Pro. But pearls are fair, and the old
 saying is,
 Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.
Jul. [*Aside.*] 'Tis true, such pearls as put
 out ladies' eyes;
 For I had rather wink than look on them.
Thu. How likes she my discourse?
Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.
Thu. But well, when I discourse of love
 and peace?
Jul. [*Aside.*] But better, indeed, when you
 hold your peace.
Thu. What says she to my valour?
Pro. O, sir! she makes no doubt of that.
Jul. [*Aside.*] She needs not, when she
 knows it cowardice.
Thu. What says she to my birth?
Pro. That you are well deriv'd.
Jul. [*Aside.*] True; from a gentleman to a
 fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?*Pro.* O! ay; and pities them.*Thu.* Wherefore?*Jul.* [*Aside.*] That such an ass should owe
 them.*Pro.* That they are out by lease.*Jul.* Here comes the duke.
30*Enter DUKE.*

Duke. How now, Sir Proteus? how now,
 Thurio?
 Which of you saw Sir Eglamour of late?
Thu. Not I.
Pro. Nor I.
Duke. Saw you my daughter?
Pro. Neither.
Duke. Why, then
 She's fled unto that peasant Valentine,
 And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar Laurence met them
 both,
 As he in penance wander'd through the
 forest;
 Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was
 she,
 But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it; 40
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even, and there she was
 not.
 Theselikelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot,
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are
 fled.
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me.

[*Exit.*]

Thou. Why, this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her. 50
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless Silvia. [*Exit.*]
Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's
 love,

Than hate of Eglamour, that goes with her.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that
 love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Forest.

Enter SILVIA, and Outlaws.

1 *Out.* Come, come;
 Be patient, we must bring you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this
 one

Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 *Out.* Come, bring her away.

1 *Out.* Where is the gentleman that was
 with her?

3 *Out.* Being nimble-footed, he hath out-
 run us:

But Moses and Valerius follow him.

Go thou with her to the west end of the
 wood;

There is our captain. We'll follow him
 that's fled? 10

The thicket is beset; he cannot scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our
 captain's cave.

Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine! this I endure for thee.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled
 towns.

Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And to the nightingale's complaining notes
 Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
 O! thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was!
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia!
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn
 swain!—

What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day?
 These are my mates, that make their wills
 their law,

Have some unhappy passenger in chase.

They love me well; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.

Withdraw thee, Valentine: who's this comes
 here? [*Steps aside.*]

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for
 you

(Though you respect not aught your servant
 doth), 20

To hazard life, and rescue you from him
 That would have fore'd your honour and your
 love.

Vouchsafe me, for my meed, but one fair
 look;

A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,

And less than this, I am sure, you cannot
 give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and
 hear!

Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile.

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I
 came;

But by my coming I have made you happy. 30

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most
 unhappy.

Jul. [*Aside.*] And me, when he approacheth
 to your presence.

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
 O Heaven! be judge, how I love Valentine,
 Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
 And full as much (for more there cannot be)
 I do detest false perjur'd Proteus.

Therefore be gone: solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look!

O! 't is the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love, where he's belov'd.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou 'dst two,

And that's far worse than none: better have none

Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words

Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of love:
force you.

Sil. O Heaven!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love

(For such is a friend now); treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes: nought but mine eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say,

I have one friend alive: thou wouldst disprove me.

Who should be trusted now, when one's right hand

Is perjur'd to the bosom? Proteus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake. 70

The private wound is deepest. O time most accurst!

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine. If hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender 't here: I do as truly suffer

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid;

And once again I do receive thee honest.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of Heaven, nor earth; for these are pleas'd.

By penitence the Eternal's wrath's appeas'd:
And, that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in Silvia I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy! [*Faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now?
what is the matter?

Look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir! my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to Madam Silvia,
Which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 't is: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see.

Why, this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O! cry you mercy, sir; I have mistook:

This is the ring you sent to Silvia.

[*Shows another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring?

At my depart I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;

And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How? Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,

And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury, cleft the root!

O Proteus! let this habit make thee blush:
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love.

It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men
their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds! 't is true.

O Heaven! were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error

Fills him with faults; makes him run
through all the sins:

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins.

What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy

More fresh in Julia's, with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either.

Let me be blest to make this happy close:

'T were pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter Outlaws, with DUKE and THURIO.

Outlaws. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Val. Forbear : forbear, I say ; it is my lord the duke.—

Your grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio, give back, or else embrace thy death.

Come not within the measure of my wrath :
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands :

Take but possession of her with a touch ;

I dare thee but to breathe upon my love. 120

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that w'll endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not :
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,

To make such means for her as thou hast done,

And leave her on such slight conditions.

Now, by the honour of my ancestry,

I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,

And think thee worthy of an empress' love. 130

Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—

Plead a new state in thy unrivall'd merit,

To which I thus subscribe : Sir Valentine,

Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd ;

Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake

To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be. 150

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,

Are men endued with worthy qualities :

Forgive them what they have committed here,

And let them be recall'd from their exile.

They are reformed, civil, full of good,

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them, and thee :

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go : we will include all jars

With triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity. 160

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold

With our discourse to make your grace to smile.

What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him : he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,

That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.—

Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance but to hear

The story of your loves discovered : 170

That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;

One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*]

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SOLINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

ÆGEON, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers,*
ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, } *Sons to Ægeon*
 } *and Emilia.*

DROMIO of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, Attendants on the two*
DROMIO of Syracuse, } *Antipholuses.*

BALTHAZAR, *a Merchant.*

ANGELO, *a Goldsmith.*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholus of Syracuse.

A Merchant trading with Angelo.

PINCH, *a Schoolmaster.*

ÆMILIA, *Wife to Ægeon.*

ADRIANA, *Wife to Antipholus of Ephesus.*

LUCIANA, *her Sister.*

LUCE, *Servant to Adriana.*

A Courtesan.

| Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE—EPHESUS.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Hall in the DUKE'S Palace.

Enter DUKE, ÆGEON, Gaoler, Officers, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. Proceed, Solinus, to procure my fall,

And by the doom of death end woes and all.

Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more.

I am not partial, to infringe our laws :
The enmity and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancorous outrage of your duke

To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,—
Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,—

Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.¹⁰

For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusians and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns :

Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at Syracusian marts and fairs ;

Again, if any Syracusian born
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose ;²⁰

Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Thy substance, valued at the highest rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks ;

Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Æge. Yet this my comfort : when your words are done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, Syracusian ; say, in brief, the cause

Why thou departedst from thy native home,
And for what cause thou cam'st to Ephesus.

Æge. A heavier task could not have been impos'd³¹

Than I to speak my griefs unspeakable ;
Yet, that the world may witness, that my end

Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In Syracuse was I born, and wed

Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad.

With her I liv'd in joy : our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made⁴⁰

To Epidamnus ; till my factor's death,

And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse :

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before herself (almost at fainting under
The pleasing punishment that women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon, and safe, arriv'd where I was.

There had she not been long, but she became
A joyful mother of two goodly sons ;⁵⁰

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the self-same inn,
A meaner woman was delivered
Of such a burden, male twins, both alike.
Those, for their parents were exceeding poor,
I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
Made daily motions for our home return :
Unwilling I agreed ; alas ! too soon 60
We came aboard.

A league from Epidamnium had we sail'd,
Before the always-wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic instance of our harm :
But longer did we not retain much hope :
For what obscured light the heavens did
grant

Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
Which, though myself would gladly have
embrac'd,

Yet the incessant weepings of my wife, 70
Weeping before for what she saw must come,
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to
fear,

Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me.
And this it was,—for other means was none.
The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
And left the ship, then sinking-ripe, to us.
My wife, more careful for the latter-born,
Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast,
Such as seafaring men provide for storms : 80
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Fasten'd ourselves at either end the mast ;
And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
Were carried towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the sun, gazing upon the earth,
Dispers'd those vapours that offended us,
And by the benefit of his wished light 90
The seas wax'd calm, and we discovered
Two ships from far making amain to us ;
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this :
But ere they came,—O, let me say no more !
Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward, old man ; do not
break off so ;

For we may pity, though not pardon thee.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not
now

Worthily term'd them merciless to us !
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five
leagues, 100

We were encounter'd by a mighty rock ;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst ;

So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul ! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the
wind,

And in our sight they three were taken up no
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length another ship had seized on us ;
And, knowing whom it was their hap to
save,
Gave healthful welcome to their shipwreck'd
guests ;

And would have reft the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail ;
And therefore homeward did they bend their
course.—

Thus have you heard me sever'd from my
bliss,

That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mislaps. 120

Duke. And, for the sake of them thou
sorrowest for,

Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till
now.

Æge. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest
care,

At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother ; and importun'd me,
That his attendant (so his case was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in the quest of him ;
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see, 130
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.

Five summers have I spent in farthest
Greece,

Roaming clean through the bounds of Asia,
And, coasting homeward, came to Ephesus,
Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unsought
Or that, or any place that harbours men.

But there must end the story of my life ;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless Ægeon, whom the fates have
mark'd 140

To bear the extremity of dire mishap !
Now, trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes, would they, may not dis-
annul,

My soul should sue as advocate for thee.
But though thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can :
Therefore, merchant, I'll limit thee this day,

To seek thy help by beneficial help :
 Try all the friends thou hast in Ephesus ;
 Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the sum,
 And live ; if no, then thou art doom'd to
 die.—

Gaoler, take him to thy custody.

Gaol. I will, my lord.

Ege. Hopeless, and helpless, doth *Egeon*
 wend,

But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, DROMIO of
 Syracuse, and a Merchant.*

Mer. Therefore, give out you are of Epi-
 damnum,

Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
 This very day, a Syracusan merchant
 Is apprehended for arrival here ;
 And, not being able to buy out his life
 According to the statute of the town,
 Dies ere the weary sun set in the west.
 There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. S. Go bear it to the Centaur, where
 we host,

And stay there, Dromio, till I come to thee.
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time :
 Till that, I'll view the manners of the town,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn ;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. S. Many a man would take you at
 your word,
 And go indeed, having so good a mean.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. A trusty villain, sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the
 town,

And then go to my inn, and dine with me ?

Mer. I am invited, sir, to certain mer-
 chants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit ;
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the
 mart,

And afterwards consort you till bed-time :
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. S. Farewell till then. I will go lose
 myself,

And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own
 content.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. He that commends me to mine own
 content,

Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop ;
 Who, falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself :
 So I, to find a mother, and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself. 40

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanac of my true date.
 What now ? How chance thou art return'd
 so soon ?

Dro. E. Return'd so soon ! rather approach'd
 too late.

The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
 The clock hath stricken twelve upon the
 bell ;

My mistress made it one upon my cheek :
 She is so hot, because the meat is cold ;
 The meat is cold, because you come not
 home ;

You come not home, because you have no
 stomach ;

You have no stomach, having 'broke your
 fast ;

But we, that know what 'tis to fast and
 pray,

Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. S. Stop in your wind, sir. Tell me
 this, I pray :

Where have you left the money that I gave
 you ?

Dro. E. O ! sixpence, that I had o' Wednes-
 day last,

To pay the saddler for my mistress' crupper ;
 The saddler had it, sir ; I kept it not.

Ant. S. I am not in a sportive humour
 now.

Tell me, and dally not, where is the money ?
 We being strangers here, how dar'st thou
 trust

So great a charge from thine own custody ?

Dro. E. I pray you, jest, sir, as you sit at
 dinner.

I from my mistress come to you in post ;
 If I return, I shall be post indeed,
 For she will score your fault upon my pate.
 Methinks, your maw, like mine, should be
 your clock,

And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. S. Come, Dromio, come ; these jests
 are out of season :

Reserve them till a merrier hour than this.

Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee ?

Dro. E. To me, sir ? 'why, you gave no
 gold to me.

Ant. S. Come on, sir knave; have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge.

Dro. E. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the Phoenix, sir, to dinner.

My mistress, and her sister, stay for you.

Ant. S. Now, as I am a Christian, answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;

Or I shall break that merry sence of yours,
That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd.
Where is the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

Dro. E. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders,

But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance, you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. S. Thy mistress' marks! what mistress, slave, hast thou?

Dro. E. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the Phoenix;
She that doth fast till you come home to dinner,

And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. S. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? There, take you that, sir knave. *[Strikes him.]*

Dro. E. What mean you, sir? for God's sake, hold your hands.
Nay, an you will not, sir, I'll take my heels.

Ant. S. Upon my life, by some device or other

The villain is o'er-raught of all my money.
They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such-like liberties of sin:
If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.
I'll to the Centaur, to go seek this slave:
I greatly fear, my money is not safe. *[Exit.]*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—House of ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Neither my husband, nor the slave return'd,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, Luciana, it is two o'clock.

Luc. Perhaps, some merchant hath invited him,
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner.

Good sister, let us dine, and never fret:
A man is master of his liberty:
Time is their master; and, when they see time,

They'll go, or come: if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more? ¹⁰

Luc. Because their business still lies out o' door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. O! know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lash'd with woe.

There's nothing situate under heaven's eye
But hath his bound, in earth, in sea, in sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' subjects, and at their controls.

Men, more divine, the masters of all these, ²⁰
Lords of the wide world, and wild wat'ry seas,

Indued with intellectual sense and souls,
Of more pre-eminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords:
Then, let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But, were you wedded, you would bear some sway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where? ³⁰

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel though she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause.
A wretched soul, bruised with adversity,

We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of
pain,
As much, or more, we should ourselves com-
plain ;
So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve
thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve
me :

But if thou live to see like right bereft, 40
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day, but to
try.—

Here comes your man : now is your husband
nigh.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at
hand ?

Dro. E. Nay, he is at two hands with me,
and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him ?
Know'st thou his mind ?

Dro. E. Ay, ay ; he told his mind upon
mine ear.

Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand
it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst
not feel his meaning ? 51

Dro. E. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could
too well feel his blows : and withal so doubt-
fully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I prythee, is he coming
home ?

It seems, he hath great care to please his
wife.

Dro. E. Why, mistress, sure my master is
horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain !

Dro. E. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but,
sure, he is stark mad.

When I desir'd him to come home to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold : 61

"Tis dinner-time," quoth I ; "My gold !" 62
quoth he :

"Your meat doth burn," quoth I ; "My
gold !" quoth he :

"Will you come home ?" quoth I ; "My
gold !" quoth he :

"Where is the thousand marks I gave thee,
villain ?"

"The pig," quoth I, "is burn'd ;" "My
gold !" quoth he :

"My mistress, sir," quoth I ; "Hang up thy
mistress !

I know not thy mistress : out on thy mis-
tress !"

Luc. Quoth who ?

Dro. E. Quoth my master : 70
"I know," quoth he, "no house, no wife, no
mistress."

So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bear home upon my shoulders ;
For, in conclusion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch
him home.

Dro. E. Go back again, and be new beaten
home ?

For God's sake, send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate
across.

Dro. E. And he will bless that cross with
other beating.

Between you I shall have a holy head. 80

Adr. Hence, prating peasant ! fetch thy
master home.

Dro. E. Am I so round with you, as you
with me,

That like a football you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me
hither :

If I last in this service, you must case me in
leather. [Exit.

Luc. Fic, how impatience lowereth in your
face !

Adr. His company must do his minions
grace,

Whilst I at home starve for a merry look.
Hath homely age the alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted
it : 90

Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blunts it, more than marble
hard.

Do their gay vestments his affections bait ?
That's not my fault ; he's master of my state.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd ? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A sunny look of his would soon repair ;
But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale, 100
And feeds from home : poor I am but his
stale.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy !—fie ! beat it
hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs
dispense.

I know his eye doth homage elsewhere,
Or else, what lets it but he would be here ?
Sister, you know, he promis'd me a chain :
'Would that alone alone he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed !
I see, the jewel best enamelled
Will lose his beauty : and though gold 'bides
still, 110

That others touch, yet often touching will
Wear gold ; and no man, that hath a name,
But falsehood and corruption doth it shame.
Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools serve mad
jealousy ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—A Public Place.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid
up
Safe at the Centaur ; and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth, in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with Dromio, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See, here he
comes.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

How now, sir ? is your merry humour alter'd ?
As you love strokes, so jest with me again.
You know no Centaur ? You receiv'd no
gold ?
Your mistress sent to have me home to
dinner ?
My house was at the Phoenix ? Wast thou
mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me ?

Dro. S. What answer, sir ? when spake I
such a word ?

Ant. S. Even now, even here, not half an
hour since.

Dro. S. I did not see you since you sent
me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you
gave me.

Ant. S. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's
receipt,
And toldst me of a mistress, and a dinner ;
For which, I hope, thou feltst I was dis-
pleas'd.

Dro. S. I am glad to see you in this merry
vein.

What means this jest ? I pray you, master,
tell me.

Ant. S. Yea, dost thou jeer, and flout me
in the teeth ?

Think'st thou, I jest ? Hold, take thou that,
and that. *[Beating him.]*

Dro. S. Hold, sir, for God's sake ! now
your jest is earnest :

Upon what bargain do you give it me ?

Ant. S. Because that I familiarly some-
times

Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sauciness will jet upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines, let foolish gnats make
sport,
But creep in crannies, when he hides his
beams.

If you will jest with me, know my aspect,
And fashion your demeanour to my looks,
Or I will beat this method in your sconce.

Dro. S. Sconce, call you it ? so you would
leave battering, I had rather have it a head :
an you use these blows long, I must get a
sconce for my head, and ensconce it too ; or
else I shall seek my wit in my shoulders.
But, I pray, sir, why am I beaten ?

Ant. S. Dost thou not know ?

Dro. S. Nothing, sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. S. Shall I tell you why ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, and wherefore ; for, they
say, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. S. Why, first,—for flouting me, and
then, wherefore, —

For urging it the second time to me.

Dro. S. Was there ever any man thus
beaten out of season,
When, in the why, and the wherefore, is
neither rhyme nor reason ?—

Well, sir, I thank you.

Ant. S. Thank me, sir ? for what ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, for this something,
that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. S. I'll make you amends next, to give
you nothing for something. But say, sir, is
it dinner-time ?

Dro. S. No, sir : I think, the meat wants
that I have.

Ant. S. In good time, sir ; what's that ?

Dro. S. Basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, then 't will be dry.

Dro. S. If it be, sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. S. Your reason ?

Dro. S. Lest it make you cholerick, and
purchase me another dry basting.

Ant. S. Well, sir, learn to jest in good
time : there's a time for all things.

Dro. S. I durst have denied that, before
you were so cholerick.

Ant. S. By what rule, sir ?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, by a rule as plain as
the plain bald pate of Father Time himself.

Ant. S. Let's hear it.

Dro. S. There's no time for a man to
recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. S. May he not do it by fine and re-
covery ?

Dro. S. Yes, to pay a fine for a periwig,
and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. S. Why is Time such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

Dro. S. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts: and what he hath scanted men in hair, he hath given them in wit. ⁸²

Ant. S. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

Dro. S. Not a man of those, but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. S. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

Dro. S. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost: yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity. ⁹⁰

Ant. S. For what reason?

Dro. S. For two; and sound ones too.

Ant. S. Nay, not sound, I pray you.

Dro. S. Sure ones then.

Ant. S. Nay, not sure, in a thing falsing.

Dro. S. Certain ones then.

Ant. S. Name them.

Dro. S. The one, to save the money that he spends in tiring; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge. ¹⁰⁰

Ant. S. You would all this time have proved, there is no time for all things.

Dro. S. Marry, and did, sir; namely. no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant. S. But your reason was not substantial, why there is no time to recover.

Dro. S. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore, to the world's end, will have bald followers.

Ant. S. I knew, 't would be a bald conclusion. But soft! who wafts us yonder? ¹¹¹

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholus, look strange, and frown:

Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects,
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'd wouldst vow

That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well-welcome to thy hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd to thee. ¹²⁰

How comes it now, my husband, O! how comes it,

That thou art then estranged from thyself?

Thyself I call it, being strange to me,

That, undividable, incorporate,

Am better than thy dear self's better part.

Ah, do not tear away thyself from me;

For know, my love, as easy may'st thou fall

A drop of water in the breaking gulf,

And take unmingled thence that drop again,

Without addition or diminishing, ¹³⁰
As take from me thyself, and not me too.

How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Shouldst thou but hear I were licentious,
And that this body, consecrate to thee,
By ruffian lust should be contaminate!

Wouldst thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
And hurl the name of husband in my face,
And tear the stain'd skin off my harlot-brow,
And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,

And break it with a deep-divorcing vow? ¹⁴⁰
I know thou canst; and therefore, see thou do it.

I am possess'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
For, if we two be one, and thou play false,
I do digest the poison of thy flesh,
Being strumpeted by thy contagion.

Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;

I live disdain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. S. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old, ¹⁵⁰
As strange unto your town, as to your talk;
Who, every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Want wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fic, brother: how the world is chang'd with you!

When were you wont to use my sister thus?
She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. S. By Dromio?

Dro. S. By me?

Adr. By thee; and this thou didst return from him,--

That he did buffet thee, and, in his blows, ¹⁶⁰
Denied my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. S. Did you converse, sir, with this gentlewoman?

What is the course and drift of your compact?

Dro. S. I, sir? I never saw her till this time.

Ant. S. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words

Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

Dro. S. I never spake with her in all my life.

Ant. S. How can she thus then call us by our names,

Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood! ¹⁷⁵
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.

Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine ;
 Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine,
 Whose weakness, married to thy stronger state,
 Makes me with thy strength to communicate :
 If aught possess thee from me, it is dross,
 Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss ;¹⁸⁰
 Who, all for want of pruning, with intrusion
 Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. S. To me she speaks ; she moves me
 for her theme !

What, was I married to her in my dream,
 Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this ?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss ?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the offer'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread
 for dinner.

Dro. S. O, for my beads ! I cross me for
 a sinner.¹⁹⁰

This is the fairy land : O, spite of spites !
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites.
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, or pinch us black
 and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thyself, and
 answer'st not ?

Dromio, thou drone, thou snail, thou slug,
 thou sot !

Dro. S. I am transformed, master, am I
 not ?

Ant. S. I think thou art, in mind, and so
 am I.

Dro. S. Nay, master, both in mind and in
 my shape.

Ant. S. Thou hast thine own form.

Dro. S. No, I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to
 an ass.²⁰¹

Dro. S. 'Tis true ; she rides me, and I
 long for grass.

'Tis so, I am an ass ; else it could never be,
 But I should know her, as well as she knows
 me.

Adr. Come, come ; no longer will I be a
 fool,

To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to
 scorn.

Come, sir, to dinner.—Dromio, keep the
 gate.—

Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And shrieve you of a thousand idle pranks.—
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,²¹¹
 Say, he dines forth, and let no creature
 enter.—

Come, sister.—Dromio, play the porter well.

Ant. S. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in
 hell ?

Sleeping or waking ? mad, or well advis'd ?
 Known unto these, and to myself disguis'd ?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so,
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

Dro. S. Master, shall I be porter at the
 gate ?

Adr. Ay ; and let none enter, lest I break
 your pate.²²¹

Luc. Come, come, Antipholus ; we dine too
 late. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Same.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus, DROMIO of
 Ephesus, ANGELO, and BALTHAZAR.*

Ant. E. Good Signior Angelo, you must
 excuse us all ;

My wife is shrewish, when I keep not hours.
 Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
 To see the making of her carcanet,
 And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
 But here's a villain, that would face me
 down

He met me on the mart, and that I beat him,
 And charg'd him with a thousand marks in
 gold ;

And that I did deny my wife and house.—
 Thou drunkard, thou, what didst thou mean
 by this ?¹⁰

Dro. E. Say what you will, sir, but I know
 what I know.

That you beat me at the mart, I have your
 hand to show :

If the skin were parchment, and the blows
 you gave were ink,

Your own handwriting would tell you what I
 think.

Ant. E. I think, thou art an ass.

Dro. E. Marry, so it doth appear,
 By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I
 bear.

I should kick, being kick'd, and being at that
 pass,

You would keep from my heels, and beware
 of an ass.

Ant. E. You are sad, Signior Balthazar :
 'pray God, our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good
 welcome here.²⁰

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, sir, and
 your welcome dear.

Ant. E. O Signior Balthazar, either at flesh or fish,

A table-full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good meat, sir, is common; that every churl affords.

Ant. E. And welcome more common, for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer and great welcome makes a merry feast.

Ant. E. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But though my cates be mean, take them in good part;

Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart.

But soft! my door is lock'd. Go bid them let us in.

Dro. E. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Jin!

Dro. S. [Within.] Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch.

Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such store,

When one is one too many? Go get thee from the door.

Dro. E. What patch is made our porter?—My master stays in the street.

Dro. S. [Within.] Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch cold on's feet.

Ant. E. Who talks within there? ho! open the door.

Dro. S. [Within.] Right, sir: I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

Ant. E. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

Dro. S. [Within.] Nor to-day here you must not; come again when you may.

Ant. E. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

Dro. S. [Within.] The porter for this time, sir, and my name is Dromio.

Dro. E. O villain! thou hast stolen both mine office and my name:

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.

If thou hadst been Dromio to-day in my place,

Thou wouldst have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. [Within.] What a coil is there! Dromio, who are those at the gate?

Dro. E. Let my master in, Luce.

Luce. [Within.] Faith no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

Dro. E. O Lord! I must laugh.—⁵⁰ Have at you with a proverb:—Shall I set in my staff?

Luce. [Within.] Have at you with another: that's—When? can you tell?

Dro. S. [Within.] If thy name be called Luce, Luce, thou hast answer'd him well.

Ant. E. Do you hear, you minion? you'll let us in, I hope?

Luce. [Within.] I thought to have ask'd you.

Dro. S. [Within.] And you said, no.

Dro. E. So; come, help: well struck! there was blow for blow.

Ant. E. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. [Within.] Can you tell for whose sake?

Dro. E. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. [Within.] Let him knock till it ache.

Ant. E. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. [Within.] What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. [Within.] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noise?

Dro. S. [Within.] By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

Ant. E. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. [Within.] Your wife, sir knave? go get you from the door.

Dro. E. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, sir, nor welcome: we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

Dro. E. They stand at the door, master: bid them welcome hither.

Ant. E. There is something in the wind, that we cannot get in.

Dro. E. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

⁷⁰ Your cake there is warm within; you stand here in the cold:

It would make a man mad as a buck to be so bought and sold.

Ant. E. Go fetch me something: I'll break ope the gate.

Dro. S. [Within.] Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

Dro. E. A man may break a word with you, sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] It seems, thou wantest breaking. Out upon thee, hind !

Dro. E. Here 's too much out upon thee ! I pray thee, let me in.

Dro. S. [*Within.*] Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

Ant. E. Well, I 'll break in. Go borrow me a crow. 80

Dro. E. A crow without feather ? master, mean you so ?

For a fish without a fin, there 's a fowl without a feather.

If a crow help us in, sirrah, we 'll pluck a crow together.

Ant. E. Go get thee gone : fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, sir ; O ! let it not be so : Herein you war against your reputation ; And draw within the compass of suspect The unviolated honour of your wife. Once this,—your long experience of her wisdom,

Her sober virtue, years, and modesty, 90
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown ; And doubt not, sir, but she will well excuse Why at this time the doors are made against you.

Be rul'd by me : depart in patience,
And let us to the Tiger all to dinner ;
And about evening come yourself alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it ; 100
And that supposed by the common rout
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead :

For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever housed, where it gets possession.

Ant. E. You have prevail'd. I will depart in quiet,

And, in despite of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent discourse,—
Pretty and witty, wild and yet, too, gentle,—
There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I protest, without desert) 110
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal :
To her will we to dinner.—Get you home,
And fetch the chair ; by this, I know, 't is made ;

Bring it, I pray you, to the Porpentine ;
For there 's the house : that chain will I bestow

(Be it for nothing but to spite my wife)

Upon mine hostess there. Good sir, make haste.

Since mine own doors refuse to entertain me,
I 'll knock elsewhere, to see if they 'll disdain me. 121

Ang. I 'll meet you at that place, some hour hence.

Ant. E. Do so. This jest shall cost me some expense. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter LUCIANA and ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot

A husband's office ? Shall, Antipholus,
Even in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?

Shall love, in building, grow so ruinous ?
If you did wed my sister for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's sake use her with more kindness :

Or, if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth ;
Muffle your false love with some show of blindness ;

Let not my sister read it in your eye ;
Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ; 10
Look sweet, speak fair, become disloyalty ;
Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;
Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted ;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;
Be secret-false : what need she be acquainted ?
What simple thief brags of his own attain ?
'T is double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board :
Shame hath a bastard fame, well managed ;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word. 20
Alas, poor women ! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us ;
Though others have the arm, show us the sleeve ;

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again :
Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife.

'T is holy sport to be a little vain,
When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

Ant. S. Sweet mistress (what your name is else, I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine), 30
Less in your knowledge, and your grace, you show not,

Than our earth's wonder ; more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak :

Lay open to my earthy-gross conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit.
Against my soul's pure truth, why labour you
To make it wander in an unknown field?
Are you a god? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your power I'll
yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe:
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
O, train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy
note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears.
Sing, siren, for thyself, and I will dote:
Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden
hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie;
And, in that glorious supposition, think, ⁵⁰
He gains by death, that hath such means to
die:

Let Love, being light, be drowned if she
sink!

Luc. What! are you mad, that you do
reason so?

Ant. S. Not mad, but mated; how, I do
not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your
eye.

Ant. S. For gazing on your beams, fair
sun, being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will
clear your sight.

Ant. S. As good to wink, sweet love, as
look on night.

Luc. Why call you me love? call my sister
so.

Ant. S. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

Ant. S. No; ⁶⁰

It is thyself, mine own self's better part;
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer
heart;

My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's
claim.

Luc. All this my sister is, or else should
be.

Ant. S. Call thyself sister, sweet, for I aim
thee.

Thee will I love, and with thee lead my
life:

Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.

Luc. O, soft, sir! hold you still:
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will. ⁷⁰

[*Exit.*]

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse, hastily.

Ant. S. Why, how now, Dromio? where
runn'st thou so fast?

Dro. S. Do you know me, sir? am I
Dromio? am I your man, am I myself?

Ant. S. Thou art Dromio, thou art my
man, thou art thyself.

Dro. S. I am an ass, I am a woman's man,
and besides myself.

Ant. S. What woman's man? and how
besides thyself? ⁸⁰

Dro. S. Marry, sir, besides myself, I am
due to a woman; one that claims me, one
that haunts me, one that will have me.

Ant. S. What claim lays she to thee?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, such claim as you
would lay to your horse; and she would
have me as a beast: not that, I being a
beast, she would have me; but that she,
being a very beastly creature, lays claim to
me.

Ant. S. What is she? ⁹⁰

Dro. S. A very reverend body; ay, such a
one as a man may not speak of, without he
say, sir-reverence. I have but lean luck in
the match, and yet she is a wondrous fat
marriage.

Ant. S. How dost thou mean a fat marriage?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, she's the kitchen-
wench, and all grease; and I know not what
use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her,
and run from her by her own light. I
warrant, her rags, and the tallow in them,
will burn a Poland winter: if she lives till
doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than
the whole world. ¹⁰⁰

Ant. S. What complexion is she of?

Dro. S. Swart, like my shoe, but her face
nothing like so clean kept: for why she
sweats; a man may go over shoes in the grime
of it.

Ant. S. That's a fault that water will
mend.

Dro. S. No, sir; 't is in grain: Noah's
flood could not do it.

Ant. S. What's her name?

Dro. S. Nell, sir; but her name and three
quarters, that is, an ell and three quarters,
will not measure her from hip to hip. ¹¹⁰

Ant. S. Then she bears some breadth?

Dro. S. No longer from head to foot, than
from hip to hip: she is spherical, like a globe;
I could find out countries in her.

Ant. S. In what part of her body stands
reland?

Dro. S. Marry, sir, in her buttocks: I
found it out by the bogs.

Ant. S. Where Scotland?

Dro. S. I found it by the barrenness, hard
in the palm of the hand.

Ant. S. Where France?

Dro. S. In her forehead; armed and re-
verted, making war against her hair.

Ant. S. Where England?

Dro. S. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but
I could find no whiteness in them: but I
guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum
that ran between France and it.

Ant. S. Where Spain? 150

Dro. S. Faith, I saw it not; but I felt it
hot in her breath.

Ant. S. Where America, the Indies?

Dro. S. O! sir, upon her nose, all o'er
embellished with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires,
declining their rich aspect to the hot breath
of Spain, who sent whole armadoes of caracks
to be ballast at her nose.

Ant. S. Where stood Belgia, the Nether-
lands?

Dro. S. O! sir, I did not look so low. To
conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim
to me; call'd me Dromio; swore, I was assured
to her; told me what privy marks I had
about me, as the mark of my shoulder, the
mole in my neck, the great wart on my left
arm, that I, amazed, ran from her as a witch.
And, I think, if my breast had not been made
of faith, and my heart of steel.

She had transform'd me to a curtail-dog, and
made me turn i' the wheel.

Ant. S. Go hie thee presently post to the
road:—

An if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night:—
If any bark put forth, come to the mart, 150
Where I will walk till thou return to me.
If every one knows us, and we know none,
Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack, and be
gone.

Dro. S. As from a bear a man would run
for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife.

[*Exit.*]

Ant. S. There's none but witches do in-
habit here,

And therefore 't is high time that I were
hence.

She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor; but her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse, 161
Hath almost made me traitor to myself:
But, lest myself be guilty to self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter ANGELO.

Ang. Master Antipholus?

Ant. S. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, sir. Lo, here is the
chain.

I thought to have ta'en you at the Porpentine;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

Ant. S. What is your will that I shall do
with this? 170

Ang. What please yourself, sir: I have
made it for you.

Ant. S. Made it for me, sir? I bespoke
it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty
times you have.

Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

Ant. S. I pray you, sir, receive the money
now,

For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money,
more.

Ang. You are a merry man, sir. Fare you
well. [*Exit.*]

Ant. S. What I should think of this, I
cannot tell; 180

But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see, a man here needs not live by shifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden
gifts.

I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay:
If any ship put out, then straight away.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—The Same.

Enter a Merchant, ANGELO, and an Officer.

Mer. You know, since Pentecost the sum
is due,
And since I have not much importun'd you;
Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Persia, and want gilders for my voyage:

Therefore make present satisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Even just the sum, that I do owe to
you,

Is growing to me by Antipholus;
And, in the instant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o'clock 19
I shall receive the money for the same.

Pleaseth you walk with me down to his house,
I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.

Off. That labour may you save : see where he comes.

Ant. E. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou

And buy a rope's end, that will I bestow

Among my wife and her confederates,

For locking me out of my doors by day.—

But soft, I see the goldsmith.—Get thee gone ;

Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me. ²⁹

Dro. E. I buy a thousand pound a year : I buy a rope ! *[Exit.]*

Ant. E. A man is well help up that trusts to you :

I promised your presence, and the chain ;

But neither chain, nor goldsmith, came to me.

Belike, you thought our love would last too long,

If it were chain'd together, and therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note

How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,

The fineness of the gold, and chargeful fashion,

Which doth amount to three odd ducats more ³⁰

Than I stand debted to this gentleman :

I pray you, see him presently discharg'd,

For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

Ant. E. I am not furnish'd with the present money ;

Besides, I have some business in the town.

Good signior, take the stranger to my house,

And with you take the chain, and bid my wife

Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof :

Perchance, I will be there as soon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourself ? ⁴⁰

Ant. E. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, sir, I will. Have you the chain about you ?

Ant. E. An if I have not, sir, I hope you have,

Or else you may return without your money.

Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, sir, give me the chain :

Both wind and tide stay for this gentleman,
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.

Ant. E. Good Lord ! you use this dalliance, to excuse

Your breach of promise to the Porpentine.

I should have chid you for not bringing it, ⁵⁰

But, like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on : I pray you, sir, despatch.

Ang. You hear, how he importunes me : the chain—

Ant. E. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.

Ang. Come, come ; you know, I gave it you even now.

Either send the chain, or send me by some token.

Ant. E. Fie ! now you run this humour out of breath.

Come, where's the chain ? I pray you, let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance.

Good sir, say, wher' you'll answer me, or no : If not, I'll leave him to the officer. ⁶¹

Ant. E. I answer you ! what should I answer you ?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

Ant. E. I owe you none, till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know, I gave it you half an hour since.

Ant. E. You gave me none : you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, sir, in denying it ;

Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well, officer, arrest him at my suit.

Off. I do, ⁷⁰

And charge you in the duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.—

Either consent to pay this sum for me,

Or I attach you by this officer.

Ant. E. Consent to pay thee that I never had ?

Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee : arrest him, officer.—

I would not spare my brother in this case,

If he should scorn me so apparently.

Off. I do arrest you, sir. You hear the suit.

Ant. E. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.—

But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, sir, I shall have law in Ephesus,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, there is a bark of Epidamnium,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard,
And then, sir, she bears away. Our fraughtage,
sir,

I have convey'd aboard, and I have bought
The oil, the balsamum, and aqua-vitæ. 90
The ship is in her trim : the merry wind
Blows fair from land ; they stay for nought
at all,

But for their owner, master, and yourself.

Ant. E. How now ? a madman ! Why,
thou peevish sheep,
What ship of Epidamnium stays for me ?

Dro. S. A ship you sent me to, to hire
waftage.

Ant. E. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee
for a rope ;
And told thee to what purpose, and what
end.

Dro. S. You sent me for a rope's end as
soon.

You sent me to the bay, sir, for a bark. 100

Ant. E. I will debate this matter at more
leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more
heed.

To Adriana, villain, hie thee straight ;
{ Give her this key, and tell her, in the desk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkish tapestry,
There is a purse of ducats : let her send it.
Tell her, I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me. Hie thee, slave, be
gone.

On, officer, to prison till it come.

[*Exeunt Merchant, ANGELO, Officer, and*
ANT. E.

Dro. S. To Adriana ? that is where we
din'd, 110
Where Dowsabel did claim me for her
husband :

She is too big, I hope, for me to compass.
Thither I must, although against my will,
For servants must their masters' minds fulfil.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—The Same.

Enter ADRIANA and LUCIANA.

Adr. Ah ! Luciana, did he tempt thee so ?
Mightst thou perceive austerely in his eye
That he did plead in earnest ? yea or no ?

Look'd he or red or pale ? or sad or
merrily ?

What observation mad'st thou, in this case,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face ?

Luc. First he denied you had in him no
right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none : the more
my spite.

Luc. Then swore he, that he was a stranger
here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet for-
sworn he were. 10

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd
of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt
thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit
might move.

First, he did praise my beauty ; then, my
speech.

Adr. Didst speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not hold me
still :

My tongue, though not my heart, shall have
his will.

He is deformed, crooked, old, and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse bodied, shapeless everywhere ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind, 21
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such
a one ?

No evil lost is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I
say,

And yet would herein others' eyes were
worse.

Far from her nest the lapwing cries away :

My heart prays for him, though my tongue
do curse.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Here, go : the desk ! the purse !
sweet now, make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

Dro. S. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master, Dromio ? is he
well ? 31

Dro. S. No, he's in Tartar limbo, worse
than hell :

A devil in an everlasting garment hath
him,

One whose hard heart is button'd up with
steel ;

A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough ;

A wolf, nay, worse, a fellow all in buff ;

A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that
countermands

The passages of alleys, creeks, and narrow
lands :

A hound that runs counter, and yet draws
dry-foot well ;

One that, before the judgment, carries poor
souls to hell. 40

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter ?

Dro. S. I do not know the matter : he is
'rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me at
whose suit.

Dro. S. I know not at whose suit he is
arrested well ;

But is in a suit of buff which 'rested him, that
can I tell.

Will you send him, mistress, redemption, the
money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. [*Exit LUCIANA.*]—
This I wonder at,

That he, unknown to me, should be in
lebt :-

Tell me, was he arrested on a band ?

Dro. S. Not on a band, but on a stronger
thing ;

A chain, a chain. Do you not hear it
ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

Dro. S. No, no, the bell. 'Tis time that I
were gone :

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock
strikes one.

Adr. The hours come back ! that did I
never hear.

Dro. S. O yes ; if any hour meet a sergeant,
a' turns back for very fear.

Adr. As if Time were in debt ! how fondly
dost thou reason !

Dro. S. Time is a very bankrupt, and owes
more than he's worth, to season.

Nay, he's a thief too : have you not heard
men say,

That Time comes stealing on by night and
day ? 60

If Time be in debt and theft, and a sergeant
in the way,

Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in
a day ?

Re-enter LUCIANA.

Adr. Go, Dromio : there's the money, bear
it straight,

And bring thy master home immediately.—
Come, sister ; I am press'd down with con-

ceit ;

Conceit, my comfort, and my injury.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—The ~~Same~~.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse.

Ant. S. There's not a man I meet but doth
salute me,

As if I were their well-acquainted friend ;

And every one doth call me by my name.

Some tender money to me, some invite
me ;

Some other give me thanks for kindnesses ;

Some offer me commodities to buy :

Even now a tailor call'd me in his shop,

And show'd me silks that he had bought for
me,

And, therewithal, took measure of my body.

Sure, these are but imaginary wiles, 10

And Lapland sorcerers inhabit here.

Enter DROMIO of Syracuse.

Dro. S. Master, here's the gold you sent
me for.—What have you got the picture of
old Adam new-apparell'd ?

Ant. S. What gold is this ? What Adam
dost thou mean ?

Dro. S. Not that Adam that kept the
Paradise, but that Adam that keeps the
prison : he that goes in the calf's skin that
was kill'd for the Prodigal : he that came
behind you, sir, like an evil angel, and bid
you forsake your liberty. 20

Ant. S. I understand thee not.

Dro. S. No ? why, 'tis a plain case : he
that went, like a bass-viol, in a case of leather :
the man, sir, that, when gentlemen are tired,
gives them a fob, and 'rests them ; he, sir,
that takes pity on decayed men, and gives
them suits of durance ; he that set up his
rest to do more exploits with his mace, than
a morris-pike.

Ant. S. What, thou mean'st an officer ?

Dro. S. Ay, sir, the sergeant of the band ;
he that brings any man to answer it, that
breaks his band ; one that thinks a man
always going to bed, and says, " God give you
good rest ! " 32

Ant. S. Well, sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night ? may
we be gone ?

Dro. S. Why, sir, I brought you word an
hour since, that the bark Expedition put
forth to-night ; and then were you hindered
by the sergeant to tarry for the hoy Delay.
Here are the angels that you sent for to
deliver you.

Ant. S. The fellow is distract, and so
am I. 40

And here we wander in illusions.

Some blessed power deliver us from hence !

Enter a Courtesan.

Cour. Well met, well met, Master. Antipholus.

I see, sir, you have found the goldsmith now :
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day ?

Ant. S. Satan, avoid ! I charge thee, tempt me not !

Dro. S. Master, is this Mistress Satan ?

Ant. S. It is the devil.

Dro. S. Nay, she is worse, she is the devil's dam, and here she comes in the habit of a light wench : and thereof comes that the wenches say, " God damn me," that's as much as to say, " God make me a light wench." It is written, they appear to men like angels of light : light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn ; *ergo*, light wenches will burn. Come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir. Will you go with me ? we'll mend our dinner here.

Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon. 60

Ant. S. Why, Dromio ?

Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.

Ant. S. Avoid, thou fiend ! what tell'st thou me of supping ?

Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress :
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,

Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, sir, and not trouble you.

Dro. S. Some devils ask but the parings of one's nail, 70

A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,

A nut, a cherry-stone ;

But she, more covetous, would have a chain.

Master, be wise : an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain.

I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.

Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch ! Come, Dromio, let us go.

Dro. S. " Fly pride," says the peacock : mistress, that you know.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S.*]

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholus is mad, Else would he never so demean himself. 81

A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,

And for the same he promis'd me a chain :

Both one and other he denies me now.

The reason that I gather he is mad,
Besides this present instance of his rage,

Is a mad-tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.

Belike, his wife, acquainted with his fits,
On purpose shut the doors against his way. 82
My way is now, to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest choose,
For forty ducats is too much to lose. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and the Officer.

Ant. E. Fear me not, man ; I will not break away :

I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, so much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'rested for.

My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.

That I should be attach'd in Ephesus,
I tell you, 't will sound harshly in her ears.

Enter DROMIO of Ephesus with a rope's end.

Here comes my man : I think he brings the money.—

How now, sir ? have you that I sent you for ?

Dro. E. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all. 83

Ant. E. But where's the money ?

Dro. E. Why, sir, I gave the money for the rope.

Ant. E. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope ?

Dro. E. I'll serve you, sir, five hundred at the rate.

Ant. E. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home ?

Dro. E. To a rope's end, sir ; and to that end am I return'd.

Ant. E. And to that end, sir, I will welcome you. [*Beating him.*]

Off. Good sir, be patient.

Dro. E. Nay, 't is for me to be patient ; I am in adversity. 84

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

Dro. E. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

Ant. E. Thou whoreson, senseless villain !

Dro. E. I would I were senseless, sir, that I might not feel your blows.

Ant. E. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

Dro. E. I am an ass, indeed ; you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him

from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating: I am wak'd with it, when I sleep; rais'd with it, when I sit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcomed home with it, when I return: nay, I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar woult her brat, and, I think, when he hath lamed me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

Ant. E. Come, go along: my wife is coming yonder. 40

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, the Courtesan, and PINCH.

Dro. E. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot, "Beware the rope's end."

Ant. E. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats him.*]

Cour. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.— Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer; Establish him in his true sense again, And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks! 50

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecstasy

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

Ant. E. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,

To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee straight:
I conjure thee by all the saints in heaven.

Ant. E. Peace, doting wizard, peace! I am not mad.

Adr. O, that thou wert not, poor distressed soul!

Ant. E. You minion, you, are these your customers? 60

Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I denied to enter in my house?

Adr. O husband, God doth know, you din'd at home;

Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders, and this open shame!

Ant. E. Dined at home! Thou, villain, what say'st thou?

Dro. E. Sir, sooth to say you did not dine at home.

Ant. E. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out? 70

Dro. E. Perdy, your doors were lock'd, and you shut out.

Ant. E. And did not she herself revile me there?

Dro. E. Sans fable, she herself revil'd you there.

Ant. E. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn me?

Dro. E. Certes, she did; the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

Ant. E. And did not I in rage depart from thence?

Dro. E. In verity, you did:—my bones bear witness,

That since have felt the vigour of his rage.

Adr. Is't good to soothe him in these contraries?

Pinch. It is no shame: the fellow finds his vein, 80

And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

Ant. E. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you money to redeem you,

By Dromio here, who came in haste for it.

Dro. E. Money by me? heart and good will you might,

But, surely, master, not a rag of money.

Ant. E. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

Dro. E. God and the rope-maker bear me witness, 90

That I was sent for nothing but a rope!

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master is possess'd:

I know it by their pale and deadly looks.

They must be bound, and laid in some dark room.

Ant. E. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-day?

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

Dro. E. And, gentle master, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confess, sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain! thou speak'st false in both. 100

Ant. E. Dissembling harlot! thou art false in all,

And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me;

But with these nails I'll pluck out these
false eyes,

That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Adr. O, bind him, bind him! let him not
come near me.

Pinch. More company!—the fiend is
strong within him.

Luc. Ah me! poor man, how pale and
wan he looks!

*Enter three or four, and bind ANTIPHOLUS of
Ephesus and DROMIO of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. What, will you murder me?
Thou gaoler, thou,

I am thy prisoner: wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue?

Off. Masters, let him go:
He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantic too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish
officer?

Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself?

Off. He is my prisoner: if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from
thee.

Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will
pay it.

Good master doctor, see him safe convey'd
Home to my house.—O most unhappy day!

Ant. E. O most unhappy strumpet!

Dro. E. Master, I am here enter'd in bond
for you.

Ant. E. Out on thee, villain! wherefore
quest thou mad me?

Dro. E. Will you be bound for nothing?
be mad, good master;

Cry, the devil!

Luc. God help, poor souls! how idly do
they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence.—Sister, go you
with me.—

[*Exeunt PINCH and Assistants with*

ANT. E. and DRO. E.

Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

Off. One Angelo, a goldsmith; do
know him?

Adr. I know the man. What is the sum
he owes?

Off. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Off. Due for a chain your husband had of
him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but
had it not.

Cour. Whenas your husband, all in rage,
to-day

Came to my house, and took away my ring
(The ring I saw upon his finger now),

Straight after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.—
Come, gaoler, bring me where the goldsmith is:
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse, with his
rapier drawn, and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Luc. God, for thy mercy! they are loose
again.

Adr. And come with naked swords. Let's
call moro help,

To have them bound again.

Off. Away! they'll kill us.

[*Exeunt ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan,
and Officer.*

Ant. S. I see, these witches are afraid of
swords.

Dro. S. She that would be your wife now
ran from you.

Ant. S. Come to the Centaur; fetch our
stuff from thence

I long, that we were safe and sound aboard.

Dro. S. Faith, stay here this night, they
will surely do us no harm; you saw they
speak us fair, give us gold. Methinks they
are such a gentle nation, that but for the
mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage
of me, I could find in my heart to stay here
still, and turn witch.

Ant. S. I will not stay to-night for all the
town;

Therefore away, to get our stuff aboard.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Before an Abbey.

Enter Merchant and ANGELO.

Ang. I am sorry, sir, that I have hinder'd
you;

But, I protest, he had the chain of me,
Though most dishonestly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the
city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, sir,
Of credit infinite, highly lov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city:
His word might bear my wealth at any
time.

Mer. Speak softly : yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse and DROMIO of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so ; and that self chain about his neck,

Which he forswore most monstrously to have. Good sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.—

Signior Antipholus, I wonder much That you would put me to this shame and trouble ;

And not without some scandal to yourself, With circumstance and oaths, so to deny This chain, which now you wear so openly : Beside the charge, the shame, imprisonment, You have done wrong to this my honest friend ;

Who, but for staying on our controversy, Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day.

This chain you had of me : can you deny it ?

Ant. S. I think, I had : I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, sir, and forswore it too.

Ant. S. Who heard me to deny it, or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine, thou know'st, did hear thee.

Fie on thee, wretch ! 't is pity that thou liv'st To walk where any honest men resort.

Ant. S. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.

I'll prove mine honour and mine honesty ⁵⁰ Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.

[*They draw.*]

Enter ADRIANA, LUCIANA, Courtesan, and others.

Adr. Hold ! hurt him not, for God's sake ! he is mad.—

Some get within him, take his sword away. Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my house.

Dro. S. Run, master, run ; for God's sake take a house !

This is some priory ;—in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt ANT. S. and DRO. S. to the Abbey.*]

Enter the Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet, people. Wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence.

Let us come in, that we may bind him fast, ⁵⁰ And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew, he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I am sorry now, that I did draw on him,

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man ?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sour, sad,

And much different from the man he was ;

But, till this afternoon, his passion

Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wrack of sea ?

Buried some dear friend ? Hath not else his eye ⁵⁰

Stray'd his affection in unlawful love ?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,

Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.

Which of these sorrows is he subject to ?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last ; Namely, some love, that drew him off from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why, so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply, in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too. ⁵⁰

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed, he slept not for my urging it ;

At board, he fed not for my urging it ;

Alone, it was the subject of my theme ;

In company, I often glanced it : ⁵⁰

Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad :

The venom clamours of a jealous woman Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth. ⁵⁰ It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,

And thereof comes it that his head is light.

Thou say'st, his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings :

Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;

Thereof the raging fire of fever bred :

And what's a fever but a fit of madness ?

Thou say'st, his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls :

Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue

But moody and dull melancholy,

Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair, ⁵⁰

And at their heels a huge infectious troop

Of pale distempers, and foes to life ?

In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest

To be disturb'd, would mad or man or beast.

The consequence is then, thy jealous fits

Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,

When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.—

Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.—

Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No; not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither: he took this place for sanctuary,

And it shall privilege him from your hands,
Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,

Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but myself, 100
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him stir,

Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,

To make of him a formal man again.

It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,

A charitable duty of my order;

Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here;

And ill it doth beseem your holiness 110
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet, and depart: thou shalt not have him. [*Exit.*]

Luc. Complain unto the duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come, go: I will fall prostrate at his feet,

And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the abbess.

Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:

Anon, I'm sure, the duke himself in person
Comes this way to the melancholy vale, 120
The place of death and sorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause?

Mer. To see a reverend Syracusan merchant,

Who put unluckily into this bay

Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See, where they come: we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the duke before he pass the abbey

Enter DUKE, attended: ÆGEON bareheaded; with the Headsman and other Officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,
If any friend will pay the sum for him, 131
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred duke, against the abbess!

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady:

It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your grace, Antipholus, my husband,—

Whom I made lord of me, and all I had,

At your important letters,—this ill day

A most outrageous fit of madness took him,

That desperately he hurried through the street, 140

(With him his bondman, all as mad as he)

Doing displeasure to the citizens

By rushing in their houses, bearing thence

Rings, jewels, anything his rage did like.

Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,

Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,

That here and there his fury had committed.

Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,

He broke from those that had the guard of him,

And with his mad attendant and himself, 150

Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords,

Met us again, and, madly bent on us,

Chas'd us away; till, raising of more aid,

We came again to bind them. Then they fled

Into this abbey, whither we pursued them;

And here the abbess shuts the gates on us,

And will not suffer us to fetch him out,

Nor send him forth, that we may bear him hence.

Therefore, most gracious duke, with thy command,

Let him be brought forth, and borne hence for help. 160

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,

And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,

When thou didst make him master of thy bed,

To do him all the grace and good I could.—

Go, some of you, knock at the abbey-gate,

And bid the lady abbess come to me.
I will determine this, before I stir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. O mistress, mistress ! shift and save yourself.

My master and his man are both broke loose,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands
of fire ;

And ever as it blazed they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair.
My master preaches patience to him, and the while

His man with scissors nicks him like a fool ;
And, sure, unless you send some present help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool ! thy master and his man
are here,

And that is false thou dost report to us.

Serv. Mistress, upon my life, I tell you
true ;

I have not breath'd almost, since I did see it.
He cries for you, and vows, if he can take
you,

To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[Cry within.

Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress : fly, be
gone.

Duke. Come, stand by me ; fear nothing.
Guard with halberds !

Adr. Ah me, it is my husband ! Witness
you,

That he is borne about invisible :

Even now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human
reason.

*Enter ANTIPHOLUS of Ephesus and DROMIO
of Ephesus.*

Ant. E. Justice, most gracious duke ! O !
grant me justice,

Even for the service that long since I did
thee,

When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life ; even for the
blood

That then I lost for thee, now grant me
justice.

Ege. Unless the fear of death doth make
me dote,

I see my son Antipholus, and Dromio !

Ant. E. Justice, sweet prince, against that
woman there !

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife,
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Even in the strength and height of injury.

Beyond imagination is the wrong
That she this day hath shameless thrown on
me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find
me just.

Ant. E. This day, great duke, she shut the
doors upon me,

While she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault. Say, woman,
didst thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord : myself, he, and
my sister,

To-day did dine together. So befall my soul,
As this is false he burdens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on
night,

But she tells to your highness simple truth.

Any. O perjurd woman ! They are both
forsworn :

In this the madman justly chargeth them.

Ant. E. My liege, I am advised what I
say :

Neither disturbed with the effect of wine,
Nor heady-rash provok'd with raging ire,
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser
mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from
dinner :

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd
with her,

Could witness it, for he was with me then ; so
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,

Promising to bring it to the Porpentine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.

Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to seek him : in the street I met him,

And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjurd goldsmith swear me
down,

That I this day of him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I saw not ; for the
which

He did arrest me with an officer.

I did obey, and sent my peasant home
For certain ducats : he with none return'd.

Then fairly I bespoke the officer,
To go in person with me to my house.

By the way we met
My wife, her sister, and a rabble more
Of vile confederates : along with them

They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd
villain,

A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
A threadbare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
A living dead man. This pernicious slave,

Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer,
And gazing in mine eyes, feeling my pulse,

And with no face, as 't were, outfacing me,
Cries out, I was possess'd. Then, altogether
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
And in a dark and dankish vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound to-
gether ;

Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds in
sunder, 250

I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your grace, whom I beseech
To give me ample satisfaction

For these deep shames, and great indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth, thus far I witness
with him,

That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd
out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or
no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran
in here,

These people saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides, I will be sworn, these ears
of mine 260

Heard you confess you had the chain of him,
After you first forswore it on the mart,
And, thereupon, I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence, I think, you are come by
miracle.

Ant. E. I never came within these abbey-
walls,

Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me.

'I never saw the chain. So help me Heaven,
As this is false you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is
this ! 270

I think, you all have drunk of Circe's cup.

If here you hous'd him, here he would have
been ;

If he were mad, he would not plead so
coldly ;—

You say, he din'd at home ; the goldsmith
here

Denies that saying.—Sirrah, what say you ?

Dro. E. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the
Porpoentine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger snatch'd
that ring.

Ant. E. 'Tis true, my liege ; this ring I
had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey
here ?

Cour. As sure, my liege, as I do see your
grace. 280

Duke. Why, this is strange.—Go call the
abbeß hither.—

I think you all are mated, or stark mad.

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

Ege. Most mighty duke, vouchsafe me
speak a word.

Haply, I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, Syracusan, what thou
wilt.

Ege. Is not your name, sir, call'd Anti-
pholus,

And is not that your bondman Dromio ?

Dro. E. Within this hour I was his bond-
man, sir ;

But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my
cords : 290

Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.

Ege. I am sure you both of you remember
me.

Dro. E. Ourselves we do remember, sir, by
you ;

For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, sir ?

Ege. Why look you strange on me ? you
know me well.

Ant. E. I never saw you in my life, till
now.

Ege. O ! grief hath chang'd me, since you
saw me last ;

And careful hours, with Time's deformed
hand,

Have written strange defeatures in my
face : 300

But tell me yet, dost thou not know my voice ?

Ant. E. Neither.

Ege. Dromio, nor thou ?

Dro. E. No, trust me, sir, nor I.

Ege. I am sure thou dost.

Dro. E. Ay, sir, but I am sure I do not ;
and whatsoever a man denies, you are now
bound to believe him.

Ege. Not know my voice ! O, time's ex-
tremity,

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor
tongue

In seven short years, that here my only
son 310

Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares ?

Though now this grained face of mine be hid

In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,

And all the conduits of my blood froze up,

Yet hath my night of life some memory,

My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,

My dull deaf ears a little use to hear :

All these old witnesses (I cannot err)

Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.

Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.

Ege. But seven years since, in Syracuse,
boy, 321

Thou know'st we parted. But, perhaps, my
son,

Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.

Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me
in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so.

I ne'er saw Syracuse in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracusian, twenty
years

Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracuse.

I see, thy age and dangers make thee
dote. 330

*Enter Abbess, with ANTIPHOLUS of Syracuse
and DROMIO of Syracuse.*

Abb. Most mighty duke, behold a man much
wrong'd. [*All gather to see them.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes de-
ceive me.

Duke. One of these men is Genius to the
other;

And so of these : which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

Dro. S. I, sir, am Dromio : command him
away.

Dro. E. I, sir, am Dromio : pray, let me
stay.

Ant. S. Ægeon art thou not? or else his
ghost?

Dro. S. O, my old master! who hath bound
him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his
bonds, 340

And gain a husband by his liberty.—

Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once called Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons.
O! if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!

Æge. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia.
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?

Abb. By men of Epidamnus, he, and I, 350
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up :
But, by-and-by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them,
And me they left with those of Epidamnus.
What then became of them, I cannot tell ;
I to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story
right.

These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wrack at sea ;— 360
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Antipholus, thou can'st from Corinth first?

Ant. S. No, sir, not I : I came from Syra-
cuse.

Duke. Stay, stand apart: I know not which
is which.

Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most
gracious lord.

Dro. E. And I with him.

Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most
famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me
to-day? 370

Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

Ant. E. No; I say nay to that.

Ant. S. And so do I; yet did she call me
so;

And this fair gentlewoman, her sister here,
Did call me brother.—What I told you then,
I hope, I shall have leisure to make good,
If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had
of me.

Ant. S. I think, it be, sir : I deny it not.

Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain ar-
rested me. 380

Ang. I think I did, sir : I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think, he brought it not.

Dro. E. No, none by me.

Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd
from you,

And Dromio, my man, did bring them me.

I see, we still did meet each other's man,—

And I was ta'en for him and he for me,

And thereupon these errors are arose.

Ant. E. Those ducats pawn I for my father
here. 390

Duke. It shall not need : thy father hath
his life.

Cour. Sir, I must have that diamond from
you.

Ant. E. There, take it; and much thanks
for my good cheer.

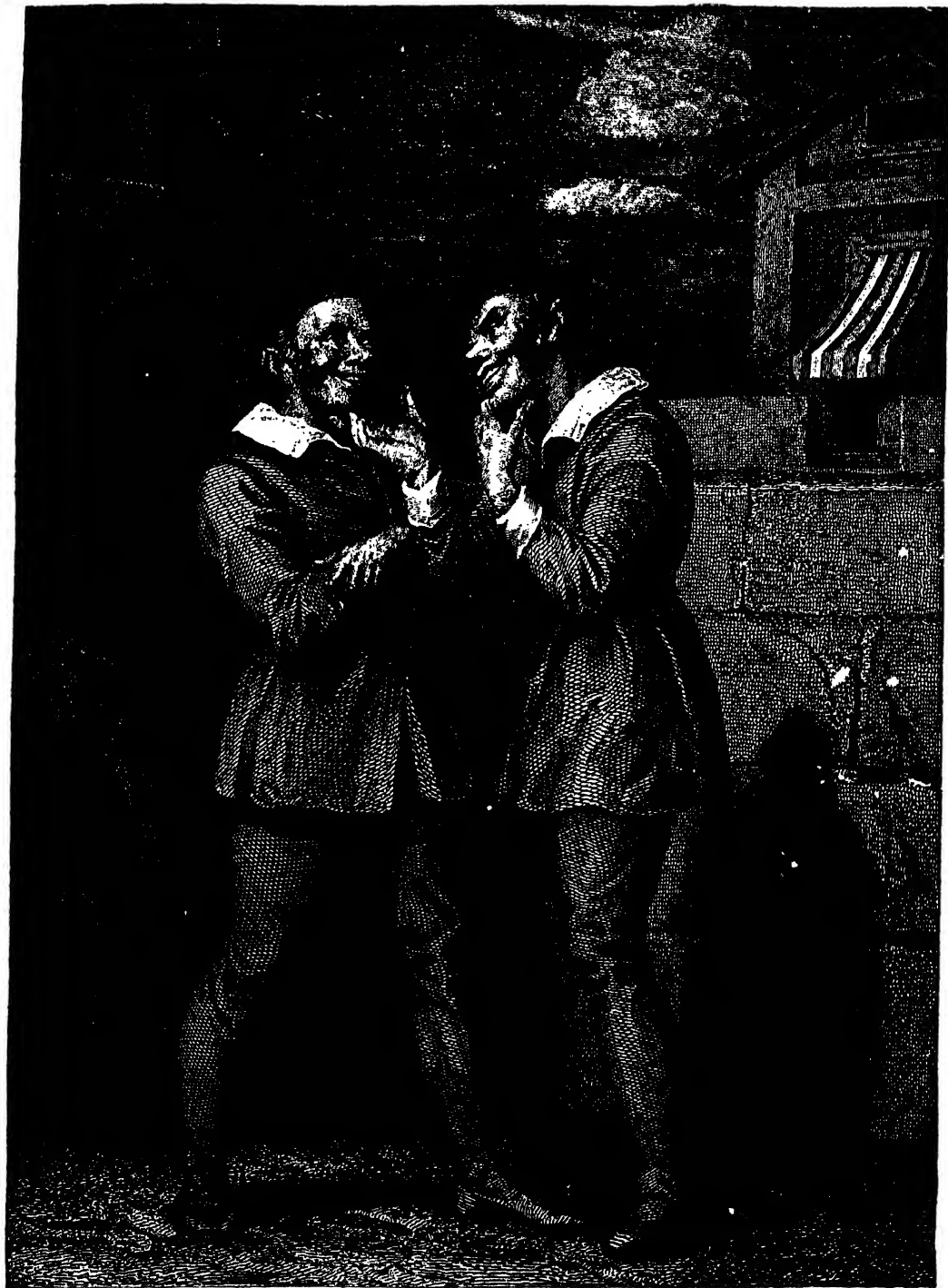
Abb. Renowned duke, vouchsafe to take
the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,
And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes
And all that are assembled in this place,
That by this sympathised one day's error
Have suffer'd wrong, go keep us company,
And we shall make full satisfaction. 400

Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail
Of you, my sons; and till this present hour
My heavy burden ne'er deliver'd.—

The duke, my husband, and my children
both,

And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a gossips' feast, and joy with me :
After so long grief such festivity!



RICHTER, *Pinxt.*

J. RAUER, *Sculp.*

THE TWO DROMIOS.

Dromio of Ephesus. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother :
I see by you, I am a sweet-faced youth.

Duke. With all my heart: I'll gossip at this feast.

[*Exeunt DUKE, ABBESS, ÆGEON, COURTESAN, Merchant, ANGELO, and Attendants.*]

Dro. S. Master, shall I fetch your stuff from shipboard?

Ant. E. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou embark'd? 410

Dro. S. Your goods, that lay at host, sir, in the Centaur.

Ant. S. He speaks to me.—I am your master, Dromio:

Come, go with us; we'll look to that anon. Embrace thy brother there; rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt ANT. S., ANT. E., ADR., and LUC.*]

Dro. S. There is a fat friend at your master's house,

That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:

She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

Dro. E. Methinks, you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping? 420

Dro. S. Not I, sir; you are my elder.

Dro. E. That's a question: how shall we try it?

Dro. S. We'll draw cuts for the senior: till then, lead thou first.

Dro. E. Nay, then thus:

We came into the world like brother and brother;

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another. [*Exeunt.*]

VENUS AND ADONIS.

EVEN as the sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he lov'd, but love he laugh'd to
scorn:

Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto
him,

And like a bold-fac'd suitor 'gins to woo
him.

"Thrice fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs, more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature, that made thee, with herself at
strife,"
Saith, that the world hath ending with thy
life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey-secrets shalt thou know:

Here come and sit, where never serpent
hisses;

And being set, I'll smother thee with
kisses:

'And yet not cloy thy lips with loath'd
satiety,

But rather furnish them amid their plenty, 20
Making them red and pale with fresh variety;
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty:

A summer's day will seem an hour but
short,

Being wasted in such time-beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a godless good:

Being so enrag'd, desire doth lend her force
Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein, 31
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy;

She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a ragged bough
Nimbly she fastens; (O, how quick is love!)
The steed is stalled up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove: 40

Backward she push'd him, as she would be
thrust,

And govern'd him in strength, though not
in lust.

So soon was she along, as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips:
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he
frown,

And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his
lips;

And kissing speaks, with lustful language
broken,

"If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never
open."

He burns with bashful shame; she with her
tears

Doth quench the maiden burning of his
cheeks; 50

Then with her windy sighs, and golden hairs,
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:

He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and
bone,

Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;

Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his
chin,

And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forc'd to content, but never to obey, 61

Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;

She feedeth on the steam, as on a prey,

And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;

Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of
flowers,

So they were dew'd with such distilling
showers.

Look, how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Pure shame and aw'd resistance made him
fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes :
Rain added to a river that is rank, 71
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
For to a pretty ear she tunes her tale ;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
"Twixt crimson shame, and anger ashy-pale ;
Being red, she loves him best ; and being
white,
Her best is better'd with a more delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love ;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears, 80
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce with her contending tears,
Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks
all wet ;
And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless
debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in :
So offers he to give what she did crave ;
But when her lips were ready for his pay,
He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in summer's heat 91
More thirst for drink than she for this good
turn.

Her help she sees, but help she cannot get ;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn :
"Oh, pity," gan she cry, "flint-hearted
boy !
"Tis but a kiss I beg ; why art thou coy ?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,
Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes, in every jar ;
Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
And begg'd for that which thou unask'd
shalt have. 102

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrolled crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and
dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest ;
Scorning his churlish drum, and ensign red,
Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overrul'd, I overstay'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain : 110

Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength
obey'd,

Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
O ! be not proud, nor brag not of thy
might,
For mastering her that foil'd the god of
fight.

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of
thine,—

Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red,—
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What seest thou in the ground ? hold up
thy head :

Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies ;
Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in
eyes ? 120

"Art thou ashamed to kiss ? then wink again,
And I will wink ; so shall the day seem night ;
Love keeps his revels where there are but
twain ;

Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight :
These blue-vein'd violets, whereon we lean,
Never can blab, nor know not what we
mean.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe, yet may'st thou well be
tasted.

Make use of time, let not advantage slip ;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted : 130
Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their
prime,
Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
Ill-nurtur'd, crooked, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despised, rheumatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
Then might'st thou pause, for then I were
not for thee ;
But having no defects, why dost abhor me ?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow ;
Mine eyes are grey, and bright, and quick in
turning ; 140

My beauty as the spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump ; my marrow
burning ;
My smooth moist hand, were it with thy
hand felt,
Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or like a fairy trip upon the green,
Or like a nymph, with long dishevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen :

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Love is a spirit all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but light, and will aspire.

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie ;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees sup-
port me ; 152
Two strengthless doves will draw me through
the sky,
From morn' till night, even where I list to
sport me :
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto
thee ?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face
affected ?

Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left ?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected ;
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on
theft. 100

Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to
bear ;

Things growing to themselves are growth's
abuse :

Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth
beauty ;

Thou wast begot,—to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst
thou feed,

Unless the earth with thy increase be fed ? 170
By law of nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live, when thou thyself art
dead ;

And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For where they lay the shadow had forsook
them,

And Titan, tired in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them ;
Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, with a lazy spright, 181
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours, when they blot the sky,
Souring his cheeks, cries, "Fie ! no more
of love :

The sun doth burn my face ; I must
remove."

"Ah me !" quoth Venus, "young, and so
unkind ?

What bare excuses mak'st thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending sun : 190
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with
my tears.

"The sun that shines from heaven shines but
warm,

And, lo ! I lie between that sun and thee :
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;
And were I not immortal, life were done.
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

"Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel ?
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain
relenteth. 200

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love ! how want of love tor-
menteth ?

O ! had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died
unkind.

"What am I, that thou shouldst condemn me
this ?

Or what great danger dwells upon my suit ?
What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss ?
Speak, fair ; but speak fair words, or else be
mute :

Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
And one for interest, if thou wilt have
twain. 210

"Fie ! lifeless picture, cold and senseless
stone,

Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred :

Thou art no man, though of a man's com-
plexion,

For men will kiss even by their own
direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading
tongue,

And swelling passion doth provoke a pause ;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her
wrong :

Being judge in love, she cannot right her
cause ; 220

And now she weeps, and now she fain
would speak,

And now her sobs do her intendments
break. *

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand ;

Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground ;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band :
She would, he will not in her arms be bound ;

And when from thence he struggles to be gone,

She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here,

Within the circuit of this ivory pale, ²³⁰

I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer ;

Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale ;

Graze on my lips, and if those hills be dry,

Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

"Within this limit is relief enough,

Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,

Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,

To shelter thee from tempest, and from rain :

Then be my deer, since I am such a park ;

No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand

bark." ²⁴⁰

At this Adonis smiles, as in disdain,

That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple :

Love made those hollows, if himself were

slain,

He might be buried in a tomb so simple ;

Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,

Why, there Love liv'd, and there he could

not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting

pits,

Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.

Being mad before, how doth she now for wits ?

Struck dead at first, what needs a second

striking ? ²⁵⁰

Poor queen of love, in thine own law

forlorn,

To love a cheek that smiles at thee in

scorn

Now which way shall she turn ? what shall she say ?

Her words are done ! her woes the more

increasing ;

The time is spent, her object will away.

And from her twining arms doth urge re-

leasing.

'Pity !' she cries, "some favour, some

remorse !"

Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But lo ! from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,

Adonis' trampling courser doth espy, ²⁶⁰

And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs

aloud :

The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,

Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,

And now his woven girths he breaks asunder ;

The bearing earth with his hard hoof he

wounds,

Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's

thunder :

The iron bit he crushes 'tween his teeth,

Controlling what he was controlled with. ²⁷⁰

His ears up-prick'd ; his braided hanging mane

Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end ;

His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,

As from a furnace, vapours doth he send :

His eye, which scornfully glisters like fire,

Shows his hot courage, and his high desire.

Sometime he trots, as if he told the steps,

With gentle majesty, and modest pride ;

Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,

As who should say, Lo ! thus my strength is

tried ; ²⁸⁰

And this I do to captivate the eye

Of the fair breeder that is standing by.

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,

His flattering holla, or his "Stand, I say ?"

What cares he now for curb, or pricking spur,

For rich caparisons, or trapping gay ?

He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,

For nothing else with his proud sight

agrees.

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,

In limning out a well-proportion'd steed, ²⁹⁰

His art with nature's workmanship at strife.

As if the dead the living should exceed ;

So did this horse excel a common one,

In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and

bone.

Round-hoof'd, short jointed, fetlocks shag

and long,

Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril

wide,

High crest, short ears, straight legs, and

passing strong,

Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender

hide :

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Look, what a horse should have, he did
not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back. 300

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he
stares ;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather :
To bid the wind a base he now prepares,
And wher he run or fly, they know not
whether ;
For through his mane and tail the high
wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd
wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her ;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind :
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo
her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems
unkind ; 310
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he
feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her
heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent :
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
His love, perceiving how he is enrag'd,
Grew kinder, and his fury was assuag'd.

His testy master goeth about to take him,
When, lo ! the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there. 322
As they were mad, unto the wood they hie
them,
Outstripping crows that strive to overfly
them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning his boisterous and unruly beast :
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest ;
For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong,
When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd, 331
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage :
So of concealed sorrow may be said ;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage ;
But when the heart's attorney once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,

And with his bonnet hides his angry brow ;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbed mind,
Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
For all askance he holds her in his eye.

O, what a sight it was, wistly to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy !
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy !
But now her cheek was pale, and by-and-by
It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels ; 350
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels :
His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's
print,
As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between
them !
Her eyes, petitioners, to his eyes suing ;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen
them ;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the
wooing :
And all this dumb play had his acts made
plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes
did rain. 360

Full gently now she takes him by the hand ;
A lily prison'd in a gaol of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band ;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe :
This beauteous combat, wilful and un-
willing,
Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-
billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began :
'O fairest mover on this mortal round,
'Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my
wound ; 370
For one sweet look thy help I would assure
thee,
Though nothing but my body's bane would
cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he, "why dost
thou feel it ?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou
shalt have it ;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave
it :

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Then love's deep groans I never shall
regard,
Because Adonis' heart hath made mine
hard."

"For shame!" he cries, "let go, and let me
go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone, 380
And 't is your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone:
For all my mind, my thought, my busy
care,
Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet de-
sire:

Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd, it will set the heart on fire.
The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath
none;
Therefore, no marvel though thy horse be
gone. 390

'How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But when he saw his love, his youth's fair
fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
Throwing the base thong from his bending
crest,
Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his
breast.

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight? 400
Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
To touch the fire, the weather being cold?"

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy,
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings
teach thee.

O! learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
And once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not
know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it; 410
'T is much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;
For I have heard it is a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a
breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and un-
finish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put
forth?

If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing
worth:

The colt that's back'd and burden'd being
young,
Loseth his pride, and never waxeth
strong. 420

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us
part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding
heart;

To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:
Dismiss your vows, your feigned tears, your
flattery,
For where a heart is hard, they make no
battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast
thou a tongue?

O, 'would thou hadst not, or I had no hear-
ing!

Thy mermaid's voice hath done me double
wrong;

I had my load before, now press'd with
bearing;

Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-
sounding,

Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-
sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes, but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;

Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would
move

Each part in me that were but sensible:

Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor
see,

Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft
me,

And that I could not see, nor hear, nor
touch, 440

And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;

For from the still'tory of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfum'd, that breedeth love
by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the
taste,

Being nurse and feeder of the other four:

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,
Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb th'
feast ?”

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wrack to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws to herdmen and to
herds.

This ill presage advisedly she marketh :
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth, 400
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words
began.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks re-
viveth :

A smile recures the wounding of a frown ;
But blessed bankrupt, that by love so
thriveth !

The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it
red ;

And all-amaz'd brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her, 410
Which cunning love did wittily prevent :
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her !
For on the grass she lies, as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in her again.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the
cheeks,

He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips, a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd :
He kisses her ; and she, by her good will 420
Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day :
Her two blue windows faintly she upheaveth,
Like the fair sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the morn, and all the earth re-
lieveth :

And as the bright sun glorifies the sky,
So is her face illumin'd with her eye ;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their
shine

Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine ;
But hers, which through the crystal tears
gave light, 430
Shone like the moon in water seen by
night.

“ O ! where am I ? ” quoth she, “ in earth or
heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire ?
What hour is this ? or morn or weary even ?
Do I delight to die, or life desire ?

But now I liv'd, and life was death's
annoy ;

But now I died, and death was lively joy.

“ O, thou didst kill me ; kill me once again :
Thy eyes' shrowd tutor, that hard heart of
thine, 500
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such
disdain,

That they have murder'd this poor heart of
mine ;

And these mine eyes, true leaders to their
queen,

But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

“ Long may they kiss each other for this cure !
O, never let their crimson liveries wear,
And as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year !
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy
breath. 510

“ Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips im-
printed,
What bargains may I make, still to be
sealing ?

To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good
dealing ;

Which purchase if thou make, for fear of
slips

Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

“ A thousand kisses buys my heart from me ;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee ?
Are they not quickly told, and quickly gone ?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should
double, 520
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble ? ”

“ Fair queen,” quoth he, “ if any love you
owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe
years :

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Before I know myself, seek not to know me ;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears :

The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks
fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary
gait,

His day's hot task hath ended in the west :
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 't is very
late ;

The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their
nest,

And coal-black clouds, that shadow heaven's
light,

Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say good night ; and so say
you ;

If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."

"Good night," quoth she ; and, ere he says
adieu,

The honey fee of parting tender'd is :

Her arms do lend his neck a sweet em-
brace ;

Incorporate then they seem, face grows to
face.

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward
lie

The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral
mouth,

Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well
knew,

Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on
drouth ;

He with her plenty press'd, she faint with
dearth,

(Their lips together glu'd,) fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding
prey,

And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth ;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,

*Paying what ransom the insulter willet ;

Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price
so high,

That she will draw his lips' rich treasure
dry.

And having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage ;

Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood
doth boil,

And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage ;
Planting oblivion, beating reason back,

Forgetting shame's pure blush, and honour's
wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary, with her hard em-
bracing,

Like a wild bird being tam'd with too much
handling,

Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tir'd with
chasing,

Or like the froward infant still'd with
landling,

He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she
listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with
tempering,

And yields at last to every light impression ?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with
venturing,

Chiefly in love, whose leave exceeds com-
mission :

Affection faints not like a pale-fac'd coward,
But then woos best, when most his choice
is froward.

When he did frown, O ! had she then gave
over,

Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a
lover ;

What though the rose have prickles, yet 't is
pluck'd :

Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them
all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him ;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart :

She is resolv'd no longer to restrain him,
Bids him farewell, and look well to her
heart,

The which, by Cupid's bow she doth pro-
test,

He carries thence incaged in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste
in sorrow,

For my sick heart commands mine eyes to
watch.

Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-
morrow ?

Say, shall we ? shall we ? wilt thou make the
match ?

He tells her, no ; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

"The boar !" quoth she, whereat a sudden
pale,

Like lawn being spread upon the blushing
rose,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Usurps her cheek : she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws ;
She sinketh down, still hanging by his
neck,

He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot en-
counter :

All is imaginary she doth prove,
He will not manage her, although he mount
her ;

That worse than 'Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip Elysium, and to lack her joy. ⁶⁰⁰

Even as poor birds, deceiv'd with painted
grapes,

Do surfeit by the eye, and pine the maw,
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps,
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.

The warm effects which she in him finds
missing,

She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain : good queen, it will not be :
She hath assay'd as much as may be prov'd ;
Her pleading hath deserv'd a greater fee ;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not
lov'd. ⁶¹⁰

"Fie, fie !" he says, "you crush me ; let
me go :

You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet
boy, ere this,

But that thou toldst me, thou wouldst hunt
the boar.

O ! be advis'd ; thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,

Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth
still,

Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes ; ⁶²⁰
His eyes like glow-worms shine when he doth
fret ;

His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes ;
Being mov'd, he strikes whate'er is in his
way,

And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can
enter ;

His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd ;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture :

The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
As fearful of him, part ; through whom he
rushes. ⁶³⁰

"Alas ! he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes ;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal
eyne,

Whose full perfection all the world amazes ;
But having thee at vantage, (wondrous
dread !)

Would root these beauties, as he roots the
mead.

"O ! let him keep his loathsome cabin still ;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul
fiends :

Come not within his danger by thy will ;
They that thrive well take counsel of their
friends. ⁶⁴⁰

When thou didst name the boar, not to
dissemble,

I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did
tremble.

"Didst thou not mark my face ? was it not
white ?

Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine
eye ?

Grew I not faint ? and fell I not downright ?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,

My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no
rest,

But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my
breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel ; ⁶⁵⁰

Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry, 'Kill, kill !'

Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,

That sometime true news, sometime false doth
bring,

Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine
ear,

That if I love thee, I thy death should
fear ; ⁶⁶⁰

"And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,

Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore ;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being
shed,
Doth make them droop with grief, and
hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at the imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart
bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination : 670
I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow ;
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox, which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe, which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the
downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with
thy hounds.

"And when thou hast on foot the purblind
hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his
troubles, 680
How he outruns the wind, and with what
care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand
doubles :
The many musets through the which he
goes,
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their
smell ;
And sometime where earth-delving conies
keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell ;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

"For there his smell with others being
mingled, 690
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to
doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry, till they have
singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;
Then do they spend their mouths : Echo
replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

"By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarms he doth hear ; 700

And now his grief may be compared well
To one sore sick, that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled
wretch

Turn, and return, indenting with the way :
Each envious briar his weary legs doth
scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur
stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more ;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise :
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar, 710
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralise,
Applying this to that, and so to so ;
For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave ?"—"No matter where,"
quoth he ;

"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends :
The night is spent."—"Why, what of that ?"
quoth she.

"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends ;
And now 't is dark, and going I shall fall."
"In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of
all. 720

"But if thou fall, O ! then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.

Rich preys make true men thieves ; so do
thy lips

Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
Lest she should steal a kiss, and die for-
sworn.

"Now, of this dark night I* perceive the
reason :

Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from heaven that were
divine, 730

Wherein she fram'd thee, in high heaven's
despite,

To shame the sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she brib'd the Destinies,
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature ;
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature ;
Making it subject to the tyranny
Of mad mischances, and much misery ;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood ;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

The marrow-eating sickness, whose attain ⁷⁴¹
 Disorder breeds by heating of the blood :
 Surfeits, imposthumes, grief, and damn'd
 despair,
 Swear Nature's death for framing thee so
 fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
 But in one minute's fight brings beauty
 under :

Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
 Whereat the impartial gazer late did wonder,
 Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and
 done,
 As mountain-snow melts with the mid-day ⁷⁵⁰

"Therefore, despite of fruitless chastity,
 Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
 That on the earth would breed a scarcity,
 And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
 Be prodigal : the lamp that burns by night
 Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
 Seeming to bury that posterity
 Which by the rights of time thou needs must
 have,

If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity ?
 If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
 Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain. ⁷⁶²

"So in thyself thyself art made away,
 A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
 Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves
 do slay,

Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
 Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure
 frets,
 But gold 'that's put to use more gold
 begets."

"Nay then," quoth Adon, "you will fall
 again

Into your idle overhanded theme ; ⁷⁷⁰
 The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
 And all in vain you strive against the stream ;
 For by this black-fac'd night, desire's foul
 nurse,
 Your treatise makes me like you worse and
 worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand
 tongues,
 And every tongue more moving than your own,
 Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,
 Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is
 blown ;

For know, my heart stands armed in mine
 ear,
 And will not let a false sound enter there ;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run ⁷⁸¹
 Into the quiet closure of my breast ;
 And then my little heart were quite undone,
 In his bedchamber to be burr'd of rest.
 No, lady, no ; my heart longs not to groan,
 But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps
 alone.

"What have you urg'd that I cannot reprove ?
 The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger ;
 I hate not love, but your device in love,
 That lends embracements unto every stranger.
 You do it for increase : O strange excuse, ⁷⁹¹
 When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse !

"Call it not love, for Love to heaven is fled,
 Since sweating Lust on earth usurp'd his
 name ;

Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
 Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
 Which the hot tyrant stains, and soon
 bereaves,
 As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
 But Lust's effect is tempest after sun ; ⁸⁰⁰
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done :
 Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies ;
 Love is all truth, Lust full of forged lies.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say ;
 The text is old, the orator too green.
 Therefore, in sadness, now I will away ;
 My face is full of shame, my heart of teen :
 Mine ears, that to your wanton talk
 attended,
 Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this he breaketh from the sweet em-
 brace ⁸¹¹
 Of those fair arms which bound him to her
 breast,
 And homeward through the dark laund runs
 apace ;
 Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
 Look, how a bright star shooteth from the
 sky,
 So glides he in the night from Venus' eye ;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
 Gazing upon a late-embarked friend,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Till the wild waves will have him seen no
more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds con-
tend :

So did the merciless and pitchy night
Fold in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amaz'd, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or, 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful
wood ;

Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it
groans,
That all the neighbour-caves, as seeming
troubled,

Make verbal repetition of her moans :
Passion on passion deeply is redoubled.

" Ah me ! " she cries, and twenty times,
" Woe, woe ! "

And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woful ditty ;
How love makes young men thrall, and old
men dote ;

How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty :
Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
And still the choir of echoes answer so.

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming
short :

If pleas'd themselves, others, they think,
delight

In such-like circumstance, with such-like
sport :

Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites ;
Like shrill-tongu'd tapsters answering every
call,

Soothing the humour of fantastic wits ?
She says, " 'T is so : " they answer all,
" 'T is so ; "

And would say after her, if she said,
" No."

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver
breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd
gold.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-
morrow :

" O thou clear god, and patron of all light, see
From whom each lamp and shining star doth
borrow

The beauteous influence that makes him
bright,

There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly
mother,

May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to
other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing the morning is so much o'erworn ;
And yet she hears no tidings of her love :
She hearkens for his hounds, and for his
horn :

Anon she hears them chaunt it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her
face,
Some twind about her thigh to make her
stay.

She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do
ache,

Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some
brake.

By this she hears the hounds are at a bay,
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an
adder

Wreath'd up in fatal folds, just in his way.
The fear whereof doth make him shake and
shudder :

Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses, and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud ;
Finding their enemy to be so curst,
They all strain court'sy who shall cope him
first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her
heart ;

Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling
part ;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Like soldiers, when their captain once doth
yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy,
Till, cheering up her senses all-dismay'd,
She tells them, 't is a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid ;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no
more :—
And with that word she spied the hunted
boar ;

Whose frothy mouth bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both
together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not
whither :
This way she runs, and now she will no
further,
But back retires to rate the boar for mur-
ther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways ;
She treads the path that she untreads again :
Her more than haste is mated with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain, ⁹¹⁰
Full of respects, yet nought at all respect-
ing,
In hand with all things, nought at all
effecting.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master ;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign
plaster ;
And here she meets another sadly scowling,
To whom she speaks, and he replies with
howling.

When he hath ceas'd his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and
grim, ⁹²⁰
Against the welkin volleys out his voice ;
Another and another answer him,
Clapping their proud tails to the ground
below,
Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as
they go.

Look, how the world's poor people are amaz'd
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have
gaz'd,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies :

So she at these sad signs draws up her
breath,
And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

“ Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean, ⁹²¹
Hateful divorce of love,” (thus chides she
Death,)

“ Grim-grinning ghost, earth's worm, what
dost thou mean,
To stifle beauty, and to steal his breath,
Who when he liv'd, his breath and beauty set
Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet ?

“ If he be dead,—O no ! it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it ;—
O yes ! it may ; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully, at random dost thou hit. ⁹⁴⁰
Thy mark is feeble age ; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's
heart.

“ Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had
spoke,
And hearing him thy power had lost his
power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke ;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a
flower.
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him
dead.

“ Dost thou drink tears, that thou provok'st
such weeping ?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee ? ⁹⁵⁰
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see ?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal
vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy
rigour.”

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids, who, like sluices,
stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd ;
But through the flood-gates breaks the
silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them
again. ⁹⁶⁰

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and
borrow !
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye ;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's
sorrow,
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry ;

VENUS AND ADONIS.

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet
again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief, ⁹⁷⁰
But none is best; then join they all
together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul
weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman holla:
A nurse's song ne'er pleas'd her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye, like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside, ⁹⁸¹
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should
pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth
drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts
unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee
quickly. ⁹⁹⁰

How she unweaves the web that she hath
wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame:
It was not she that call'd him all-to-naught;
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
She clepes him king of graves, and grave
for kings,
Imperious supreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but
jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear,
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast,
Which knows no pity, but is still severe; ¹⁰⁰⁰
Then, gentle shadow, (truth I must confess,)
I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"Tis not my fault: the boar provok'd my
tongue;
Be wreak'd on him, invisible commander;

'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee
wrong;

I did but act, he's author of thy slander.
Grief hath two tongues, and never woman
yet
Could rule them both, without ten women's
wit."

Thus hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate: ¹⁰¹⁰
And that his beauty may the better thrive,
With death she humbly doth insinuate:
Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and
stories
His victories, his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove!" quoth she, "how much a fool
was I,

To be of such a weak and silly mind,
To wail his death, who lives, and must not
lie

Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind:
For he being dead, with him is beauty
slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear,
As one with treasure laden, hemm'd with
thieves: ¹⁰²³

Trifles, unwitnessed with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking
grieves."

Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies:
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight:
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with
the view, ¹⁰³¹
Like stars asham'd of day, themselves with-
lew.

Or, as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with
pain,
And there, all smother'd up, in shade doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again:
So, at his bloody view, her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain; ¹⁰⁴⁰
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexed in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Wherewith each tributary subject quakes ;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation
shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds
confound.

This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
That from their dark beds once more leap
her eyes ;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had
trench'd

In his soft flank ; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was
drench'd

No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or
weed,

But stole his blood, and seem'd with him
to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth,
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head,
Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth ;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead :

Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to
bow,

Her eyes are mad that they have wept till
now.

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem
thrice ;

And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach
should be :

His face seems twain, each several limb is
doubled ;

For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being
troubled.

" My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, " behold two Adons
dead !

My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead :

Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red
fire !

So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

" Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou
lost !

What face remains alive that's worth the
viewing ?

Whose tongue is music now ? what canst thou
boast

Of things long since, or anything ensuing ?

The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh
and trim ;

But true sweet beauty liv'd and died with
him.

1090

" Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear !
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you :
Having no fair to lose, you need not fear ;
The sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth
hiss you :

But when Adonis liv'd, sun and sharp air
Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his
fair :

And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy sun would peep
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks : then would Adonis weep,
And straight, in pity of his tender years,
They both would strive who first should
dry his tears.

1092

" To see his face, the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not
fear him ;

To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him ;

If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his
prey,

And never fright the silly lamb that day.

" When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills ;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure
took,

That some would sing, some other in their
bills

Would bring him mulberries, and ripe-red
cherries ;

He fed them with his sight, they him with
berries.

" But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore ;
Witness the entertainment that he gave :

If he did see his face, why then, I know,
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd
him so.

1110

" 'T is true, 't is true ; thus was Adonis slain :
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there ;
And nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft
groin.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him
first :

But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his ; the more am I accurst."
With this she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealed
blood. 1122

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale ;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold ;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woful words she told ;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo ! two lumps, burnt out, in dark-
ness lies :

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect ;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,
And every beauty robb'd of his effect : 1122
"Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my
spite,
That, thou being dead, the day should yet
be light."

"Since thou art dead, lo ! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend :
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end ;
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low ;
That all love's pleasure shall not match his
woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud ;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while ;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets, that shall the truest sight
beguile :

The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool
to speak.

"It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures ;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with
treasures ; 1130

It shall be raging mad, and silly-mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear ;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust ;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving, when it seems most just :
Perverse it shall be, where it shows most
toward ;
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire ;
Subject and servile to all discontents, 1161
As dry combustions matter is to fire :
Sith in his prime death doth my love
destroy,
They that love best, their loves shall not
enjoy."

By this, the boy, that by her side lay kill'd,
Was melted like a vapour from her sight,
And in his blood, that on the ground lay
spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with
white ;
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the
blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness
stood. 1170

She bows her head, the new-sprung flower to
smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath ;
And says, within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by death :
She crops the stalk, and in the breach
appears
Green-dropping sap, which she compares to
tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy
father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire,
For every little grief to wet his eyes :
To grow unto himself was his desire, 1180
And so 't is thine ; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast, as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my
breast ;
Thou art the next of blood, and 't is thy right :
Lo ! in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and
night :
There shall not be one minute in an hour,
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's
flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves ; by whose swift
aid 1190
Their mistress mounted through the empty
skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd ;
Holding their course to Paphos, where their
queen
Means to immure herself and not be seen.

KING HENRY VI.—PART II.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.

HUMPHREY, *Duke of Gloster, his Uncle.*

CARDINAL BEAUFORT, *Bishop of Winchester.*

RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*

EDWARD and RICHARD, *his Sons.*

DUKE OF SOMERSET,

DUKE OF SUFFOLK, } *Of the King's*

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, } *Party.*

LORD CLIFFORD, *and his Son,*

EARL OF SALISBURY, } *Of the York Faction.*

EARL OF WARWICK, }

LORD SCALES, *Governor of the Tower.*

LORD SAY.

SIR HUMPHREY STAFFORD, *and his Brother.*

SIR JOHN STANLEY.

WALTER WHITMORE.

A Sea Captain, Master, and Master's-Mate.

Two Gentlemen, Prisoners with Suffolk.

VAUX.

HUME and SOUTHWELL, *Priests.*

BOLINGBROKE, *a Conjurer. A Spirit raised by him.*

THOMAS HORNER, *an Armourer.*

PETER, *his Man.*

Clerk of Chatham.

Mayor of Saint Albans.

SIMPCOX, *an Impostor. Two Murderers.*

JACK CADE.

GEORGE, JOHN, DICK, SMITH *the Weaver,*

MICHAEL, &c., Cade's Followers.

ALEXANDER IDEN, *a Kentish Gentleman.*

MARGARET, *Queen to King Henry.*

ELEANOR, *Duchess of Gloster.*

MARGERY JOURDAIN, *a Witch.*

Wife to Simpcox.

Lords, Ladies, and Attendants; Herald; Petitioners, Aldermen, a Beadle, Sheriff, and Officers; Citizens, Prentices, Falconers, Guards, Soldiers, Messengers, &c.

SCENE—In various parts of England.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Room of State in the Palace. | To your most gracious hands, that are the substance

Flourish of trumpets: then hautboys. Enter, on one side, King HENRY, Duke of GLOSTER, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and Cardinal BEAUFORT; on the other, Queen MARGARET, led in by SUFFOLK; YORK, SOMERSET, BUCKINGHAM, and others, following.

Suf. As by your high imperial majesty
I had in charge at my depart for France,
As procurator to your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace;
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours,
In presence of the Kings of France and
Sicil,
The Dukes of Orleans, Calaber, Bretagne, and
Alençon,
Seven earls, twelve barons, and twenty
reverend bishops,
I have perform'd my task, and was espous'd:
And humbly now upon my bended knee, 10
In sight of England and her lordly peers,
Deliver up my title in the queen

Of that great shadow I did represent;
The happiest gift that ever marquess gave,
The fairest queen that ever king receiv'd.

K. Hen. Suffolk, arise.—Welcome, Queen Margaret:

I can express no kinder sign of love,
Than this kind kiss.—O Lord! that lends me
life,

Lend me a heart replete with thankfulness;
For thou hast given me, in this beauteous
face, 21

A world of earthly blessings to my soul,
If sympathy of love unite our thoughts.

Q. Mar. Great King of England, and my
gracious lord,

The mutual conference that my mind hath
had

By day, by night, waking, and in my dreams,
In courtly company, or at my beads,
With you mine alderliest sovereign,
Makes me the bolder to salute my king
With ruder terms, such as my wit affords,

And over-joy of heart doth minister. 31

K. Hen. Her sight did ravish, but her grace in speech,

Her words y-clad with wisdom's majesty,
Makes me from wondering fall to weeping joys ;

Such is the fulness of my heart's content.

Lords, with one cheerful voice welcome my love.

All. Long live Queen Margaret, England's happiness !

Q. Mar. We thank you all. [*Flourish.*]

Suf. My lord protector, so it please your grace,

Here are the articles of contracted peace, 40
Between our sovereign, and the French king Charles,

For eighteen months concluded by consent.

Glo. [Reads.] " Imprimis, It is agreed between the French king, Charles, and William de la Foole, Marquess of Suffolk, ambassador for Henry King of England, that the said Henry shall espouse the Lady Margaret, daughter unto Reignier King of Naples, Sicilia, and Jerusalem ; and crown her Queen of England ere the thirtieth of May next ensuing.—Item,—That the duchy of Anjou and the county of Maine shall be released and delivered to the king her father"— 52

K. Hen. Uncle, how now ?

Glo. Pardon me, gracious lord ;
Some sudden qualm hath struck me at the heart,

And dimm'd mine eyes, that I can read no further.

K. Hen. Uncle of Winchester, I pray, read on.

Win. " Item,—It is further agreed between them,—that the duchies of Anjou and Maine shall be released and delivered over to the king her father ; and she sent over of the King of England's own proper cost and charges, without having any dowry." 61

K. Hen. They please us well.—Lord marquess, kneel down :

We here create thee the first Duke of Suffolk,
And girt thee with the sword.—Cousin of York,

We here discharge your grace from being regent

I' the parts of France, till term of eighteen months

Be full expir'd.—Thanks, uncle Winchester,
Gloster, York, Buckingham, Somerset,
Salisbury, and Warwick ;

We thank you all for this great favour done,
In entertainment to my princely queen. 71

Come, let us in ; and with all speed provide

To see her coronation be perform'd.

[*Exeunt KING, QUEEN, and SUFFOLK.*]

Glo. Brave peers of England, pillars of the state,

To you Duke Humphrey must unload his grief,

Your grief, the common grief of all the land.

What ! did my brother Henry spend his youth,

His valour, coin, and people, in the wars ?

Did he so often lodge in open field,

In winter's cold, and summer's parching heat,

To conquer France, his true inheritance ? 81

And did my brother Bedford toil his wits,

To keep by policy what Henry got ?

Have you ourselves, Somerset, Buckingham,
Brave York, Salisbury, and victorious Warwick,

Receiv'd deep scars in France and Normandy ?

Or hath mine uncle Beaufort, and myself,

With all the learned council of the realm,

Studied so long, sat in the council-house

Early and late, debating to and fro 89

How France and Frenchmen might be kept in awe ?

And hath his highness in his infancy

Been crown'd in Paris, in despite of foes ?

And shall these labours, and these honours, lie ?

Shall Henry's conquest, Bedford's vigilance,
Your deeds of war, and all our counsel, die ?

O peers of England ! shameful is this league ;

Fatal this marriage ; cancelling your fame,

Blotting your names from books of memory,
Razing the characters of your renown, 100

Defacing monuments of conquer'd France,

Undoing all, as all had never been !

Car. Nephew, what means this passionate discourse,

This peroration with such circumstance ?

For France, 't is ours ; and we will keep it still.

Glo. Ay, uncle ; we will keep it, if we can ;

But now it is impossible we should.

Suffolk, the new-made duke that rules the roast,

Hath given the duchy of Anjou, and Maine,
Unto the poor King Reignier, whose large

style 110

Agrees not with the leanness of his purse.

Sal. Now, by the death of Him that died for all

These counties were the keys of Normandy.—
But wherefore weeps Warwick, my valiant son

War. For grief, that they are past recovery

For, were there hope to conquer them again,

My sword should shed hot blood, mine eyes
no tears.

Anjou and Maine! myself did win them both;
Those provinces these arms of mine did conquer:

And are the cities, that I got with wounds,
Deliver'd up again with peaceful words? ¹²¹
Mort Dieu!

York. For Suffolk's duke, may he be sufficient,

That dims the honour of this warlike isle!

France should have torn and rent my very heart,

Before I would have yielded to this league.
I never read but England's kings have had
Large sums of gold, and dowries, with their wives;

And our King Henry gives away his own, ¹²⁵
To match with her that brings no vantages.

Glo. A proper jest, and never heard before,
That Suffolk should demand a whole fifteenth,
For costs and charges in transporting her!
She should have stay'd in France, and starv'd
in France,

Before—

Car. My Lord of Gloster, now you grow too hot.

It was the pleasure of my lord the king.

Glo. My Lord of Winchester, I know your mind:

'Tis not my speeches that you do mislike,
But 'tis my presence that doth trouble ye. ¹³⁰
Rancour will out: proud prelate, in thy face
I see thy fury. If I longer stay,
We shall begin our ancient bickerings.—
Lordings, farewell; and say, when I am gone,
I prophesied, France will be lost ere long.

[*Exit.*

Car. So, there goes our protector in a rage.
'Tis known to you he is mine enemy;

Nay, more, an enemy unto you all,
And no great friend, I fear me, to the king.
Consider, lords, he is the next of blood, ¹⁵⁰
And heir-apparent to the English crown:
Had Henry got an empire by his marriage,
And all the wealthy kingdoms of the west,
There's reason he should be displeas'd at it.
Look to it, lords: let not his smoothing words
Bewitch your hearts; be wise, and circumspect.

What though the common people favour him,
Calling him "Humphrey, the good Duke of
Gloster;"

Clapping their hands, and crying with loud voice—

"Jesu maintain your royal excellence!" ¹⁶⁰
With—"God preserve the good Duke
Humphrey!"

I fear me, lords, for all this flattering gloss,
He will be found a dangerous protector.

Buck. Why should he then protect our sovereign,

He being of age to govern of himself?—

Cousin of Somerset, join you with me,

And all together, with the Duke of Suffolk,
We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from
his seat.

Car. This weighty business will not brook delay;

I'll to the Duke of Suffolk presently. [*Exit.*

Som. Cousin of Buckingham, though
Humphrey's pride, ¹⁷¹

And greatness of his place, be grief to us,

Yet let us watch the haughty cardinal.

His insolence is more intolerable

Than all the princes' in the land beside:

If Gloster be displac'd, he'll be protector.

Buck. Or thou, or I, Somerset, will be protector,

Despite Duke Humphrey, or the cardinal.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and SOMERSET.

Sal. Pride went before, ambition follows him.

While these do labour for their own preferment, ¹⁸⁰

Behoves it us to labour for the realm.

I never saw but Humphrey, Duke of Gloster,
Did bear him like a noble gentleman.

Oft have I seen the haughty cardinal,

More like a soldier, than a man o' the church,

As stout and proud, as he were lord of all,

Swear like a ruffian, and demean himself

Unlike the ruler of a commonwealth.—

Warwick, my son, the comfort of my age,

Thy deeds, thy plainness, and thy house-keeping, ¹⁹⁰

Hath won the greatest favour of the commons,

Excepting none but good Duke Humphrey;

And, brother York, thy acts in Ireland,

In bringing them to civil discipline,

Thy late exploits, done in the heart of France,

When thou wert regent for our sovereign,

Have made thee fear'd and honour'd of the people.—

Join we together, for the public good,

In what we can, to bridle and suppress

The pride of Suffolk, and the cardinal, ²⁰⁰

With Somerset's and Buckingham's ambition;

And, as we may, cherish Duke Humphrey's
deeds,

While they do tend the profit of the land.

War. So God help Warwick, as he loves
the land,

And common profit of his country.

York. [*Aside.*] And so says York, for he
hath greatest cause.

Sal. Then let's make haste away, and look
unto the main.

War. Unto the main! O father, Maine is
lost;

That Maine, which by main force Warwick
did win,

And would have kept, so long as breath did
last:

Main chance, father, you meant; but I meant
Maine,

Which I will win from France, or else be
slain.

[*Exeunt WARWICK and SALISBURY.*]

York. Anjou and Maine are given to the
French;

Paris is lost: the state of Normandy

Stands on a tickle point, now they are gone.

Suffolk concluded on the articles,

The peers agreed, and Henry was well
pleas'd,

To change two dukedoms for a duke's fair
daughter.

I cannot blame them all: what is't to them?
'Tis thine they give away, and not their
own.

Pirates may make cheap pennyworths of their
pillage,

And purchase friends, and give to courtesans,
Still revelling, like lords, till all be gone;

Whileas the silly owner of the goods

Weeps over them, and wrings his hapless
hands,

And shakes his head, and trembling stands
aloof,

While all's shar'd, and all is borne away,

Ready to starve, and dare not touch his own:
So York must sit, and fret, and bite his
tongue,

While his own lands are bargain'd for, and
sold.

Methinks, the realms of England, France, and
Ireland,

Bear that proportion to my flesh and blood,
As did the fatal brand Althæa burn'd,

Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.

Anjou and Maine, both given unto the
French!

Cold news for me; for I had hope of France,
Even as I have of fertile England's soil.

A day will come, when York shall claim his
own;

And therefore I will take the Nevils' parts,
And make a show of love to proud Duke
Humphrey,

And, when I spy advantage, claim the crown,
For that's the golden mark I seek to hit.

Nor shall proud Lancaster usurp my right,
Nor hold the sceptre in his childish fist,

Nor wear the diadem upon his head,
Whose church-like humours fit not for a
crown.

Then, York, be still awhile, till time do serve;
Watch thou, and wake, when others be
asleep,

To pry into the secrets of the state,

Till Henry, surfeiting in joys of love,

With his new bride, and England's dear-
bought queen,

And Humphrey with the peers be fall'n at
jars:

Then will I raise aloft the milk-white rose,

With whose sweet smell the air shall be per-
fum'd,

And in my standard bear the arms of York,

To grapple with the house of Lancaster;

And, force perforce, I'll make him yield the
crown,

Whose bookish rule hath pull'd fair England
down. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. A Room in the Duke
of GLOSTER'S House.

Enter GLOSTER and the DUCHESS.

Duch. Why droops my lord, like over-
ripen'd corn,

Hanging the head at Ceres' plenteous load?

Why doth the great Duke Humphrey knit
his brows,

As frowning at the favours of the world?

Why are thine eyes fix'd to the sullen earth,
Gazing on that which seems to dim thy sight?

What seest thou there? King Henry's
diadem,

Enchas'd with all the honours of the world?

If so, gaze on, and grovel on thy face,

Until thy head be circled with the same. 10
Put forth thy hand; reach at the glorious
gold.—

What, is't too short? I'll lengthen it with
mine;

And, having both together heav'd it up,
We'll both together lift our heads to heaven,

And never more abase our sight so low,

As to vouchsafe one glance unto the ground.

Glo. O Nell, sweet Nell, if thou dost love
thy lord,

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts:

And may that thought, when I imagine ill

Against my king and nephew, virtuous
Henry,

Be my last breathing in this mortal world.

My troublous dream this night doth make me
sad.

Duch. What dream'd my lord? tell me, and
I'll requite it

With sweet rehearsal of my morning's dream.

Glo. Methought, this staff, mine office-badge
in court,

Was broke in twain: by whom, I have forgot,
But, as I think, it was by the cardinal;

And on the pieces of the broken wand
Were plac'd the heads of Edmund Duke of
Somerset,

And William de la Poole, first Duke of
Suffolk. 50

This was my dream: what it doth bode, God
knows.

Duch. Tut! this was nothing but an argu-
ment,

That he that breaks a stick of Gloster's grove,
Shall lose his head for his presumption.

But list to me, my Humphrey, my sweet
duke:

Methought, I sat in seat of majesty,
In the cathedral church of Westminster,
And in that chair where kings and queens are
crown'd;

Where Henry, and Dame Margaret, kneel'd
to me,

And on my head did set the diadem. 40

Glo. Nay, Eleanor, then must I chide out-
right.

Presumptuous dame! ill-nurtur'd Eleanor!

Art thou not second woman in the realm,

And the protector's wife, belov'd of him?

Hast thou not worldly pleasure at command,

Above the reach or compass of thy thought?

And wilt thou still be hammering treachery,

To tumble down thy husband, and thyself,

From top of honour to disgrace's feet?

Away from me, and let me hear no more. 50

Duch. What, what, my lord! are you so
choleric

With Eleanor, for telling but her dream?

Next time I'll keep my dreams unto myself,

And not be check'd.

Glo. Nay, be not angry, I am pleas'd
again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord protector, 't is his highness'
pleasure,

You do prepare to ride unto Saint Albans,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to
hawk.

Glo. I go.—Come, Nell; thou wilt ride
with us?

Duch. Yes, my good lord, I'll follow
presently. 61

[*Exeunt GLOSTER and Messenger.*

Follow I must: I cannot go before,

While Gloster bears this base and humble
mind.

Were I a man, a duke, and next of blood,
I would remove these tedious stumbling-
blocks,

And smoothe my way upon their headless
necks:

And, being a woman, I will not be slack

To play my part in Fortune's pageant.

Where are you there? Sir John! nay, fear
not, man,

We are alone: here's none but thee, and I.

Enter HUME.

Hume. Jesus preserve your royal majesty.

Duch. What say'st thou? majesty! I am
but grace. 71

Hume. But, by the grace of God, and
Hume's advice,

Your grace's title shall be multiplied.

Duch. What say'st thou, man? hast thou
as yet conferr'd

With Margery Jourdain, the cunning witch

And Roger Bolingbroke, the conjurer?

And will they undertake to do me good?

Hume. This they have promised,—to show
your highness

A spirit rais'd from depth of under-ground,
That shall make answer to such questions, 80
As by your grace shall be propounded him.

Duch. It is enough: I'll think upon the
questions.

When from Saint Albans we do make return,
We'll see these things effected to the full:

Here, Hume, take this reward; make merry,
man,

With thy confederates in this weighty cause. [Exit.]

Hume. Hume must make merry with the
duchess' gold;

Marry, and shall. But how now, Sir John
Hume?

Seal up your lips, and give no words but—
mum:

The business asketh silent secrecy. 90

Dame Eleanor gives gold to bring the witch:

Gold cannot come amiss, were she a devil.

Yet have I gold, flies from another coast:

I dare not say, from the rich cardinal,

And from the great and new-made Duke of
Suffolk;

Yet I do find it so: for, to be plain,

They, knowing Dame Eleanor's aspiring
humour,

Have hired me to undermine the duchess

And buz these conjurations in her brain.

They say, a crafty knave does need no
broker;

Yet am I Suffolk and the cardinal's broker.
Hume, if you take not heed, you shall go near
To call them both a pair of crafty knaves.
Well, so it stands; and thus, I fear, at last,
Hume's knavery will be the duchess' wrack,
And her attainure will be Humphrey's fall.
Sort how it will, I shall have gold for all.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the Palace.

Enter PETER, and others, with petitions.

1 *Pet.* My masters, let's stand close: my lord protector will come this way by-and-by, and then we may deliver our supplications in the quill.

2 *Pet.* Marry, the Lord protect him, for he's a good man! Jesu bless him!

Enter SUFFOLK and Queen MARGARET.

1 *Pet.* Here 'a comes, methinks, and the queen with him. I'll be the first, sure.

2 *Pet.* Come back, fool! this is the Duke of Suffolk, and not my lord protector.

Suf. How now, fellow? wouldst anything with me?

1 *Pet.* I pray, my lord, pardon me: I took ye for my lord protector.

Q. Mar. "To my lord protector!" are your supplications to his lordship? Let me see them. What is thine?

1 *Pet.* Mine is, an't please your grace, against John Goodman, my lord cardinal's man, for keeping my house, and lands, and wife, and all, from me.

Suf. Thy wife too? that is some wrong indeed.—What's yours?—What's here? [*Reads.*] "Against the Duke of Suffolk, for enclosing the commons of Melford."—How now, sir knave?

* 2 *Pet.* Alas! sir, I am but a poor petitioner of our whole township.

Peter. [*Presenting his petition.*] Against my master, Thomas Horner, for saying, that the Duke of York was rightful heir to the crown.

Q. Mar. What say'st thou? did the Duke of York say, he was rightful heir to the crown?

Pet. That my master was? No, forsooth: my master said, that he was; and that the king was an usurper.

Suf. Who is there?

Enter Servants.

Take this fellow in, and send for his master

with a pursuivant presently.—We'll hear more of your matter before the king.

[*Exeunt Servants with PETER.*]

Q. Mar. And as for you, that love to be protected

Under the wings of our protector's grace,
Begin your suits anew, and sue to him.

Away, base cullions!—Suffolk, let them go.

All. Come, let's be gone.

[*Exeunt Petitioners.*]

Q. Mar. My Lord of Suffolk, say, is this the guise,

Is this the fashion in the court of England?

Is this the government of Britain's isle,

And this the royalty of Albion's king?

What! shall King Henry be a pupil still,

Under the surly Gloster's governance?

Am I a queen in title and in style,

And must be made a subject to a duke?

I tell thee, Poole, when in the city Tours

Thou rann'st a tilt in honour of my love,

And stol'st away the ladies' hearts of France,

I thought King Henry had resembled thee,

In courage, courtship, and proportion:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,

To number *Ave-Maries* on his beads;

His champions are the prophets and apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ;

His study is his tilt-yard, and his loves

Are brazen images of canonis'd saints.

I would, the college of the cardinals

Would choose him pope, and carry him to Rome,

And set the triple crown upon his head:

That were a state fit for his holiness.

Suf. Madam, be patient; as I was 'cause

Your highness came to England, so will I

In England work your grace's full content.

Q. Mar. Beside the haughty protector, have we Beaufort,

The imperious churchman, Somerset, Buckingham,

And grumbling York: and not the least of these,

But can do more in England than the king.

Suf. And he of these that can do most of all,

Cannot do more in England than the Nevils: Salisbury and Warwick are no simple peers.

Q. Mar. Not all these lords do vex me half so much,

As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife:

She sweeps it through the court with troops of ladies,

More like an empress than Duke Humphrey's wife.

Strangers in court do take her for the queen:
She bears a duke's revenues on her back,
And in her heart she scorns our poverty.
Shall I not live to be aveng'd on her?
Contemtuons base-born callat as she is,
She vaunted 'mongst her minions t' other
day,

The very train of her worst wearing-gown
Was better worth than all my father's lands,
Till Suffolk gave two dukedoms for his
daughter.

Suf. Madam, myself have lim'd a bush for
her;

And plac'd a quire of such enticing birds,
That she will light to listen to the lays, 90
And never mount to trouble you again.
So, let her rest, and, madam, list to me;
For I am bold to counsel you in this.
Although we fancy not the cardinal,
Yet must we join with him, and with the
lords,

Till we have brought Duke Humphrey in
disgrace.

As for the Duke of York, this late complaint
Will make but little for his benefit:
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last,
And you yourself shall steer the happy
helm. 100

*Enter King HENRY, YORK, and SOMERSET;
Duke and Duchess of GLOSTER, Cardinal
BEAUFORT, BUCKINGHAM, SALISBURY, and
WARWICK.*

K. Hen. For my part, noble lords, I care
not which;

Or Somerset, or York, all's one to me.

York. If York have ill demean'd himself
in France,

Then let him be deny'd the regentship.

Som. If Somerset be unworthy of the
place,

Let York be regent; I will yield to him.

War. Whether your grace be worthy, yea,
or no,

Dispute not that: York is the worthier.

Car. Ambitious Warwick, let thy betters
speak.

War. The cardinal's not my better in the
field. 110

Buck. All in this presence are thy betters,
Warwick.

War. Warwick may live to be the best of
all.

Sal. Peace, son!—and show some reason,
Buckingham,

Why Somerset should be preferr'd in this.

Q. Mar. Because the king, forsooth, will
have it so.

Glo. Madam, the king is old enough him-
self

To give his censure. These are no women's
matters.

Q. Mar. If he be old enough, what needs
your grace

To be protector of his excellence?

Glo. Madam, I am protector of the realm,
And at his pleasure will resign my place. 121

Suf. Resign it then, and leave thine inso-
lence.

Since thou wert king, (as who is 'king but
thou?)

The commonwealth hath daily run to wrack;
The Dauphin hath prevail'd beyond the seas;
And all the peers and nobles of the realm
Have been as bondmen to thy sovereignty.

Car. The commons hast thou rack'd; the
clergy's bags

Are lank and lean with thy extortions.

Som. Thy sumptuous buildings, and thy
wife's attire, 130

Have cost a mass of public treasury.

Buck. Thy cruelty in execution
Upon offenders hath exceeded law,
And left thee to the mercy of the law.

Q. Mar. Thy sale of offices, and towns in
France,

If they were known, as the suspect is great,
Would make thee quickly hop without thy
head.

[*Exit GLOSTER. The QUEEN drops her fan.*
Give me my fan: what, minion! can you not?

[*Giving the DUCHESS a box on the ear.*
I cry you mercy, madam: was it you?

Duch. Was't I? yea, I it was, proud
Frenchwoman: 140

Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face.

K. Hen. Sweet aunt, be quiet: 't was
against her will.

Duch. Against her will! Good king, look
to't in time;

She'll hamper thee, and dandle thee like a
baby:

Though in this place most master wear no
breeches,

She shall not strike Dame Eleanor unreveng'd.
[*Exit.*

Buck. Lord cardinal, I will follow Eleanor,
And listen after Humphrey, how he proceeds:
She's tickled now; her fume needs no spurs,
She'll gallop far enough to her destruction. 151

[*Exit.*

Re-enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now, lords, my choler being over-
blown

With walking once about the quadrangle,
I come to talk of commonwealth affairs.
As for your spiteful false objections,
Prove them, and I lie open to the law ;
But God in mercy so deal with my soul,
As I in duty love my king and country.
But, to the matter that we have in hand.—
I say, my sovereign, York is meetest man 100
To be your regent in the realm of France.

Suf. Before we make election, give me leave

To show some reason, of no little force,
That York is most unmeet of any man.

York. I'll tell thee, Suffolk, why I am unmeet :

First, for I cannot flatter thee in pride ;
Next, if I be appointed for the place,
My lord of Somerset will keep me here,
Without discharge, money, or furniture,
Till France be won into the Dauphin's hands.
Last time I dane'd attendance on his will, 111
Till Paris was besieg'd, famish'd, and lost.

War. That can I witness: and a fouler fact
Did never traitor in the land commit.

Suf. Peace, headstrong Warwick !

War. Image of pride, why should I hold my peace ?

*Enter Servants of SUFFOLK, bringing in
HORNER and PETER.*

Suf. Because here is a man accus'd of treason :

Pray God, the Duke of York excuse himself !

York. Doth any one accuse York for a traitor ?

K. Hen. What mean'st thou, Suffolk ? Tell me, what are these ? 180

Suf. Please it your Majesty, this is the man
That doth accuse his master of high treason.
His words were these:—That Richard, Duke
of York,

Was rightful heir unto the English crown,
And that your majesty was an usurper.

K. Hen. Say, man, were these thy words ?

Hor. An't shall please your majesty, I never said nor thought any such matter. God is my witness, I am falsely accused by the villain.

Pet. By these ten bones, my lords, he did speak them to me in the garret one night, as we were scouring my Lord of York's armour.

York. Base dilinghill villain, and mechanical,
I'll have thy head for this thy traitor's speech.—

I do beseech your royal majesty,
Let him have all the rigour of the law.

Hor. Alas ! my lord, hang me, if ever I spake the words. My accuser is my prentice ;

and when I did correct him for his fault the other day, he did vow upon his knees, he would be even with me. I have good witness of this : therefore, I beseech your majesty, do not cast away an honest man for a villain's accusation. 207

K. Hen. Uncle, what shall we say to this in law ?

Glo. This doom, my lord, if I may judge :
Let Somerset be regent o'er the French,
Because in York this breeds suspicion ;
And let these have a day appointed them
For single combat in convenient place ;
For he hath witness of his servant's malice.
This is the law, and this Duke Humphrey's doom. 211

Som. I humbly thank your royal majesty.

Hor. And I accept the combat willingly.

Pet. Alas ! my lord, I cannot fight : for God's sake, pity my case ! the spite of man prevaileth against me. O Lord, have mercy upon me ! I shall never be able to fight a blow. O Lord, my heart !

Glo. Sirrah, or you must fight or else be hang'd.

K. Hen. Away with them to prison ; and the day

Of combat shall be the last of the next month.— 221

Come, Somerset, we'll see thee sent away. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. The Duke of GLOSTER'S Garden.

*Enter MARGERY JOURDAIN, HUME,
SOUTHWELL, and BOLINGBROKE.*

Hume. Come, my masters ; the duchess, I tell you, expects performance of your promises.

Boling. Master Hume, we are therefore provided. Will her ladyship behold and hear our exorcisms ?

Hume. Ay ; what else ? fear you not her courage.

Boling. I have heard her reported to be a woman of an invincible spirit : but it shall be convenient, Master Hume, that you be by her aloft, while we be busy below ; and so, I pray you, go in God's name, and leave us. [*Exit HUME.*] Mother Jourdain, be you prostrate, and grovel on the earth :—John Southwell, read you, and let us to our work. 12

Enter DUCHESS above.

Duch. Well said, my masters, and welcome all. To this gear ; the sooner, the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady ; wizards
know their times.
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the
night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire ;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs
howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their
graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not : whom we
raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies be-
longing, and make the circle : BOLING-
BROKE, or SOUTHWELL, reads, Con-
juro te, &c. It thunders and lightens
terribly ; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. Adsum.

M. Jourd. Asmath !

By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask ;
For till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from
hence.

Spir. Ask what thou wilt.—That I had
said and done !

Boling. First, of the king. What shall of
him become ?

Spir. The Duke yet lives, that Henry shall
depose ;

But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[*As the Spirit speaks, SOUTHWELL
writes the answer.*

Boling. What fates await the Duke of
Suffolk ?

Spir. By water shall he die, and take his
end.

Boling. What shall befall the Duke of
Somerset ?

Spir. Let him shun castles :

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.

Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. Descend to darkness and the
burning lake :

False fiend, avoid !

[*Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.*

*Enter YORK and BUCKINGHAM, hastily,
with their Guards.*

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and
their trash.

Beldam, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.
What ! madam, are you there ? the king and
commonweal

Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains :

My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to Eng-
land's king,

Injurious duke, that threat'st where is no
cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What
call you this ?

[*Showing her the papers.*

Away with them ! let them be clapp'd up
close,

And kept asunder.—You, madam, shall with
us :

Stafford, take her to thee.—

[*Exit DUCHESS from above.*

We'll see your trinkets here all forthcoming ;
All, away !

[*Exeunt Guards, with SOUTHWELL,
BOLINGBROKE, &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks, you
watch'd her well :

A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon !

Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here ?

[*Reads.*] "The duke yet lives, that Henry
shall depose ;

But him outlive, and die a violent death."

Why, this is just,

Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.

Well, to the rest :

"Tell me, what fate awaits the Duke of
Suffolk ?—

By water shall he die, and take his end.—

What shall betide the Duke of Somerset ?—

Let him shun castles :

Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand."

Come, come, my lords ;

These oracles are hardly attain'd,

And hardly understood.

The king is now in progress towards Saint
Albans ;

With him the husband of this lovely lady :

Thither go these news, as fast as horse can
carry them ;

A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my
Lord of York,

To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—
Who's within there, ho !

Enter a Servant.

Invite my Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,
To sup with me to-morrow night.—Away !

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Saint Albans.

Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, Cardinal, and SUFFOLK, with Falconers hollaing.

Q. Mar. Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,

I saw not better sport these seven years' day :
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high,
And, ten to one, old Joan had not gone out.

K. Hen. But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,

And what a pitch she flew above the rest !—
To see how God in all his creatures works !
Yes, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

Suf. No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well :

They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

Glo. My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind,
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

Car. I thought as much : he'd be above the clouds.

Glo. Ay, my lord cardinal : how think you by that ?

Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven ?

K. Hen. The treasury of everlasting joy.

Car. Thy heaven is on earth ; thine eyes and thoughts

Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart :
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and common-weal.

Glo. What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory ?

Tantum animis celestibus ira ?

Churchmen so hot ? good uncle, hide such malice ;

With such holiness can you do it ?

Suf. No malice, sir ; no more than well becomes

So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

Glo. As who, my lord ?

Suf. Why, as you, my lord ;

An't like your lordly lord-protectorship.

Glo. Why, Suffolk, England knows thine insolence.

Q. Mar. And thy ambition, Gloster.

K. Hen. I pr'ythee, peace,

Good queen ; and whet not on these furious peers,

For blessed are the peacemakers on earth.

Car. Let me be blessed for the peace I make

Against this proud protector with my sword.

Glo. [*Aside to the Cardinal.*] 'Faith, holy uncle, 'would 't were come to that !

Car. [*Aside.*] Marry, when thou dar'st.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Make up no factious numbers for the matter ;

In thine own person answer thy abuse.

Car. [*Aside.*] Ay, where thou dar'st not peep : an if thou dar'st,

This evening on the east side of the grove.

K. Hen. How now, my lords !

Car. Believe me, cousin Gloster,
Had not your man put up the fowl so suddenly,

We had had more sport.—[*Aside to GLOSTER.*]
Come with thy two-hand sword.

Glo. True, uncle.

Car. [*Aside.*] Are you advis'd ?—the east side of the grove.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Cardinal, I am with you.

K. Hen. Why, how now, uncle Gloster !

Glo. Talking of hawking ; nothing else, my lord.—

[*Aside.*] Now, by God's mother, priest, I'll shave your crown

For this, or all my fence shall fail.

Car. [*Aside.*] *Medice, teipsum—*

Protector, see to 't well, protect yourself.

K. Hen. The winds grow high ; so do your stomachs, lords.

How irksome is this music to my heart !

When such strings jar, what hope of harmony ?

I pray, my lords, let me compound this strife.

Enter One, crying, "A miracle !"

Glo. What means this noise ?

Fellow, what miracle dost thou proclaim ?

One. A miracle ! a miracle !

Suf. Come to the king, and tell him what miracle.

One. Forsooth, a blind man, at Saint Alban's shrine,

Within this half hour hath receiv'd his sight ;

A man that ne'er saw in his life before.

K. Hen. Now, God be prais'd, that to believing souls

Gives light in darkness, comfort in despair !

Enter the Mayor of Saint Albans and his Brethren; and SIMPCOX, borne between two persons in a chair; his Wife and a great multitude following.

Car. Here come the townsmen on procession,

To present your highness with the man.

K. Hen. Great is his comfort in this earthly vale,

Although by his sight his sin be multiplied.

Glo. Stand by, my masters; bring him near the king:

His highness' pleasure is to talk with him.

K. Hen. Good fellow, tell us here the circumstance,

That we for thee may glorify the Lord.

What! hast thou been long blind, and now restor'd?

Simp. Born blind, an't please your grace.

Wife. Ay, indeed, was he.

Suf. What woman is this?

Wife. His wife, an't like your worship.

Glo. Hadst thou been his mother, thou couldst have better told.

K. Hen. Where wert thou born?

Simp. At Berwick in the north, an't like your grace.

K. Hen. Poor soul! God's goodness hath been great to thee:

Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass,

But still remember what the Lord hath done.

Q. Mar. Tell me, good fellow, cam'st thou here by chance,

Or of devotion, to this holy shrine?

Simp. God knows, of pure devotion; being call'd

A hundred times, and oft'ner, in my sleep,

By good Saint Alban; who said,—“Simpcox, come;

Come, offer at my shrine, and I will help thee.”

Wife. Most true, forsooth; and many time and oft

Myself have heard a voice to call him so.

Car. What! art thou lame?

Simp. Ay, God Almighty help me!

Suf. How cam'st thou so?

Simp. A fall off a tree.

Wife. A plum-tree, master.

Glo. How long hast thou been blind?

Simp. O! born so, master.

Glo. What! and wouldst climb a tree?

Simp. But that in all my life, when I was a youth.

Wife. Too true; and bought his climbing very dear.

Glo. Mass, thou lov'dst plums well, that wouldst venture so.

Simp. Alas, master, my wife desir'd some damsons,

And made me climb with danger of my life.

Glo. A subtle knave; but yet it shall not serve.—

Let me see thine eyes:—wink now;—now open them.—

In my opinion yet thou seest not well.

Simp. Yes, master, clear as day; I thank God, and Saint Alban.

Glo. Say'st thou me so? What colour is this cloak of?

Simp. Red, master; red as blood.

Glo. Why, that's well said. What colour is my gown of?

Simp. Black, forsooth; coal-black as jet.

K. Hen. Why then, thou know'st what colour jet is of?

Suf. And yet, I think, jet did he never see.

Glo. But cloaks, and gowns, before this day a many.

Wife. Never, before this day, in all his life.

Glo. Tell me, sirrah, what's my name?

Simp. Alas! master, I know not.

Glo. What's his name?

Simp. I know not.

Glo. Nor his?

Simp. No, indeed, master.

Glo. What's thine own name?

Simp. Saunder Simpcox, an if it please you, master.

Glo. Then, Saunder, sit there, the lyingest knave in Christendom. If thou hadst been born blind, thou mightst as well have known all our names, as thus to name the several colours we do wear. Sight may distinguish of colours; but suddenly to nominate them all, it is impossible.—My lords, Saint Alban here hath done a miracle; and would ye not think his cunning to be great, that could restore this cripple to his legs again?

Simp. O master, that you could!

Glo. My masters of Saint Albans, have you not beades in your town, and things called whips?

May. Yes, my lord, if it please your grace.

Glo. Then send for one presently.

May. Sirrah, go fetch the beadle hither straight. *[Exit an Attendant.]*

Glo. Now fetch me a stool hither by-and-by. *[A stool brought out.]* Now, sirrah, if you mean to save yourself from whipping, leap me over this stool, and run away.

Simp. Alas! master, I am not able to stand alone:

You go about to torture me in vain.

Re-enter Attendant, and a Beadle with a whip.

Glo. Well, sir, we must have you find your legs. Sirrah beadle, whip him till he leap over that same stool.

Bead. I will, my lord.—Come on, sirrah; off with your doublet quickly.

Simp. Alas! master, what shall I do? I am not able to stand. ¹⁵⁰

[After the Beadle hath hit him once, he leaps over the stool, and runs away; and the People follow and cry, "A miracle!"

K. Hen. O God! seest thou this, and bearest so long?

Q. Mar. It made me laugh to see the villain run.

Glo. Follow the knave, and take this drab away.

Wife. Alas! sir, we did it for pure need.

Glo. Let them be whipp'd through every market-town, till they come to Berwick, from whence they came.

[Exeunt Mayor, Beadle, Wife, &c.]

Car. Duke Humphrey has done a miracle to-day.

Suf. True; made the lame to leap, and fly away.

Glo. But you have done more miracles than I; ¹⁰⁰

You made in a day, my lord, whole towns to fly.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

K. Hen. What tidings with our cousin Buckingham?

Buck. Such as my heart doth tremble to unfold.

A sort of naughty persons, lewdly bent,
Under the countenance and confederacy
Of Lady Eleanor, the protector's wife,
The ringleader and head of all this rout,
Have practis'd dangerously against your state,

Dealing with witches, and with conjurers:
Whom we have apprehended in the fact; ¹⁷⁰
Raising up wicked spirits from under-ground,
Demanding of King Henry's life and death,
And other of your highness' privy council,
As more at large your grace shall understand.

Car. And so, my lord protector, by this means

Your lady is forthcoming yet at London.
This news, I think, hath turn'd your weapon's edge;

'Tis like, my lord, you will not keep your hour.

Glo. Ambitious churchman, leave to afflict my heart.

Sorrow and grief have vanquish'd all my powers; ¹⁸⁰

And, vanquish'd as I am, I yield to thee,
Or to the meanest groom.

K. Hen. O God! what mischiefs work the wicked ones;

Heaping confusion on their own heads thereby.

Q. Mar. Gloster, see here the tainture of thy nest;

And look thyself be faultless, thou wert best.

Glo. Madam, for myself, to Heaven I do appeal,

How I have lov'd my king, and commonweal;
And, for my wife, I know not how it stands.

Sorry I am to hear what I have heard ¹⁹⁰

Noble she is, but if she have forgot

Honour, and virtue, and convers'd with such

As, like to pitch, defile nobility,

I banish her my bed and company,

And give her, as a prey, to law, and shame,
That hath dishonour'd Gloster's honest name.

K. Hen. Well, for this night, we will repose us here:

To-morrow toward London, back again,

To look into this business thoroughly,

And call these foul offenders to their answers; ²⁰⁰

And poise the cause in justice' equal scales,

Whose beam stands sure, whose rightful cause prevails. *[Flourish. Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—London. The Duke of York's Garden.

Enter YORK, SALISBURY, and WARWICK.

York. Now, my good Lords of Salisbury and Warwick,

Our simple supper ended, give me leave,
In this close walk, to satisfy myself,
In craving your opinion of my title,
Which is infallible, to England's crown.

Sal. My lord, I long to hear it at full.

War. Sweet York, begin; and if thy claim be good,

The Nevils are thy subjects to command.

York. Then thus:—

Edward the Third, my lords, had seven sons:
The first, Edward the Black Prince, Prince of Wales; ¹¹

The second, William of Hatfield; and the third,

Lionel, Duke of Clarence; next to whom

Was John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster.

The fifth was Edmund Langley, Duke of York;

The sixth was Thomas of Woodstock, Duke of Gloster ;
William of Windsor was the seventh, and last.

Edward, the Black Prince, died before his father,
And left behind him Richard, his only son ;
Who, after Edward the Third's death, reign'd
as king, ²⁰

Till Henry Bolingbroke, Duke of Lancaster,
The eldest son and heir of John of Gaunt,
Crown'd by the name of Henry the Fourth,
Seized on the realm ; depos'd the rightful king ;

Sent his poor queen to France, from whence she came,
And him to Pomfret ; where, as all you know,

Harmless Richard was murder'd traitorously.
War. Father, the duke hath told the truth ;
Thus got the house of Lancaster the crown.

York. Which now they hold by force, and not by right ; ³⁰

For Richard, the first son's heir, being dead,
The issue of the next son should have reign'd.

Sal. But William of Hatfield died without an heir.

York. The third son, Duke of Clarence, from whose line

I claim the crown, had issue—Philippe, a daughter,

Who married Edmund Mortimer, Earl of March ;

Edmund had issue—Roger, Earl of March ;
Roger had issue—Edmund, Anne, and Eleanor.

Sal. This Edmund, in the reign of Bolingbroke,

As I have read, laid claim unto the crown ;
And, but for Owen Glendower, had been king, ⁴¹

Who kept him in captivity till he died.
But to the rest.

York. His eldest sister, Anne,
My mother, being heir unto the crown,
Married Richard, Earl of Cambridge, who
was son

To Edmund Langley, Edward the Third's fifth son.

By her I claim the kingdom : she was heir
To Roger, Earl of March, who was the son
Of Edmund Mortimer, who married Philippe,
Sole daughter unto Lionel, Duke of Clarence :
So, if the issue of the elder son ⁵¹

Succeed before the younger, I am king.

War. What plain proceeding is more plain
than this ?

Henry doth claim the crown from John of Gaunt,

The fourth son ; York claims it from the third.

Till Lionel's issue fails, his should not reign :
It fails not yet, but flourishes in thee,
And in thy sons, fair slips of such a stock.
Then, father Salisbury, kneel we together
And, in this private plot, be we the first, ⁶⁰
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.

Both. Long live our sovereign Richard,
England's king !

York. We thank you, lords ! But I am not your king,
Till I be crown'd, and that my sword be stain'd

With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster ;
And that's not suddenly to be perform'd,
But with advice, and silent secrecy.

Do you, as I do, in these dangerous days,
Wink at the Duke of Suffolk's insolence, ⁷⁰
At Beaufort's pride, at Somerset's ambition,
At Buckingham, and all the crew of them,
Till they have snar'd the shepherd of the flock,

That virtuous prince, the good Duke Humphrey.

'Tis that they seek : and they, in seeking that,

Shall find their deaths, if York can prophesy.

Sal. My lord, break we off : we know your mind at full.

War. My heart assures me, that the Earl of Warwick

Shall one day make the Duke of York a king.

York. And, Nevil, this I do assure myself :
Richard shall live to make the Earl of Warwick ⁸¹

The greatest man in England but the king.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Hall of Justice.

Trumpets sounded. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, GLOSTER, YORK, SUFFOLK, and SALISBURY ; the Duchess of GLOSTER, MARGERY JOURDAIN, SOUTHWELL, HUME, and BOLINGBROKE, under guard.

K. Hen. Stand forth, Dame Eleanor Cobham, Gloster's wife.

In sight of God, and us, your guilt is great :
Receive the sentence of the law, for sins
Such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.—

[To JOURDAIN, &c.] You four, from hence
to prison back again;
From thence, unto the place of execution:
The witch in Smithfield shall be burn'd to
ashes,
And you three shall be strangled on the
gallows.—

You, madam, for you are more nobly born,
Despoiled of your honour in your life, ¹⁰
Shall, after three days' open penance done,
Live in your country here in banishment,
With Sir John Stanley in the Isle of Man.

Duch. Welcome to banishment; welcome
were my death.

Glo. Eleanor, the law, thou seest, hath
judged thee:

I cannot justify whom the law condemns.—
[*Escort the DUCHESS and the other
Prisoners, guarded.*]

Mine eyes are full of tears, my heart of
grief.

Ah, Humphrey! this dishonour in thine age
Will bring thy head with sorrow to the
ground.—

I beseech your majesty, give me leave to go:
Sorrow would solace, and mine age would
ease. ²¹

K. Hen. Stay, Humphrey, Duke of Gloster.
Ere thou go,

Give up thy staff: Henry will to himself
Protector be; and God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide, and lantern to my feet.
And go in peace, Humphrey; no less belov'd,
Than when thou wert protector to thy king.

Q. Mar. I see no reason why a king of
years

Should be to be protected like a child.—
God and King Henry govern England's
helm!— ³⁰

Give up your staff, sir, and the king his
realm.

Glo. My staff?—here, noble Henry, is my
staff:

As willingly do I the same resign,
As e'er thy father Henry made it mine;
And even as willingly at thy feet I leave it,
As others would ambitiously receive it.
Farewell, good king: when I am dead and
gone,
May honourable peace attend thy throne.

[*Exit.*]

Q. Mar. Why, how is Henry king, and
Margaret queen;

And Humphrey, Duke of Gloster, scarce
himself, ⁴⁰

That bears so shrewd a main: two pulls at
once,—

His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;

This staff of honour raught:—there let it
stand,

Where it best fits to be, in Henry's hand.

Suf. Thus droops this lofty pine, and hangs
his sprays;

Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest
days.

York. Lords, let him go.—Please it your
majesty,

This is the day appointed for the combat;
And ready are the appellant and defendant,
The armourer and his man, to enter the
lists, ⁵⁰

So please your highness to behold the fight.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord; for purposely
therefore

Left I the court, to see this quarrel tried.

K. Hen. O' God's name, see the lists and
all things fit:

Here let them end it, and God defend the
right!

York. I never saw a fellow worse bested,
Or more afraid to fight, than is the appellant,
The servant of this armourer, my lords.

*Enter, on one side, HORNER, and his Neigh-
bours, drinking to him so much that he is
drunk; and he enters bearing his staff with
a sand-bag fastened to it; a drum before
him: at the other side, PETER, with a drum
and a similar staff; accompanied by Pren-
tices drinking to him.*

1 Neigh. Here, neighbour Horner, I drink
to you in a cup of sack. And fear not, neigh-
bour, you shall do well enough. ⁶¹

2 Neigh. And here, neighbour, here's a
cup of charneco.

3 Neigh. And here's a pot of good double
beer, neighbour: drink, and fear not your
man.

Hor. Let it come, i' faith, and I'll pledge
you all; and a fig for Peter!

1 Pren. Here, Peter, I drink to thee; and
be not afraid.

2 Pren. Be merry, Peter, and fear not thy
master: fight for credit of the prentices. ⁷¹

Peter. I thank you all: drink, and pray
for me, I pray you; for, I think, I have
taken my last draught in this world.—Here,
Robin, an if I die, I give thee my apron;
and, Will, thou shalt have my hammer:—
and here, Tom, take all the money that I
have.—O Lord, bless me! I pray God, for I
am never able to deal with my master, he
hath learnt so much fence already.

Sal. Come, leave your drinking, and fall
to blows.—Sirrah, what's thy name? ⁸¹

Peter. Peter, forsooth.

Sal. Peter! what more?

Peter. Thump.

Sal. Thump! then see thou thump thy master well.

Hor. Masters, I am come hither, as it were, upon my man's instigation, to prove him a knave, and myself an honest man: and touching the Duke of York, I will take my death, I never meant him any ill, nor the queen: and therefore, Peter, have at thee with a downright blow.

York. Despatch: this knave's tongue begins to double. Sound, trumpets, alarum to the combatants.

[*Alarum.* They fight, and PETER strikes down his Master.

Hor. Hold, Peter, hold! I confess, I confess treason.

York. Take away his weapon.—Fellow, thank God, and the good wine in thy master's way.

Peter. O God! have I overcome mine enemies in this presence? O Peter! thou hast prevailed in right.

K. Hen. Go, take hence that traitor from our sight;

For, by his death, we do perceive his guilt, too
And God in justice hath reveal'd to us
The truth and innocence of this poor fellow,
Which he had thought to have murder'd
wrongfully.—

Come, fellow; follow us for thy reward.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—The Same. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER and Servants, in mourning cloaks.

Glo. Thus, sometimes hath the brightest day a cloud;

And after summer evermore succeeds
Barren winter, with his wrathful nipping cold:
So cares and joys abound, as seasons fleet.—
Sirs, what's o'clock?

Serv. Ten, my lord.

Glo. Ten is the hour that was appointed me

To watch the coming of my punish'd duchess:
Uneath may she endure the flinty streets,
To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.
Sweet Nell, ill can thy noble mind abrook
The abject people, gazing on thy face,
With envious looks, laughing at thy shame,
That erst did follow thy proud chariot wheels,
When thou didst ride in triumph through the streets.

But soft! I think, she comes; and I'll prepare
My tear-stain'd eyes to see her miseries.

Enter the Duchess of GLOSTER, in a white sheet, with papers pinned upon her back, her feet bare, and a taper burning in her hand; Sir JOHN STANLEY, a Sheriff, and Officers.

Serv. So please your grace, we'll take her from the sheriff.

Glo. No, stir not, for your lives: let her pass by.

Duch. Come you, my lord, to see my open shame?

Now thou dost penance too. Look, how they gaze:

See, how the giddy multitude do point,
And nod their heads, and throw their eyes
on thee.

Ah, Gloster, hide thee from their hateful looks,

And, in thy closet pent up, rue thy shame,
And ban thine enemies, both mine and thine.

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell: forget this grief.

Duch. Ah, Gloster! teach me to forget myself;

For, whilst I think I am thy married wife,
And thou a prince, protector of this land,
Methinks, I should not thus be led along,
Mail'd up in shame, with papers on my back,
And follow'd with a rabble, that rejoice
To see my tears, and hear my deep-set groans.
The ruthless flint doth cut my tender feet;
And when I start, the envious people laugh,
And bid me be advised how I tread.

Ah, Humphrey! can I bear this shameful yoke?

Trow'st thou, that e'er I'll look upon the world,

Or count them happy that enjoy the sun?

No; dark shall be my light, and night my day:
To think upon my pomp, shall be my hell.
Sometime I'll say, I am Duke Humphrey's wife,

And he a prince, and ruler of the land;
Yet so he rul'd, and such a prince he was,
As he stood by, whilst I, his forlorn duchess,
Was made a wonder, and a pointing-stock,
To every idle rascal follower.

But be thou mild, and blush not at my shame;
Nor stir at nothing, till the axe of death

Hang over thee, as, sure, it shortly will:
For Suffolk,—he that can do all in all

With her that hateth thee, and hates us all,—
And York, and impious Beaufort, that false priest,

Have all lim'd bushes to betray thy wings;



C. GREEN, *Paint.*

G. GOLDBERG, *Sculpt.*

PENANCE OF THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER

Glo. Be patient, gentle Nell, forget this grief.

"HENRY VI," *Part II., Act II., Scene IV.*

And, fly thou how thou canst, they'll tangle thee.

But fear not thou, until thy foot be snar'd,
Nor never seek prevention of thy foes.

Glo. Ah, Nell! forbear: thou aimest all awry;

I must offend before I be attained;
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,

All these could not procure me any scath,
So long as I am loyal, true, and crimeless.
Wouldst have me rescue thee from this reproach?

Why, yet thy scandal were not wip'd away,
But I in danger for the breach of law.
Thy greatest help is quiet, gentle Nell;
I pray thee, sort thy heart to patience:
These few days' wonder will be quickly worn.

Enter a Herald.

Her. I summon your grace to his majesty's parliament, holden at Bury the first of this next month.

Glo. And my consent ne'er ask'd herein before?

This is close dealing.—Well, I will be there.
[Exit Herald.]

My Nell, I take my leave:—and, master sheriff,

Let not her penance exceed the king's commission.

Sher. An't please your grace, here my commission stays.

And Sir John Stanley is appointed now
To take her with him to the Isle of Man.

Glo. Must you, Sir John, protect my lady here?

Stan. So am I given in charge, may't please your grace.

Glo. Entreat her not the worse, in that I pray

You use her well. The world may laugh again;
And I may live to do you kindness, if

You do it her: and so, Sir John, farewell.

Duch. What! gone, my lord, and bid me not farewell?

Glo. Witness my tears, I cannot stay to speak. *[Exeunt GLOSTER and Servants.]*

Duch. Art thou gone too? All comfort go with thee,

For none abides with me: my joy is death,—
Death, at whose name I oft have been afraid,
Because I wish'd this world's eternity.—
Stanley, I prythee, go, and take me hence;
I care not whither, for I beg no favour,
Only convey me where thou art commanded.

Stan. Why, madam, that is to the Isle of Man:

There to be us'd according to your state.

Duch. That's bad enough, for I am but reproach:

And shall I then be us'd reproachfully?

Stan. Like to a duchess, and Duke Humphrey's lady:

According to that state you shall be used.

Duch. Sheriff, farewell, and better than I fare,

Although thou hast been conduct of my shame.

Sher. It is my office; and, madam, pardon me.

Duch. Ay, ay, farewell: thy office is discharged.—

Come, Stanley, shall we go?

Stan. Madam, your penance done, throw off this sheet,

And go we to attire you for our journey.

Duch. My shame will not be shifted with my sheet:

No; it will hang upon my richest robes,
And show itself, attire me how I can.

Go, lead the way: I long to see my prison.
[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—The Abbey at Bury.

A Sennet. Enter to the Parliament, King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SUFFOLK, YORK, BUCKINGHAM, and others.

K. Hen. I muse, my Lord of Gloster is not come:

'Tis not his wont to be the hindmost man,
Whate'er occasion keeps him from us now.

Q. Mar. Can you not see? or will you not observe

The strangeness of his alter'd countenance
With what a majesty he bears himself;

How insolent of late he is become,

How proud, how peremptory, and unlike himself?

We know the time, since he was mild and affable;

And if we did but glance a far-off look,
Immediately he was upon his knee,

That all the court admir'd him for submission:
But meet him now, and, be it in the morn,

When every one will give the time of day,

He knits his brow, and shows an angry eye,
And paseeth by with stiff unbowed knee,
Disdaining duty that to us belongs.
Small curs are not regarded when they grin,
But great men tremble when the lion roars ;
And Humphrey is no little man in England.
First, note, that he is near you in descent, 21
And should you fall, he is the next will
mount.

Me seemeth then, it is no policy,
Respecting what a rancorous mind he bears,
And his advantage following your decease,
That he should come about your royal person,
Or be admitted to your highness' council.
By flattery hath he won the commons' hearts,
And, when he please to make commotion,
'Tis to be fear'd they all will follow him. 30
Now 't is the spring, and weeds are shallow-
rooted ;

Suffer them now, and they 'll o'ergrow the
garden,

And choke the herbs for want of husbandry.
The reverent care I bear unto my lord
Made me collect these dangers in the duke.
If it be fond, call it a woman's fear ;
Which fear if better reasons can supplant,
I will subscribe and say, I wrong'd the duke.
My Lord of Suffolk,—Buckingham and

York,—

Reprove my allegation, if you can, 40
Or else conclude my words effectual.

Suf. Well hath your highness seen into
this duke ;

And had I first been put to speak my mind,
I think, I should have told your grace's tale.
The duchess, by his subornation,
Upon my life, began her devilish practices :
Or if he were not privy to those faults,
Yet, by reputing of his high descent,
(As next the king he was successive heir,)
And such high vaunts of his nobility, 50
Did instigate the bedlam brain-sick duchess
By wicked means to frame our sovereign's
fall.

Smooth runs the water where the brook is
deep,

And in his simple show he harbours treason.
The fox barks not when he would steal the
lamb :

No, no, my sovereign ; Gloster is a man
Unsounded yet, and full of deep deceit.

Car. Did he not, contrary to form of law,
Devise strange deaths for small offences done ?

York. And did he not, in his protectorship,
Levy great sums of money through the realm
For soldiers' pay in France, and never sent it ?
By means whereof the towns each day re-
volted. 63

Buck. Tut ! these are petty faults to faults
unknown,
Which time will bring to light in smooth
Duke Humphrey.

K. Hen. My lords, at once : the care you
have of us,
To mow down thorns that would annoy our
foot,
Is worthy praise ; but shall I speak my con-
science ?

Our kinsman Gloster is as innocent
From meaning treason to our royal person, 70
As is the sucking lamb, or harmless dove.
The duke is virtuous, mild, and too well
given,
To dream on evil, or to work my downfall.

Q. Mar. 'Ah ! what's more dangerous than
this fond affiance ?

Seems he a dove ? his feathers are but bor-
row'd,

For he's disposed as the hateful raven.
Is he a lamb ? his skin is surely lent him,
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolf.
Who cannot steal a shape, that means deceit ?
Take heed, my lord ; the welfare of us all 80
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudulent man.

Enter SOMERSET.

Som. All health unto my gracious sovereign !

K. Hen. Welcome, Lord Somerset. What
news from France ?

Som. That all your interest in those
territories

Is utterly bereft you : all is lost.

K. Hen. Cold news, Lord Somerset ; but
God's will be done. 90

York. [*Aside.*] Cold news for me ; for I
had hope of France,

As firmly as I hope for fertile England.
Thus are my blossoms blasted in the bud,
And caterpillars eat my leaves away ;
But I will remedy this gear ere long,
Or sell my title for a glorious grave. 100

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. All happiness unto my lord the king !
Pardon, my liege, that I have stay'd so long.

Suf. Nay, Gloster, know, that thou art
come too soon,

Unless thou wert more loyal than thou art.
I do arrest thee of high treason here.

Glo. Well, Suffolk's duke, thou shalt not
see me blush,

Nor change my countenance for this arrest :
A heart unspotted is not easily daunted. 105
The purest spring is not so free from mud,
As I am clear from treason to my sovereign.
Who can accuse me ? wherein am I guilty ?

York. 'Tis thought, my lord, that you took
bribes of France,
And, being protector, stay'd the soldiers' pay;
By means whereof his highness hath lost
France.

Glo. Is it but thought so? What are they
that think it?

I never robb'd the soldiers of their pay,
Nor ever had one penny bribe from France.
So help me God, as I have watch'd the night,
Ay, night by night, in studying good for
England!

That do it that e'er I wrested from the king,
Or any groat I hoarded to my use,
Be brought against me at my trial-day!
No; many a pound of mine own proper store,
Because I would not tax the needy commons,
Have I dispursed to the garrisons,
And never ask'd for restitution.

Car. It serves you well, my lord, to say so
much.

Glo. I say no more than truth, so help me
God!

York. In your protectorship you did devise
Strange tortures for offenders, never heard of,
That England was defam'd by tyranny.

Glo. Why, 'tis well known, that whiles I
was protector,

Pity was all the fault that was in me;
For I should melt at an offender's tears,
And lowly words were ransom for their fault.
Unless it were a bloody murderer,
Or foul felonious thief that fleec'd poor pas-
sengers,

I never gave them condign punishment.
Murder, indeed, that bloody sin, I tortur'd
Above the felon, or what trespass else.

Suf. My lord, these faults are easy, quickly
answer'd;

But mightier crimes are laid unto your
charge,

Whereof you cannot easily purge yourself.
I do arrest you in his highness' name;
And here commit you to my lord cardinal
To keep, until your further time of trial.

K. Hen. My Lord of Gloster, 'tis my
special hope,

That you will clear yourself from all suspect;
My conscience tells me you are innocent.

Glo. Ah, gracious lord! these days are
dangerous.

Virtue is chok'd with foul ambition,
And charity chas'd hence by rancour's hand;
Foul subornation is predominant,
And equity exil'd your highness' land.
I know, their complot is to have my life;
And if my death might make this island
happy.

And prove the period of their tyranny,
I would expend it with all willingness;
But mine is made the prologue to their play;
For thousands more, that yet suspect no peril,
Will not conclude their plotted tragedy.
Beaufort's red sparkling eyes blab his heart's
malice,

And Suffolk's cloudy brow his stormy hate;
Sharp Buckingham unburdens with his tongue
The envious load that lies upon his heart;
And dogged York, that reaches at the moon,
Whose overweening arm I have pluck'd back,
By false accuse doth level at my life:
And you, my sovereign lady, with the rest,
Causeless have laid disgraces on my head,
And with your best endeavour have stirr'd up
My liefest liege to be mine enemy.

Ay, all of you have laid your heads together;
Myself had notice of your conventicles,
And all to make away my guiltless life.
I shall not want false witness to condemn me,
Nor store of treasons to augment my guilt;
The ancient proverb will be well effected,—
A staff is quickly found to beat a dog.

Car. My liege, his railing is intolerable.
If those that care to keep your royal person
From treason's secret knife, and traitors' rage,
Be thus upbraided, chid, and rated at,
And the offender granted scope of speech,
'T will make them cool in zeal unto your grace.

Suf. Hath he not twit our sovereign lady
here,
With ignominious words, though clerkly
couch'd,

As if she had suborned some to swear
False allegations to overthrow his state?

Q. Mar. But I can give the loser leave to
chide.

Glo. Far truer spoke, than meant: I lose,
indeed;

Beshrew the winners, for they play'd me false!
And well such losers may have leave to speak.

Buck. He'll wrest the sense, and hold us
here all day.—

Lord cardinal, he is your prisoner.

Car. Sirs, take away the duke, and guard
him sure.

Glo. Ah, thus King Henry throws away
his crutch,

Before his legs be firm to bear his body:
Thus is the shepherd beaten from thy side,
And wolves are gnawing who shall gnaw
thee first.

Ah, that my fear were false! ah, that it were!
For, good King Henry, thy decay I fear.

[*Exeunt Attendants with GLOSTER.*]

K. Hen. My lords, what to your wisdoms
seemeth best,

Do, or undo, as if ourself were here.

Q. Mar. What! will your highness leave the parliament?

K. Hen. Ay, Margaret, my heart is drown'd with grief,

Whose flood begins to flow within mine eyes;
My body round engirt with misery,

For what's more miserable than discontent?—
Ah, uncle Humphrey! in thy face I see

The map of honour, truth, and loyalty;
And yet, good Humphrey, is the hour to come,

That e'er I prov'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.

What low'ring star now envies thy estate,
That these great lords, and Margaret our queen,

Do seek subversion of thy harmless life?
Thou never didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;

And as the butcher takes away the calf, 210
And binds the wretch, and beats it when it strays,

Bearing it to the bloody slaughter-house;
Even so, remorseless, have they borne him hence;

And as the dam runs lowing up and down,
Looking the way her harmless young one went,

And can do nought but wail her darling's loss;

Even so myself bewails good Gloster's case,
With sad unhelpful tears; and with dimm'd eyes

Look after him, and cannot do him good;
So mighty are his vowed enemies. 220

His fortunes I will weep; and, 'twixt each groan,

Say—"Who's a traitor? Gloster he is none." *[Exit.]*

Q. Mar. Fair lords, cold snow melts with the sun's hot beams.

Henry my lord is cold in great affairs,
Too full of foolish pity; and Gloster's show

Beguiles him, as the mournful crocodile
With sorrow snares relenting passengers;

Or as the snake, roll'd in a flowering bank,
With shining checker'd slough, doth sting a child,

That for the beauty thinks it excellent. 230

Believe me, lords, were none more wise than I
(And yet herein I judge mine own wit good),

This Gloster should be quickly rid the world,
To rid us from the fear we have of him.

Car. That he should die is worthy policy,
But yet we want a colour for his death.

'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of law.

Suf. But, in my mind that were no policy:
The king will labour still to save his life;
The commons haply rise to save his life; 240
And yet we have but trivial argument,
More than distrust, that shows him worthy death.

York. So that, by this, you would not have him die.

Suf. Ah! York, no man alive so fain as I.

York. 'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.—

But, my lord cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk,

Say, as you think, and speak it from your souls,

Were't not all one, an empty eagle were set
To guard the chicken from a hungry kite,
As place Duke Humphrey for the king's protector? 250

Q. Mar. So the poor chicken should be sure of death.

Suf. Madam, 'tis true: and were't not madness then,

To make the fox surveyor of the fold?
Who, being accus'd a crafty murderer,

His guilt should be but idly posted over,
Because his purpose is not executed.

No; let him die, in that he is a fox,
By nature prov'd an enemy to the flock,

Before his chaps be stain'd with crimson blood,

As Humphrey prov'd by reasons to my liege.
And do not stand on quilllets, how to slay him:

Be it by gins, by snares, by subtilty. 260

Sleeping, or waking, 'tis no matter how,
So he be dead; for that is good deceit

Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

Q. Mar. Thrice-noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.

Suf. Not resolute, except so much were done,

For things are often spoke, and seldom meant;
But, that my heart accordeth with my tongue,—

Seeing the deed is meritorious, 270

And to preserve my sovereign from his foe,—

Say but the word, and I will be his priest.

Car. But I would have him dead, my Lord of Suffolk,

Ere you can take due orders for a priest.
Say, you consent, and censure well the deed,

And I'll provide his executioner;
I tender so the safety of my liege.

Suf. Here is my hand; the deed is worthy doing.

Q. Mar. And so say I.

York. And I; and now we three have
spoke it,
It skills not greatly who impugns our doom.

Enter a Messenger

Mess. Great lords, from Ireland am I come
again,

To signify that rebels there are up,
And put the Englishmen unto the sword.
Send succours, lords, and stop the rage betime,
Before the wound do grow incurable;
For, being green, there is great hope of help.

Car. A breach that craves a quick ex-
pedient stop!

What counsel give you in this weighty cause?

York. That Somerset be sent as regent
thither.

'Tis meet, that lucky ruler be employ'd;

Witness the fortune he hath had in France.

Som. If York, with all his far-fet policy,
Had been the regent there instead of me,
He never would have stay'd in France so long.

York. Nò, not to lose it all, as thou hast
done.

I rather would have lost my life betimes,
Than bring a burden of dishonour home,
By staying there so long, till all were lost.
Show me one scar character'd on thy skin:
Men's flesh preserv'd so whole do seldom win.

Q. Mar. Nay then, this spark will prove a
raging fire,

If wind and fuel be brought to feed it with.—
No more, good York;—sweet Somerset, be
still:—

Thy fortune, York, hadst thou been regent
there,

Might happily have prov'd far worse than his.

York. What, worse than nought? nay, then
a shame take all!

Som. And, in the number, thee, that
wishest shame.

Car. My Lord of York, try what your
fortune is.

The uncivil kerns of Ireland are in arms,

And temper clay with blood of Englishmen:

To Ireland will you lead a band of men,

Collected choicely, from each county some,

And try your hap against the Irishmen?

York. I will, my lord, so please his majesty.

Suf. Why, our authority is his consent,

And what we do establish, he confirms:

Then, noble York, take thou this task in
hand.

York. I am content. Provide me soldiers,
lords,

Whiles I take order for mine own affairs.

Suf. A charge, Lord York, that I will see
perform'd.

But now return we to the false Duke
Humphrey.

Car. No more of him; for I will deal with
him,

That henceforth he shall trouble us no more:
And so break off; the day is almost spent.

Lord Suffolk, you and I must talk of that
event.

York. My Lord of Suffolk, within fourteen
days,

At Bristol I expect my soldiers,

For there I'll ship them all for Ireland.

Suf. I'll see it truly done, my Lord of
York.

York. Now, York, or never, steel thy fear-
ful thoughts,

And change misdoubt to resolution:

Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art
Resign to death; it is not worth the enjoying.

Let pale-fac'd fear keep with the mean-born
man,

And find no harbour in a royal heart.

Faster than spring-time showers comes thought
on thought,

And not a thought but thinks on dignity.

My brain, more busy than the labouring spider,
Weaves tedious snares to trap mine enemies.

Well, nobles, well; 't is politically done,

To send me packing with an host of men:

I fear me, you but warm the starved snake,
Who, cherish'd in your breasts, will sting your
hearts.

'T was men I lack'd, and you will give them me:

I take it kindly; yet, be well assur'd,

You put sharp weapons in a madman's hands.

Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band,

I will stir up in England some black storm,

Shall blow ten thousand souls to heaven, or
hell;

And this fell tempest shall not cease to rage,

Until the golden circuit on my head,

Like to the glorious sun's transparent beams,

Do calm the fury of this mad-bred flaw.

And, for a minister of my intent,

I have seduc'd a headstrong Kentishman,

John Cade of Ashford,

To make commotion, as full well he can,

Under the title of John Mortimer.

In Ireland have I seen this stubborn Cade

Oppose himself against a troop of kerns;

And fought so long, till that his thighs with
darts

Were almost like a sharp-quill'd porpentine:

And, in the end being rescu'd, I have seen

Him caper upright, like a wild Morisco,

Shaking the bloody darts, as he his bells.

Full often, like a shag-hair'd crafty kern,

Hath he conversed with the enemy,

And undiscover'd come to me again,
 And given me notice of their villainies. 370
 This devil here shall be my substitute ;
 For that John Mortimer, which now is dead,
 In face, in gait, in speech, he doth resemble :
 By this I shall perceive the commons' mind,
 How they affect the house and claim of York.
 Say, he be taken, rack'd, and tortured,
 I know, no pain they can inflict upon him
 Will make him say, I mov'd him to those
 arms.

Say, that he thrive, as 't is great like he will,
 Why, then from Ireland come I with my
 strength, 380
 And reap the harvest which that rascal sow'd ;
 For, Humphrey being dead, as he shall be,
 And Henry put apart, the next for me.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—Bury. A Room in the Palace.

Enter certain Murderers, hastily.

1 *Mur.* Run to my Lord of Suffolk ; let
 him know,
 We have despatch'd the duke, as he com-
 manded.

2 *Mur.* O, that it were to do !—What have
 we done ?

Didst ever hear a man so penitent ?

1 *Mur.* Here comes my lord.

Enter SUFFOLK.

Suf. Now, sirs, have you despatch'd this
 thing ?

1 *Mur.* Ay, my good lord, he 's dead.

Suf. Why, that 's well said. Go, get you
 to my house ;

I will reward you for this venturous deed.

The king and all the peers are here at hand.

Have you laid fair the bed ? Is all things
 well, 11

According as I gave directions ?

1 *Mur.* 'Tis, my good lord.

Suf. Away, be gone. [*Exeunt Murderers.*]

*Sound trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen
 MARGARET, Cardinal BEAUFORT, SOMERSET,
 Lords, and others.*

K. Hen. Go, call our uncle to our presence
 straight :

Say, we intend to try his grace to-day,
 If he be guilty, as 't is published.

Suf. I'll call him presently, my noble
 lord. [*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Lords, take your places ; and, I
 pray you all,

Proceed no straiter 'gainst our uncle Gloster,
 Than from true evidence, of good esteem, 2
 He be approv'd in practice culpable.

Q. Mar. God forbid any malice should
 prevail,

That faultless may condemn a nobleman !

Pray God, he may acquit him of suspicion ! *

K. Hen. I thank thee, Meg ; these words
 content me much.

Re-enter SUFFOLK.

How now ? why look'st thou pale ? why
 tremblest thou ?

Where is our uncle ? what 's the matter,
 Suffolk ?

Suf. Dead in his bed, my lord ; Gloster is
 lead.

Q. Mar. *Marry, God forfend ! 30

Car. God's secret judgment !—I did dream
 to-night,

The duke was dumb, and could not speak a
 word. [*The KING swoons.*]

Q. Mar. How fares my lord !—Help, lords !
 the king is dead.

Som. Rear up his body : wring him by the
 nose.

Q. Mar. Run, go, help, help !—O Henry,
 ope thine eyes !

Suf. He doth revive again.—Madam, be
 patient.

K. Hen. O heavenly God !

Q. Mar. How fares my gracious lord ?

Suf. Comfort, my sovereign ! gracious
 Henry, comfort !

K. Hen. What ! doth my Lord of Suffolk
 comfort me ?

Came he right now to sing a raven's note, 40

Whose dismal tune bereft my vital powers,

And thinks he, that the chirping of a wren,

By crying comfort from a hollow breast,

Can chase away the first-conceived sound ?

Hide not thy poison with such sugar'd words ;

Lay not thy hands on me ; forbear, I say :

Their touch affrights me as a serpent's sting.

Thou baleful messenger, out of my sight !

Upon thy eye-balls murderous tyranny

Sits in grim majesty to fright the world. 50

Look not upon me, for thine eyes are wound-
 ing.

Yet do not go away :—come, basilisk,

And kill the innocent gazer with thy sight ;

For in the shade of death I shall find joy,

In life but double death, now Gloster 's dead.

Q. Mar. Why do you rate my Lord of
 Suffolk thus ?

Although the duke was enemy to him,

Yet he, most Christian-like, laments his
 death :

And for myself, foe as he was to me,
Might liquid tears, or heart-offending groans
Or blood-consuming sighs, recall his life, ⁶¹
I would be blind with weeping, sick with
groans,
Look pale as primrose with blood-drinking
sighs,
And all to have the noble duke alive.
What know I how the world may deem of
me?

For it is known, we were but hollow friends;
It may be judg'd, I made the duke away :
So shall my name with slander's tongue be
wounded,

And princes' courts be fill'd with my re-
proach.

This get I by his death. Ah me, unhappy !
To be a queen, and crown'd with infamy ! ⁷¹

K. Hen. Ah, woe is me for Gloster,
wretched man !

Q. Mar. Be woe for me, more wretched
than he is.

What, dost thou turn away, and hide thy
face ?

I am no loathsome leper ; look on me.

What, art thou, like the adder, waxen deaf ?

Be poisonous too, and kill thy forlorn queen.

Is all thy comfort shut in Gloster's tomb ?

Why, then Dame Margaret was ne'er thy
joy :

Erect his statua, and worship it, ⁸⁰

And make my image but an ale-house sign.

Was I for this nigh wrack'd upon the sea,

And twice by awkward wind from England's
bank

Drove back again unto my native clime ?

What boded this, but well-forewarning wind

Did seem to say,—Seek not a scorpion's nest,
Nor set no footing on this unkind shore ?

What did I then, but curs'd the gentle gusts,
And he that loos'd them from their brazen
caves ;

And bid them blow towards England's blessed
shore, ⁹⁰

Or turn our stern upon a dreadful rock.

Yet Æolus would not be a murderer,

But left that hateful office unto thee :

The pretty-vaulting sea refus'd to drown me,
Knowing that thou wouldst have me drown'd
on shore,

With tears as salt as sea through thy unkind-
ness :

The splitting rocks cower'd in the sinking
sands,

And would not dash me with their ragged
sides,

Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in thy palace perish Margaret. ¹⁰⁰

As far as I could ken thy chalky cliffs,
When from the shore the tempest beat us
back,

I stood upon the hatches in the storm ;
And when the dusky sky began to rob
My earnest-gaping sight of thy land's view,
I took a costly jewel from my neck,—
A heart it was, bound in with diamonds,—
And threw it towards thy land. The sea re-
ceiv'd it,

And so I wish'd thy body might my heart :
And even with this I lost fair England's
view, ¹¹⁰

And bid mine eyes be packing with my heart,
And call'd them blind and dusky spectacles,
For losing ken of Albion's wished coast.

How often have I tempted Suffolk's tongue
(The agent of thy foul inconstancy),

To sit and witch me, as Ascanius did,
When he to madding Dido would unfold

His father's acts, commene'd in burning Troy !
Am I not witch'd like her ? or thou not false
like him ?

Ah me ! I can no more. Die, Margaret, ¹²⁰
For Henry weeps that thou dost live so long.

*Noise within. Enter WARWICK and SALIS-
BURY. The Commons press to the door.*

War. It is reported, mighty sovereign,
That good Duke Humphrey traitorously is
murder'd

By Suffolk and the Cardinal Beaufort's means.
The commons, like an angry hive of bees,
That want their leader, scatter up and down,
And care not who they sting in his revenge.
Myself have calm'd their spleenful mutiny,
Until they hear the order of his death.

K. Hen. That he is dead, good Warwick,
't is too true ; ¹³⁰

But how he died, God knows, not Henry.
Enter his chamber, view his breathless corse,
And comment then upon his sudden death.

War. That I shall do, my liege.—Stay,
Salisbury,

With the rude multitude, till I return.

[WARWICK goes into an inner room, and
SALISBURY retires.

K. Hen. O Thou that judgest all things,
stay my thoughts !

My thoughts that labour to persuade my soul,
Some violent hands were laid on Humphrey's
life.

If my suspect be false, forgive me, God,
For judgment only doth belong to Thee. ¹⁴⁰

Fain would I go to chafe his paly lips
With twenty thousand kisses, and to drain

Upon his face an ocean of salt tears,
To tell my love unto his dumb deaf trunk,

And with my fingers feel his hand unfeeling ;
But all in vain are these mean obsequies,
And to survey his dead and earthy image,
What were it but to make my sorrow
greater !

The doors of an inner chamber are thrown open, and GLOSTER is discovered dead in his bed ; WARWICK and others standing by it.

War. Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body.

K. Hen. That is to see how deep my grave is made ; 150

For with his soul fled all my worldly solace,
For seeing him, I see my life in death.

War. As surely as my soul intends to live
With that dread King, that took our state
upon Him

To free us from His Father's wrathful curse,
I do believe that violent hands were laid
Upon the life of this thrice-famed duke.

Suf. A dreadful oath, sworn with a solemn
tongue !

What instance gives Lord Warwick for his
vow ?

War. See, how the blood is settled in his
face. 160

Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashly semblance, meagre, pale, and bloodless,
Being all descended to the labouring heart ;
Who, in the conflict that it holds with death,
Attracts the same for aidance 'gainst the
enemy ;

Which with the heart there cools, and ne'er
returneth

To blush and beautify the cheek again.

But see, his face is black, and full of blood ;
His eye-balls further out than when he liv'd,
Staring full ghastly like a strangled man : 170
His hair uprear'd, his nostrils stretch'd with
struggling ;

His hands abroad display'd, as one that grasp'd
And tugg'd for life, and was by strength
subdued.

Look, on the sheets, his hair, you see, is
sticking ;

His well-proportion'd beard made rough and
rugged,

Like to the summer's corn by tempest lodg'd.
It cannot be but he was murder'd here ;
The least of all these signs were probable.

Suf. Why, Warwick, who should do the
duke to death ?

Myself and Beaufort had him in protection, 180
And we, I hope, sir, are no murderers.

War. But both of you were vow'd Duke
Humphrey's foes,

And you, forsooth, had the good duke to keep :
'Tis like you would not feast him like a
friend,

And 'tis well seen he found an enemy.

Q. Mar. Then you, belike, suspect these
noblemen

As guilty of Duke Humphrey's timeless death.

War. Who finds the heifer dead, and
bleeding fresh,

And sees fast by a butcher with an axe,

But will suspect 't was he that made the
slaughter ? 190

Who finds the partridge in the puttock's nest,
But may imagine how the bird was dead.

Although the kite soar with unbloodied beak ?
Even so suspicious is this tragedy.

Q. Mar. Are you the butcher, Suffolk ?
where's your knife ?

Is Beaufort term'd a kite ? where are his
talons ?

Suf. I wear no knife, to slaughter sleeping
men ;

But here's a vengeful sword, rusted with
ease,

That shall be scour'd in his rancorous heart,
That slanders me with murder's crimson
badge.—

Say, if thou dar'st, proud Lord of Warwick-
shire,

That I am faulty in Duke Humphrey's death.

[Exeunt Cardinal, SOMERSET, and others.]

War. What dares not Warwick, if false
Suffolk dare him ?

Q. Mar. He dares not calm his contumelious
spirit,

Nor cease to be an arrogant contröller,

Though Suffolk dare him twenty thousand
times.

War. Madam, be still, with reverence may
I say ;

For every word you speak in his behalf
Is slander to your royal dignity.

Suf. Blunt-witted lord, ignoble in de-
meanour, 210

If ever lady wrong'd her lord so much,

Thy mother took into her blameful bed

Some stern untutor'd churl, and noble stock

Was graft with crab-tree slip ; whose fruit
thou art,

And never of the Nevils' noble race.

War. But that the guilt of murder bucklers
thee,

And I should rob the deathsman of his fee,

Quitting thee thereby of ten thousand shames,
And that my sovereign's presence makes me
mild, 219

I would, false murderous coward, on thy knee
Make thee beg pardon for thy passed speech,

And say, it was thy mother that thou meant'st ;

That thou thyself wast born in bastardy :

And, after all this fearful homage done,
Give thee thy hire, and send thy soul to hell,
Pernicious bloodsucker of sleeping men.

Suf. Thou shalt be waking while I shed thy blood,

If from this presence thou dar'st go with me.

War. Away even now, or I will drag thee hence.

Unworthy though thou art, I'll cope with thee,

And do some service to Duke Humphrey's ghost.

[*Exeunt SUFFOLK and WARWICK.*]

K. Hen. What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted ?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just :
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

[*A noise within.*]

Q. Mar. What noise is this ?

Re-enter SUFFOLK and WARWICK, with their weapons drawn.

K. Hen. Why, how now, lords ? your wrathful weapons drawn

Here in our presence ? dare you be so bold ?—
Why, what tumultuous clamour have we here ?

Suf. The traitorous Warwick, with the men of Bury,
Set all upon me, mighty sovereign.

Noise of a crowd within. Re-enter SALISBURY.

Sal. [*Speaking to those within.*] Sirs, stand apart ; the king shall know your mind.—

Dread lord, the commons send you word by me,

Unless false Suffolk straight be done to death,
Or banished fair England's territories,
They will by violence tear him from your palace,

And torture him with grievous lingering death.

They say, by him the good Duke Humphrey died ;

They say, in him they fear your highness' death ;

And mere instinct of love, and loyalty,
Free from a stubborn opposite intent,

As being thought to contradict your liking,

Makes them thus forward in his banishment.

They say, in care of your most royal person,
That, if your highness should intend to sleep,

And charge, that no man should disturb your rest,

In pain of your dislike, or pain of death,

Yet, notwithstanding such a strait edict,
Were there a serpent seen, with forked tongue,

That slyly glided towards your majesty,

It were but necessary, you were wak'd ;

Lest, being suffer'd in that harmful slumber,
The mortal worm might make the sleep eternal

And therefore do they cry, though you forbid,
That they will guard you, wher you will or no,

From such fell serpents as false Suffolk is ;

With whose envenomed and fatal sting,

Your loving uncle, twenty times his worth,

They say, is shamefully bereft of life.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, my Lord of Salisbury !

Suf. 'Tis like, the commons, rude unpolish'd hinds,

Could send such message to their sovereign,
But you, my lord, were glad to be employ'd,

To show how quaint an orator you are

But all the honour Salisbury hath won,

Is, that he was the lord ambassador,

Sent from a sort of tinkers to the king.

Commons. [*Within.*] An answer from the king, or we will all break in !

K. Hen. Go, Salisbury, and tell them all from me,

I thank them for their tender loving care ;

And had I not been cited so by them,

Yet did I purpose as they do entreat ;

For sure, my thoughts do hourly prophesy

Mischance unto my state by Suffolk's means :

And therefore, by His Majesty I swear,

Whose far unworthy deputy I am,

He shall not breathe infection in this air

But three days longer, on the pain of death.

[*Exit SALISBURY.*]

Q. Mar. O Henry ! let me plead for gentle Suffolk.

K. Hen. Ungentle queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.

No more, I say ; if thou dost plead for him,

Thou wilt but add increase unto my wrath.

Had I but said, I would have kept my word,

But when I swear, it is irrevocable.—

If after three days' space thou here be'st found

On any ground that I am ruler of,

The world shall not be ransom for thy life.—

Come, Warwick, come, good Warwick, go with me ;

I have great matters to impart to thee.

[*Exeunt King HENRY, WARWICK, Lords, &c.*]

Q. Mar. Mischance and sorrow go along with you !

Heart's discontent, and sour affliction,
Be playfellows to keep you company !
There's two of you ; the devil make a third.
And threefold vengeance tend upon your
steps !

Suf. Cease, gentle queen, these execrations,
And let thy Suffolk take his heavy leave.

Q. Mar. Fie, coward woman, and soft-
hearted wretch !

Hast thou not spirit to curse thine enemy ?

Suf. A plague upon them ! wherefore
should I curse them ?

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's
groan,

I would invent as bitter-searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, and horrible to hear,
Deliver'd strongly through my fixed teeth,
With full as many signs of deadly hate,
As lean-fac'd Envy in her loathsome cave.
My tongue should stumble in mine earnest
words ;

Mine eyes should sparkle like the beaten flint ;
My hair be fix'd on end, as one distract ;
Ay, every joint should seem to curse and ban
And even now my burden'd heart would
break,

Should I not curse them. Poison be their
drink !

Gall, worse than gall, the daintiest that they
taste !

Their sweetest shade a grove of cypress trees !
Their chiefest prospect murdering basilisks !
Their softest touch as smart as lizards' stings !
Their music frightful as the serpent's hiss,
And boding screech-owls make the concert
full !

All the foul terrors in dark-seated hell—

Q. Mar. Enough, sweet Suffolk : thou tor-
ment'st thyself ;

And these dread curses, like the sun 'gainst
glass,

Or like an overcharged gun, recoil,
And turn the force of them upon thyself.

Suf. You bade me ban, and will you bid
me leave ?

Now, by the ground that I am banish'd from,
Well could I curse away a winter's night,
Though standing naked on a mountain top,
Where biting cold would never let grass grow,
And think it but a minute spent in sport.

Q. Mar. O ! let me entreat thee, cease.

Give me thy hand,

That I may dew it with my mournful tears ;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.

O ! could this kiss be printed in thy hand,
That thou might'st think upon these by the
seal,

Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd
for thee.

So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief ;
'Tis but surmis'd whilst thou art standing by,
As one that surfeits, thinking on a want.

I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,

Adventure to be banished myself ;

And banished I am, if but from thee.

Go, speak not to me ; even now be gone.—

O ! go not yet.—Even thus two friends con-
demn'd

Embrace, and kiss, and take ten thousand
leaves,

Loather a hundred times to part than die.

Yet now farewell ; and farewell life with
thee !

Suf. Thus is poor Suffolk ten times
banished,

Once by the king, and three times thrice by
thee.

'Tis not the land I care for, wert thou thence ;
A wilderness is populous enough,

So Suffolk had thy heavenly company :

For where thou art, there is the world itself,
With every several pleasure in the world,

And where thou art not, desolation.

I can no more.—Live thou to joy thy life ;

Myself no joy in nought, but that thou liv'st.

Enter VAUX.

Q. Mar. Whither goes Vaux so fast ? what
news, pr'ythee ?

Vaux. To signify unto his majesty,
That Cardinal Beaufort is at point of death ;
For suddenly a grievous sickness took him,
That makes him gasp, and stare, and catch
the air,

Blaspheming God, and cursing men on earth.
Sometime he talks as if Duke Humphrey's
ghost

Were by his side ; sometime he calls the king,
And whispers to his pillow, as to him,
The secrets of his overcharged soul :
And I am sent to tell his majesty,
That even now he cries aloud for him.

Q. Mar. Go, tell this heavy message to the
king.

[*Exit VAUX.*]

Ah me ! what is this world ? what news are
these ?

But wherefore grieve I at an hour's poor loss,
Omitting Suffolk's exile, my soul's treasure ?
Why only, Suffolk, mourn I not for thee,
And with the southern clouds contend in
tears ?

Theirs for the earth's increase, mine for my
sorrows.

Now, get thee hence : the king, thou know'st,
is coming ;

If thou be found by me, thou art but dead.

Suf. If I depart from thee, I cannot live ;
And in thy sight to die, what were it else,
But like a pleasant slumber in thy lap ? 300
Here could I breathe my soul into the air,
As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe,
Dying with mother's dug between its lips ;
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes,
To have thee with thy lips to stop my mouth :
So shouldst thou either turn my flying soul,
Or I should breathe it so into thy body,
And then it liv'd in sweet Elysium.
To die by thee, were but to die in jest ; 400
From thee to die, were torture more than death.

O ! let me stay, befall what may befall.

Q. Mar. Away ! though parting be a fretful
corsive,
It is applied to a deathful wound.
To France, sweet Suffolk : let me hear from
thee ;
For wheresoe'er thou art in this world's globe,
I'll have an Iris that shall find thee out.

Suf. I go.

Q. Mar. And take my heart with thee.

Suf. A jewel, lock'd into the wofull'st cask
That ever did contain a thing of worth. 500
Even as a splitted bark, so sunder we :
This way fall I to death.

Q. Mar. This way for me.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE III.—London. Cardinal BEAUFORT'S
Bedchamber.

*Enter King HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK,
and others. The Cardinal in bed ; Attend-
ants with him.*

K. Hen. How fares my lord ? speak, Beau-
fort, to thy sovereign.

Car. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee
England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

K. Hen. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible !

War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks
to thee.

Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed ? where should he
die ?

Can I make men live, whe'r they will or
no ?— 10

O ! torture me no more, I will confess.—

Alive again ? then show me where he is :

I'll give a thousand pound to look upon
him.—

He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded
them.—

Comb down his hair : look ! look ! it stands
upright,

Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.—

Give me some drink ; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

K. Hen. O Thou eternal Mover of the
heavens,

Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch ! 20

O ! beat away the busy meddling fiend,

That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair.

War. See, how the pangs of death do make
him grin.

Sal. Disturb him not, let him pass peace-
ably.

K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good
pleasure be.

Lord cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's
bliss,

Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign. O God, forgive
him

War. So bad a death argues a monstrous
life.

K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are
sinners all.—

Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close,
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Kent. The Sea-shore near Dover.

*Firing heard at sea. Then enter from a
boat, a Captain, a Master, a Master's Mate,
WALTER WHITMORE, and others ; with
them SUFFOLK, disguised, and other Gentle-
men, prisoners.*

Cap. The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseful
day

Is crept into the bosom of the sea,
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the
jades

That drag the tragic melancholy night ;
Who with their drowsy, slow, and flagging
wings

Clip dead men's graves, and from their misty
jaws

Breathe foul contagious darkness in the air.

Therefore, bring forth the soldiers of our prize ;

For, whilst our pinnace anchors in the Downs,
Here shall they make their ransom on the sand, ¹⁰

Or with their blood stain this discolour'd shore.—

Master, this prisoner freely give I thee ;—
And thou that art his mate, make boot of this ;—

The other [*pointing to SUFFOLK*], Walter Whitmore, is thy share.

1 *Gent.* What is my ransom, master ! let me know.

Master. A thousand crowns, or else lay down your head.

Mate. And so much shall you give, or off goes yours.

Cap. What ! think you much to pay two thousand crowns,

And bear the name and port of gentlemen ?
Cut both the villains' throats !—for die you shall : ²⁰

The lives of those which we have lost in fight,
Be counterpois'd with such a petty sum !

1 *Gent.* I'll give it, sir ; and therefore spare my life.

2 *Gent.* And so will I, and write home for it straight.

Whit. I lost mine eye in laying the prize aboard,

[*To SUFFOLK*] And, therefore, to revenge it shalt thou die ;

And so should these, if I might have my will.

Cap. Be not so rash : take ransom ; let him live.

Suf. Look on my George : I am a gentleman.

Rate me at what thou wilt, thou shalt be paid. ³⁰

Whit. And so am I ; my name is Walter Whitmore.

How now ? why start'st thou ? what ! doth death affright ?

Suf. Thy name affrights me, in whose sound is death.

A cunning man did calculate my birth,
And told me that by *Water* I should die :

Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded ;
Thy name is *Gaultier*, being rightly sounded.

Whit. *Gaultier*, or *Walter*, which it is, I care not ;

Never yet did base dishonour blur our name,
But with our sword we wip'd away the blot :

Therefore, when merchant-like I sell revenge, ⁴⁰

Broke be my sword, my arms torn and defac'd,

And I proclaim'd a coward through the world ! [*Lays hold on SUFFOLK.*]

Suf. Stay, Whitmore ; for thy prisoner is a prince,

The Duke of Suffolk, William de la Poole.

Whit. The Duke of Suffolk muffled up in rags

Suf. Ay, but these rags are no part of the duke :

[*Jove* sometime went disguis'd, and why not I ?]

Cap. But *Jove* was never slain, as thou shalt be.

Suf. Obscure and lowly swain, King Henry's blood, ⁵⁰

The honourable blood of Lancaster,

Must not be shed by such a jaded groom.

Hast thou not kiss'd thy hand, and held my stirrup ?

Bare-headed plodded by my foot-cloth mule,
And thought thee happy when I shook my head ?

How often hast thou waited at my cup,
Fed from my trencher, kneel'd down at the board,

When I have feasted with Queen Margaret ?
Remember it, and let it make thee crest-fall'n ;

Ay, and allay this thy abortive pride. ⁶⁰

How in our voiding lobby hast thou stood,

And duly waited for my coming forth ?

This hand of mine hath writ in thy behalf,
And therefore shall it charm thy riotous tongue.

Whit. Speak, captain, shall I stab the forlorn swain ?

Cap. First let my words stab him, as he hath me.

Suf. Base slave, thy words are blunt, and so art thou.

Cap. Convey him hence, and on our long-boat's side

Strike off his head.

Suf. Thou dar'st not for thy own.

Cap. [Yes, Poole.

Suf. Poole ?]

Cap. Poole ? Sir Poole ? lord ?

Ay, kennel, puddle, sink ; whose filth and dirt ⁷⁰

Troubles the silver spring where England drinks.

Now will I dam up this thy yawning mouth,
For swallowing the treasure of the realm :

Thy lips, that kiss'd the queen, shall sweep the ground ;

And thou, that smil'dst at good Duke Humphrey's death,

Against the senseless winds shalt grin in vain,

Who in contempt shall hiss at thee again :
And wedded be thou to the hags of hell,
For daring to affy a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king,
Having neither subject, wealth, nor dialem.
By devilish policy art thou grown great,
And, like ambitious Sylla, overgorg'd
With gobbets of thy mother's bleeding heart.
By thee Anjou and Maine were sold to
France ;

The false revolting Normans thorough thee
Disdain to call us lord ; and Picardy
Hath slain their governors, surpris'd our
forts,

And sent the ragged soldiers wounded home.
The princely Warwick, and the Nevils all,
Whose dreadful swords were never drawn in
vain,

As hating thee, are rising up in arms :
And now the house of York—thrust from
the crown,

By shameful murder of a guiltless king,
And lofty proud encroaching tyranny—
Burns with revenging fire ; whose hopeful
colours

Advance our half-fac'd sun, striving to shine,
Under the which is writ—*Invitis nubibus*.
The commons, here in Kent, are up in arms ;
And, to conclude, reproach and beggary
Is crept into the palace of our king,
And all by thee.—Away !—Convey him
hence.

Suf. O, that I were a god, to shoot forth
thunder

Upon these paltry, servile, abject drudges !
Small things make base men proud : this
villain here,
Being captain of a pinnace, threatens more
Than Bargulus the strong Illyrian pirate.
Drones suck not eagles' blood, but rob bee-
hives.

It is impossible, that I should die
By such a lowly vassal as thyself.
Thy words move rage, and not remorse, in me :
I go of message from the queen to France ;
I charge thee, waft me safely cross the
Channel.

Cap. Walter !—

Whit. Come, Suffolk ; I must waft thee to
thy death.

Suf. *Gelidus timor occupat artus* :—it is
thee I fear.

Whit. Thou shalt have cause to fear, before
I leave thee.

What ! are ye daunted now ? now will ye
stoop ?

1 Gent. My gracious lord, entreat him,
speak him fair.

Suf. Suffolk's imperial tongue is stern and
rough,
Us'd to command, untaught to plead for
favour.

Far be it we should honour such as these
With humble suit : no, rather let my head
Stoop to the block than these knees bow to
any,

Save to the God of heaven, and to my king :
And sooner dance upon a bloody pole,
Than stand uncover'd to the vulgar groom.
True nobility is exempt from fear :

More can I bear, than you dare execute.

Cap. Hail him away, and let him talk
more.

Suf. Come, soldiers, show what cruelty ye
can,

That this my death may never be forgot.—
Great men oft die by vile Bezonians.

A Roman sworder and banditto slave
Murder'd sweet Tully ; Brutus' bastard hand
Stabb'd Julius Cæsar ; savage islanders
Pompey the Great ; and Suffolk dies by pirates.

[*Exit SUFFOLK, with WHITMORE and others.*]

Cap. And as for these whose ransom we
have set,

It is our pleasure one of them depart :
Therefore, come you with us, and let him go.

[*Exeunt all but the First Gentleman.*]

Re-enter WHITMORE, with SUFFOLK's body.

Whit. There let his head and lifeless body
lie,

Until the queen, his mistress, bury it. [*Exit.*]

1 Gent. O barbarous and bloody spectacle !
His body will I bear unto the king :

If he revenge it not, yet will his friends ;
So will the queen, that living held him dear.
[*Exit, with the body.*]

SCENE II.—Blackheath.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS and JOHN HOLLAND.

Geo. Come, and get thee a sword, though
made of a lath : they have been up these two
days.

John. They have the more need to sleep
now then.

Geo. I tell thee, Jack Cade the clothier
means to dress the commonwealth, and turn
it, and set a new nap upon it.

John. So he had need, for 't is threadbare.
Well, I say, it was never merry world in
England, since gentlemen came up.

Geo. O miserable age ! Virtue is not re-
garded in handicraftsmen.

John. The nobility think scorn to go in leather aprons.

Geo. Nay, more; the king's council are no good workmen.

John. True; and yet it is said, Labour is thy vocation: which is as much to say as,—let the magistrates be labouring men; and therefore should we be magistrates.

Geo. Thou hast hit it; for there's no better sign of a brave mind than a hard hand.

John. I see them! I see them! There's Best's son, the tanner of Wingham,—

Geo. He shall have the skins of our enemies to make dog's-leather of.

John. And Dick the butcher,—

Geo. Then is sin struck down like an ox, and iniquity's throat cut like a calf.

John. And Smith the weaver,—

Geo. *Argo*, their thread of life is spun. 30

John. Come, come; let's fall in with them.

Drum. Enter CADE, DICK the Butcher, SMITH the Weaver, and others in great number.

Cade. We John Cade, so termed of our supposed father,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] Or rather, of stealing a cade of herrings.

Cade. For our enemies shall fall before us, inspired with the spirit of putting down kings and princes,—Command silence.

Dick. Silence!

Cade. My father was a Mortimer,— 40

Dick. [*Aside.*] He was an honest man, and a good bricklayer.

Cade. My mother a Plantagenet,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] I knew her well; she was a midwife.

Cade. My wife descended of the Lacies,—

Dick. [*Aside.*] She was, indeed, a pedlar's daughter, and sold many laces.

Smith. [*Aside.*] But, now of late, not able to travel with her furred pack, she washes bucks here at home.

Cade. Therefore am I of an honourable house. 50

Dick. [*Aside.*] Ay, by my faith, the field is honourable, and there was he born, under a hedge; for his father had never a house, but the cage.

Cade. Valiant I am.

Smith. [*Aside.*] 'A must needs, for beggary is valiant.

Cade. I am able to endure much.

Dick. [*Aside.*] No question of that, for I have seen him whipped three market-days together.

Cade. I fear neither sword nor fire. 60

Smith. [*Aside.*] He need not fear the sword, for his coat is of proof.

Dick. [*Aside.*] But, methinks, he should stand in fear of fire, being burnt in the hand for stealing of sheep.

Cade. Be brave then; for your captain is brave, and vows reformation. There shall be in England seven halfpenny loaves sold for a penny; the three-hooped pot shall have ten hoops; and I will make it felony to drink small beer. All the realm shall be in common, and in Cheapside shall my palfrey go to grass. And, when I am king (as king I will be),— 72

All. God save your majesty!

Cade. I thank you, good people:—there shall be no money; all shall eat and drink on my score; and I will apparel them all in one livery, that they may agree like brothers, and worship me their lord.

Dick. The first thing we do, let's kill all the lawyers.

Cade. Nay, that I mean to do. Is not this a lamentable thing, that of the skin of an innocent lamb should be made parchment! that parchment, being scribbled o'er, should undo a man? Some say, the bee stings; but I say, 'tis the bee's wax, for I did but seal once to a thing, and I was never mine own man since. How now? who's there?

Enter some, bringing in the Clerk of Chatham.

Smith. The clerk of Chatham: he can write and read, and cast accompt.

Cade. O monstrous!

Smith. We took him setting of boys' copies. 80

Cade. Here's a villain!

Smith. He's a book in his pocket, with red letters in't.

Cade. Nay, then he is a conjurer.

Dick. Nay, he can make obligations, and write court-hand.

Cade. I am sorry for't: the man is a proper man, of mine honour; unless I find him guilty, he shall not die.—Come hither, sirrah, I must examine thee. What is thy name? 100

Clerk. Emmanuel.

Dick. They use to write it on the top of letters.—'T will go hard with you.

Cade. Let me alone.—Dost thou use to write thy name, or hast thou a mark to thyself, like an honest plain-dealing man?

Clerk. Sir, I thank God, I have been so well brought up, that I can write my name.

All. He hath confessed : away with him !
he 's a villain and a traitor. 110

Cade. Away with him, I say : hang him
with his pen and ink-horn about his neck.

[*Exeunt some with the Clerk.*]

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. Where 's our general ?

Cade. Here I am, thou par'cular fellow.

Mich. Fly, fly, fly ! Sir Humphrey
Stafford and his brother are hard by, with
the king's forces.

Cade. Stand, villain, stand, or I 'll fell
thee down. He shall be encountered with a
man as good as himself : he is but a knight,
is 'a ?

Mich. No. 120

Cade. To equal him, I will make myself a
knight presently. [*Kneels.*]—Rise up Sir
John Mortimer. Now have at him.

*Enter Sir HUMPHREY STAFFORD, and
WILLIAM his Brother, with drum and
Forces.*

Staf. Rebellious hinds, the fifth and scum
of Kent,
Mark'd for the gallows, lay your weapons
down :

Home to your cottages, forsake this groom.
The king is merciful, if you revolt.

W. Staf. But angry, wrathful, and inclin'd
to blood,

If you go forward : therefore yield, or die.

Cade. As for these silken-coated slaves, I
pass not : 130

It is to you, good people, that I speak,
O'er whom in time to come I hope to reign ;
For I am rightful heir unto the crown.

Staf. Villain ! thy father was a plasterer ;
And thou thyself a sheerman, art thou
not ?

Cade. And Adam was a gardener.

W. Staf. And what of that ?

Cade. Marry, this :—Edmund Mortimer,
Earl of March,
Married the Duke of Clarence' daughter, did
he not ?

Staf. Ay, sir. 140

Cade. By her he had two children at one
birth.

W. Staf. That 's false.

Cade. Ay, there 's the question ; but I say,
't is true.

The elder of them, being put to nurse,
Was by a beggar-woman stol'n away ;
And, ignorant of his birth and parentage,
Became a bricklayer when he came to age.
His son am I : deny it, if you can.

Dick. Nay, 't is too true ; therefore, he
shall be king. 150

Smith. Sir, he made a chimney in my
father's house, and the bricks are alive at
this day to testify it : therefore, deny it
not.

Staf. And will you credit this base drudge's
words,

That speaks he knows not what ?

All. Ay, marry, will we ; 'therefore get ye
gone.

W. Staf. Jack Cade, the Duke of York
hath taught you this.

Cade. [*Aside.*] He lies, for I invented it
myself.—Go to, sirrah : tell the king from
me, that for his father's sake, Henry the
Fifth, in whose time boys went to span-
counter for French crowns, I am content he
shall reign ; but I 'll be protector over
him. 162

Dick. And, furthermore, we 'll have the
Lord Say's head, for selling the dukedom of
Maine.

Cade. And good reason ; for thereby is
England maimed, and fain to go with a staff,
but that my puissance holds it up. Fellow
kings, I tell you that that Lord Say hath
gelded the commonwealth, and made it an
eunuch ; and more than that, he can speak
French, and therefore he is a traitor. 170

Staf. O gross and miserable ignorance !

Cade. Nay, answer, if you can : the
Frenchmen are our enemies ; go to then, I
ask but this : can he that speaks with the
tongue of an enemy be a good counsellor, or
no 180

All. No, no ; and therefore we 'll have his
head.

W. Staf. Well, seeing gentle words will
not prevail,

Assail them with the army of the king.

Staf. Herald, away ; and, throughout every
town,

Proclaim them traitors that are up with
Cade ; 190

That those which fly before the battle ends,
May, even in their wives' and children's
sight,

Be hang'd up for example at their doors.—

And you, that be the king's friends, follow
me.

[*Exeunt the two STAFFORDS and Forces.*]

Cade. And you, that love the commons,
follow me.—

Now show yourselves men : 't is for liberty.

We will not leave one lord, one gentleman :

Spare none but such as go in clouted shoon,

For they are thrifty honest men, and such

As would (but that they dare not) take our parts.

Dick. They are all in order, and march toward us.

Cade. But then are we in order, when we are most out of order. Come : march forward ! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE III.—Another Part of Blackheath.

Alarums. The two parties enter, and fight, and both the STAFFORDS are slain.

Cade. Where's Dick, the butcher of Ashford ?

Dick. Here, sir.

Cade. They fell before thee like sheep and oxen, and thou behavedst thyself as if thou hadst been in thine own slaughter-house : therefore thus will I reward thee,—the Lent shall be as long again as it is ; and thou shalt have a license to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Dick. I desire no more.

Cade. And, to speak truth, thou deservest no less. This monument of the victory will I bear ; and the bodies shall be dragged at my horse' heels, till I do come to London, where we will have the mayor's sword borne before us.

Dick. If we mean to thrive and do good, break open the gaols, and let out the prisoners.

Cade. Fear not that, I warrant thee. Come ; let's march towards London. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King HENRY, reading a supplication ; the Duke of BUCKINGHAM, and Lord SAY, with him : at a distance, Queen MARGARET, mourning over SUFFOLK's heul.

Q. Mar. Oft have I heard that grief softens the mind,

And makes it fearful and degenerate ;
Think therefore on revenge, and cease to weep.

But who can cease to weep, and look on this ?

Here may his head lie on my throbbing breast ;

But where's the body that I should embrace ?

Buck. What answer makes your grace to the rebels' supplication ?

K. Hen. I'll send some holy bishop to entreat ;

For God forbid, so many simple souls
Should perish by the sword ! And I myself,
Rather than bloody war shall cut them short,
Will parley with Jack Cade, their general.—
But stay, I'll read it over once again.

Q. Mar. Ah, barbarous villains ! hath this lovely face

Rul'd like a wandering planet over me,
And could it not enforce them to relent,
That were unworthy to behold the same ?

K. Hen. Lord Say, Jack Cade hath sworn to have thy head.

Say. Ay, but I hope, your highness shall have his.

K. Hen. How now, madam ?

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death ?

I fear me, love, if that I had been dead,
Thou wouldest not have mourn'd so much for me.

Q. Mar. No, my love ; I should not mourn, but die for thee.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Hen. How now ! what news ? why com'st thou in such haste ?

Mess. The rebels are in Southwark. Fly, my lord !

Jack Cade proclaims himself Lord Mortimer,
Descended from the Duke of Clarence' house,
And calls your grace usurper openly,
And vows to crown himself in Westminster.

His army is a ragged multitude
Of hinds and peasants, rude and merciless :
Sir Humphrey Stafford and his brother's death

Hath given them heart and courage to proceed.

All scholars, lawyers, courtiers, gentlemen,
They call false caterpillars, and intend their death.

K. Hen. O graceless men ! they know not what they do.

Buck. My gracious lord, retire to Killingworth,

Until a power be rais'd to put them down.

Q. Mar. Ah ! were the Duke of Suffolk now alive,

These Kentish rebels would be soon appeas'd.

K. Hen. Lord Say, the traitors hate thee, Therefore away with us to Killingworth.

Say. So might your grace's person be in danger.

The sight of me is odious in their eyes ;
And therefore in this city will I stay,
And live alone as secret as I may.

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Mess.* Jack Cade hath gotten London Bridge ;

The citizens fly and forsake their houses ;
The rascal people, thirsting after prey,
Join with the traitor ; and they jointly swear,

To spoil the city, and your roval court.

Buck. Then linger not, my lord : away, take horse.

K. Hen. Come, Margaret : God, our hope, will succour us.

Q. Mar. My hope is gone, now Suffolk is deceas'd.

K. Hen. [*To Lord SAY.*] Farewell, my lord : trust not the Kentish rebels.

Buck. Trust nobody, for fear you be betray'd.

Say. The trust I have is in mine innocence, And therefore am I bold and resolute.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower.

Enter Lord SCALES, and others, walking on the walls. Then enter certain Citizens, below.

Scales. How now ! is Jack Cade slain ?

1 *Cit.* No, my lord, nor likely to be slain ; for they have won the bridge, killing all those that withstand them. The lord mayor craves aid of your honour from the Tower, to defend the city from the rebels.

Scales. Such aid as I can spare, you shall command ;

But I am troubled here with them myself : The rebels have essay'd to win the Tower.

But get you to Smithfield, and gather head, And thither I will send you Matthew Gough.

10 Fight for your king, your country, and your lives ;

And so farewell, for I must hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. Cannon Street.

Enter JACK CADE and his Followers. He strikes his staff on London Stone.

Cade. Now is Mortimer lord of this city. And here, sitting upon London Stone, I charge and command, that, of the city's cost, the pissing-conduit run nothing but claret wine this first year of our reign. And now,

henceforward, it shall be treason for any that calls me other than Lord Mortimer.

Enter a Soldier, running.

Sold. Jack Cade ! Jack Cade !

Cade. Knock him down there.

[*They kill him.*]

Smith. If this fellow be wise, he'll never call you Jack Cade more : I think, he hath a very fair warning.

Dick. My lord, there's an army gathered together in Smithfield.

Cade. Come then, let's go fight with them. But first, go and set London Bridge on fire, and, if you can, burn down the Tower too. Come, let's away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. Smithfield.

Alarum. Enter, on one side, CADE and his Company ; on the other, the Citizens, and the King's Forces, headed by MATTHEW GOUGH. They fight ; the Citizens are routed, and MATTHEW GOUGH is slain.

Cade. So, sirs.—Now go some and pull down the Savoy ; others to the inns of court : down with them all.

Dick. I have a suit unto your lordship.

Cade. Be it a lordship, thou shalt have it for that word.

Dick. Only, that the laws of England may come out of your mouth.

John. [*Aside.*] Mass, 't will be sore law then ; for he was thrust in the mouth with a spear, and 't is not whole yet.

Smith. [*Aside.*] Nay, John, it will be stinking law ; for his breath stinks with eating toasted cheese.

Cade. I have thought upon it ; it shall be so. Away ! burn all the records of the realm : my mouth shall be the parliament of England.

John. [*Aside.*] Then we are like to have biting statutes, unless his teeth be pulled out.

Cade. And henceforward all things shall be in common.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, a prize, a prize ! here's the Lord Say, which sold the towns in France ; he that made us pay one-and-twenty fifteens, and one shilling to the pound, the last subsidy.

Enter GEORGE BEVIS, with the Lord SAY.

Cade. Well, he shall be beheaded for it ten times.—Ah, thou say, thou serge, nay, thou buckram lord ! now art thou within point-

blank of our jurisdiction regal. What canst thou answer to my majesty, for giving up of Normandy unto Monsieur Basinecu, the dauphin of France? Be it known unto thee by these presence, even the presence of Lord Mortimer, that I am the besom that must sweep the court clean of such filth as thou art. Thou hast most traitorously corrupted the youth of the realm in erecting a grammar-school: and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books but the score and the tally, thou hast caused printing to be used; and, contrary to the king, his crown, and dignity, thou hast built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou hast men about thee, that usually talk of a noun, and a verb, and such abominable words, as no Christian ear can endure to hear. Thou hast appointed justices of peace, to call poor men before them about matters they were not able to answer. Moreover, thou hast put them in prison; and because they could not read, thou hast hanged them; when, indeed, only for that cause they have been most worthy to live. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

Say. What of that?

Cade. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets. ⁵²

Dick. And work in their shirt too; as myself, for example, that am a butcher.

Say. You men of Kent,—

Dick. What say you of Kent?

Say. Nothing but this: 't is *bona terra, mala gens*.

Cade. Away with him! away with him! he speaks Latin.

Say. Here me but speak, and bear me where you will. ⁵⁵

Kent, in the Commentaries Cæsar writ,
Is term'd the civil'st place of all this isle:
Sweet is the country, because full of riches;
The people liberal, valiant, active, wealthy;
Which makes me hope you are not void of pity.

I sold not Maine, I lost not Normandy;
Yet, to recover them, would lose my life.
Justice with favour have I always done;
Prayers and tears have mov'd me, gifts could never.

When have I aught exacted at your hands, so
But to maintain the king, the realm, and you?
Large gifts have I bestow'd on learned clerks,
Because my book prefer'd me to the king,
And seeing ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

Unless you be possess'd with devilish spirits,
You cannot but forbear to murder me.

This tongue hath parley'd unto foreign kings
For your behoof,—

Cade. Tut! when struck'st thou one blow in the field? ⁸¹

Say. Great men have reaching hands: oft have I struck

Those that I never saw, and struck them dead.

Geo. O monstrous coward! what, to come behind folks?

Say. These cheeks are pale for watching for your good.

Cade. Give him a box o' the ear, and that will make 'em red again.

Say. Long-sitting, to determine poor men's causes,

Hath made me full of sickness and diseases. ⁹⁰

Cade. Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the help of hatchet.

Dick. Why dost thou quiver, man?

Say. The palsy, and not fear, provokes me.

Cade. Nay, he nods at us; as who should say, I'll be even with you. I'll see if his head will stand steadier on a pole, or no. Take him away, and behead him.

Say. Tell me, wherein have I offend'd most?

Have I affected wealth, or honour? speak. ¹⁰⁰
Are my chests fill'd up with extorted gold?

Is my apparel sumptuous to behold?

Whom have I injur'd, that ye seek my death?

These hands are free from guiltless bloodshedding,

This breast from harbouring foul deceitful thoughts.

O, let me live!

Cade. I feel remorse in myself with his words; but I'll bridle it: he shall die, an it be but for pleading so well for his life. Away with him! he has a familiar under his tongue: he speaks not o' God's name. Go, take him away, I say, and strike off his head presently; and then break into his son-in-law's house, Sir James Cromer, and strike off his head, and bring them both upon two poles hither. ¹¹⁴

All. It shall be done.

Say. Ah, countrymen! if when you make your prayers,

God should be so obdurate as yourselves,
How would it fare with your departed souls?
And therefore yet relent, and save my life.

Cade. Away with him, and do as I command ye. ¹²⁰

[*Exeunt some, with Lord SAY.*]

The proudest peer in the realm shall not wear a head on his shoulders, unless he pay me

tribute: there shall not a maid be married, but she shall pay to me her maidenhead, ere they have it. Men shall hold of me *in capite*; and we charge and command, that their wives be as free as heart can wish, or tongue can tell.

Dick. My lord, when shall we go to Cheap-side, and take up commodities upon our bills?

Cade. Marry, presently.

All. O, brave!

150

Re-enter Rebels, with the heads of Lord SAY and his Son-in-law.

Cade. But is not this braver?—Let them kiss one another, for they loved well, when they were alive. Now part them again, lest they consult about the giving up of some more towns in France. Soldiers, defer the spoil of the city until night; for with these borne before us, instead of maces, will we ride through the streets; and at every corner have them kiss.—Away!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—Southwark.

Alarum. Enter CADE and all his Rabblement.

Cade. Up Fish Street! down Saint Magnus' Corner! kill and knock down! throw them into Thames!—[*A parley sounded, then a retreat.*] What noise is this I hear? Dare any be so bold to sound retreat or parley, when I command them kill?

Enter BUCKINGHAM, and Old CLIFFORD, with Forces.

Buck. Ay, here they be that dare and will disturb thee.

Know, Cade, we come ambassadors from the king

Unto the commons whom thou hast misled;
And here pronounce free pardon to them all
That will forsake thee, and go home in peace.

Clif. What say ye, countrymen? will ye relent,

And yield to mercy, whilst 't is offer'd you,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths?

Who loves the king, and will embrace his pardon,

Fling up his cap, and say—God save his majesty!

Who hateth him, and honours not his father,
Henry the Fifth, that made all France to quake,

Shake he his weapon at us, and pass by.

All. God save the king! God save the king!

10

Cade. What! Buckingham, and Clifford, {re ye so brave?—And you, base peasants, do ye believe him? will you needs be hanged with your pardons about your necks? Hath my sword therefore broke through London gates, that you should leave me at the White Hart in Southwark? I thought, ye would never have given out these arms, till you had recovered your ancient freedom: but you are all recreants, and dastards, and delight to live in slavery to the nobility. Let them break your backs with burdens, take your houses over your heads, ravish your wives and daughters before your faces: for me,—I will make shift for one, and so,—God's curse light upon you all!

All. We'll follow Cade, we'll follow Cade.

Clif. Is Cade the son of Henry the Fifth, That thus you do exclaim, you'll go with him?

Will he conduct you through the heart of France

And make the meanest of you earls and dukes?

Alas, he hath no home, no place to fly to;
Nor knows he how to live, but by the spoil,
Unless by robbing of your friends, and us. Were't not a shame, that whilst you live at jar,

The fearful French, whom you late vanquished,

Should make a start o'er seas, and vanquish you?

Methinks, already, in this civil broil,
I see them lording it in London streets,
Crying—"Villago!" unto all they meet.

Better ten thousand base-born Cades miscarry,

Than you should stoop unto a Frenchman's mercy.

To France, to France! and get what you have lost.

Spare England, for it is your native coast. Henry hath money, you are strong and manly:

God on our side, doubt not of victory.

All. A Clifford! a Clifford! we'll follow the king, and Clifford.

Cade. Was ever feather so lightly blown to and fro, as this multitude? The name of Henry the Fifth hales them to an hundred mischiefs, and makes them leave me desolate. I see them lay their heads together to surprise me: my sword make way for me, for here is no staying.—In despite of the devils and hell, have through the very midst of you; and heavens and honour be witness, that no want of resolution in me, but only my

followers' base and ignominious treason,
makes me betake me to my heels. [*Exit*]

Buck. What! is he fled? go some, and
follow him;

And he, that brings his head unto the king,
Shall have a thousand crowns for his re-
ward.— [*Exeunt some of them.*]

Follow me, soldiers: we'll devise a mean
To reconcile you all unto the king. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.—Kenilworth Castle.

Sound Trumpets. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, and SOMERSET, on the Terrace of the Castle.

K. Hen. Was ever king that joy'd an
earthly throne,
And could command no more content than I?
No sooner was I crept out of my cradle,
But I was made a king, at nine months old:
Was never subject long'd to be a king,
As I do long and wish to be a subject.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and CLIFFORD.

Buck. Health, and glad tidings, to your
majesty!

K. Hen. Why, Buckingham, is the traitor,
Cade, surpris'd?
Or is he but retir'd to make him strong?

*Enter below, a number of CADE'S Followers,
with halters about their necks.*

Clif. He's fled, my lord, and all his powers
do yield,
And humbly thus, with halters on their
necks, 11

Expect your highness' doom, of life, or death.

K. Hen. Then, heaven, set ope thy ever-
lasting gates,

To entertain my vows of thanks and praise!—
Soldiers, this day have you redeem'd your
lives,

And show'd how well you love your prince
and country:

Continue still in this so good a mind,
And Henry, though he be unfortunate,
Assure yourselves, will never be unkind:
And so, with thanks and pardon to you all, 20
I do dismiss you to your several countries.

All. God save the king! God save the
king!

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Please it your grace to be advertised,
The Duke of York is newly come from
Ireland,

And with a puissant and a mighty power
Of Gallowglasses and stout Kernes,
Is marching hitherward in proud array;
And still proclaimeth, as he comes along,
His arms are only to remove from thee
The Duke of Somerset, whom he terms a
traitor. 30

K. Hen. Thus stands my state, 'twixt Cade
and York distress'd,
Like to a ship, that, having scap'd a tempest,
Is straightway calm'd and boarded with a
pirate.

But now is Cade driven back, his men dis-
pers'd,

And now is York in arms to second him.—
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet him,
And ask him, what's the reason of these
arms.

Tell him, I'll send Duke Edmund to the
'Tower;—

And, Somerset, we will commit thee thither,
Until his army be dismiss'd from him. 40

Som. My lord,
I'll yield myself to prison willingly,
Or unto death, to do my country good.

K. Hen. In any case, be not too rough in
terms,

For he is fierce, and cannot brook hard
language.

Buck. I will, my lord; and doubt not so
to deal,

As all things shall redound unto your good.

K. Hen. Come, wife, let's in, and learn to
govern better;

For yet may England curse my wretched
reign. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE X.—Kent. IDEN'S Garden.

Enter CADE.

Cade. Fie on ambition! fie on myself, that
have a sword, and yet am ready to famish!
These five days have I hid me in these woods,
and durst not peep out, for all the country is
laid for me; but now am I so hungry, that if
I might have a lease of my life for a thousand
years, I could stay no longer. Wherefore,
on a brick wall have I climbed into this
garden, to see if I can eat grass, or pick a
sallet another while, which is not amiss to
cool a man's stomach this hot weather. And
I think this word sallet was born to do me
good: for many a time, but for a sallet, my
brain-pan had been cleft with a brown bill;
and many a time, when I have been dry and
bravely marching, it hath served me instead

of a quart-pot to drink in ; and now the word
sallet must serve me to feed on.

Enter IDEN, with Servants, behind.

Iden. Lord ! who would live turmoiled in
the court,

And may enjoy such quiet walks as these ?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning ;
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy :
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate.

Cade. Here's the lord of the soil come to
seize me for a stray, for entering his fee-simple
without leave. Ah, villain, thou wilt betray
me, and get a thousand crowns of the king
by carrying my head to him ; but I'll make
thee eat iron like an ostrich, and swallow my
sword like a great pin, ere thou and I part.

Iden. Why, rude companion, whatsoe'er
thou be,

I know thee not ; why then should I betray
thee ?

Is't not enough, to break into my garden,
And like a thief to come to rob my grounds,
Climbing my walls in spite of me, the owner,
But thou wilt brave me with these saucy terms ?

Cade. Brave thee ? ay, by the best blood
that ever was broached, and beard thee too.
Look on me well : I have eat no meat these
five days ; yet, come thou and thy five men ;
and if I do not leave you all as dead as a
door-nail, I pray God I may never eat grass
more.

Iden. Nay, it shall ne'er be said, while
England stands,

That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent,
Took odds to combat a poor famish'd man.
Oppose thy steadfast-gazing eyes to mine,
See if thou canst outface me with thy looks :
Set limb to limb, and thou art far the lesser ;
Thy hand is but a finger to my fist ;
Thy leg a stick, compared with this truncheon :
My foot shall fight with all the strength thou
hast ;

and if mine arm be heaved in the air,
thy grave is digg'd already in the earth.
As for words, whose greatness answers words,
Let this my sword report what speech for-
bears.

Cade. By my valour, the most complete
champion that ever I heard.—Steel, if thou
turn the edge, or cut not out the burly-boned
clown in chins of beef ere thou sleep in thy
sheath, I beseech Jove on my knees, thou
mayest be turned to hobnails. [*They fight.*
CADE falls.] O ! I am slain. Famine, and
no other, hath slain me : let ten thousand
devils come against me, and give me but the
ten meals I have lost, and I'd defy them all.
Wither, garden ; and be henceforth a bury-
ing-place to all that do dwell in this house,
because the unconquered soul of Cade is
fled.

Iden. Is't Cade that I have slain, that
monstrous traitor ?

Sword, I will hallow thee for this thy deed,
And hang thee o'er my tomb, when I am
dead :

Ne'er shall this blood be wiped from thy
point,

But thou shalt wear it as a herald's coat,
To emblaze the honour that thy master got.

Cade. Iden, farewell ; and be proud of thy
victory. Tell Kent from me, she hath lost
her best man, and exhort all the world to be
cowards ; for I, that never feared any, am
vanquished by famine, not by valour. [*Dies.*

Iden. How much thou wrong'st me,
Heaven be my judge.

Die, damned wretch, the curse of her that
bare thee !

And as I thrust thy body in with my sword,
So wish I, I might thrust thy soul to hell.
Hence will I drag thee headlong by the heels
Unto a dunghill, which shall be thy grave,
And there cut off thy most ungracious head ;
Which I will bear in triumph to the king,
Leaving thy trunk for crows to feed upon.

[*Exit IDEN, dragging out the body,*
and Servants.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Same. Fields between
Dartford and Blackheath.

The King's Camp on one side. On the other,
enter YORK attended, with drum and
colours ; his Forces at some distance.

York. From Ireland thus comes York, to
claim his right,

And pluck the crown from feeble Henry's
head :

Ring, bells, aloud ; burn, bonfires, clear and
bright,

To entertain great England's lawful king.

Ah, *sanctu majestas* ! who would not buy thee
dear ?

Let them obey, that know not how to rule ;

This hand was made to handle nought but gold :

I cannot give due action to my words,
Except a sword, or sceptre, balance it.
A sceptre shall it have, have I a soul,
On which I'll toss the flower-de-luce of France.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Whom have we here? Buckingham, to disturb me!

The king hath sent him, sure: I must dissemble.

Buck. York, if thou meanest well, I greet thee well.

York. Humphrey of Buckingham, I accept thy greeting.

Art thou a messenger, or come of pleasure?

Buck. A messenger from Henry, our dread liege,

To know the reason of these arms in peace;
Or why thou,—being a subject as I am,—
Against thy oath and true allegiance sworn,
Shouldst raise so great a power without his leave,

Or dare to bring thy force so near the court.

York. [*Aside.*] Scarce can I speak, my choler is so great.

O! I could hew up rocks, and fight with flint,

I am so angry at these abject terms;
And now, like Ajax Telamonius,
On sheep or oxen could I spend my fury.

I am far better born than is the king,
More like a king, more kingly in my thoughts;

But I must make fair weather yet awhile,
Till Henry be more weak, and I more strong.—

O Buckingham, I pray thee, pardon me,
That I have given no answer all this while:
My mind was troubled with deep melancholy.
The cause why I have brought this army hither,

Is, to remove proud Somerset from the king,
Seditious to his grace, and to the state.

Buck. That is too much presumption on thy part;

But if thy arms be to no other end,
The king hath yielded unto thy demand:
The Duke of Somerset is in the Tower.

York. Upon thine honour, is he prisoner?

Buck. Upon mine honour, he is prisoner.

York. Then, Buckingham, I do dismiss my powers.—

Soldiers, I thank you all; disperse yourselves:

Meet me to-morrow in Saint George's field,

You shall have pay, and everything you wish.
And let my sovereign, virtuous Henry,
Command my eldest son,—nay, all my sons,
As pledges of my fealty and love;

I'll send them all, as willing as I live:
Lands, goods, horse, armour, anything I have
Is his to use, so Somerset may die.

Buck. York, I commend this kind submission:

We twain will go into his highness' tent.

Enter King HENRY, attended.

K. Hen. Buckingham, doth York intend
no harm to us,
That thus he marcheth with thee arm in arm?

York. In all submission and humility,
York doth present himself unto your highness.

K. Hen. Then what intend these forces
thou dost bring?

York. To heave the traitor Somerset from hence;
And fight against that monstrous rebel,
Cade,

Who since I heard to be discomfited.

Enter IDEN, with CADE's head.

Iden. If one so rude, and of so mean condition,

May pass into the presence of a king,
Lo! I present your grace a traitor's head,
The head of Cade, whom I in combat slew.

K. Hen. The head of Cade!—Great God,
how just art Thou!—

O! let me view his visage being dead,
That living wrought me such exceeding trouble.

Tell me, my friend, art thou the man that slew him?

Iden. I was, an't like your majesty.

K. Hen. How art thou call'd, and what is thy degree?

Iden. Alexander Iden, that's my name;
A poor esquire of Kent, that loves his king.

Buck. So please it you, my lord, 't were not amiss.

He were created knight for his good service.

K. Hen. Iden, kneel down. [*He kneels.*]
Rise up a knight.

We give thee for reward a thousand marks;
And will, that thou henceforth attend on us.

Iden. May Iden live to merit such a bounty,

And never live but true unto his liege.

K. Hen. See, Buckingham! Somerset comes with the queen:

so, bid her hide him quickly from the duke.

Enter Queen MARGARET and SOMERSET.

Q. Mar. For thousand Yorks he shall not
hide his head,

But boldly stand, and front him to his face.

York. How now! is Somerset at liberty?
Then, York, unloose thy long-imprison'd
thoughts,

And let thy tongue be equal with thy heart.
Shall I endure the sight of Somerset!—

False king, why hast thou broken faith with me,
Knowing how hardly I can brook abuse?

King did I call thee? no, thou art not king;
Not fit to govern and rule multitudes,

Which dar'st not, no, nor canst not rule a
traitor.

That head of thine doth not become a crown
Thy hand is made to grasp a palmer's staff,
And not to grace an awful princely sceptre.
That gold must round engirt these brows of
mine;

Whose smile and frown, like to Achilles'
spear,

Is able with the change to kill and cure.
Here is a hand to hold a sceptre up,

And with the same to act controlling laws.
Give place: by Heaven, thou shalt rule no
more

O'er him whom Heaven created for thy ruler.

Som. O monstrous traitor!—I arrest thee,
York,

Of capital treason 'gainst the king and crown.
Obey, audacious traitor: kneel for grace.

York. Wouldst have me kneel? first let me
ask of these,

If they can brook I bow a knee to man?—
Sirrah, call in my sons to be my bail;

[*Exit an Attendant.*]

I know, ere they will have me go to ward,
They'll pawn their swords for my enfranchise-
ment.

Q. Mar. Call hither Clifford; bid him come
again,

To say, if that the bastard boys of York
Shall be the surety for their traitor father.

[*Exit BUCKINGHAM.*]

York. O blood-bespotted Neapolitan,
Outcast of Naples, England's bloody scourge,
The sons of York, thy betters in their birth,
Shall be their father's bail; and bane to
those

That for my surety will refuse the boys.

*Enter EDWARD and RICHARD PLANTAGENET,
with Forces, at one side; at the other, with
Forces also, Old CLIFFORD and his Son.*

See, where they come: I'll warrant they'll
make it good.

Q. Mar. And here comes Clifford, to deny
their bail.

Clif. Health and all happiness to my lord
the king! [*Kneels.*]

York. I thank thee, Clifford: say, what
news with thee?

Nay, do not fright us with an angry look:
We are thy sovereign, Clifford, kneel again;
For thy mistaking so, we pardon thee.

Clif. This is my king, York: I do not
mistake;

But thou mistak'st me much, to think I do.—
To Bedlam with him! is the man grown
mad?

K. Hen. Ay, Clifford; a bedlam and
ambitious humour

Makes him oppose himself against his king.

Clif. He is a traitor: let him to the Tower,
And chop away that factious pate of his.

Q. Mar. He is arrested, but will not obey.
His sons, he says, shall give their words for him.

York. Will you not, sons?

Edw. Ay, noble father, if our words will
serve.

Rich. And if words will not, then
weapons shall.

Clif. Why, what a brood of traitors have
we here!

York. Look in a glass, and call thy image so:
am thy king, and thou a false-heart
traitor.—

Call hither to the stake my two brave bears,
That with the very shaking of their chains
They may astonish these fell-lurking curs:
Bid Salisbury, and Warwick, come to me

Drums. *Enter WARWICK and SALISBURY,
with Forces.*

Clif. Are these thy bears? we'll bait thy
bears to death,

And manacle the bear-ward in their chains,
If thou dar'st bring them to the baiting-place.

Rich. Oft have I seen a hot o'erweening
cur

Run back and bite, because he was withheld;
Who, being suffer'd with the bear's fell paw,
Hath clapp'd his tail between his legs, and
cry'd:

And such a piece of service will you do,
If you oppose yourselves to match Lord War-
wick.

Clif. Hence, heap of wrath, foul indigested
lump,
As crooked in thy manners as thy shape!

York. Nay, we shall heat you thoroughly
anon.

Clif. Take heed, lest by your heat you burn
yourselves.

K. Hen. Why, Warwick, hath thy knee
forgot to bow?—

Old Salisbury,—shame to thy silver hair,
Thou mad misleader of thy brain-sick son!—
What, wilt thou on thy death-bed play the
ruffian,

And seek for sorrow with thy spectacles?
O! where is faith? O! where is loyalty?
If it be banish'd from the frosty head,

Where shall it find a harbour in the earth?—
Wilt thou go dig a grave to find out war,
And shame thine honourable age with blood?
Why art thou old, and want'st experience? 170
Or wherefore dost abuse it, if thou hast it?
For shame! in duty bend thy knee to me,
That bows unto the grave with mickle age.

Sal. My lord, I have consider'd with my-
self

The title of this most renowned duke;
And in my conscience do repute his grace
The rightful heir to England's royal seat.

K. Hen. Hast thou not sworn allegiance
unto me?

Sal. I have.

K. Hen. Canst thou dispense with heaven
for such an oath? 180

Sal. It is great sin to swear unto a sin,
But greater sin to keep a sinful oath.
Who can be bound by any solemn vow
To do a murderous deed, to rob a man,
To force a spotless virgin's chastity,
To reave the orphan of his patrimony,
To wring the widow from her custom'd right,
And have no other reason for this wrong,
But that he was bound by a solemn oath?

Q. Mar. A subtle traitor needs no so-
phister. 190

K. Hen. Call Buckingham, and bid him
arm himself.

York. Call Buckingham, and all the friends
thou hast,

I am resolv'd for death, or dignity.

Clif. The first I warrant thee, if dream
prove true.

War. You were best to go to bed, and
dream again,

To keep thee from the tempest of the field.

Clif. I am resolv'd to bear a greater storm,
Than any thou canst conjure up to-day;
And that I'll write upon thy burget, 1
Might I but know thee by thy household
badge.

War. Now, by my father's badge, old
Nevil's crest,

The rampant bear chain'd to the ragged staff,
This day I'll wear aloft my burget,
(As on a mountain-top the cedar shows,
That keeps his leaves in spite of any storm.)

Even to affright thee with the view thereof.

Clif. And from thy burget I'll rend thy
bear.

And tread it under foot with all contempt,
Despite the bear-ward that protects the bear.

Y. Clif. And so to arms, victorious father,
To quell the rebels, and their complices. 20

Rich. Fie! charity! for shame! speak not
in spite,

For you shall sup with Jesu Christ to-night.

Y. Clif. Foul stigmatic, that's more than
thou canst tell.

Rich. If not in heaven, you'll surely sup
in hell. [*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE II.—Saint Albans

Alarums: Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Clifford of Cumberland, 'tis Warwick
calls:

And if thou dost not hide thee from the bear,
Now, when the angry trumpet sounds alarm,
And dead men's cries do fill the empty air,
Clifford, I say, come forth and fight with me!
Proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland,
Warwick is house with calling thee to arms.

Enter YORK.

How now, my noble lord? what, all afoot?

York. The deadly-handed Clifford slew my
steed;

But match to match I have encounter'd him, 10
And made a prey for carrion kites and crows
Even of the bonny beast he lov'd so well.

Enter CLIFFORD.

War. Of one or both of us the time is com'd.

York. Hold, Warwick! seek thee out some
other chase,

For I myself must hunt this deer to death.

War. Then, nobly, York; 't is for a crown
thou fight'st.—

As I intend, Clifford, to thrive to-day,
It grieves my soul to leave thee unassail'd.

[*Exit.*]

Clif. What seest thou in me, York? why
dost thou pause?

York. With thy brave bearing should I be
in love, 20

But that thou art so fast mine enemy.

Clif. Nor should thy prowess want praise
and esteem,

But that 't is shown ignobly, and in treason.

York. So let it help me now against thy
sword,

As I in justice and true right express it.

Clif. My soul and body on the action
both !—

York. A dreadful lay ! Address thee instantly.

Clif. *La fin couronne les œuvres.*

[*They fight, and CLIFFORD falls and dies.*]

York. Thus war hath given thee peace, for
thou art still.

Peace with his soul, Heaven, it be thy will !
[*Exit.*]

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. Shame and confusion ! all is on
the rout ;

Fear frames disorder, and disorder wounds
Where it should guard. O war ! thou son of
hell,

Whom angry heavens do make their minister,
Throw the frozen bosoms of our part

Hot with vengeance !—Let no soldier fly :
He that is truly dedicate to war

Hath no self-love ; nor he that loves himself
Hath not essentially, but by circumstance,

The name of valour.—[*Seeing his father's
body.*] O ! let the vile world end,

And the premised flames of the last day

Knit earth and heaven together !

Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds

To cease !—Wast thou ordain'd, dear father,

To lose thy youth in peace, and to achieve

The silver livery of advised age,

And, in thy reverence, and thy chair-days,
thus

To die in ruffian battle ?—Even at this sight,
My heart is turn'd to stone : and while 't is
mine,

It shall be stony. York not our old men-spare ;

No more will I their babes : tears virginal

Shall be to me even as the dew to fire ;

And beauty, that the tyrant oft reclaims,

Shall to my flaming wrath be oil and flax.

Henceforth I will not have to do with pity :

Meet I an infant of the house of York,

Into as many gobbets will I cut it,

As wild Medea young Absyrtus did :

In cruelty will I seek out my fame.

Come, thou new ruin of old Clifford's house :

[*Taking up the body.*]

As did Æneas old Anchises bear,

So bear I thee upon my manly shoulders ;

But then Æneas bare a living load,

Nothing so heavy as these woes of mine.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter RICHARD PLANTAGENET and SOMERSET,
fighting. SOMERSET is killed.*

Rich. So, lie thou there ;—

For, underneath an ale-house' paltry sign,

The Castle in Saint Albans, Somerset

Hath made the wizard famous in his death.

Sword, hold thy temper ; heart, be wrathful
still

Priests pray for enemies, but princes kill.

[*Exit.*]

*Alarums : Excursions. Enter King HENRY,
Queen MARGARET, and others, retreating.*

Q. Mar. Away, my lord ! you are slow :
for shame, away !

K. Hen. Can we outrun the heavens ! good
Margaret, stay.

Q. Mar. What are you made of ? you 'll nor
fight, nor fly ;

Now is it manhood, wisdom, and defence,

To give the enemy way, and to secure us

By what we can, which can no more but fly.
[*Alarum afar off.*]

If you be ta'en, we then should see the
bottom

Of all our fortunes : but if we haply scape

(As well we may, if not through your
neglect),

We shall to London get, where you are
lov'd,

And where this breach, now in our fortunes
made,

May readily be stopp'd.

Enter Young CLIFFORD.

Y. Clif. But that my heart's on future
mischief set,

I would speak blasphemy ere bid you fly ;

But fly you must : incurable discomfit

Reigns in the hearts of all our present parts.

Away, for your relief ! and we will live

To see their day, and them our fortune
give.

Away, my lord, away !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Fields near Saint Albans.

*Alarum : Retreat. Flourish ; then enter YORK,
RICHARD PLANTAGENET, WARWICK, and
Soldiers, with drum and colours.*

York. Of Salisbury, who can report of
him ?

That winter lion, who in rage forgets

Aged contusions and all brush of time,

And, like a gallant in the brow of youth,

Repairs him with occasion ? This happy day

Is not itself, nor have we won one foot,

If Salisbury be lost.

Rich.

My noble father,

Three times to-day I help him to his horse,
 Three times bestrid him; thrice I led him off,
 Persuaded him from any further act :
 But still, where danger was, still there I met
 him ;
 And like rich hangings in a homely house,
 So was his will in his old feeble body.
 But, noble as he is, look where he comes.

Enter SALISBURY.

Sal. Now, by my sword, well hast thou
 fought to-day ;
 By the mass, so did we all.—I thank you,
 Richard :
 God knows how long it is I have to live ;
 And it hath pleas'd Him, that three times
 to-day
 You have defended me from imminent
 death.—

Well, lords, we have not got that which we
 have :

'T is not enough our foes are this time fled,
 Being opposites of such repairing nature.

York. I know, our safety is to follow them ;
 For, as I hear, the king is fled to London,
 To call a present court of parliament :
 Let us pursue him, ere the writs go forth.—
 What says Lord Warwick? shall we after
 them?

War. After them? nay, before them, if we
 can.

Now, by my faith, lords, 't was a glorious day :
 Saint Alban's battle, won by famous York, so
 Shall be eternis'd in all age to come.—

Sound, drums and trumpets!—and to London
 all ;

And more such days as these to us befall !
Exeunt.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, *King of Navarre.*
 BIRON, }
 LONGAVILLE, } *Lords attending on the King.*
 DUMAINE, }
 BOYET, } *Lords attending on the Princess*
 MERCADE, } *of France.*
 DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, *a fantastical*
Spaniard.
 SIR NATHANIEL, *a Curate.*
 HOLOFERNES, *a Schoolmaster.*
 DULL, *a Constable.*

COSTARD, *a Clown.*
 MOTHPAGE, *Page to Armado.*
A Forester.
 PRINCESS OF FRANCE.
 ROSALINE, }
 MARIA, } *Ladies attending on the Princess.*
 KATHARINE, }
 JAQUENETTA, *a Country Wench.*
Officers and Others, Attendants on the King
and Princess.

SCENE—NAVARRÉ.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—NAVARRÉ. A Park, with a Palace
 in it.

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and
DUMAINE.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their
 lives,
 Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
 And then grace us in the disgrace of death,
 When, spite of cormorant devouring time,
 The endeavour of this present breath may
 buy
 That honour, which shall bate his scythe's
 keen edge,
 And make us heirs of all eternity.
 Therefore, brave conquerors!—for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires,—
 Our late edict shall strongly stand in force :
 Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
 Our court shall be a little Academe,
 Still and contemplative in living art.
 You three, Biron, Dumaine, and Longaville,
 Have sworn for three years' term to live with
 me,
 My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
 That are recorded in this schedule here :
 Your oaths are pass'd, and now subscribe your
 names,
 That his own hand may strike his honour
 down,
 That violates the smallest branch herein.

If you are arm'd to do, as sworn to do,
 Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.
Long. I am resolv'd : 't is but a three years'
 fast.

The mind shall banquet, though the body
 pine :

Fat paunches have lean pates ; and dainty
 bits

Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt the wits.

Dum. My loving lord, Dumaine is mor-
 tified.

The grosser manner of these world's delights
 He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves :
 To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
 With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation
 over,

So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
 That is, to live and study here three years.

But there are other strict observances ;

As, not to see a woman in that term,

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there :

And, one day in a week to touch no food,

And but one meal on every day beside ;

The which, I hope, is not enrolled there :

And then, to sleep but three hours in the
 night,

And not be seen to wink of all the day,

(When I was wont to think no harm all night,
 And make a dark night too of half the day)—

Which, I hope well, is not enrolled there.

O ! these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,

Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep.

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away
from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you
please.

I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years
space.

Long. You swore to that, Biron, and to
the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I sw
in jest.—

What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we
should not know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean,
from common sense?

King. Ay, that is study's god-like recom-
pense.

Biron. Come on then, I will swear to
study so,

To know the thing I am forbid to know ; 61

As thus,—to study where I well may dine,

When I to feast expressly am forbid ;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid ;

Or, having sworn too hard-a-keeping oath,

Study to break it, and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study
quite, 70

And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain ; but that
most vain,

Which, with pain purchas'd, doth inherit
pain :

As, painfully to pore upon a book,
To seek the light of truth ; while truth the
while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Light, seeking light, doth light of light
beguile :

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,

Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.

Study me how to please the eye indeed, 80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye :

Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,

And give him light that it was blinded by.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy
looks :

Small have continual plodders ever won,

Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,

Have no more profit of their shining nights,

Than those that walk, and wot not what
they are. 91

Too much to know is to know nought but
fame ;

And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he's read, to reason
against reading !

Dum. Proceeded well, to stop all good
proceeding !

Long. He weeds the corn, and still lets
grow the weeding.

Biron. The spring is near, when green
geese are a-breeding.

Dum. How follows that ?

Biron. Fit in his place and time.

Dum. In reason nothing.

Biron. Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping
frost, 100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am : why should proud
summer boast,

Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose,

Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled
shows ;

But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron :
adieu ! 110

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to
stay with you :

And, though I have for barbarism spoke more,

Than for that angel knowledge you can say,

Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,

And bide the penance of each three years'
day.

Give me the paper : let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my
name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee
from shame !

Biron. [*Reads.*] "Item, That no woman
shall come within a mile of my court."—Hath
his been proclaim'd ? 120

Long. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [*Reads.*]
'On pain of losing her tongue.'—Who devis'd
his penalty ?

Long. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Long. To fright them hence with that
dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !
[*Reads.*] "Item, If any man be seen to talk
ith a woman within the term of three years,

he shall endure such public shame as the rest of the court can possibly devise."—¹²¹
This article, my liege, yourself must break ;
For, well you know, here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak,—

A maid of grace, and complete majesty,—
About surrender-up of Aquitain
To her decrepit, sick, and beard-rid father :
Therefore, this article is made in vain,
Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot. ¹

Biron. So study evermore is overshot :
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won, as towns with fire ; so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree :

She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space ;

For every man with his affects is born, ¹⁵⁰
Not by might master'd, but by special grace.
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me,
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—
So to the laws at large I write my name ;

[*Subscribes.*

And he that breaks them in the least degree,
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me ;
But, I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted ? ¹⁶⁰

King. Ay, that there is, Our court, you know, is haunted

With a refined traveller of Spain ;
A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain ;
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish like enchanting harmony ;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong

Have chose as umpire of their mutiny :
This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate ¹⁷⁰
In high-born words the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

How you delight, my lords, I know not, I ;
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Long. Costard, the swain, and he shall be our sport ;

And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL, with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person ? ¹⁸⁰

Biron. This, fellow. What wouldst ?

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person,
for I am his grace's tharborough : but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arm—Arm—commends you.
There's villainy abroad ; this letter will tell you more.

Cost. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words. ¹⁹¹

Long. A high hope for a low heaven : God grant us patience

Biron. To hear, or forbear laughing ?

Long. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately ; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Cost. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner. ²⁰¹

Biron. In what manner ?

Cost. In manner and form following, sir ; all those three : I was seen with her, in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park ; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman ; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir ? ²¹⁰

Cost. As it shall follow in my correction ; and God defend the right !

King. Will you hear this letter with attention ?

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Cost. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [*Reads.*] "Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent, and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's God, and body's fostering patron,"—

Cost. Not a word of Costard yet. ²²⁰

King. "So it is,"—

Cost. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so,—

King. Peace !

Cost.—be to me, and every man that dares not fight,

King. No words!

Cost. —of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. "So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air; and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when? About the sixth hour; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper. So much for the time when. Now for the ground which; which, I mean, I walked upon: it is yeilded thy park. Then for the place where; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebon-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest. But to the place where;—it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden: there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,"—

Cost. Me.

King. —"that unletter'd small-knowing soul,"—

Cost. Me.

King. —"that shallow vassal,"—

Cost. Still me.

King. —"which, as I remember, high Costard,"—

Cost. O! me.

King. —"sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent. canon, with—with—O! with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,"—

Cost. With a wench.

King. —"with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I (as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on) have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Antony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation."—

Dull. Me, an't shall please you: I am Antony Dull.

King. —"For Jaquenetta (so is the weaker vessel called), which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain, I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury; and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all complements of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty, DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."—

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Cost. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Cost. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Cost. I was taken with none, sir: I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Cost. This was no damosel neither, sir: she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too, for it was proclaimed virgin.

Cost. If it were, I deny her virginity: I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

Cost. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Cost. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—

My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er:

And go we, lords, to put in practice that—
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt KING, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat,

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—

Sirrah, come on.

Cost. I suffer for the truth, sir: for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore, welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again, and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—ARMADO'S House in the Park.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Boy, what sign is it, when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Arm. Why, sadness is one and the self-same thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord! sir, no.

Arm. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior.

Arm. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Arm. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Arm. Pretty, and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty?

Arm. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Arm. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Arm. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Arm. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Arm. I do say, thou art quick in answers. Thou heatest my blood.

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Arm. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside.*] He speaks the mere contrary: crosses love not him.

Arm. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Arm. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Arm. I am 'ill at reckoning: it fitteth the spirit of a tapster.

Moth. You are a gentleman, and a gamester, sir.

Arm. I confess both: they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Arm. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Arm. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now, here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink; and how easy it is to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

Arm. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside.*] To prove you a cypher.

Arm. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would

deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh: methinks, I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

Moth. Hercules, master.

Arm. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back, like a porter, and he was in love.

Arm. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier, as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too. Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Arm. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Arm. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Arm. Is that one of the four complexions?

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Arm. Green, indeed, is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks, Samson had small reason for it. He, surely, affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir, for she had a green wit.

Arm. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Arm. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit, and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Arm. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty, and pathological!

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known;

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred,

And fears by pale-white shown:

Then, if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know;

For still her cheeks possess the same,

Which native she doth owe.

A dangerous rhyme, master; against the reason of white and red.

Arm. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since; but I think,

now 'tis not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing, nor the tune.

Arm. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl, that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard: she deserves well.

Moth. [*Aside.*] To be whipped; and yet a better love than my master.

Arm. Sing, boy: my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Arm. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard safe: and you must let him take no delight, nor no penance, but a' must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

Arm. I do betray myself with blushing.—
Maid.

Jaqu. Man.

Arm. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Jaqu. That's hereby.

Arm. I know where it is situate.

Jaqu. Lord, how wise you are

Arm. I will tell thee wonders.

Jaqu. With that face?

Arm. I love thee.

Jaqu. So I heard you say.

Arm. And so farewell.

Jaqu. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away.

[*Exeunt DULL and JAQUENETTA.*]

Arm. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences, ere thou be pardoned.

Cost. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Arm. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

Cost. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Arm. Take away this villain: shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave: away

Cost. Let me not be pent up, sir: I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Cost. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

Moth. What shall some see?

Cost. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words; and therefore I will say nothing: I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Exeunt MOTH and COSTARD.*]

Arm. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn (which is a great argument of falsehood), if I love. And how can that be true love, which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar; Love is a devil: there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not: his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour! rust, rapier! be still, drum! for your manager is in love; yea, he loveth. Assist me some extemporal god of rhyme, for, I am sure, I shall turn sonneteer. Devise, wit; write, pen: for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a distance.

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, and other Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your learest spirits
Consider whom the king your father sends,
To whom he sends, and what's his embassy:

Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
To parley with the sole inheritor
Of all perfections that a man may owe,
Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight

Than Aquitain, a dowry for a queen.

Be now as prodigal of all dear grace,
As Nature was in making graces dear,
When she did starve the general world be-
side,



J. HOLMES, *Pinet.*

C. H. JENN, *Sculpt.*

ARMADO AND JAQUENETTA.

Arm. I love thee.

Jaq So I heard you say.

"LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST," Act I., Scene II.

(From the picture in the Tyrrell collection.)

And prodigally gave them all to you.

Prin. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise :
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.
I am less proud to hear you tell my worth,
Than you much willing to be counted wise
In spending your wit in the praise of mine.
But now to task the tasker.—Good Boyet, 20
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a
vow,

Till painful study shall outwear three years,
No woman may approach his silent court :
Therefore to us seemeth it a needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gates,
To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
Bold of your worthiness, we single you
As our best-moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of
France, 30

On serious business, craving quick despatch,
Importunes personal conference with his
grace.

Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I
go.

Prin. All pride is willing pride, and yours
is so.— [Exit BOYET.

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?
1 *Lord.* Longaville is one.

Prin. Know you the man ?

Mar. I know him, madam : at a marriage-
feast ; 40

Between Lord Perigot and the beauteous
heir

Of Jaques Falconbridge solemnised
In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :

Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well.
The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss,

If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil,
Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;

Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will
still wills 50

It should none spare that come within his
power.

Prin. Some merry mocking lord, belike ;
is 't so ?

Mar. They say so most that most his
humours know.

Prin. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as
they grow.

Who are the rest ?

Kath. The young Dumaine, a well-accom-
plish'd youth,

Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd :

Most power to do most harm, least knowing
ill,

For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
And shape to win grace though he had no
wit. 60

I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;

And much too little of that good I saw

Is my report to his great worthiness.

Ros. Another of these students at that time
Was there with him : if I have heard a truth

Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,

Within the limit of becoming mirth,

I never spent an hour's talk withal.

His eye begets occasion for his wit ;

For every object that the one doth catch, 70

The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,

Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)

Delivers in such apt and gracious words,

That aged ears play truant at his talés,

And younger hearings are quite ravished ;

So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Prin. God bless my ladies ! are they all
in love,

That every one her own hath garnished

With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

Lord. Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Prin. Now, what admittance, lord ? 80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair
approach ;

And he and his competitors in oath

Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,

Before I came. Marry, thus much I have
learnt,

He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,

Than seek a dispensation for his oath,

To let you enter his unpeopled house.

Here comes Navarre. [The Ladies mask.

*Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAINE, BIRON,
and Attendants.*

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court
of Navarre. 90

Prin. Fair, I give you back again ; and
welcome I have not yet : the roof of this
court is too high to be yours, and welcome
to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to
my court.

Prin. I will be welcome then. Conduct
me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady : I have sworn
an oath.

Prin. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be
forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by
my will.

Prin. Why, will shall break it; will, and
nothing else. ¹⁰⁰

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

Prin. Were my lord so, his ignorance were
wise,

Where now his knowledge must prove igno-
rance.

I hear, your grace hath sworn out house-
keeping:

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,
And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold:
To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,
And suddenly resolve me in my suit. ¹¹⁰

[*Gives a paper.*]

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

Prin. You will the sooner that I were
away,

For you'll prove perjurd, if you make me
stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in
Brabant once?

Ros. Did not I dance with you in Brabant
once?

Biron. I know you did.

Ros. How needless was it then

To ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Ros. 'Tis 'long of you, that spur me with
such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too
fast, 't will tire.

Ros. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

Biron. What time o' day? ¹²¹

Ros. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Ros. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Ros. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth inti-
mate

The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;
Being but the one-half of an entire sum, ¹³⁰
Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say, that he, or we, (as neither have)
Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid
A hundred thousand more; in surety of the
which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,
Although not valued to the money's worth.
If then the king your father will restore
But that one-half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,
And hold fair friendship with his majesty. ¹⁴⁰
But that, it seems, he little purposeth,
For here he doth demand to have repaid
A hundred thousand crowns; and not de-
mands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,
To have his title live in Aquitaine;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine, so gelded as it is.

Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should
make ¹⁵⁰

A yielding, 'gainst some reason, in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Prin. You do the king my father too much
wrong,

And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest, I never heard of it;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back,
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Prin. We arrest your word.

Boyet, you can produce acquittances ¹⁶⁰
For such a sum, from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is
not come,

Where that and other specialities are bound:
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me: at which inter-
view,

All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime, receive such welcome at my hand,
As honour, without breach of honour, may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness. ¹⁷⁰
You may not come, fair princess, in my
gates;

But here without you shall be so receiv'd,
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my
heart,

Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and
farewell:

To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Prin. Sweet health and fair desires consort
your grace!

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every
place! [*Exeunt KING and his Train.*]

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine
own heart.

Ros. 'Pray you, do my commendations; I
would be glad to see it. ¹⁸³

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Ros. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Ros. Alack! let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Ros. My physic says, ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Ros. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life!

Ros. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thansgiving.

Dum. Sir, I pray you, a word. What lady
is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katharine her
name.

Dum. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you
well. *[Exit.*

Long. I beseech you a word. What is she
in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw
her in the light.

Long. Perchance, light in the light. I de-
sire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to
desire that, were a shame.

Long. Pray you, sir, whose daughter?

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Long. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Long. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir; that may be.

[Exit LONG.
Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded, or no?

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. O! you are welcome, sir. Adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to
you. *[Exit BIRON.—Ladies unmask.*

Mar. That last is Biron, the merry mad-
cap lord:

Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Prin. It was well done of you to take him
at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple, as he
was to board.

Mar. Two hot sheeps, marry!

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on
your lips;

Mar. You sheep, and I pasture: shall that
finish the jest?

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me.

[Offering to kiss her.
Mar. Not so, gentle beast.

My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Mar. To my fortunes and me

Prin. Good wits will be jangling; but,
gentles, agree.

The civil war of wits were much better used
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 't is
abused.

Boyet. If my observation (which very
seldom lies),

By the heart's still rhetoric, disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Prin. With what?

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle,
affected.

Prin. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make
their retire

To the court of his eye, peeping thorough
desire:

His heart, like an agate, with your print
impressed,

Proud with his form, in his eye pride ex-
pressed:

His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be;

All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought, all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;

Who, tend'ring their own worth, from where
they were glass'd,

Did point you to buy them, along as you
pass'd.

His face's own margent did cote such amazes,
That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with

gazes.

I'll give you Aquitain, and all that is his,
An you give him for my sake but one loving

kiss.

Prin. Come to our pavilion: Boyet is dis-
pos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words, which
his eye hath disclos'd.

I only have made a mouth of his eye,
By adding a tongue, which I know will not

lie.

Ros. Thou art an old love-monger, and
speak'st skilfully.

Mar. He is Cupid's grandfather, and learns
news of him.

Ros. Then was Venus like her mother, for
her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Mar. No.

Boyet. What then, do you see?

Ros. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet. You are too hard for me.
[Exeunt.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Same.

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Arm. Warble, child : make passionate my sense of hearing.

Moth. [*Singing.*] *Concolinel—*

Arm. Sweet air !—Go, tenderness of years : take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither ; I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl ?

Arm. How meanest thou ? brawling in French ?

Moth. No, my complete master ; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eyelids, sigh a note, and sing a note ; sometime through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love ; sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love ; with your hat, penthouse-like, o'er the shop of your eyes ; with your arms crossed on your thin belly-doublet, like a rabbit on a spit ; or your hands in your pocket, like a man after the old painting ; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours, these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note, (do you note me ?) that most are affected to these.

Arm. How hast thou purchased this experience ?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Arm. But O,—but O,—

Moth. —the hobby-horse is forgot.

Arm. Callest thou my love hobby-horse ?

Moth. No, master ; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love, perhaps, a hackney. But have you forgot your love ?

Arm. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student ! learn her by heart.

Arm. By heart, and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master : all those three I will prove.

Arm. What wilt thou prove ?

Moth. A man, if I live ; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant : by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her ; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her ; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Arm. I am all these three.

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Arm. Fetch hither the swain : he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathised : a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Arm. Ha, ha ! what sayest thou ?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Arm. The way is but short. Away !

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Arm. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious ? Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow ?

Moth. *Minime*, honest master ; or rather, master, no.

Arm. I say, lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so : Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun ?

Arm. Sweet smoke of rhetoric !

He reputes me a cannon ; and the bullet, that's he :—

I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*]

Arm. A most acute juvenal ; voluble and free of grace !

By thy favour, sweet welkin ; I must sigh in thy face :

Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.

My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH with COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master ! here's a Costard broken in a shin.

Arm. Some enigma, some riddle : come,—thy *l'envoy* ;—begin.

Cost. No egma, no riddle, no *l'envoy* ! no salve in the mail, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain ! no *l'envoy*, no *l'envoy* : no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Arm. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter ; thy silly thought, my spleen ; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling : O, pardon me, my stars ! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for *l'envoy*, and the word *l'envoy* for a salve ?

Moth. Do the wise think them other ? is not *l'envoy* a salve ?

Arm. No, page : it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been said.

I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.
There's the moral. Now the *l'envoy*.

Moth. I will add the *l'envoy*. Say the moral again.

Arm. The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odd by adding four.
Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my *l'envoy*.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Arm. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good *l'envoy*, ending in the goose.
Would you desire more?

Cost. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a
goose, that's flat—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose
be fat.—

To sell a bargain well, is as cunning as fast
and loose :

Let me see, a fat *l'envoy* ; ay, that's a fat
goose.

Arm. Come hither, come hither. How did
this argument begin?

Moth. By saying that a Costard was broken
in a shin.

Then call'd you for the *l'envoy*.

Cost. True, and I for a plantain : thus
came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat *l'envoy*, the goose that you
bought,

And he ended the market.

Arm. But tell me ; how was there a
Costard broken in a shin?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Cost. Thou hast no feeling of it, *Moth* : I
will speak that *l'envoy*.

I, Costard, running out, that was safely
within,

Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Arm. We will talk no more of this matter.

Cost. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Arm. Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise
thee.

Cost. O ! marry me to one Frances ?—I
smell some *l'envoy*, some goose in this.

Arm. By my sweet soul, I mean, setting
thee at liberty, enfranchising thy person :
thou wert immured, restrained, captivated,
bound.

Cost. True, true, and now you will be my
purgation, and let me loose.

Arm. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from
durance ; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee
nothing but this : bear this significant to the

country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration ; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents. *Moth*, follow.

[*Exit*.
Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard,
adieu.

Cost. My sweet ounce of man's flesh ! my
incoy Jew !— [Exit *MOTH*.
Now will I look to his remuneration. Re-
muneration ! O ! that's the Latin word for
three farthings : three farthings, remunera-
tion.—“What's the price of this inkle ? a
penny :—No, I'll give you a remuneration :”
why, it carries it.—Remuneration !—why, it
is a fairer name than French crown. I will
never buy and sell out of this word.

Enter *BIRON*.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard ! ex-
ceedingly well met.

Cost. Pray you, sir, how much carnation
ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Cost. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. O ! why then, three-farthing-worth
of silk.

Cost. I thank your worship. God be wi'
you.

Biron. O, stay, slave ! I must employ thee :
As thou wilt win my favour, good ny knave,
Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Cost. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. O ! this afternoon.

Cost. Well, I will do it, sir. Fare you
well.

Biron. O ! thou knowest not what it is.

Cost. I shall know, sir, when I have done
it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Cost. I will come to your worship to-morrow
morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon.
Hark, slave, it is but this :—

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,
And in her train there is a gentle lady ;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name
her name,

And Rosalino they call her : ask for her,
And to her white hand see thou do commend
This seal'd up counsel. There's thy guerdon :
go. [Gives him money.

Cost. Gardon.—O ! sweet gardon ! better
than remuneration ; eleven-pence farthing
better. Most sweet gardon !—I will do it,
sir, in print.—(Gardon—remuneration !

[Exit.
Biron. O !—And I, forsooth, in love ! I,
that have been love's whip ;

A very beadle to a humorous sigh ;
 A critic, nay, a night-watch constable ;
 A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
 Than whom no mortal so magnificent !¹⁸⁰
 This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward
 boy ;
 This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid,
 Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
 The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
 Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
 Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of trotting paritors : (O my little heart !)
 And I to be a corporal of his field,
 And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop !
 What ! I love ! I sue ! I seek a wife !¹⁹¹
 A woman, that is like a German clock,
 Still a repairing, ever out of frame,

And never going aright, being a watch,
 But being watch'd that it may still go right !
 'Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all ;
 And, among three, to love the worst of all ;
 A whitely wanton with a velvet brow,
 With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes ;
 Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the
 deed,²⁰⁰
 Though Argus were her eunuch and her
 guard ;
 And I to sigh for her ! to watch for her !
 To pray for her ! Go to ; it is a plague
 That Cupid will impose for my neglect
 Of his almighty dreadful little might.
 Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and
 groan :
 Some men must love my lady, and some Joan.
[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Another part of the Same.

*Enter the PRINCESS, ROSALINE, MARIA,
 KATHARINE, BOYET, Lords, Attendants,
 and a Forester.*

Prin. Was that the king, that spur'd his
 horse so hard
 Against the steep uprising of the hill ?

Boyet. I know not ; but I think, it was
 not he.

Prin. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mount-
 ing mind.

Well, lords, to-day we shall have our des-
 patch ;

On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush,
 That we must stand and play the murderer
 in ?

For. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder
 coppice ;

A stand where you may make the fairest
 shoot.¹⁰

Prin. I thank my beauty, I am fair that
 shoot,

And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Prin. What, what ? first praise me, and
 again say, no ?

O short-liv'd pride ! Not fair ? alack for
 woe !

For. Yes, madam, fair.

Prin. Nay, never paint me now :
 Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the
 brow.

Here, good my glass, take this for telling
 true. [Giving him money.]

Fair payment for foul words is more than due.
For. Nothing but fair is that which you
 inherit.²⁰

Prin. See, see ! my beauty will be sav'd by
 merit.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair
 praise.—

But come, the bow : —now mercy goes to kill,
 And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot :

Not wounding, pity would not let me do't ;
 If wounding, then it was to show my skill,
 That more for praise than purpose meant to
 kill.

And, out of question, so it is sometimes :³⁰

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward
 part,

We bend to that the working of the heart ;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means
 no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-
 sovereignty

Only for praise' sake, when they strive to be
 Lords o'er their lords ?

Prin. Only for praise ; and praise we may
 afford

To any lady that subdues a lord.⁴⁰

Enter COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the com-
 monwealth.

Cost. God dig-you-den all. Pray you, which
 is the head lady ?

Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the
rest that have no heads.

Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the
highest?

Prin. The thickest, and the tallest.

Cost. The thickest, and the tallest? it is
so; truth is truth.

An your waist, mistress, were as slender as
my wit,

One o' these maids' girdles for your waist
should be fit.

Are not you the chief woman? you are the
thickest here.

Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your
will?

Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron
to one Lady Rosaline.

Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good
friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—Boyet, you can
carve;

Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook; it importeth none
here:

It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Prin. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one
give ear.

Boyet. [*Reads.*] "By heaven, that thou art
fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art
beauteous; truth itself, that thou art lovely.
More fairer than fair, beautiful than beau-
teous, truer than truth itself, have commise-
ration on thy heroical vassal! The magnani-
mous and most illustrate King Cophetua set
eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar
Zenelophon, and he it was that might rightly
say, *Veni, vidi, vici*; which to anatomise in
the vulgar (O base and obscure vulgar!)
videlicet, he came, saw, and overcame: he
came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who
came? the king; why did he come? to see;
why did he see? to overcome. To whom
came he? to the beggar; what saw he? the
beggar; who overcame he? the beggar. The
conclusion is victory: on whose side? the
king's. The captive is enriched: on whose
side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a
nuptial: on whose side? the king's?—no, on
both in one, or one in both. I am the king,
for so stands the comparison; thou the beggar,
for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I com-
mand thy love? I may. Shall I enforce thy
love? I could. Shall I entreat thy love? I
will. What shalt thou exchange for rags?
robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me.
Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips

on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my
heart on thy every part.

Thine, in the dearest design of industry,
DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO."

Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion
roar

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his
prey;

Submissive fall his princely feet before.

And he from forage will incline to play.

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou
then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.

Prin. What plume of feathers is he that
indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever
hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd, but I remem-
ber the style.

Prin. Else your memory is bad, going o'er
it crewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that
keeps here in court;

A phantasm, a Monarcho, and one that makes
sport

To the prince, and his book-mates.

Prin. Thou, fellow, a word.
Who gave thee this letter?

Cost. I told you; my lord.

Prin. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Cost. From my lord to my lady.

Prin. From which lord to which lady?

Cost. From my Lord Biron, a good master
of mine,

To a lady of France, that he call'd Rosaline.

Prin. Thou hast mistaken his letter.—
Come, lords, away.

Here, sweet, put up this: 'twill be thine
another day.

[*Exeunt PRINCESS and Train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor? who is the
suitor?

Ros. Shall I teach you to know?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Ros. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off!

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns; but if
thou marry,

Hang me by the neck, if horns that year mis-
carry.

Finely put on!

Ros. Well then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer?

Ros. If we choose by the horns, yourself:
come not near.

Finely put on, indeed!—

Mar. You still wrangle with her, Boyet,
and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have
I hit her now?

Ros. Shall I come upon thee with an old
saying, that was a man when King Pepin of
France was a little boy, as touching the hit
it?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as
old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever
of Britain was a little wench, as touching the
hit it.

Ros. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.*

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,
An I cannot, another can.*

[*Exeunt ROS. and KATH.*]

Cost. By my troth, most pleasant: how
both did fit it!

Mar. A mark marvellous well shot, for
they both did hit it. 130

Boyet. A mark! O! mark but that mark:
a mark, says my lady.

Let the mark have a prick in 't to mete at, if
it may be.

Mar. Wide o' the bow-hand: i' faith, your
hand is out.

Cost. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he'll
ne'er hit the clout.

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike
your hand is in.

Cost. Then will she get the upshot by
cleaving the pin.

Mar. Come, come, you talk greasily; your
lips grow foul.

Cost. She's too hard for you at pricks, sir:
challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing. Good
night, my good owl.

[*Exeunt BOYET and MARIA.*]

Cost. By my soul, a swain! a most simple
clown! 140

Lord, Lord! how the ladies and I have put
him down!

O' my truth, most sweet jests! most incony
vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely,
as it were, so fit.

Armado o' the one side,—O, a most dainty
man!

To see him walk before a lady, and to bear her
fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most
sweetly a' will swear!—

And his page o' t' other side, that 'handful of
wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!

Sola, sola!

[*Shouting within.*]

[*Exit COSTARD.*]

SCENE II.—The Same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and
DULL.*

Nath. Very reverend sport, truly: and
done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Hol. The deer was, as you know, *sanguis*,
—in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now
hangeth like a jewel in the ear of *coelo*,—the
sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon falleth
like a crab, on the face of *terra*,—the soil, the
land, the earth.

Nath. Truly, Master Holofernes, the
epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar
at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a
buck of the first head. 10

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, *haud credo*.

Dull. 'Twas not a *haud credo*, 'twas a
pricket.

Hol. Most barbarous intimation! yet a
kind of insinuation, as it were, *in via*, in way
of explication; *facere*, as it were, replication,
or, rather, *ostentare*, to show, as it were, his
inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished,
uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather
unlettered, or, ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,
—to insert again my *haud credo* for a deer.

Dull. I said, the deer was not a *haud*.
credo: 'twas a pricket. 21

Hol. Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*!—
O, thou monster Ignorance, how deformed
dost thou look!

Nath. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties
that are bred in a book;

He hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath
not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished;
he is only an animal, only sensible in the
duller parts;

And such barren plants are set before us, that
we thankful should be.

(Which we of taste and feeling are) for those
parts that do fructify in us more than
he;

For as it would ill become me to be vain, in-
discreet, or a fool, 30

So, were there a patch set on learning, to see
him in a school:

But, *omne bene*, say I; being of an old
father's mind,

Many can brook the weather, that love not
the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell
by your wit,

What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's
not five weeks old as yet?

Hol. Dictynna, Goodman Dull; Dictynna,
goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nath. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon. †

Hol. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more ;

And raught not to five weeks, when he came to five-score. 40

The allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. 'T is true indeed : the collusion holds in the exchange.

Hol. God comfort thy capacity ! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange, for the moon is never but a month old ; and I say beside, that 't was a pricket that the princess kill'd.

Hol. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer ? and, to humour the ignorant, I have call'd the deer the princess kill'd, a pricket. 52

Nath. *Perge*, good Master Holofernes, *perge* ; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.

Hol. I will something affect the letter ; for it argues facility. |

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket ;

Some say, a sore ; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell ; put l to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket ;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel ; the people fall a-shooting.

If sore be sore, then l to sore makes fifty sores ; O sore l !

Of one sore, I an hundred make, by adding but one more l. 60

Nath. A rare talent !

Dull. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Hol. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple ; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions ! these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of *pia mater*, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it.

Nath. Sir, I praise the Lord for you, and so may my parishioners ; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you : you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Hol. *Mehercle* ! if their sons be ingenious, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them.

But, *vir sapit qui pauca loquitur*. A soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God give you good morrow, master person.

Hol. Master person,—*quasi* pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one ? 81

Cost. Marry, master schoolmaster, he that is likeliest to a hogshead.

Hol. Of piercing a hogshead ! a good lustrous of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 't is pretty ; it is well.

Jaq. Good master person, be so good as read me this letter. It was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado : I beseech you, read it.

Hol. *Fauste, precor gelidâ quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat*, and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice : 86

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede, non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan ! old Mantuan ! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not.—*Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa*.—Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or, rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nath. Ay, sir, and very learned. 100

Hol. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse : *lege, domine*.

Nath. *If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?*

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vowed !

Though to myself forsworn, to thee. I'll faithful prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bowed.

Study his bias leaves, and makes his book thine eyes,

Where all those pleasures live, that art would comprehend :

If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice.

Well learned is that tongue, that well can thee commend ; 110

All ignorant that soul, that sees thee without wonder ;

Which is to me some praise, that I thy parts admire.

Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,

Which, not to anger bent, is music, and sweet fire.

*Celestial as thou art, O! pardon love this wrong,
That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue!*

Hol. You find not the apostrophes, and so miss the accent: let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of pocsy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man: and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? *Imitari* is nothing, so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider. But, damosella, virgin, was this directed to you? 125

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. "To the snow-white hand of the most beauteous Lady Rosaline." I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: "Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron." Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which, accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king; it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment, I forgive thy duty; adieu. 140

Jaq. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Cost. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt* COST. and JAQ.]

Nath. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—

Hol. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But, to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nath. Marvellous well for the pen. 140

Hol. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where if before repast it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your *ben venuto*; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.

Nath. And thank you too; for society (saith the text) is the happiness of life. 150

Hol. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To DULL.*] Sir, I do invite you too: you shall not say me nay: *parca*

verba. Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Same.

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitch'd a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, sit thee down, sorrow! for so, they say, the fool said, and so say I, and I the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, I a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love; if I do, hang me: i' faith, I will not. O! but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her! yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love, and it hath taught me to rhyme, and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already: the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it: sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady! By the world, I would not care a pin if the other three were in. Here comes one with a paper: God give him grace to groan! [*Gets up into a tree.*]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me!

Biron. [*Aside.*] Shot, by heaven!—Proceed, sweet Cupid: thou hast thump'd him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets!—

King. [*Reads.*] *So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not*

*To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eyebeams, when their fresh rays have smote*

The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows:

*Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light;* 20

*Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep:
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee,*

*So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,*

And they thy glory through my grief will show:

*But do not love thyself; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.*

*O queen of queens, how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*

How shall she know my griefs? I'll drop the
paper
Sweet leaves, shade folly. Who is he comes
here? [Steps aside.]

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

[Aside.] What, Longaville! and reading!
listen, ear.

Biron. [Aside.] Now, in thy likeness, one
more fool appear!

Long. Ay me! I am forsworn.

Biron. [Aside.] Why, he comes in like a
perjurer, wearing papers.

King. [Aside.] In love, I hope: sweet
fellowship in shame!

Biron. [Aside.] One drunkard loves another
of the name.

Long. Am I the first that have been per-
jur'd so?

Biron. [Aside.] I could put thee in comfort:
not by two that I know.

Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of
society,

The shapo of Love's Tyburn, that hangs up
simplicity.

Long. I fear these stubborn lines lack
power to move.

O sweet Maria, empress of my love!
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose.

Biron. [Aside.] O! rhymes are guards on
wanton Cupid's hose:

Disfigure not his slop.
Long. This same shall go.

[He reads the sonnet.]

*Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argu-
ment,*

Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace, being gain'd, cures all disgrace

in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:
Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth

dost shine,

Exhal'st this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken, then, it is no fault of mine,

If by me broke. What fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath, to win a paradise?

Biron. [Aside.] This is the liver-vein, which
makes flesh a deity;

A green goose, a goddess: pure, pure idolatry.

God amend us, God amend! we are much
out o' the way.

Enter DUMAINE, with a paper.

Long. By whom shall I send this?—Com-
pany! stay. [Steps aside.]

Biron. [Aside.] All hid, all hid; an old
infant play.

Like a demi-god here sit I in the sky,
And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.
More sacks to the mill! O heavens! I have
my wis!

Dumaine transform'd: four woodcocks in a
lish!

Dum. O most divine Kate

Biron. [Aside.] O most profane coxcomb!

Dum. By heaven, the wonder of a mortal
eye!

Biron. [Aside.] By earth, she is but cor-
poral; there you lie.

Dum. Her amber hairs for foul have
amber coted.

Biron. [Aside.] An amber-colour'd raven
was well noted.

Dum. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. [Aside.] Stoop, I say:
Her shoulder is with child.

Dum. As fair as day.

Biron. [Aside.] Ay, as some days; but
then no sun must shine.

Dum. O, that I had my wish!

Long. [Aside.] And I had mine!

King. [Aside.] And I mine too, good Lord!

Biron. [Aside.] Amen, so I had mine. Is
not that a good word?

Dum. I would forget her; but a fever she
Reigns in my blood, and will remember'd be.

Biron. [Aside.] A fever in your blood?
why, then incision

Would let her out in saucers: sweet mis-
prison!

Dum. Once more I'll read the ode that I
have writ.

Biron. [Aside.] Once more I'll mark how
love can vary wit.

Dum. On a day, alack the day!

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom, passing fair,

Playing in the wanton air:

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen, 'gan passage find;

That the lover, sick to death,

Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.

Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow;

Air, would I might triumph so!

But alack! my hand is sworn,

Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:

Vow, alack! for youth unmeet, 110
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee;
Thou for whom Love would swear
Juno but an Ethiop were;
And deny himself for Love,
Turning mortal for thy love.

This will I send, and something else more
 plain,

That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, 'would the king, Biron, and Longaville, 120
 Were lovers too! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note;
 For none offend, where all alike do dote.

Long. [Advancing.] Dumaine, thy love is
 far from charity,

That in love's grief desir'st society:
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I
 know,

To be o'erheard, and taken napping so.

King. [Advancing.] Come, sir, you blush;
 as his your case is such;

You chide at him, offending twice as much:
 You do not love Maria; Longaville 130
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom, to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush,
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did
 blush.

I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your
 fashion,

Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your
 passion:

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's
 eyes:

[To LONG.] You would for paradise break
 faith and troth; 140

[To DUMAINE.] And Jove for your love
 would infringe an oath.

What will Biron say, when that he shall hear
 Faith infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his
 wit!

How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypo-
 crisy.— *[Descends from the tree.]*

Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me:
 Good heart! what grace hast thou, thus to
 reprove 150

These worms for loving, that art most in
 love?

Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears

There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing:
 Tush! none but minstrels like of sonneting.
 But are you not ashamed? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his moth; the king your moth
 did see;

But I a beam do find in each of three.
 O! what a scene of foolery have I seen, 160

Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!

O me! with what strict patience have I sat,

To see a king transformed to a gnat!

To see great Hercules whipping a gig,

And profound Solomon tuning a jig,

And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,

And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!

Where lies thy grief? O! tell me, good
 Dumaine:

And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?

And where my liege's? all about the
 breast;— 170

A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
 Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by
 you:

I, that am honest; I, that hold it sin

To break the vow I am engag'd in;

I am betray'd, by keeping company

With men like you, men of inconstancy.

When shall you see me write a thing in
 rhyme?

Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's time

In pruning me? When shall you hear that I

Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye, 180

A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,

A leg, a limb?—

King. Soft! Whither away so fast?
 A true man, or a thief, that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love; good lover, let
 me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaq. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Cost. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Cost. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
 The treason and you go in peace away to-
 gether.

Jaq. I beseech your grace, let this letter
 be read: 190

Our person misdoubts it; it was treason, he
 said.

King. Biron, read it over.

[BIRON reads the letter.]

Where hadst thou it?

Jaq. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Cost. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy: your grace needs not fear it.

Long. It did move him to passion, and therefore let's hear it.

Dum. [*Picking up the pieces.*] It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

Biron. [*To Costard.*] Ah, you whoreson logger-head! you were born to do me shame.

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me, fool, to make up the mess;

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,
Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.
O! dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dum. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true; we are four.—
Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs; away!

Cost. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt COSTARD and JAQUENETTA.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O! let us embrace.

As true we are, as flesh and blood can be:
The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree:
We cannot cross the cause why we are born;
Therefore, of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they? quoth you. Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,
At the first opening of the gorgeous east,
Bows not his vassal head, and, stricken blind,
Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?
What peremptory, eagle-sighted eye
Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,
That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?

My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon,
She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are 'then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O! but for my love, day would turn to night.
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty
Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek;
Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.

Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—
Fie, painted rhetoric! O! she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs;
She passes praise; then praise too short doth blot.

A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,
Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye;
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,
And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.

O! 't is the sun, that maketh all things shine!

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!
A wife of such wood were felicity.

O! who can give an oath? where is a book?
That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look:
No face is fair, that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,

The hue of dungeons, and the scowl of night;
And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.

O! if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,
It mourns, that painting, and usurping hair,
Should ravish doters with a false aspect;
And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days;
For native blood is counted painting now,
And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,
Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

Dum. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Long. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiops of their sweet complexion crack.

Dum. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

Dum. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Long. [*Showing his shoe.*] Look, here's thy love: my foot and her face see.

Biron. O! if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread.

Dum. O vile! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The streets should see, as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this? Are we not all in love?

Biron. O! nothing so sure; and thereby all forsworn. 280

King. Then leave this chat: and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

Dum. Ay, marry, there; some flattery for this evil.

Long. O! some authority how to proceed; Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dum. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. O! 't is more than need.—

Have at you then, affection's men-at-arms: Consider, what you first did swear unto,—To fast,—to study,—and to see no woman: Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth. Say, can you fast? your stomachs are too young, 291

And abstinence engenders maladies. And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book, Can you still dream, and pore, and thereon look?

For when would you, my lord, or you, or you, Have found the ground of study's excellence, Without the beauty of a woman's face? From women's eyes this doctrine I derive: They are the ground, the books, the academes, 300

From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.

Why, universal plodding prisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion, and long-during action, tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
For where is any author in the world,
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye? 31
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are, our learning likewise is:
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O! we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books:
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you,
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers, as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?

Other slow arts entirely keep the brain, 321
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motions of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,
Above their functions and their offices.

It adds a precious seeing to the eye; 330
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind;
A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd:
Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails:
Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste.

For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
Still climbing trees in the Hesperides?
Subtle as Sphinx; as sweet, and musical,
As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair;
And, when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Make heaven drowsy with the harmony.
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs;

O! then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They sparkle still the right Promethean fire
They are the books, the arts, the academes,
That show, contain, and nourish all the world; 350

Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
Then, fools you were these women to forswear,
Or, keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.

For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
Let us once lose our oaths, to find ourselves,
Or else we lose ourselves, to keep our oaths.
It is religion to be thus forsworn; 360
For charity itself fulfils the law;
And who can sever love from charity?

King. Saint Cupid, then! and, soldiers, to the field!

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!

Pell-mell, down with them! but be first adys'd,

In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Long. Now to plain-dealing: lay these glozes by.

Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too : therefore, let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.
Biron. First, from the park let us conduct
them thither ;
Then, homeward, every man attach the hand
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace
them,
Such as the shortness of the time can
shape ;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours,

Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with
flowers.
King. Away, away ! no time shall be
omitted,
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.
Biron. *Allons ! Allons !*—Sow'd cockle
reap'd no corn ;
And justice always whirls in equal measure :
Light wenches may prove plagues to men
forsworn ;
If so, our copper buys no better treasure.
[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Another Part of the Same.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, Sir NATHANIEL, and
DULL.*

Hol. *Satis quod sufficit.*

Nath. I praise God for you, sir : your
reasons at dinner have been sharp and sen-
tentious ; pleasant without scurrility, witty
without affection, audacious without impu-
dency, learned without opinion, and strange
without heresy. I did converse this *quondam*
day with a companion of the king's, who is
intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano
de Armado.

Hol. *Novi hominem tanquam te :* his humour
is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue
filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestic,
and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous,
and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce,
too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregr-
inate, as I may call it.

Nath. A most singular and choice epithet.
[Draws out his table-book.]

Hol. He draweth out the thread of his
verbosity finer than the staple of his argu-
ment. I abhor such fanatical phantasms,
such insociable and point-device companions ;
such rackers of orthography, as to speak
dout, fine, when he should say doubt ; det,
when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t,
not d, e, t ; he clepeth a calf, caulf ; half,
haulf ; neighbour *vocatur* nebour ; neigh ab-
breviated ne. This is abominable (which he
would call abominable), it insinuateth me of
insanie : *ne intelligis, domine ?* to make frantic,
4unatic.

Nath. *Laus Deo, bone intelligo.*

Hol. Bone ?—bone for bene : *Priscian* a little
scratch'd ; 't will serve.

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Nath. *Videsne quis venit ?*

Hol. *Video, et gaudeo.*

Arm. *[To Moth.]* Chirrah !

Hol. *Quare chirrah, not sirrah ?*

Arm. Men of peace, well encounter'd.

Hol. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. They have been at a great feast of
languages, and stolen the scraps.

Cost. O ! they have lived long on the alms-
basket of words. I marvel thy master hath
not eaten thee for a word ; for thou art not
so long by the head as *honorificabilitudini-*
tatibus : thou art easier swallowed than a
flap-dragon.

Moth. Peace ! the peal begins.

Arm. *[To Hol.]* Monsieur, are you not
letter'd ?

Moth. Yes, yes, he teaches boys the horn-
book.—What is a, b, spelt backward with the
horn on his head ?

Hol. Ba, *pueritia*, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba ! most silly sheep, with a horn.—
You hear his learning.

Hol. *Quis, quis,* thou consonant ?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you
repeat them ; or the fifth, if I.

Hol. I will repeat them ;—a, e, i.

Moth. The sheep : the other two concludes
it ;—o, u.

Arm. Now, by the salt wave of the Medi-
terranean, a sweet touch, a quick venew of
wit ! snip, snap, quick and home : it rejoiceth
my intellect ; true wit !

Moth. Offer'd by a child to an old man ;
which is wit-old.

Hol. What is the figure ? what is the
figure ?

Moth. Horns.

Hol. Thou disputest like an infant : go,
whip thy gig.

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one,
and I will whip about your infamy *circum-*
circa. A gig of a cuckold's horn !

Cost. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had, of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O! an the heavens were so pleased, that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it *ad dunghill*, at the fingers' ends, as they say.

Hol. O! I smell false Latin; dunghill for *unquem*.

Arm. Arts-man, *præambula*: we will be singled from the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain? 80

Hol. Or *mous*, the hills.

Arm. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Hol. I do, sans question.

Arm. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection, to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

Hol. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon: the word is well cull'd, chose; sweet and apt, I do assure you, sir; I do assure. 91

Arm. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure you, very good friend.—For what is inward between us, let it pass;—I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy,—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate and most serious designs,—and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass;—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace (by the world) sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio: but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world: but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antick, or fire-work. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions, and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

Hol. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered

by our assistance,—at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrious, and learned gentleman,—before the princess, I say, none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 120

Nath. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Hol. Joshua, yourself; myself, or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain (because of his great limb or joint) shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules.

Arm. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthies's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club.

Hol. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his *enter* and *exit* shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry, "Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!" that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Arm. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Hol. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman! 140

Arm. Shall I tell you a thing?

Hol. We attend.

Arm. We will have, if this fadge not, an antick. I beseech you, follow.

Hol. *Viu!*—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Hol. *Allons!* we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play

On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay. 150

Hol. Most dull, honest Dull. To our sport, away! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Another Part of the Same.

Before the PRINCESS'S Pavilion.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,

If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you, what I have from the loving king.
Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes; as much love in rhyme,

As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,

ACT V.

Writ on both sides the leaf, margin and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-
head wax ;

For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a surew'd unhappy gallows
too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him : he
kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and
heavy ;

And so she died : had she been light, like
you,

Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died ;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Ros. What's your dark meaning, mouse, of
this light word ?

Kath. A light condition in a beauty dark.

Ros. We need more light to find your
meaning out.

Kath. You'll mar the light by taking it in
snuff ;

Therefore, I'll darkly end the argument.

Ros. Look, what you do, you do it still i'
the dark.

Kath. So do not you, for you are a light
wench.

Ros. Indeed, I weigh not you, and there-
fore light.

Kath. You weigh me not ?—O ! that's you
care not for me.

Ros. Great reason ; for, past cure is still
past care.

Prin. Well bandied both ; a set of wit
well play'd.

But, Rosaline, you have a favour too :
Who sent it ? and what is it ?

Ros. I would you knew :
An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great : be witness this.
Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron.
The numbers true ; and, were the numbering
too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground :
I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs,
O ! he hath drawn my picture in his letter.

Prin. Anything like ?

Ros. Much in the letters, nothing in the
praise.

Prin. Beauteous as ink : a good conclusion.

Kath. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Ros. "Ware pencils ! ho ! let me not die
your debtor,

My red dominical, my golden letter :

O, that your face were not so full of O's !

Prin. A pox of that jest ! and I beshrew
all shrews !

But, Katharine, what was sent to you from
fair Dumaine ?

Kath. Madam, this glove.

Prin. Did he not send you twain ?

Kath. Yes, madam ; and, moreover,
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover :
A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Mar. This, and these pearls to me sent
Longaville :

The letter is too long by half a mile.

Prin. I think no less. Dost thou not wish
in heart,

The chain were longer, and the letter short ?

Mar. Ay, or I would these hands might
never part.

Prin. We are wise girls to mock our lovers
so.

Ros. They are worse fools to purchase
mocking so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

O ! that I knew he were but in by the week !
How I would make him fawn, and beg, and
seek,

And wait the season, and observe the times,
And spend his prodigal wits in bootless
rhymes,

And shape his service wholly to my hests,
And make him proud to make me proud that
jests !

So portent-like would I o'ersway his state,
That he should be my fool, and I his fate.

Prin. None are so surely caught, when
they are catch'd,

As wit turn'd fool : folly, in wisdom hatch'd,
Hath wisdom's warrant, and the help of
school,

And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Ros. The blood of youth burns not with
such excess,

As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Mar. Folly in fools bears not so strong a
note,

As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote ;
Since all the power thereof it doth apply,
To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Enter BOYET.

Prin. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in
his face.

Boyet. O ! I am stabb'd with laughter.
Where's her grace ?

Prin. Thy news, Boyet ?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare !

Arm, wench, arm ! encounters mounted are
Against your peace. Love doth approach
disguis'd,

Armed in arguments : you'll be surpris'd.

Muster your wits; stand in your own defence;
Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Prin. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they,
That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore,
I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour, 90

When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
Toward that shade I might behold address
The king and his companions: warily,
I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
And overheard what you shall overhear;
That by-and-by disguis'd they will be here.
Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
That well by heart hath conn'd his embassage:
Action, and accent, did they teach him there;
"Thus must thou speak, and thus thy body bear:" 100

And ever and anon they made a doubt,
Presence majestical would put him out;
"For," quoth the king, "an angel shalt thou see;

Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously."
The boy replied, "An angel is not evil;
I should have fear'd her, had she been a devil."

With that all laugh'd, and clapp'd him on the shoulder,

Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
One rubb'd his elbow, thus, and fleer'd, and swore,

A better speech was never spoke before; 110
Another, with his finger and his thumb,
Cry'd "Via! we will do't, come what will come;"

The third he caper'd, and cried, "All goes well;"

The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.

With that, they all did tumble on the ground,

With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Prin. But what, but what, come they to visit us?

Boyet. They do, they do; and are apparell'd thus,— 120

Like Muscovites, or Russians: as I guess,
Their purpose is, to parle, to court, and dance;
And every one his love-feat will advance
Unto his several mistress; which they'll know

By favours several which they did bestow.

Prin. And will they so? the gallants shall be task'd;

For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,
And not a man of them shall have the grace,
Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—

Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
And then the king will court thee for his dear: 131

Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,

So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—

And change you favours, too; so shall your loves

Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

Ros. Come on then: wear the favours most in sight.

Kath. But in this changing what is your intent?

Prin. The effect of my intent is, to cross theirs:

They do it but in mocking merriment;

And mock for mock is only my intent. 140

Their several counsels they unbosom shall
To loves mistook; and so be mocked withal,
Upon the next occasion that we meet,
With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

Ros. But shall we dance, if they desire us to't?

Prin. No; to the death, we will not move a foot:

Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace;

But, while 'tis spoke, each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,

And quite divorce his memory from his part.

Prin. Therefore I do it; and, I make no doubt, 151

The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.

There's no such sport, as sport by sport o'er-thrown;

To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own:

So shall we stay, mocking intended game,

And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame. [*Trumpets sound within.*]

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd, the maskers come. [*The Ladies mask.*]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in Russian habits, and masked; MOTH, Musicians, and Attendants.

Moth. "All hail, the richest beauties on the earth!"

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffata.

Moth. "A holy parcel of the fairest dames,
[*The Ladies turn their backs to him.*]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views!" ^{161.}

Biron. "Their eyes," villain, "their eyes."

Moth. "That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views!"

Out"—

Boyet. True; "out," indeed.

Moth. "Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe

Not to behold"—

Biron. "Once to behold," rogue.

Moth. "Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes—with your sun-beamed eyes"— ¹⁷⁰

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet;

You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness? be gone, you rogue.

Ros. What would these strangers? know their minds, Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 't is our will That some plain man recount their purposes. Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess?

Biron. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. What would they, say they? ¹⁸⁰

Boyet. Nothing but peace, and gentle visitation.

Ros. Why, that they have; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles

To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile,

To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Ros. It is not so. Ask them how many inches

Is in one mile: if they have measur'd many, The measure then of one is easily told. ¹⁹⁰

Boyet. If, to come hither, you have measur'd miles,

And many miles, the princess bids you tell, How many inches do fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Ros. How many weary steps,

Of many weary miles you have o'ergone, Are number'd in the travel of one mile?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you:

Our duty is so rich, so infinite, That we may do it still without account. ²⁰⁰

Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face, That we, like savages, may worship it.

Ros. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do!

Vouchsafe, bright moon, and these thy stars, to shine

(Those clouds removed) upon our watery eyne.

Ros. O vain petitioner! beg a greater matter;

Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.

Thou bidd'st me beg; this begging is not strange. ²¹⁰

Ros. Play, music, then! nay, you must do it soon. [*Music plays.*]

Not yet;—no dance:—thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance? How come you thus estrang'd?

Ros. You took the moon at full, but now she's changed.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.

Yet music plays: vouchsafe some motion to it.

Ros. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Ros. Since you are strangers, and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice: take hands:—we will not dance.

King. Why take we hands then?

Ros. Only to part friends.— Court'sy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends. ²²¹

King. More measure of this measure: be not nice.

Ros. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves? What buys your company?

Ros. Your absence only.

King. That can never be.

Ros. Then cannot we be bought; and so adieu.

Twice to your visor, and half once to you!

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat.

Ros. In private then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee. ²³⁰

Prin. Honey, and milk, and sugar : there are three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, (an if you grow so nice)

Motheglin, wort, and malinsey.—Well run, dice !

There's half a dozen sweets.

Prin. Seventh sweet, adieu.
Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Prin. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gull.

Prin. Gall ? bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dum. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word ?

Mar. Name it.

Dum. Fair lady,—

Mar. Say you so ? Fair lord,—
Take that for your fair lady.

Dum. Please it you, 210
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Kath. What, was your visor made without a tongue ?

Long. I know the reason, lady, why you ask :

Kath. O, for your reason ! quickly, sir ; I long.

Long. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless visor half.

Kath. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf ?

Long. A calf, fair lady ?

Kath. No, a fair lord calf.

Long. Let's part the word.

Kath. No, I'll not be your half :
Take all, and wean it : it may prove an ox.

Long. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp mocks. 211

Will you give horns, chaste lady ? do not so.

Kath. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Long. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Kath. Bleat softly then : the butcher hears you cry. [*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,
Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen ;
Above the sense of sense, so sensible
Seemeth their conference ; their conceits have wings 210

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought,
• swifter things.

Ros. Not one word more, my maids : break off, break off.

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff !

King. Farewell, mad wenches : you have simple wits.

[*Exeunt KING, Lords, MOTH, Music, and Attendants.*]

Prin. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovites.—

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at ?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Ros. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

Prin. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout !
Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night, 270

Or ever, but in visors, show their faces ?
This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Ros. O ! they were all in lamentable cases !
The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Prin. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Mar. Dumaine was at my service, and his sword :

No point, quoth I : my servant straight was mute.

Kath. Lord Longaville said, I came o'er his heart ;

And trow you, what he call'd me ?

Prin. Qualm, perhaps.

Kath. Yes, in good faith.

Prin. Go, sickness as thou art !

Ros. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps. 281

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Prin. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me.

Kath. And Longaville was for my service born.

Mar. Dumaine is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here
In their own shapes ; for it can never be,
They will digest this harsh indignity.

Prin. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows ;
And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows : 291

Therefore, change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Prin. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies, mask'd, are roses in their bud;
Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels veiling clouds, or roses blown.

Prin. Avaunt, perplexity! What shall we do,

If they return in their own shapes to woo?

Ros. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,

Let's mock them still, as well known, as disguis'd.

Let us complain to them what fools were here,
Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
And wonder, what they were, and to what end

Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,

And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand.

Prin. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt PRIN., ROS., KATH., and MAR.*]

Enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAINE, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where is the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty,

Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit, as pigeons peas,

And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedlar, and retails his wares

At wakes, and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs;

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve:

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he,
That kiss'd away his hand in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice
In honourable terms: nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly, and, in ushering,

Mend him who can: the ladies call him, sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
To show his teeth as white as whales-bone;
And consciences, that will not die in debt,
Pay him the due of honey-tongued Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
That put Armado's page out of his part!

Enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHARINE, and Attendants.

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou,
Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now?

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Prin. Fair, in all hail, is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Prin. Then wish me better: I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now

To lead you to our court: vouchsafe it then.

Prin. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow:

Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;

The virtue of your eye must break my oath.

Prin. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke;

For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure as the unsullied lily, I protest,

A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest;

So much I hate a breaking cause to be

Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O! you have liv'd in desolation here,
Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame.

Prin. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear:

We have had pastimes here, and pleasant game.

A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam? Russians?

Prin. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship, and of state.

Ros. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord:

My lady (to the manner of the days)

In courtesy gives undeserving praise.

We four, indeed, confronted were with four

In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour,
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,

They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think, 371
When they are thirst'ye, fools would fain have
drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair, gentle
sweet,

Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we
greet,

With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light: your capacity
Is of that nature, that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish, and rich things but
poor.

Ros. This proves you wise and rich, for in
my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty. 380

Ros. But that you take what doth to you
belong,

It were a fault to snatch words from my
tongue.

Biron. O! I am yours, and all that I
possess.

Ros. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Ros. Which of the visors was it that you
wore?

Biron. Where? when? what visor? why
demand you this?

Ros. There, then, that visor; that super-
fluous case,
That hid the worse, and show'd the better face.

King. We are descried: they'll mock us
now downright.

Dum. Let us confess, and turn it to a jest.

Prin. Amaz'd, my lord? Why looks your
highness sad? 391

Ros. Help! hold his brows! he'll swoond.
Why look you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues
for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a
flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my igno-
rance;

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance, 400

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a school-boy's tongue;

Nor never come in visor to my friend;

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song;

Taffata phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical: these summer-flies

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them; and I here protest, 410
By this white glove, (how white the hand,
God knows)

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be ex-
press'd

In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:

And, to begin,—wench, so God help me, la!

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Ros. Sans SANS, I pray you.

Biron. Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage:—bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft! let us see:—

Write "Lord have mercy on us" on those
three;

They are infected, in their hearts it lies; 420

They have the plague, and caught it of your
eyes;

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Prin. No, they are free that gave these
tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit: seek not to
undo us.

Ros. It is not so. For how can this be
true,

That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do
with you.

Ros. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves: my wit is at
an end. 430

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude
transgression

Some fair excuse.

Prin. The fairest is confession.

Were you not here, but even now, disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Prin. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Prin. When you then were here,

What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did
respect her.

Prin. When she shall challenge this, you
will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Prin. Peace! peace! forbear:
Your oath once broke, you force not to for-
swear. 440

King. Despise me, when I break this oath
of mine.

Prin. I will; and therefore keep it.—
Rosaline,

What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Ros. Madam, he swore, that he did hold
me dear

As precious eyesight, and did value me

Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,

That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Prin. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord

Most honourably doth uphold his word.

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,

I never swore this lady such an oath.

Ros. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,

You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith, and this, the princess I did give:

I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Prin. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;

And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—

What! will you have me, or your pearl again?

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—

I see the trick on't:—here was a consent,

Knowing aforehand of our merriment,

To dash it like a Christmas comedy.

Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,

Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,

That smiles his cheek in years, and knows the trick

To make my lady laugh when she's dispos'd,

Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,

The ladies did change favours, and then we,

Following the signs, wou'd but the sign of she.

Now, to our perjury to add more terror,

We are again forsworn,—in will, and error.

Much upon this it is;—[*to BOYET*] and might not you

Foretell our sport, to make us thus untrue?

Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,

And laugh upon the apple of her eye?

And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,

Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?

You put our page out: go, you are allow'd;

Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.

You leer upon me, do you? there's an eye, Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily

Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Cost. O Lord, sir, they would know,

Whether the three Worthies shall come in, or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Cost. No, sir; but it is *vara* fine, For every one pursuents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Cost. Not so, sir; under correction, sir, I hope, it is not so.

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir; we know what we know:

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Cost. Under correction, sir, we know where—until it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Cost. O Lord! sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it?

Cost. O Lord! sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount: for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to perfect one man in one poor man,—Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Cost. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great: for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare.

Cost. We will turn it finely off, sir: we will take some care. [*Exit.*]

King. Biron, they will shame us; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord; and 't is some policy

To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say, they shall not come.

Prin. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now.

That sport best pleases, that doth least know how:

Where zeal strives to content, and the contents

Die in the zeal of them which it presents, Their form confounded makes most form in mirth;

When great things labouring perish in their birth.

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath, as will utter a brace of words.

[*ARMADO converses with the KING, and delivers a paper to him.*]

Prin. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Prin. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Arm. That's all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical; too, too vain; too, too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to *fortuna della guerra*. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal complement! *[Exit,*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's puge, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus. 532

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived, 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool, and the boy:—
Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again

Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein. 540

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD armed, for Pompey.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Cost. "I Pompey am,"—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker: I must needs be friends with thee.

Cost. "I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,"—

Dum. The Great.

Cost. It is "Great," sir;—"Pompey surnamed the Great;

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat:

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France." 550

If your ladyship would say, "Thanks, Pompey," I had done.

Prin. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Cost. 'T is not so much worth; but I hope, I was perfect. I made a little fault in "Great."

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter Sir NATHANIEL armed, for Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might:

My 'scutcheon plain declares, that I am Alisander."

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells, no, in this, most tender-smelling knight. 560

Prin. The conqueror is dismay'd. Proceed, good Alexander.

Nath. "When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander;"—

Boyet. Most true; 't is right: you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Cost. Your servant, and Costard.

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Cost. [*To NATH.*] O! sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror. You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this: your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax: he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afraid to speak? run away for shame, Alisander. [*NATH. retires.*] There, an 't shall please you: a foolish mild man; an honest man, look you, and soon dash'd! He is a marvellous neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander, alas! you see, how 't is;—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort.

Prin. Stand aside, good Pompey. 580

Enter HOLOFERNES armed, for Judas, and MOTH armed, for Hercules.

Hol. "Great Hercules is presented by this imp,

Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;

And, when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp, Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.

Quoniam he seemeth in minority,

Ergo I come with this apology." Keep some state in thy *exit*, and vanish.—

"Judas I am,"—

Dum. A Judas!

Hol. Not Iscariot, sir.— 590

"Judas I am, ycleped Maccabæus."

Dum. Judas Maccabæus clipt, is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Hol. "Judas I am,"—

Dum. The more shame for you, Judas.

Hol. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Hol. Begin, sir: you are my elder.

Biron. Well follow'd : Judas was hanged
on an elder.

Hol. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face. 601

Hol. What is this ?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dum. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A death's-face in a ring.

Long. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce
seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Caesar's falchion.

Dum. The curv'd-bone face on a flask.

Biron. St. George's half-check in a brooch.

Dum. Ay, and in a brooch of lead. 610

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-
drawer.

And now, forward ; for we have put thee in
countenance.

Hol. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False : we have given thee faces.

Hol. But you have out-fac'd them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him
go.

And so adieu, sweet Jude ! nay, why dost
thou stay ?

Dum. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude ? give it
him :—Jud-as, away. 620

Hol. This is not generous, not gentle, not
humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas ! it
grows dark, he may stumble.

Prin. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he
been baited !

Enter ARMADO armed, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles : here
comes Hector in arms.

Dum. Though my mocks come home by
me, I will now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect
of this.

Boyet. But is this Hector ?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-
timber'd. 630

Long. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dum. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No ; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dum. He's a god or a painter ; for he
makes faces.

Arm. "The armipotent Mars, of lances the
almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,"—

Dum. A gilt nutmeg.

Biron. A lemon.

Long. Stuck with cloves. 640

Dum. No, cloven.

Arm. Peace !

"The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilium ;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would
fight ye,

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,"—

Dum. That mint.

Long. That columbine.

Arm. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy
tongue.

Long. I must rather give it the rein, for it
runs against Hector. 650

Dum. Ay, and Hector's a greyhound.

Arm. The sweet war-man is dead and rot-
ten : sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the
buried : when he breathed, he was a man.—
But I will forward with my device. Sweet
royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

[*BIRON whispers* COSTARD.

Prin. Speak, brave Hector : we are much
delighted.

Arm. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. Loves her by the foot.

Dum. He may not by the yard. 660

Arm. "This Hector far surmounted Han-
nibal,"—

Cost. The party is gone : fellow Hector,
she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Arm. What meanest thou ?

Cost. Faith, unless you play the honest
Trojan, the poor wench is cast away : she's
quick ; the child brags in her belly already :
't is yours.

Arm. Dost thou infamouise me among
potentates ? Thou shalt die.

Cost. Then shall Hector be whipp'd for
Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hang'd
for Pompey that is dead by him. 670

Dum. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great, great, great,
great Pompey ! Pompey the Huge !

Dum. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Atés,
more Atés ! stir them on ! stir them on !

Dum. Hector will challenge him. 680

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood
in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Arm. By the north pole, I do challenge
thee.

Cost. I will not fight with a pole, like a
northern man : I'll slash ; I'll do it by the
sword.—I pray you, let me borrow my arms
again.

Dum. Room for the incensed Worthies !

Cost. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dum. Most resolute Pompey!

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower.

Do you not see, Pompey is uncasing for the combat?

What mean you? you will lose your reputation.

Arm. Gentlemen, and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dum. You may not deny it: Pompey hath made the challenge.

Arm. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for't?

Arm. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt. I go woolward for penance.

Boyet. True, and it was enjoin'd him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter Monsieur MERCADE, a Messenger.

Mer. God save you, madam.

Prin. Welcome, Mercade, But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mer. I am sorry, madam; for the news I bring Is heavy in my tongue.—The king your father—

Prin. Dead, for my life!

Mer. Even so: my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! The scene begins to cloud.

Arm. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier. *[Exit Worthies.]*

King. How fares your majesty?

Prin. Boyet, prepare: I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Prin. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,

For all your fair endeavours; and entreat, Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe In your rich wisdom to excuse, or hide, The liberal opposition of our spirits: If over-boldly we have borne ourselves In the converse of breath, your gentleness Was guilty of it. Farewell, worthy lord! A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue. Excuse me so, coming so short of thanks For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme part of time extremely forms

All causes to the purpose of his speed; And often, at his very loose, decides That which long process could not arbitrate: And though the mourning brow of progeny

Forbid the smiling courtesy of love The holy suit which fain it would convince; Yet, since love's argument was first on foot, Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it From what it purpos'd; since, to wail friends lost,

Is not by much so wholesome, profitable, As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Prin. I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief;

And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time, Play'd foul play with our oaths. Your beauty, ladies,

Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours

Even to the opposed end of our intents;

And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

All wanton as a child, skipping, and vain;

Form'd by the eye, and, therefore, like the eye,

Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,

Varying in subjects, as the eye doth roll

To every varied object in his glance:

Which party-coated presence of loose love

Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,

Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,

Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,

Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies,

Our love being yours, the error that love makes

Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,

By being once false, for ever to be true

To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you:

And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,

Thus purifies itself, and turns to grace.

Prin. We have receiv'd your letters full of love;

Your favours, the ambassadors of love;

And, in our maiden council, rated them

At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy,

As bombast, and as lining to the time.

But more devout than this, in our respects,

Have we not been; and therefore met your loves

In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dum. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Long. So did our looks.

Ros. We did not cote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,

Grant us your loves.

Prin. A time, methinks, too short
To make a world-without-end bargain in.
No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd
much,
Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this.—
If for my love (as there is no such cause)
You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
Your oath I will not trust but go with
speed.

To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
There stay, until the twelve celestial signs
Have brought about their annual reckoning.
If this austere insociable life
Change not your offer made in heat of blood;
If frosts, and fasts, hard lodging, and thin
weeds,

Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
But that it bear this trial, and last love;
Then, at the expiration of the year,
Come challenge me, challenge me by these
deserts,
And by this virgin palm, now kissing thine,
I will be thine; and, till that instant, shut
My woful self up in a mourning house,
Raining the tears of lamentation
For the remembrance of my father's death. 800
If this thou do deny, let our hands part:
Neither intitled in the other's heart.

King. If this, or more than this, I would
deny,

To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
The sudden hand of death close up mine eye.
Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.

Biron. And what to me, my love? and
what to me?

Ros. You must be purged too, your sins
are rank:

You are attaint with faults and perjury;
Therefore, if you my favour mean to get, 810
A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never
rest,
But seek the weary beds of people sick.

Dum. But what to me, my love? but what
to me?

Kath. A wife!—A beard, fair health, and
honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these
three.

Dum. O! shall I say, I thank you, gentle
wife?

Kath. Not so, my lord. A twelvemonth
and a day
I'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers
say:

Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I'll give you
some.

Dum. I'll serve thee true and faithfully
till then.

Kath. Yet swear not, lest you be forsworn
again.

Long. What says Maria?

Mar. At the twelvemonth's end,
I'll change my black gown for a faithful
friend.

Long. I'll stay with patience; but the time
is long.

Mar. The liker you; few taller are so
young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on
me.

Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love. 820

Ros. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord
Biron,

Before I saw you, and the world's large
tongue

Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit:

To weed this wormwood from your fruitful
brain,

And, therewithal, to win me, if you please,
Without the which I am not to be won,
You shall this twelvemonth term, from day
to day, 840

Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall
be,

With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat
of death?

It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Ros. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing
spirit,

Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to
fools. 850

A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear
groans,

Will hear your idle scorns, continue then,
And I will have you, and that fault withal;
But, if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth? well, befall what
will befall, 860

I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Prin. [To the KING.] Ay, sweet my lord :
and so I take my leave.

King. No, madam ; we will bring you on
your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an
old play ;

Jack hath not Jill : these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth
and a day,

And then 't will end.

Biron. That 's too long for a play.

Enter ARMADO.

Arm. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me, --

Prin. Was not that Hector ?

Dum. The worthy knight of Troy.

Arm. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take
leave. I am a votary : I have vowed to
Jaquenetta to hold the plough for her sweet
love three years. But, most esteemed great-
ness, will you hear the dialogue that the two
learned men have compiled in praise of the
owl and the cuckoo ? it should have followed
in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly ; we will do
so.

Arm. Holla ! approach.

*Enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH,
COSTARD, and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the
Spring ; the one maintained by the owl, the
other by the cuckoo. Ver, begin.

SONG.

SPRING.

I.

*When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver-white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,*

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,*

Cuckoo ;

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,--O word of fear
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

II.

*When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,
When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,
And maidens bleach their summer smocks,*

*The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo ;*

*Cuckoo, cuckoo,--O word of fear,
Unpleasing to a married ear !*

WINTER.

III.

*When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,*

*And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

To-who ;

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

IV.

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,*

*And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,*

To-who ;

*Tu-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

Arm. The words of Mercury are harsh
after the songs of Apollo. You, that way :
we, this way. [Exeunt.]

ROMEO AND JULIET.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*

PARIS, *a young Nobleman, Kinsman to the Prince.*

MONTAGUE, { *Heads of two Houses, at variance*
CAPULET, { *with each other.*

Uncle to Capulet.

ROMEO, *Son to Montague.*

MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince, and Friend to Romeo.*

BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague, and Friend to Romeo.*

TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*

FRIAR LAURENCE, *a Franciscan.*

FRIAR JOHN, *of the same Order.*

BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*

SAMPSON, { *Servants to Capulet.*
GREGORY, {

PETER, *another Servant to Capulet.*

ABRAM, *Servant to Montague.*

An Apothecary.

Three Musicians.

Chorus.

Boy: Page to Paris; an Officer.

LADY MONTAGUE, *Wife to Montague.*

LADY CAPULET, *Wife to Capulet.*

JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*

Nurse to Juliet.

Citizens of Verona; male and female Relations to both Houses; Musicians, Guards, Watchmen, and Attendants.

SCENE—During the greater part of the Play, in VERONA: once, in the Fifth Act, at MANTUA.

PROLOGUE.

Enter Chorus.

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-cross'd lovers take their life;
Whose misadventur'd piteous overthrows
Do with their death bury their parents' strife.

The fearful passage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend. [Exit.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

Enter SAMPSON and GREGORY, armed with swords and bucklers.

Sam. Gregory, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Gre. No, for then we should be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in choler, we'll draw.

Gre. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' the collar.

Sam. I strike quickly, being moved.

Gre. But thou art not quickly moved to strike.

Sam. A dog, of the house of Montague moves me.

Gre. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

Sam. A dog of that house shall move me to stand. I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

Gre. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall.

Sam. 'Tis true; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall:—therefore I will push Montague's men from the wall, and thrust his maids to the wall.

Gre. The quarrel is between our masters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

Gre. The heads of the maids? 30

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

Gre. They must take it in sense, that feel it.

Sam. Me they shall feel, while I am able to stand; and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of flesh.

Gre. 'Tis well, thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAM and BALTHASAR.

Sam. My naked weapon is out: quarrel, I will back thee. 40

Gre. How! turn thy back, and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Gre. No, marry: I fear thee!

Sam. Let us take the law of our sides: let them begin.

Gre. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? 50

Sam. I do bite my thumb, sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

Sam. Is the law of our side, if I say ay?

Gre. No.

Sam. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

Gre. Do you quarrel, sir?

Abr. Quarrel, sir? no, sir.

Sam. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you. 60

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, sir.

Enter BENVOLIO, at a distance.

Gre. Say—better: here comes one of my master's kinsmen.

Sam. Yes, better, sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [*They fight.*]

Ben. Part, fools! put up your swords; you know not what you do. 70

[*Beats down their swords.*]

Enter TYBALT.

Tyb. What! art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?

Turn thee, Benvolio; look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace: put up thy sword,

Or manage it to part these men with me.

Tyb. What! drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word,

As I hate hell, all Montagues, and thee.

Have at thee, coward. [*They fight.*]

Enter several persons of both Houses, who join the fray; then enter Citizens, with clubs.

1 *Cit.* Clubs, bills, and partisans! strike! beat them down!

Down with the Capulets! down with the Montagues!

Enter CAPULET, in his gown; and Lady CAPULET.

Cap. What noise is this?—Give me my long sword, ho! 80

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch!—Why call you for a sword?

Cap. My sword, I say!—Old Montague is come,

And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

Enter MONTAGUE and Lady MONTAGUE.

Mon. Thou villain Capulet!—Hold me not; let me go.

La. Mon. Thou shalt not stir a foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE, with his Train.

Prin. Rebellious subjects, enemies to peace,
Profaners of this neighbour-stained steel,—
Will they not hear?—what ho! you men, you
beasts,

That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains issuing from your
veins,— 90

On pain of torture, from those bloody hands
Throw your mistemper'd weapons to the
ground,

And hear the sentence of your moved prince.—
Three civil brawls, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave beseeching ornaments,

To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Canker'd with peace, to part your canker'd
hate. 100

If ever you disturb our streets again,
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt PRINCE, and Attendants: CAPULET,
Lady CAPULET, TYBALT, Citizens, and
Servants.*]

Mon. Who set this ancient quarrel new
abroach?—

Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the servants of your ad-
versary, 111

And yours, close fighting ere I did approach.
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepar'd;
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiss'd him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and
blows,

Came more and more, and fought on part and
part,

Till the prince came, who parted either part.

La. Mon. O! where is Romeo? saw you
him to-day? 121

Right glad I am he was not at this fray.

Ben. Madam, an hour before the worshipp'd
sun

Peer'd forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore,
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.

Towards him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And stole into the covert of the wood: 130
I, measuring his affections by my own,
Which then most sought, where most might
not be found,

Being one too many by my weary self,
Pursu'd my humour, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunn'd who gladly fled from me.

Mon. Many a morning hath he there been
seen,

With tears augmenting the fresh morning's
dew,

Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep
sighs:

But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the farthest east begin to draw 140
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,

And private in his chamber pens himself;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.

Black and portentous must this humour
prove,

Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the
cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn of
him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any
means? 150

Mon. Both by myself, and many other
friends:

But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself—I will not say, how true—
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery,
As is the bud bit with an envious worm,
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows
grow,

We would as willingly give cure, as know. 160

Enter ROMEO, at a distance.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you,
step aside;

I'll know his grievance, or be much denied.

Mon. I would thou wert so happy by thy
stay,

To hear true shrift.—Come, in, madam, let's
away. [*Exeunt MONTAGUE and Lady.*]

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me! sad hours seem long.

Was that my father that went hence so fast?

Ben. It was. What sadness lengthens
Romeo's hours?

Rom. Not having that, which, having,
makes them short.

Ben. In love? 170

Rom. Out—

Ben. Of love?

Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in
love.

Ben. Alas, that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof!

Rom. Alas, that love, whose view is
muffled still,

Should without eyes see pathways to his will!
Where shall we dine?—O me!—What fray
was here?

Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.

Here's much to do with hate, but more with
love:—

Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!

O anything, of nothing first created !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick
 health !

Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !
 This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
 Dost thou not laugh ?

Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.

Rom. Good heart, at what ?

Ben. At thy good heart's oppression.

Rom. Why, such is love's transgression.—
 Grievs of mine own lie heavy in my breast ;¹⁹¹
 Which thou wilt propagate, to have it press'd
 With more of thine : this love, that thou
 hast shown,

Doth add more grief to too-much of mine own.
 Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs ;
 Being purg'd, a fire sparkling in lovers' eyes ;
 Being vex'd, a sea nourish'd with lovers'
 tears :

What is it else ? a madness most discreet,
 A choking gall, and a preserving sweet.

Farewell, my coz. [*Going.*

Ben. Soft, I will go along ;²⁰⁰
 An if you leave me so, you do me wrong.

Rom. Tut ! I have lost myself ; I am not
 here ;

This is not Romeo, he's some other where.

Ben. Tell me in sadness, who is that you
 love.

Rom. What ! shall I groan, and tell thee ?

Ben. Groan ? why, no ;

But sadly tell me, who.

Rom. Bid a sick man in sadness make his
 will ;

A word ill urg'd to one that is so ill.—

In sadness, cousin, I do love a woman.

Ben. I aim'd so near, when I suppos'd you
 lov'd.²¹⁰

Rom. A right good mark-man ! And she's
 fair I love.

Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest
 hit.

Rom. Well, in that hit you miss : she'll
 not be hit

With Cupid's arrow,—she hath Dian's wit ;
 And, in strong proof of chastity well arm'd,
 From love's weak childish bow she lives
 unharm'd.

She will not stay the siege of loving terms,
 Nor bide the encounter of assailing eyes,
 Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold :
 O ! she is rich in beauty ; only poor,²²⁰
 That, when she dies, with beauty dies her
 store.

Ben. Then she hath sworn, that she will
 still live chaste ?

Rom. She hath, and in that sparing makes
 huge waste ;

For beauty, starv'd with her severity,

Cuts beauty off from all posterity.

She is too fair, too wise ; wisely too fair,

To merit bliss by making me despair :

She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow

Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.

Ben. Be rul'd by me ; forget to think of
 her.²²⁰

Rom. O ! teach me how I should forget to
 think.

Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes :
 Examine other beauties.

Rom. 'Tis the way

To call hers, exquisite, in question more.

These happy masks, that kiss fair ladies'
 brows,

Being black, put us in mind they hide the
 fair :

He that is stricken blind, cannot forget

The precious treasure of his eyesight lost.

Show me a mistress that is passing fair,

What doth her beauty serve, but as a note²³⁰
 Where I may read who pass'd that passing
 fair ?

Farewell : thou canst not teach me to forget.

Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or else die in
 debt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—A Street.

Enter CAPULET, PARIS, and Servant.

Cap. And Montague is bound as well as I,
 In penalty alike ; and 't is not hard, I think,
 For men so old as we to keep the peace.

Par. Of honourable reckoning are you
 both ;

And pity 't is, you liv'd at odds so long.

But now, my lord, what say you to my suit ?

Cap. But saying o'er what I have said
 before :

My child is yet a stranger in the world,
 She hath not seen the change of fourteen
 years ;

Let two more summers wither in their pride,
 Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.¹¹

Par. Younger than she are happy mothers
 made.

Cap. And too soon marr'd are those so
 early made.

The earth hath swallow'd all my hopes but
 she,

She is the hopeful lady of my earth :

But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart,

My will to her consent is but a part ;

An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old-custom'd feast,
Whereto I have¹ invited many a guest,
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number
more.

At my poor house look to behold this night
Earth-treading stars, that make dark heaven
light.

Such comfort, as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this
night

Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most, whose merit most shall be:
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reckoning
none.

Come, go with me.—Go, sirrah, trudge about
Through fair Verona; find those persons out,
Whose names are written there [*giving a
paper*], and to them say,

My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET and PARIS.]

Serv. Find them out, whose names are
written here? It is written, that the shoe-
maker should meddle with his yard, and the
tailor with his last, the fisher with his pencil,
and the painter with his nets; but I am sent
to find those persons, whose names are here
writ, and can never find what names the
writing person hath here writ. I must to
the learned.—In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO and ROMEO.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's
burning,

One pain is lessen'd by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be help by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's
languish:

Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die. ⁵⁰

Rom. Your plantain-leaf is excellent for
that.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken shin.

Ben. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a
madman is:

Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipp'd, and tormented, and—Good den,
good fellow.

Serv. God gi' good den.—I pray, sir, can
you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

Serv. Perhaps you have learn'd it without
book; but, I pray, can you read anything
you see? ⁶⁰

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters, and the
language.

Serv. Ye say honestly; rest you merry.

Rom. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Reads.*]

"Signior Martino, and his wife, and
daughters: County Anselme, and his beau-
teous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio;
Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces;
Mercutio, and his brother Valentine; mine
uncle Capulet, his wife, and daughters; my
fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valerio,
and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio, and the lively
Helena." ⁷⁰

A fair assembly; whither should they come?

Serv. Up.

Rom. Whither to supper?

Serv. To our house.

Rom. Whose house?

Serv. My master's.

Rom. Indeed, I should have asked you
that before.

Serv. Now I'll tell you without asking.
My master is the great rich Capulet; and if
you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray,
come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you
merry. [*Exit.*]

Ben. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Supps the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st,
With all the admired beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall
show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.

Rom. When the devout religion of mine
eye

Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to
fires;

And these, who, often drown'd, could never
die, ⁸⁰

Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.

One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match, since first the world
began.

Ben. Tut! you saw her fair, none else
being by

Herself pois'd with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales, let there be weigh'd
Your lady's love against some other maid,
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well, that now
shows best.

Rom. I'll go along, no such sight to be
shown, ¹⁰⁰

But to rejoice in splendour of mine own.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—A Room in CAPULET'S House.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Nurse, where's my daughter?
call her forth to me.

Nurse. Now, by my maidenhead,—at
twelve year old,—

I bade her come.—What, lamb! what, lady-
bird!—

God forbid!—where's this girl!—what,
Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

Jul. How now! who calls!

Nurse. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here.

What is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter.—Nurse, give
leave awhile,

We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back
again:

I have remember'd me, thou's hear our
counsel.

Thou know'st, my daughter's of a pretty
age.

Nurse. Faith, I can tell her age unto an
hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurse. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,—
And yet, to my teen be it spoken, I have
but four,—

She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammastide?

La. Cap. A fortnight, and odd days.

Nurse. Even or odd, of all days in the
year,

Come Lammastide at night shall she be four-
teen.

Susan and she—God rest all Christian
souls!—

Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,

On Lammastide at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry: I remember it well.

'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was wean'd,—I never shall forget
it,—

Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,

Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall:
My lord and you were then at Mantua.—

Nay, I do bear a brain:—but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the

nipple

Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool!

To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug!

Shake, quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need,
I trow,

To bid me trudge.

And since that time it is eleven years;

For then she could stand alone, nay, by the
rood,

She could have run and waddled all about;

For even the day before she broke her brow:

And then my husband—God be with his soul!

'A was a merry man—took up the child:

"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy
face?"

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou hast
more wit;

Wilt thou not, Julie?" and, by my holy-dam,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said—

"Ay."

To see now, how a jest shall come about!

I warrant, an I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not,
Julie?" quoth he;

And, pretty fool, it stinted, and said—"Ay."

La. Cap. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold
thy peace.

Nurse. Yes, madam. Yet I cannot choose
but laugh,

To think it should leave crying, and say—
"Ay:"

And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow

A bump as big as a young cockrel's stone;
A perilous knock; and it cried bitterly.

"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy
face?"

Thou wilt fall backward, when thou com'st to
age;

Wilt thou not, Julie?" it stinted, and said—
"Ay."

Jul. And stint thou too, I pray thee, nurse,
say I.

Nurse. Peace, I have done. God mark
thee to his grace!

Thou wast the prettiest babe that e'er I nurs'd.
An I might live to see thee married once,

I have my wish.

La. Cap. Marry, that marry is the very
theme

I come to talk of.—Tell me, daughter Juliet,
How stands your disposition to be married?

Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.

Nurse. An honour! were not I thine only
nurse,

I would say, thou hadst suck'd wisdom from
thy teat.

La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now;
younger than you,

Here in Verona, ladies of esteem,

Are made already mothers: by my count,

I was your mother, much upon these years

That you are now a maid. Thus then, in
brief,—

The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

Nurse. A man, young lady ! lady, such a man,

As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

La. Cap. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

Nurse. Nay, he's a flower ; in faith, a very flower.

La. Cap. What say you ? can you love the gentleman ?

This night you shall behold him at our feast :
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,

And find delight writ there with beauty's pen ;
Examine every several lineament,

And see how one another lends content ;

And what obscur'd in this fair volume lies,

Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound

lover,

To beautify him, only lacks a cover :

The fish lives in the sea ; and 't is much pride,
For fair without the fair within to hide.

That book in many's eyes doth share the
glory,

That in gold clasps locks in the golden story :
So shall you share all that he doth possess,

By having him, making yourself no less.

Nurse. No less ? nay, bigger : women grow
by men.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of
Paris' love ?

Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking
move ;

But no more deep will I endart mine eye,
Than your consent gives strength to make it
fly.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Madam, the guests are come, supper
served up, you called, my young lady asked
for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and
everything in extremity. I must hence to
wait ; I beseech you, follow straight.

La. Cap. We follow thee. Juliet, the
county stays.

Nurse. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy
days. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

*Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, with five
or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others.*

Rom. What, shall this speech be spoke for
our excuse,

Or shall we on without apology ?

Ben. The date is out of such prolixity

We'll have no Cupid hoodwinked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,

Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper ;

(Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance :)

But, let them measure us by what they will,
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

Rom. Give me a torch : I am not for this
ambling ;

Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

Mer. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have
you dance.

Rom. Not I, believe me. You have
dancing shoes,

With nimble soles ; I have a soul of lead,

So stakes me to the ground, I cannot move.

Mer. You are a lover : borrow Cupid's
wings,

And soar with them above a common bound.

Rom. I am too sore enpierced with his
shaft,

To soar with his light feathers ; and so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe :

Under love's heavy burden do I sink.

Mer. And, to sink in it, should you burden
love ;

Too great oppression for a tender thing.

Rom. Is love a tender thing ? it is too
rough,

Too rude, too boisterous ; and it pricks like
thorn.

Mer. If love be rough with you, be rough
with love :

Prick love for pricking, and you beat love
down.—

Give me a case to put my visage in :

[Putting on a mask.]

A visor for a visor !—what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities ?

Here are the beetle-brows shall blush for me.

Ben. Come, knock, and enter ; and no
sooner in,

But every man betake him to his legs.

Rom. A torch for me : let wantons, light
of heart,

Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels ;
For I am proverb'd with a grandsire phrase,—

I'll be a candle-holder, and look on :

The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done.

Mer. Tut ! dun's the mouse, the constable's
own word.

If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the
mire

Of this, save reverence, love, wherein thou
stick'st

Up to the ears.—Come, we burn daylight, ho.

Rom. Nay, that's not so.

Mer. I mean, sir, in delay

We waste our lights in vain, like lamps ^{by} lay.

Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits
Five times in that, ere once in our five wits.

Rom. And we mean well in going to this
mask ;

But 't is no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dreamt a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I. ⁵

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream
things true.

Mer. O ! then, I see, Queen Mab hath
been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife ; and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Over men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners'
legs ;

The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ; ⁶⁰
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream
of love : ⁷¹

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies
straight :

O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on
fees :

O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters
plagues,

Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted
are.

Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit :
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep, ⁸⁰
Then dreams he of another benefice.

Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts, and
wakes ;

And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or
two,

And sleeps again. This is that very Mab,
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish-hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune ⁹¹
bodes.

This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them, and learns them first to
bear,

Making them women of good carriage.

This is she—

Rom. Peace, peace ! Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air ;
And more inconstant than the wind, who
woos ¹⁰⁰

Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from
ourselves ;

Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

Rom. I fear, too early ; for my mind mis-
gives,

Some consequence, yet hanging in the stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels ; and expire the
term

Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast, ¹¹⁰
By some vile forfeit of untimely death :

But He, that hath the steerage of my course,
Direct my sail.—On, lusty gentlemen.

Ben. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—A Hall in CAPULET'S House.

Musicians waiting. Enter Servants.

1 *Serv.* Where 's Potpan, that he helps not
to take away ? he shift-a-trencher ! he scrape-
a-trencher !

2 *Serv.* When good manners shall lie all in
one or two men's hands, and they unwashed
too, 't is a foul thing.

1 *Serv.* Away with the joint-stools, remove
the court-cupboard, look to the plate.—Good
thou, save me a piece of marchpane ; and, as
thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan
Grindstone, and Nell.—Antony ! and Potpan !

2 *Serv.* Ay, boy ; ready. ¹¹

1 *Serv.* You are looked for, and called for,
asked for, and sought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Serv.* We cannot be here and there too.
—Cheerly, boys : be brisk awhile, and the
onger liver take all. [*They retire behind.*]

Enter CAPULET, &c., with the Guests, and the Maskers.

Cap. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes

Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you:—

Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,

I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?

Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day, That I have worn a visor, and could tell A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear, Such as would please; 't is gone, 't is gone, 't is gone.

You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.

A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves! and turn the tables up,

And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.—

Ah! sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.

Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet, For you and I are past our dancing days; How long is 't now, since last yourself and I Were in a mask?

2 Cap. By'r lady, thirty years.

Cap. What, man! 't is not so much, 't is not so much.

'T is since the nuptial of Lucentio, Come Pentecost as quickly as it will, Some five-and-twenty years; and then we mask'd.

2 Cap. 'T is more, 't is more: his son is elder, sir;

His son is thirty.

Cap. Will you tell me that?

His son was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's that, which doth enrich the hand

Of yonder knight?

Serv. I know not, sir.

Rom. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.

It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear; Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows, As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.

The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,

And, touching hers, make blessed my rude hand.

Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!

For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.

Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—

Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave

Come hither, cover'd with an antick face, To flee and scorn at our solemnity?

Now, by the stock and honour of my kin, To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe; A villain, that is hither come in spite, To scorn at our solemnity this night.

Cap. Young Romeo is 't?

Tyb. 'T is he, that villain Romeo.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:

He bears him like a portly gentleman; And, to say truth, Verona brags of him, To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.

I would not for the wealth of all this town, Here, in my house, do him disparagement; Therefore be patient, take no note of him:

It is my will; the which if thou respect, Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns, An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.

Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest. I'll not endure him.

Cap. He shall be endur'd: What! Goodman boy!—I say, he shall;—go to;—

Am I the master here, or you? go to.

You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul—

You'll make a mutiny among my guests. You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!

Tyb. Why, uncle, 't is a shame.

Cap. Go to, go to;

You are a saucy boy.—Is 't so, indeed?—

This trick may chance to scathe you;—I know what.

You must contrary me! marry, 't is time.

Well said, my hearts!—You are a princeling;—go:—

Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!

I'll make you quiet. What!—cheerly, my hearts!

Tyb. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting

Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.

I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall, Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.

[*Exit.*]

Rom. [*To JULIET.*] If I profane with my unwortheist hand
 This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;
 My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
 To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
 Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
 For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
 And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss. 100
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O, then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
 They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayer's effect I take.
 Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purg'd.
 [*Kissing her.*]
Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
 Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book. 110
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
 Her mother is the lady of the house,
 And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous.
 I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
 I tell you—he that can lay hold of her
 Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
 O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone: the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest. 120
Cap. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone:
 We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—
 Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
 I thank you, honest gentlemen; good night:—
 More torches here!—Come on, then let's to bed.
 Ah, sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
 I'll to my rest.
 [*Exeunt all but JULIET and Nurse.*]
Jul. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?
Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door? 130
Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.
Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?
Nurse. I know not.
Jul. Go, ask his name.—If he be married,
 My grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
 The only son of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
 Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
 Prodigious birth of love it is to me, 140
 That I must love a loathed enemy.
Nurse. What's this? what's this?
Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
 Of one I danc'd withal.
 [*One calls within, "Juliet."*]
Nurse. Anon, anon:—
 Come, let's away; the strangers are gone.
 [*Exeunt.*]
 Enter Chorus.
 Now old desire doth in his death-bed lie,
 And young affection gapes to be his heir:
 That fair, for which love groan'd for, and would die,
 With tender Juliet match'd, is now not fair.
 Now Romeo is belov'd, and loves again,
 Alike bewitched by the charm of looks;
 But to his foe suppos'd he must complain,
 And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks:
 Being held a foe, he may not have access
 To breathe such vows as lovers use to swear;
 And she as much in love, her means much less
 To meet her new-beloved anywhere:
 But passion lends them power, time means to meet,
 Tempering extremities with 'extremes sweet.
 [*Exit.*]

ACT, II.

SCENE I.—An Open Place, adjoining
CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Can I go forward, when my heart is
here?

Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down
within it.*]

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!

Mer. He is wise;

And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.

Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this
orchard wall.

Call, good Mercutio.

Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo, humours, madman, passion, lover!
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rhyme, and I am satisfied;
Cry but—Ah me! pronounce but—love and
dove;

Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word,
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua lov'd the beggar-
maid.—

He hear'eth not, he stirreth not, he moveth
not;

The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.—
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering
thigh,

And the demesnes that there adjacent lie, 20
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.

Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger
him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 't would anger
him

To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were some spite: my invocation
Is fair and honest, and, in his mistress' name,
I conjure only but to raise up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among
these trees, 30

To be consorted with the humorous night:

Blind is his love, and best befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the
mark.

Now will he sit under a medlar-tree,

And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit,
As maids call medlars, when they laugh
alone.—

O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open *et cætera*, thou a poprin pear!
Romeo, good night:—I'll to my truckle-bed;
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep. 40
Come, shall we go?

Ben. Go, then; for 't is in vain
To seek him here, that means not to be found.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt
wound.—

[*JULIET appears above, at a window.*]
But, soft! what light through yonder window
breaks?

It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than
she:

Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love: 10
O, that she knew she were!—
She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of
that?

Her eye discourses, I will answer it.—
I am too bold, 't is not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her
head?

The brightness of her cheek would shame those
stars,
As daylight doth a lamp: her eye in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so
bright, 21
That birds would sing, and think it were not
night.

See, how she leans her cheek upon her
hand!

O! that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!

Jul. Ah me!

Rom. She speaks:—

O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him, 30
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.

Jul. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou
Romeo?

Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Rom. [*Aside.*] Shall I hear more, or shall I
speak at this?

Jul. 'Tis but thy name, that is my enemy:
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part 41
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name.
What's in a name? that which we call a rose,
By any other word would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself!

Rom. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd; 50
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.

Jul. What man art thou, that, thus be-
screen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred
words
Of that tongue's utterance, yet I know the
sound.

Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague? 60

Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dis-
like.

Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and
wherefore?

The orchard walls are high, and hard to
climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.

Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er
perch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out:
And what love can do, that dares love
attempt;

Therefore, thy kinsmen are no stop to me.

Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder
thee.

Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine
eye,
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but
sweet,

And I am proof against their enmity.

Jul. I would not for the world they saw
thee here.

Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from
their eyes;

And, but thou love me, let them find me here:
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.

Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out
this place?

Rom. By Love, that first did prompt me to
inquire; 80

He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.

I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far

As that vast shore wash'd with the farthest
sea,

I would adventure for such merchandise.

Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on
my face;

Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek,
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-
night.

Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compli-
ment!

Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say—
Ay; 90

And I will take thy word; yet, if thou
swear'st,

Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!

If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or if thou think'st I am too quickly won,

I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,

So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world.

In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;

And therefore thou may'st think my haviour
light:

But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be
strange. 101

I should have been more strange, I must con-
fess,

But that thou overheard'st, ere I was ware,
My true love's passion: therefore, pardon me;

And not impute this yielding to light love,

Which the dark night hath so discovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I
swear,

That tips with silver all these fruit-tree
tops,—

Jul. O, swear not by the moon, the incon-
stant moon,

That monthly changes in her circled orb; 110

Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.

Rom. What shall I swear by?

Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my heart's dear love—

Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy
in thee,

I have no joy of this contract to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say, it lightens. Sweet, good
night!

This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we
meet.

Good night, good night! as sweet repose and
rest

Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!

Rom. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?

Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-
night?

Rom. The exchange of thy love's faithful
vow for mine.

Jul. I gave thee mine before thou didst
request it;

And yet I would it were to give again.

Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what
purpose, love?

Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee
again.

And yet I wish but for the thing I have.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,

My love as deep; the more I give to thee,

The more I have, for both are infinite.

[*Nurse calls within.*]

I hear some noise within: dear love, adieu!—
Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be
true.

Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*]

Rom. O blessed, blessed, night! I am
afraid,

Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good
night, indeed.

If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-
morrow,

By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the
rite;

And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the
world.

Nurse. [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. I come, anon.—But if thou mean'st
not well,

I do beseech thee—

[*Nurse.* [*Within.*] Madam!

Jul. By-and-by; I come.—

To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief:
To-morrow will I send.

Rom. So thrive my soul,—

Jul. A thousand times good night! [*Exit.*]

Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want
thy light.—

Love goes toward love, as school-boys from
their books;

But love from love, toward school with heavy
looks. [*Retiring.*]

Re-enter JULIET, above.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O, for a fal-
coner's voice,

To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo

lies,

And make her airy tongue more hoarse than
mine

With repetition of my Romeo's name.

Rom. It is my soul, that calls upon my
name:

How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by
night,

Like softest music to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom.

My dear?

Jul. What o'clock to-morrow

Shall I send to thee?

Rom.

By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail: 'tis twenty years till
then.

I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me stand here, till thou re-
member it.

Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand
there,

Remembering how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll still stay, to have thee still
forget,

Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almost morning; I would have
thee gone:

And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.

Good night, good night : parting is such sweet
sorrow,

That I shall say good night, till it be morrow.
[*Exit.*]

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in
thy breast !—

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to
rest !

Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

Enter Friar LAURENCE, with a basket.

Fri. The grey-ey'd morn smiles on the
frowning night,
Chequering the eastern clouds with streaks of
light ;

And flecked darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels :
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye
The day to cheer, and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced
flowers.

The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb ;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb ;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find : 12

Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O ! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true
qualities :

For nought so vile that on the earth doth live,
But to the earth some special good doth give ;
Nor aught so good, but, strain'd from that
fair use,

Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse :
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied, 21
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power :
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers
each part ;

Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposed kings encamp them still
In man as well as herbs,—grace, and rude
will ;

And where the worser is predominant, 30
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. Good morrow, father !

Fri. Benedicite !

What early tongue so sweet saluteth me ?

Young son, it argues a distemper'd head,

So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed :

Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,

And where care lodges, sleep will never lie ;

But where unbruised youth with unstuff'd
brain

Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth
reign.

Therefore, thy earliness doth me assure,

Thou art up-rous'd by some distemperature :

Or if not so, then here I hit it right,— 41

Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.

Rom. That last is true ; the sweeter rest
was mine.

Fri. God pardon sin ! wast thou with
Rosaline ?

Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father ?
no ;

I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.

Fri. That's my good son : but where hast
thou been, then ?

Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me
again.

I have been feasting with mine enemy ;

Where, on a sudden, ore hath wounded me,

That's by me wounded : both our remedies 51
Within thy help and holy physic lies :

I bear no hatred, blessed man ; for, lo !

My intercession likewise steads my foe.

Fri. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy
drift ;

Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.

Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear
love is set

On the fair daughter of rich Capulet :

As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine ;

And all combin'd, save what thou must com-
bine 60

By holy marriage. When, and where, and
how,

We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,

I'll tell thee as we pass ; but this I pray,

That thou consent to marry us to-day.

Fri. Holy Saint Francis ! what a change
is here !

Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken ? young men's love, then,
lies

Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes,

Jesu Maria ! what a deal of brine

Hath wash'd thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline !

How much salt water thrown away in waste,

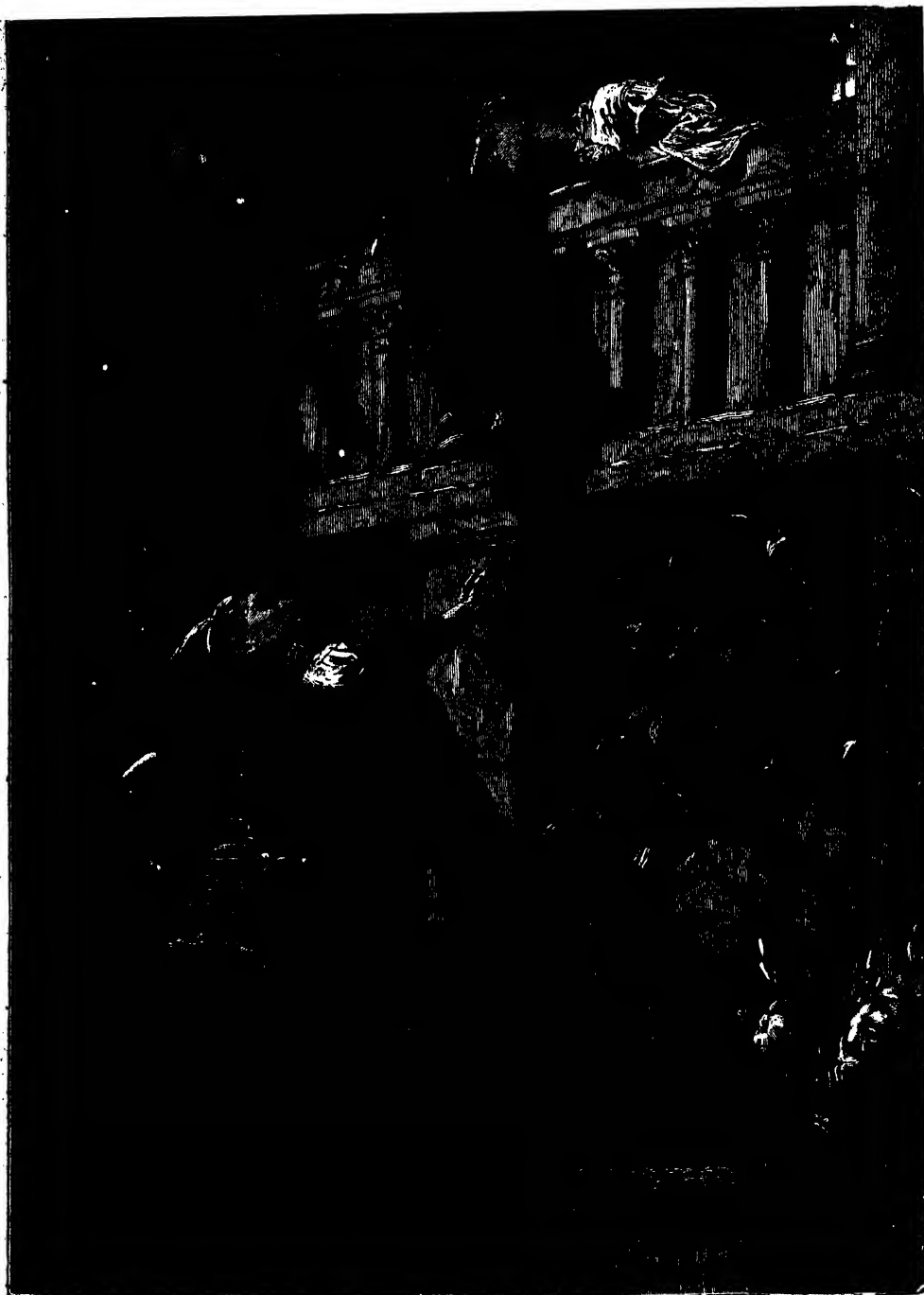
To season love, that of it doth not taste ! 71

The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,

Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears ;

Lo ! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit

Of an old tear that is not wash'd off yet.



F. DICKSSE, A R A. Del.

BELLEGER, Scap.

ROMEO AND JULIET

Juliet. Good night, good night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good night till it be morrow.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," Act II., Scene

If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine;
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence, then,

Women may fall, when there's no strength
in men.

Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving
Rosaline.

Fri. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.

Rom. And bad'st me bury love.

Fri. Not in a grave,

To lay one in, another out to have.

Rom. I pray thee, chide me not: her I
love now

Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.

Fri. O! she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;

For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancour to pure love.

Rom. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden
haste.

Fri. Wisely, and slow: they stumble that
run fast. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—A Street.

Enter BENVOLIO and MERCUTIO.

Mer. Where the devil should this Romeo
be?—

Came he not home to-night?

Ben. Not to his father's: I spoke with his
man.

Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted
wench, that Rosaline,

Torments him so, that he will sure run mad.

Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will answer it. 10

Mer. Any man, that can write, may answer
a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will answer the letter's
master, how he dares, being dared.

Mer. Alas, poor Romeo! he is already
dead; stabbed with a white wench's black
eye; run through the ear with a love-song;
the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind
bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to en-
counter Tybalt?

Ben. Why, what is Tybalt? 19

Mer. More than prince of cats, I can tell
you. O! he is the courageous captain of
complements. He fights as you sing prick-

song, keeps time, distance, and proportion;
its me his minim rest, one, two, and the
d in your bosom: the very butcher of a
flk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentle-
man of the very first house, of the first and
second cause. Ah, the immortal passado! the
punto reverso! the hay!—

Ben. The what? 28

Mer. The pox of such antick, lispings, affect-
ing fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!
—"By Jesu, a very good blade!—a very tall
man!—a very good whore!"—Why, is not
this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we
should be thus afflicted with these strange
flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonuez-
mois*, who stand so much on the new form,
that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench?
O, their *bons*, their *bons*!

Enter ROMEO.

Ben. Here comes Romeo, here comes
Romeo. 38

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring.
—O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified!—Now
is he for the numbers that Petrarch flow'd in:
Laura, to his lady, was a kitchen-wench;
marry, she had a better love to be-rhyme her;
Dido, a dowdy; Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen
and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a
grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—
Signior Romeo, *bon jour*! there's a French
salutation to your French slop. You gave us
the counterfeit fairly last night.

Rom. Good morrow to you both. What
counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The slip, sir, the slip: can you not
conceive? 50

Rom. Pardon, good Merentio, my business
was great; and in such a case as mine, a man
may strain courtesy.

Mer. That's as much as to say—such a
case as yours constrains a man to bow in the
hams.

Rom. Meaning—to court'sy.

Mer. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

Rom. A most courteous exposition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy.

Rom. Pink for flower. 60

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flowered.

Mer. Sure wit: follow me this jest now,
till thou hast worn out thy pump; that,
when the single sole of it is worn, the jest
may remain, after the wearing, solely singular.

Rom. O single-soled jest! solely singular for
the singleness.

Mer. Come between us, good Benvolio; my
wit faints.

Rom. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs ;
or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-goose
chase, I am done ; for thou hast more of the
wild-goose in one of thy wits, than, I am sure,
I have in my whole five. Was I with you
there for the goose ?

Rom. Thou wast never with me for any-
thing, when thou wast not there for the goose.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that
jest.

Rom. Nay, good goose, bite not. 80

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter-sweetening ; it
is a most sharp sauce.

Rom. And is it not well served in to a
sweet goose ?

Mer. O ! here's a wit of cheveril, that
stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I stretch it out for that word—broad :
which added to the goose, proves thee far and
wide a broad goose. 88

Mer. Why, is not this better now than
groaning for love ? now art thou sociable,
now art thou Romeo ; now art thou what
thou art, by art as well as by nature : for this
drivelling love is like a great natural, that
runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble
in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, stop there.

Mer. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale
against the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale
large.

Mer. O, thou art deceived ! I would have
made it short ; for I was come to the whole
depth of my tale ; and meant, indeed, to occupy
the argument no longer. 102

Rom. Here's goodly gear !

Enter Nurse and PETER.

Mer. A sail, a sail !

Ben. Two, two ; a shirt, and a smock.

Nurse. Peter !

Peter. Anon ?

Nurse. My fan, Peter.

Mer. Good Peter, to hide her face ; for her
fan's the fairer face. 110

Nurse. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurse. Is it good den ?

Mer. 'Tis no less, I tell you ; for the
bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the
prick of noon.

Nurse. Out upon you ! what a man are
you ?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath
made himself to mar.

Nurse. By my troth, it is well said ;—for

self to mar, quoth 'a !—Gentlemen, can
any of you tell me where I may find the
young Romeo ? 121

Rom. I can tell you ; but young Romeo
will be older when you have found him, than
he was when you sought him. I am the
youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

Nurse. You say well.

Mer. Yea ! is the worst well ? very well
took, i' faith ; wisely, wisely.

Nurse. If you be he, sir, I desire some
confidence with you. 130

Ben. She will indite him to some supper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd ! So ho !

Rom. What hast thou found ?

Mer. No hare, sir ; unless a hare, sir, in a
lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar
ere it be spent.

*An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent.*

*But a hare that is hoar, is too much for a
score,*

When it hoars ere it be spent.—

Romeo, will you come to your father's ? we'll
to dinner thither. 141

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewell, ancient lady ; farewell, lady,
lady, lady. [*Exeunt MERCUTIO and*

BENVOLIO.

Nurse. Marry, farewell !—I pray you, sir,
what saucy merchant was this, that was so
full of his ropery ?

Rom. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to
hear himself talk ; and will speak more in a
minute, than he will stand to in a month. 150

Nurse. An 'a speak anything against me,
I'll take him down, an 'a were lustier than
he is, and twenty such Jacks ; and if I can-
not, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave !
I am none of his flirt-gills ; I am none of his
skains-mates.—And thou must stand by too,
and suffer every knave to use me at his
pleasure ?

Peter. I saw no man use you at his plea-
sure ; if I had, my weapon should quickly
have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw
as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a
good quarrel, and the law on my side. 162

Nurse. Now, afore God, I am so vexed,
that every part about me quivers.—Scurvy
knave !—Pray you, sir, a word ; and as I
told you, my young lady bade me inquire
you out : what she bid me say, I will keep
to myself ; but first let me tell ye, if ye
should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they
say, it were a very gross kind of behaviour,
as they say : for the gentlewoman is young ;

and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee,—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir,—that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer. 180

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell
Be shriv'd, and married. Here is for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall.

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey-wall:

Within this hour my man shall be with thee.
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair

Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell!—Be trusty, and I'll quite thy pains.

Farewell!—Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee!—
Hark you, sir.

Rom. What say'st thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away? 200

Rom. I warrant thee; my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when 't was a little prating thing,—O!—There's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes, and tell her that Paris is the properer man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? 210

Rom. Ay, nurse; what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R is for the—No: I know it begins with some other letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit ROMEO.*]

Peter!

Peter. Anon?

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—CAPULET'S Garden.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. The clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse;

In half an hour she promis'd to return.

Perchance, she cannot meet him:—that's not so.—

Oh! she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,

Which ten times faster glide than the sun's beams

Driving back shadows over louring hills:

Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.

Now is the sun upon the highmost hill

Of this day's journey; and from nine till twelve 10

Is three long hours,—yet she is not come.

Had she affections, and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;

My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me:

But old folks, many feign as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE and PETER.

O God! she comes.—O honey nurse! what news?

Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. 20

[*Exit PETER.*]

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?

Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile.—

Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!

Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:

Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.

Nurse. Jesu, what haste! can you not stay awhile?

Do you not see, that I am out of breath? 20

Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance.
Let me be satisfied, is 't good or bad?

Nurse. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo! no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and for a hand, and a foot, and a body,—though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy,—but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. —(Go thy ways, wench; serve God.—
What, have you dined at home?

Jul. No, no: but all this did I know before.

What says he of our marriage? what of that?

Nurse. Lord, how my head aches! what a head have I!

It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces. 50
My back o' t' other side.—O, my back, my back!—

Beshrew your heart, for sending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down!

Jul. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.

Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

Nurse. Your love says like an honest gentleman,

And a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous:—Where is your mother?

Jul. Where is my mother?—why, she is within;

Where should she be? How oddly thou repliest:

“Your love says like an honest gentleman,—
Where is your mother?”

Nurse. O, God's lady dear!

Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultrice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

Jul. Here's such a coil;—come, what says Romeo?

Nurse. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

Jul. I have.

Nurse. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;

There stays a husband to make you a wife: 70
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Must climb a bird's nest soon, when it is dark;

I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. So smile the heavens upon this holy act,

That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, Amen! but come what sorrow can,

It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight:

Do thou but close our hands with holy words,

Then love-devouring death do what he dare;
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. These violent delights have violent ends,

And in their triumph die: like fire and powder,

Which, as they kiss, consume. The sweetest honey

Is loathsome in his own deliciousness,

And in the taste confounds the appetite:

Therefore, love moderately; long love doth so;

Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady.—O! so light a foot

Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:

A lover may bestride the gossamer

That idles in the wanton summer air,

And yet not fall; so light is vanity. 20

Jul. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

Fri. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah, Juliet! if the measure of thy joy

Be heap'd like mine, and that thy skill be more

To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath

This neighbour air, and let rich music's tongue

Unfold the imagin'd happiness, that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in
words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament :
They are but beggars that can count their
worth ;

But my true love is grown to such excess,
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will
make short work ;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone,
Till holy church incorporate two in one.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Public Place.

*Enter MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, Page, and
Servants.*

Ben. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's
retire :

The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not 'scape a brawl ;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood
stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of those fellows
that, when he enters the confines of a tavern,
claps me his sword upon the table and says,
"God send me no need of thee !" and, by
the operation of the second cup, draws it on
the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need. ¹¹

Ben. Am I like such a fellow ?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack
in thy mood, as any in Italy ; and as soon
moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be
moved.

Ben. And what too ?

Mer. Nay, an there were two such, we
should have none shortly, for one would kill
the other. Thou ! why, thou wilt quarrel
with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair
less, in his beard, than thou hast. Thou wilt
quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having
no other reason, but because thou hast hazel
eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy
out such a quarrel ? Thy head is as full of
quarrels, as an egg is full of meat ; and yet
thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg
for quarrelling. Thou hast quarrelled with a
man for coughing in the street, because he
hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep
in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a
tailor for wearing his new doublet before
Easter ? with another, for tying his new shoes
with old riband ? and yet thou wilt tutor me
from quarrelling ! ³³

Ben. An I were so apt to quarrel as thou
art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my
life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple ? O simple !

Ben. By my head, here come the Capulets.

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT and others.

Tyb. Follow me close, for I will speak to
them.--- ⁴⁰

Gentlemen, good den ! a word with one of
you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us ?
Couple it with something ; make it a word
and a blow.

Tyb. You shall find me apt enough to that,
sir, an you will give me occasion.

Mer. Could you not take some occasion
without giving ?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou consort'st with
Romeo,—

Mer. Consort ! what ! dost thou make us
minstrels ? an thou make minstrels of us,
look to hear nothing but discords : here's
my fiddlestick ; here's that shall make you
dance. 'Zounds, consort ! ⁵²

Ben. We talk here in the public haunt of
men :

Either withdraw unto some private place,
And reason coldly of your grievances ;
Or else depart ; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Men's eyes were made to look, and
let them gaze :

I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here
comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, sir, if he wear
your livery : ⁶⁰

Marry, go before to field, he'll be your
follower ;

Your worship, in that sense, may call him—
man.

Tyb. Romeo, the love I bear thee can
afford

No better term than this,—thou art a villain.

Rom. Tybalt, the reason that I have to
love thee

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage

To such a greeting :—villain am I none ;

Therefore farewell ; I see, thou know'st me
not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me ; therefore turn, and
draw.

Rom. I do protest, I never injur'd thee ;
But love thee better than thou canst devise,
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love :
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as mine own,—be satisfied.

Mer. O calm, dishonourable, vile sub-
mission !

Alla stoccata carries it away. [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk ?

Tyb. What wouldst thou have with me ?

Mer. Good king of cats, nothing but one of
your nine lives ; that I mean to make bold
withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter,
dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you
pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the
ears ? make haste, lest mine be about your
ears ere it be out.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, sir, your passado. [*They fight.*

Rom. Draw, Benvolio ; beat down their
weapons. —

Gentlemen, for shame, forbear this outrage !—
Tybalt, —Mercutio,—the prince expressly
hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.—

Hold, *Tybalt* !—good *Mercutio* !
[*Exeunt TYBALT and his Partisans.*

Mer. I am hurt.—

A plague o' both the houses !—I am sped :—
Is he gone, and hath nothing ?

Ben. What ! art thou hurt ?

Mer. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch ; marry,
't is enough.—

Where is my page ?—Go, villain, fetch a
surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

Rom. Courage, man ; the hurt cannot be
much.

Mer. No, 't is not so deep as a well, nor
so wide as a church-door ; but 't is enough,
't will serve : ask for me to-morrow, and you
shall find me a grave man. I am peppered,
I warrant, for this world.—A plague o' both
your houses !—'Zounds ! a dog, a rat, a
mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death ! a
braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the
book of arithmetic !—Why the devil came you
between us ? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the best.

Mer. Help me into some house, Benvolio,
Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your
houses !

They have made worms' meat of me : I have it,
And soundly too :—your houses !

[*Exeunt MERCUTIO and BENVOLIO.*

Rom. This gentleman, the prince's near
ally,

My very friend, hath got this mortal hurt
In my behalf ; my reputation stain'd
With *Tybalt's* slander, *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my cousin.—O sweet *Juliet* !
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper soften'd valour's steel.

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo* ! brave *Mercutio's*
dead ;

That gallant spirit hath aspir'd the clouds,
Which too untimely here did scorn the earth.

Rom. This day's black fate on more days
doth depend ;

This but begins the woe, others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back
again.

Rom. Alive ! in triumph ! and *Mercutio*
slain !

Away to heaven, respective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now !—
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'st me ; for *Mercutio's* soul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company :
Either thou, or I, or both, must go with him.

Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didst con-
sort him here,
Shalt with him hence.

Rom. This shall determine that.

[*They fight ; TYBALT falls.*

Ben. *Romeo*, away ! be gone !

The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* slain :—
Stand not amaz'd :—the prince will doom thee
death,

If thou art taken :—hence !—be gone !—
away

Rom. O, I am fortune's fool !

Ben. Why dost thou stay ?

[*Exit ROMEO.*

Enter Citizens, &c.

1 *Cit.* Which way ran he, that kill'd
Mercutio ?

Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he ?

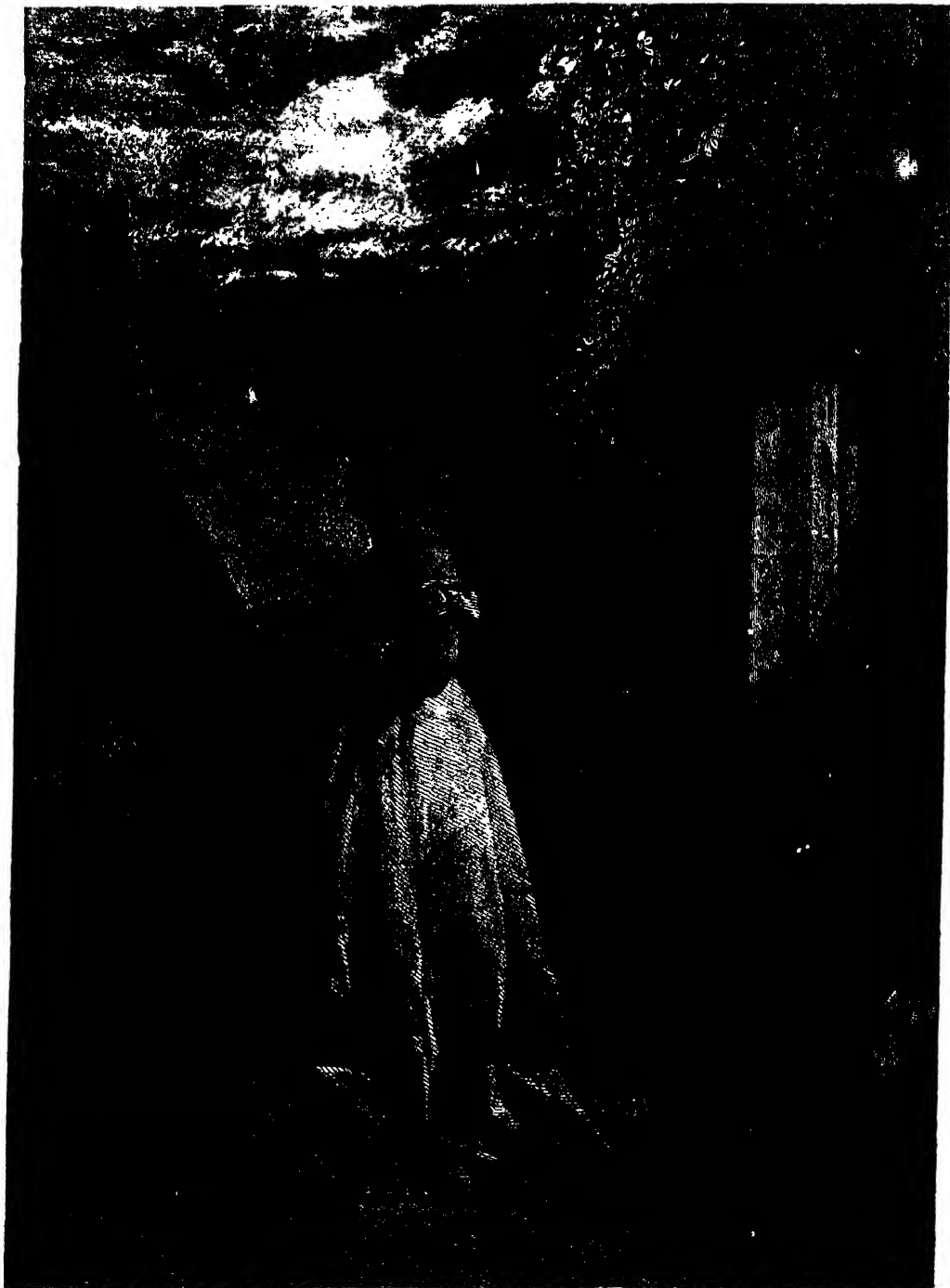
Ben. There lies that *Tybalt*.

1 *Cit.* Up, sir :—go with me ;
I charge thee in the prince's name, obey.

*Enter PRINCE, attended ; MONTAGUE, CAPU-
LET, their Wives, and others.*

Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this
fray ?

Ben. O noble prince ! I can discover all



WOOLMER, *Paint.*

J. H. BAKFR. *Sculpt.*

JULIET.

Juliet. Come, gentle night.

"ROMEO AND JULIET," *Act III., Scene II.*

The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl :
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.

La. Cap. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's
child!

O prince! O cousin! husband! O, the blood
is spill'd

Of my dear kinsman!—Prince, as thou art
true,

For blood of ours, shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!

Prin. Benvolio, who began this bloody
fray?

Ben. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's
hand did slay:

Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice the quarrel was; and urg'd withal
Your high displeasure:—all this, uttered

With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly
bow'd,

Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to
point,

And, with a martial scorn, with one hand
beats

Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it. Romeo he cries aloud,

"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter
than his tongue,

His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose
arm

An envious thrust from Tybalt hit the life
Of stout Mercutio, and then Tybalt fled;

But by-and-by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,

And to't they go like lightning; for ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt
slain;

And as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.

La. Cap. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not
true:

Some twenty of them fought in this black
strife,

And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must
give:

Romeo slew Tybalt, Romeo must not live.

Prin. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth
owe?

Mon. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's
friend;

His fault concludes but what the law should
end,

The life of Tybalt.

Prin.

And for that offence,

Immediately we do exile him hence:

I have an interest in your hate's proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-
bleeding;

But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine,
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;

Nor tears, nor prayers, shall purchase out
abuses;

Therefore use none: let Romeo hence in haste,
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.

Bear hence this body, and attend our will:

Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Enter JULIET.

Jul. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phaëbus' lodging; such a waggoner
As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.—
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing
night!

That runaways' eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalk'd-of, and unseen!—

Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind,
It best agrees with night.—Come, civil night,

Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Play'd for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:

Hood my unmann'd blood, bating in my
cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange love,
grown bold,

Think true love acted simple modesty.

Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day
in night!

For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow upon a raven's back.—

Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-
brow'd night,

Give me my Romeo: and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,

And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.—

O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,

Not yet enjoy'd. So tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival

To an impatient child that hath new robes, so
And may not wear them. O! here comes
my nurse,
And she brings news; and every tongue, that
speaks
But Romeo's name, speaks heavenly eloquence.

Enter Nurse, with cords.

Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou
there? the cords
That Romeo bid thee fetch?

Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
[Throws them down.]

Jul. Ah me! what news? why dost thou
wring thy hands?

Nurse. Ah, well-a-day! he's dead, he's
dead, he's dead!

We are undone, lady, we are undone!—
Alack the day!—he's gone, he's killed, he's
dead!

Jul. Can Heaven be so envious?

Nurse. Romeo can, so
Though Heaven cannot.—O, Romeo, Romeo—
Who ever would have thought it?—Romeo—

Jul. What devil art thou, that dost torment
me thus?

This torture should be roar'd in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but *I*,
And that bare vowel, *I*, shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not *I*, if there be such an *I*;
Or those eyes shut, that make thee answer, *I*.
If he be slain, say—*I*; or if not,—no: so
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.

Nurse. I saw the wound, I saw it with
mine eyes,—

God save the mark!—here on his manly
breast:

A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaub'd in blood,
All in gore blood;—I swooned at the sight.

Jul. O, break, my heart!—poor bankrout,
break at once!

To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here,
And thou, and Romeo, press one heavy bier!

Nurse. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend
I had: 61

O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!

Jul. What storm is this, that blows so
contrary?

Is Romeo slaughter'd? and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?—
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general
doom

For who is living, if those two are gone?

Nurse. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banished;

Romeo, that kill'd him, he is banished. 70

Jul. O God!—did Romeo's hand shed
Tybalt's blood?

Nurse. It did, it did: alas, the day! it did.

Jul. O serpent heart, hid with a flowering
face!

Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?

Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!

Dove-feather'd raven! volkish ravens lamb!

Despised substance of divinest show!

Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;

A damned saint, an honourable villain!—

O nature! what hast thou to do in hell, 80

When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend

In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?—

Was ever book containing such vile matter

So fairly bound? O, that deceit should dwell

In such a gorgeous palace!

Nurse. There's no trust,

No faith, no honesty in men; all perjur'd,

All forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers.—

Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua-
vita*:—

These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make
me old.

Shame come to Romeo!

Jul. Blister'd be thy tongue 90

For such a wish! he was not born to shame:

Upon his brow shame is asham'd to sit;

For 'tis a throne where honour may be
crown'd

Sole monarch of the universal earth.

O, what a beast was I to chide at him!

Nurse. Will you speak well of him that
kill'd your cousin?

Jul. Shall I speak ill of him that is my
husband?

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth
thy name,

When I, thy three-hours' wife, have mangled
it?—

But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my
cousin? 100

That villain cousin would have kill'd my
husband:

Back, foolish tears, back to your native
spring;

Your tributary drops belong to woe,

Which you, mistaken, offer up to joy.

My husband lives, that Tybalt would have
slain;

And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain
my husband.

All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

Some word there was, worsen than Tybalt's
death,

That murder'd me. I would forget it fain;

But, O! it presses to my memory, 110

Like damned guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
 'Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished !'
 That "banished," that one word "banished,"
 Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's
 death

Was woe enough, if it had ended there :
 Or,—if sour woe delights in fellowship,
 And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,—
 Why follow'd not, when she said—Tybalt's
 dead,

Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
 Which modern lamentation might have
 mov'd ?

But, with a rearward following Tybalt's
 death,

"Romeo is banished !"—to speak that word,
 Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
 All slain, all dead :—"Romeo is banished !" ¹²⁰
 There is no end, no limit, measure, bound,
 In that word's death ; no words can that
 woe sound.—

Where is my father, and my mother, nurse ?

Nurse. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's
 corse :

Will you go to them ? I will bring you
 thither.

Jul. Wash they his wounds with tears :
 mine shall be spent,

When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords.—Poor ropes, you are
 beguil'd,

Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd :

He made you for a highway to my bed,

But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.

Come, cords ; come, nurse ; I'll to my wed-
 ding bed ;

And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead !

Nurse. Hie to your chamber ; I'll find
 Romeo

To comfort you :—I wot well where he is.

Hark ye, your Romeo will be here at night :
 I'll to him ; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

Jul. O, find him ! give this ring to my
 true knight,

And bid him come to take his last farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—FRIAR LAURENCE'S CELL.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and ROMEO.

Fri. Romeo, come forth ; come forth, thou
 fearful man :

Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,

And thou art wedded to calamity.

Rom. Father, what news ? what is the
 prince's doom ?

What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
 That I yet know not ?

Fri. Too familiar

Is my dear son with such sour company :
 I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the
 prince's doom ?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanish'd from his
 lips,

Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha ! banishment ? be merciful, say
 —death ;

For exile hath more terror in his look,
 Much more than death : do not say—banish-
 ment.

Fri. Here from Verona art thou banished.

Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona
 walls ;

But purgatory, torture, hell itself.

Hence banished is banish'd from the world,
 And world's exile is death :—then "banished"
 Is death mis-term'd. Calling death—"banish-
 ed,"

Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe,
 And smil'st upon the stroke that murders
 me.

Fri. O deadly sin ! O rude unthankfulness !

Thy fault our law calls death ; but the kind
 prince,

Taking thy part, hath rush'd aside the law,
 And turn'd that black word death to banish-
 ment :

This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy ; heaven
 is here,

Where Juliet lives ; and every cat, and dog,
 And little mouse, every unworthy thing,

Live here in heaven, and may look on her ;
 But Romeo may not.—More validity,

More honourable state, more courtship lives
 In carrion flies, than Romeo : they may seize

On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
 And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;

Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;

But Romeo may not ; he is banished.

Flies may do this, but I from this must fly :
 They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 Hadst thou no poison mix'd, no sharp-ground
 knife,

No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so
 mean,

But—"banished"—to kill me ? "Banished !" ⁴⁰
 O friar ! the damned use that word in hell ;

Howling attends it : how hast thou the
 heart,

Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, ²⁰
To mangle me with that word—"banished?"

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me a little speak.

Rom. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word;

Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banished.

Rom. Yet "banished?"—Hang up philosophy!

Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not: talk no more. ³⁰

Fri. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of that thou lost not feel.

Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murdered,
Doting like me, and like me banished,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,

And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
Taking the measure of an unmade grave. ⁷⁰

[*Knocking within.*]

Fri. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

Rom. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes.

[*Knocking.*]

Fri. Hark, how they knock!—Who's there?—Romeo, arise;

Thou wilt be taken.—Stay awhile.—Stand up;

[*Knocking.*]

Run to my study.—By-and-by.—God's will!
What simpleness is this!—I come, I come.

[*Knocking.*]

Who knocks so hard? whence come you?
What's your will?

Nurse. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you shall know my errand:

I come from Lady Juliet.

Fri. Welcome then. ⁸⁰

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. O holy friar, O, tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?

Fri. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.

Nurse. O! he is even in my mistress' case,
'ust in her case. O woful sympathy!

Piteous predicament! Even so lies she,
Blubbing and weeping, weeping and blubbing.—

Stand up, stand up; stand, ah you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O? ⁹⁰

Rom. Nurse!

Nurse. Ah sir! ah sir!—Well, death's the end of all.

Rom. Spak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?

Doth she not think me an old murderer,
Now I have stain'd the childhood of our joy
With blood remov'd but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says

My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?

Nurse. O, she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;

And now falls on her bed; and then starts up; ¹⁰⁰

And Tybalt calls; and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.

Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursed hand
Murder'd her kinsman.—O, tell me, friar, tell me,

In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack

The hateful mansion. [*Drawing his sword.*]

Fri. Hold thy desperate hand:
Art thou a man? thy form cries out, thou art;

Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote ¹¹⁰

The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman, in a seeming man;

And ill-beseeming beast, in seeming both!
Thou hast amaz'd me: by my holy order,

I thought thy disposition better temper'd.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?

And slay thy lady, that in thy life lives,
By doing damned hate upon thyself?

Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven,
and earth?

Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three
do meet ¹²⁰

In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.

Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit;

Which, like an usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed

Which should beleck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.

Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valour of a man;
Thy dear love sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vow'd to
cherish;

Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,³⁰
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skillless soldier's flask,
Is set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismember'd with thine own de-
fence.

What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately
dead;

There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy
too:

The law, that threaten'd death, becomes thy
friend,

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;¹⁴¹
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence, and comfort her;
But, look, thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;¹⁴⁹
Where thou shalt live, till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back,
With twenty hundred thousand times more
joy

Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto:
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O Lord! I could have stay'd here
all the night,

To hear good counsel: O, what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.¹⁶¹

Rom. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to
chide.

Nurse. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give
you, sir.

Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.
[*Exit.*]

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by
this!

Fri. Go hence. Good night; and here
stands all your state:—

Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguis'd from hence.
Sojourn in Mantua: I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time¹⁷⁰
Every good hap to you that chances here.

Give me thy hand; 't is late: farewell; good
night.

Rom. But that a joy past joy calls out on
me,

It were a grief, so brief to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—A Room in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and PARIS.

Cap. Things have fall'n out, sir, so un-
luckily,

That we have had no time to move our
daughter.

Look you, she lov'd her kinsman Tybalt
dearly,

And so did I:—well, we were born to die.—
'T is very late, she'll not come down to-night:

I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

Par. These times of woe afford no time to
woo.—

Madam, good night: commend me to your
daughter.

La. Cap. I will, and know her mind early
to-morrow;¹⁰

To-night she's mew'd up to her heaviness.

Cap. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate
tender

Of my child's love: I think, she will be rul'd
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it
not.

Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love,
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday
next—

But, soft: what day is this?

Par. Monday, my lord.

Cap. Monday? ha! ha! Well, Wednes-
day is too soon;

O' Thursday let it be:—o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.—²¹

Will you be ready? do you like this haste?

We'll keep no great ado:—a friend, or two;—
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,

It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.

Therefore, we'll have some half a dozen
friends,

And there an end. But what say you to
Thursday?

Par. My lord, I would that Thursday were
to-morrow.

Cap. Well, get you gone:—o' Thursday be
it then.—³⁰

Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed,

Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.—
Farewell, my lord.—Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very late, that we
May call it early by-and-by.—Good night.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter ROMEO and JULIET.

Jul. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near
day:

It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate-tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

Rom. It was the lark, the herald of the
morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious
streaks

Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops: 10
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

Jul. Yon light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be
gone.

Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to
death;

I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow; 20
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do
beat

The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:—
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it
so.—

How is't, my soul? let's talk, it is not day.

Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing

Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us: 30
Some say, the lark and loathed toad change
eyes;

O! now I would they had chang'd voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! now be gone: more light and light it
grows.

Rom. More light and light: more dark and
dark our woes.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Madam!

Jul. Nurse?

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your
chamber:

The day is broke; be wary, look about. 40
[*Exit.*]

Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life
out.

Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll
descend. [*Descends.*]

Jul. Art thou gone so? love! lord! ay,
husband, friend!

I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:

O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

Rom. Farewell! I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.

Jul. O! think'st thou, we shall ever meet
again? 50

Rom. I doubt it not; and all these woes
shall serve

For sweet discourses in our time to come.

Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks, I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.

Rom. And trust me, love, in my eye so do
you:

Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu!
[*Exit.*]

Jul. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee
fickle:

If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him 60
That is renown'd for faith? Be fickle,
fortune;

For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.

La. Cap. [Within.] Ho, daughter! are you
up?

Jul. Who is't that calls? is it my lady
mother?

Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustom'd cause procures her hither?

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. Why, how now, Juliet?

Jul. Madam, I am not well.

La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your
cousin's death?

What! wilt thou wash him from his grave
with tears?

And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make
him live: 70

Therefore, have done. Some grief shows much
of love;

But much of grief shows still some want of wit.

Jul. Yet let me weep for such a feeling loss.

La. Cap. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend

Which you weep for.

Jul. Feeling so the loss,

I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.

La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,

As that the villain lives which slaughter'd him.

Jul. What villain, madam?

La. Cap. That same villain, Romeo.

Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder.

God pardon him! I do, with all my heart: And yet no man like he doth grieve my heart.

La. Cap. That is, because the traitor murderer lives.

Jul. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.

'Would, none but I might venge my cousin's death!

La. Cap. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:

Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,—

Where that same banish'd runagate doth live,—

Shall give him such an unaccustom'd dram, That he shall soon keep Tybalt company: And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

Jul. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied With Romeo, till I behold him—dead— Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vex'd.— Madam, if you could find out but a man To bear a poison, I would temper it, That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof, Soon sleep in quiet.—O! how my heart abhors

To hear him nam'd,—and cannot come to him,—

To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt Upon his body that hath slaughter'd him!

La. Cap. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in such a needy time.

What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child;

One who, to put thee from thy heaviness, Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy,

That thou expect'st not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn,

The gallant, young, and noble gentleman, The County Paris, at Saint Peter's Church, Shall happily make thee there a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by Saint Peter's Church, and Peter too,

He shall not make me there a joyful bride. I wonder at this haste; that I must wed Ere he, that should be husband, comes to woo. I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,

It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate, Rather than Paris.—These are news indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,

And see how he will take it at your hands.

Enter CAPULET and Nurse.

Cap. When the sun sets, the earth doth lizze dew:

But for the sunset of my brother's son,

It rains downright.—

How now? a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?

Evermore showering? In one little body Thou counterfeit'st a bark, a sea, a wind: For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,

Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs:

Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,

Without a sudden calm, will overset Thy tempest-tossed body.—How now, wife? Have you deliver'd to her our decree?

La. Cap. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.

I would, the fool were married to her grave!

Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife.

How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks?

Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessing,

Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have:

Proud can I never be of what I hate;

But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.

Cap. How now! how now, chop-logic! What is this?

"Proud,"—and "I thank you,"—and "I thank you not;"—

And yet "not proud;"—mistress minion,
 you, 150
 Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no
 prouds,
 But fettle your fine joints 'gainst Thursday
 next,
 To go with Paris to Saint Peter's Church,
 Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
 Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you
 baggage!
 You tallow-face!

La. Cap. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?

Jul. Good father, I beseech you on my
 knees,

Hear me with patience but to speak a word.

Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! dis-
 obedient wretch!

I tell thee what,—get thee to church o'
 Thursday, 160

Or never after look me in the face.

Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
 My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us
 bless'd,

That God had lent us but this only child;
 But now I see this one is one too much,
 And that we have a curse in having her.
 Out on her, hilding!

Nurse. God in heaven bless her!—

You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.

Cap. And why, my lady wisdom? hold
 your tongue,
 'Good prudence: smatter with your gossips;
 go. 170

Nurse. I speak no treason.

Cap. O! God ye good den.

Nurse. May not one speak?

Cap. Peace, you mumbling fool!
 Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl,
 For here we need it not.

La. Cap. You are too hot.

Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad.

Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
 Alone, in company, still my care hath been
 To have her match'd; and having now pro-
 vided

A gentleman of noble parentage,
 Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly train'd,
 Stuff'd (as they say) with honourable parts, 181
 Proportion'd as one's thought would wish a
 man,—

And then to have a wretched puling fool,
 A whining mammet, in her fortune's tender,
 To answer—"I'll not wed,"—"I cannot
 love,"—

"I am too young,"—"I pray you, pardon
 me;"—

But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon
 you;

Graze where you will, you shall not house
 with me:

Look to 't, think on 't, I do not use to jest.
 Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, ad-
 vise. 190

{ An you be mine. I'll give you to my friend;
 An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die i' the
 streets,

For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
 Nor what is mine shall never do thee good.
 Trust to 't, bethink you, I'll not be forsworn.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
 That sees into the bottom of my grief?—

O, sweet my mother, cast me not away!
 Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
 Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed 200
 In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak
 a word.

Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee.

[*Exit.*]

Jul. O God!—O nurse! how shall this be
 prevented?

My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
 How shall that faith return again to earth,
 Unless that husband send it me from heaven
 By leaving earth?—comfort me, counsel me.—
 Alack, alack! that Heaven should practise
 stratagems

Upon so soft a subject as myself!— 210
 What say'st thou? hast thou not a word of
 joy?

Some comfort, nurse.

Nurse. Faith, here it is.

Romeo is banished; and all the world to
 nothing,
 That he dares ne'er come back to challenge
 you;

Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.

Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
 I think it best you married with the county.

O! he's a lovely gentleman;
 Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
 Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye,
 As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart, 220
 I think you are happy in this second match,
 For it excels your first: or if it did not,
 Your first is dead; or 't were as good he were,
 As living here and you no use of him.

Jul. Speakest thou from thy heart?

Nurse. And from my soul too; else beshrew
 them both.

Jul. Amen!

Nurse. What?

Jul. Well, thou hast comforted me mar-
 vellous much. 230

Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,

ACT IV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

SCENE I.

Having displeas'd my father, to Laurence' cell
To make confession, and to be absolv'd.

Nurse. Marry, I will; and this is wisely
done. *[Exit.]*

Jul. Ancient damnation! O most wicked
fiend!

Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue

Which she hath prais'd him with above com-
pare

So many thousand times?—Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be
twain.—

I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:

If all else fail, myself have power to die.

[Exit.]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS.

Fri. On Thursday, sir? the time is very
short.

Par. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow, to slack his haste.

Fri. You say, you do not know the lady's
mind:

Uneven is the course, I like it not.

Par. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's
death,

And therefore have I little talk'd of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriage,
To stop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.

Fri. *[Aside.]* I would I knew not why it
should be slow'd.

Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my
cell.

Enter JULIET.

Par. Happily met, my lady, and my wife!
Jul. That may be, sir, when I may be a
wife.

Par. That may be, must be, love, on
Thursday next.

Jul. What must be shall be.

Fri. That's a certain text.

Par. Come you to make confession to this
father?

Jul. To answer that, I should confess to
you.

Par. Do not deny to him, that you love
me.

Jul. I will confess to you, that I love him.

Par. So will ye, I am sure, that you love
me.

Jul. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your
face.

Par. Poor soul, thy face is much abus'd
with tears.

Jul. The tears have got small victory by
that;

For it was bad enough before their spite.

Par. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears,
with that report.

Jul. That is no slander, sir, which is a
truth;

And what I spake, I spake it to my face.

Par. Thy face is mine, and thou hast
slander'd it.

Jul. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now,
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?

Fri. My leisure serves me, pensive
daughter, now.—

My lord, we must entreat the time alone.

Par. God shield, I should disturb devo-
tion!—

Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse you:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.

[Exit.]

Jul. O! shut the door; and when thou
hast done so,

Come weep with me; past hope, past cure,
past help!

Fri. Ah, Juliet! I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may proro-
gue it.

On Thursday next be married to this county.

Jul. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of
this,

Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.

God join'd my heart and Romeo's, thou our
hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo seal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long experienc'd time,
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,

'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire ; arbitrating that
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honour bring.
Be not so long to speak ; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter ; I do spy a kind of
hope,

Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
Thou cop'st with death himself to 'scape from
it ;

And, if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O ! bid me leap, rather than marry
Paris,

From off the battlements of yonder tower ;
Or walk in thievish ways : or bid me lurk
Where serpents are ; chain me with roaring
bears ;

Or shut me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead men's rattling
bones,

With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless
skulls ;

Or bid me go into a new-made grave

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud ;
Things that, to hear them told, have made me
tremble ;

And I will do it without fear or doubt,

To live an unstain'd wife to my sweet love.

Fri. Hold, then : go home, be merry, give
consent

To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow ; so
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone,
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy
chamber :

Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distilled liquor drink thou off ;
When, presently, through all thy veins shall
run

A cold and drowsy humour ; for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease :
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou
livest ;

The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of
life ;

Each part, depriv'd of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like
death :

And in this borrow'd likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.

Now, when the bridegroom in the morning
comes

To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou
dead :

Then, as the manner of our country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier, 110
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient
vault,

Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift ;
And hither shall he come, and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present
shame,

If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it. 120

Jul. Give me, give me ! O ! tell not me
of fear.

Fri. Hold ; get you gone : be strong and
prosperous

In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love, give me strength ! and strength
shall help afford.

Farewell, dear father. [Exit.

SCENE II.—A Room in CAPULET'S HOUSE.

*Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, Nurse, and
Servants.*

Cap. So many guests invite as here are
writ.— [Exit Servant.

Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir ; for
I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canst thou try them so ?

2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that
cannot lick his own fingers : therefore, he
that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.— [Exit Servant.

We shall be much unfurnish'd for this time.—
What, is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence ?

Nurse. Ay, forsooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good
on her :

A peevish self-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter JULIET.

Nurse. See, where she comes from shrift
with merry look.

Cap. How now, my headstrong ? where
have you been gadding ?

Jul. Where I have learn'd me to repent
the sin

Of disobedient opposition

To you, and your behests ; and am enjoin'd
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here, ³⁰
To beg your pardon.—Pardon, I beseech
you :

Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the county : go tell him of
this ;

I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morn-
ing.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at Laurence's
cell ;

And gave him what becomed love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't ; this is well,—
stand up :

This is as't should be.—Let me see the
county :

Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God, this reverend holy friar, ³¹
All our whole city is much bound to him.

Jul. Nurse, will you go with me into my
closet,

To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow ?

La. Cap. No, not till Thursday : there is
time enough.

Cap. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to
church to-morrow.

[*Exeunt JULIET and Nurse.*]

La. Cap. We shall be short in our pro-
vision :

'Tis now near night.

Cap. Tush ! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee,
wife. ⁴⁰

Go thou to Juliet ; help to deck up her :
I'll not to bed to-night ;—let me alone ;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—What,
ho !—

They are all forth : well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous
light,

Since this same wayward girl is so reclaim'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—JULIET'S Chamber.

Enter JULIET and Nurse.

Jul. Ay, those attires are best :—but, gentle
nurse,

I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night ;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my
state,

Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of
sin.

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What, are you busy, ho ? need
you my help ?

Jul. No, madam ; we have cull'd such
necessaries

As are behoveful for our state to-morrow :
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you ;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all in
this so sudden business.

La. Cap. Good night :
Get thee to bed, and rest ; for thou hast need.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Jul. Farewell !—God knows when we shall
meet again.

I have a faint cold fear thrills through my
veins,

That almost freezes up the heat of life :
I'll call them back again to comfort me.—

Nurse !—What should she do here ?

My dismal scene I needs must act alone.

Come, vial.— ²⁰

What if this mixture do not work at all ?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning ?—

No, no ;—this shall forbid it :—lie thou there.

[*Laying down a dagger.*]

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath minister'd to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonour'd,
Because he married me before to Romeo ?

I fear, it is ; and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.—

How if, when I am laid into the tomb, ³⁰
I wake before the time that Romeo

Come to redeem me ? there's a fearful point !

Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,

To whose foul mouth no healthsome air
breathes in,

And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes ?

Or, if I live, is it not very like,

The horrible conceit of death and night,

Together with the terror of the place,—

As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,

Where, for this many hundred years, the
bones ⁴⁰

Of all my buried ancestors are pack'd ;

Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,

Lies fest'ring in his shroud ; where, as they
say,

At some hours in the night spirits resort :—

Alack, alack ! is it not like, that I,

So early waking,—what with loathsome smells,

And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the
earth,

That living mortals, hearing them, run mad ;—

O ! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environed with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his
shroud ?

And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's
bone,

As with a club, dash out my desperate brains ?
O, look ! methinks, I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay !—
Romeo, I come ! this do I drink to thee.

[*She throws herself on the bed.*]

Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith ! 't is
day :

The county will be here with music straight,
For so he said he would.—[*Music within.*] I
hear him near.—

Nurse !—Wife !—What, ho !—What, nurse,
I say !

Enter Nurse.

Go, waken Juliet ; go, and trim her up :
I'll go and chat with Paris.—Hie, make
haste,

Make haste ; the bridegroom he is come al-
ready :

Make haste, I say.

SCENE IV.—CAPULET'S Hall.

Enter Lady CAPULET and Nurse.

La. Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch
more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in
the pastry.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir ! the second cock
hath crow'd,
The curfew bell hath rung, 't is three o'clock :—
Look to the bak'd meats, good Angelica :
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quen, go ;
Get you to bed : 'faith, you'll be sick to-
morrow

For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit. What ! I have
watch'd ere now
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been
sick. 10

La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt
in your time ;

But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt Lady CAPULET and Nurse.*]

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood !—
Now, fellow,

What's there ?

Enter Servants, with spits, logs, and baskets.

1 *Serv.* Things for the cook, sir ; but I
know not what.

Cap. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit 1*

Serv.—Sirrah, fetch drier logs :
Call Peter, he will show thee where they are.

2 *Serv.* I have a head, sir, that will find
out logs,

And never trouble Peter for the matter

[*Exit.*]

Cap. 'Mass, and well said ; a merry whore-
son, ha !

SCENE V.—JULIET'S Chamber ; JULIET on the
bed.

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Mistress !—what, mistress !—Juliet !
—fast, I warrant her, sho :—

Why, lamb !—why, lady !—hie, you slug-a-
bed !—

Why, love, I say !—madam ! sweet-heart !—
why, bride !

What ! not a word ?—you take your penny-
worths now :

Sleep for a week ; for the next night, I
warrant,

The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive
me,

Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep !
I needs must wake her. Madam, madam,
madam !

Ay, let the county take you in your bed : 10
He'll fright you up, i' faith.—Will it not
be ?

What, dress'd ! and in your clothes ! and down
again

I must needs wake you. Lady ! lady !
lady !—

Alas ! alas !—Help ! help ! my lady's dead !—
O, well-a-day, that ever I was born !—

Some *aqua vitae*, ho !—my lord, my lady !

Enter Lady CAPULET.

La. Cap. What noise is here ?

Nurse. O lamentable day !

La. Cap. What is the matter ?

Nurse. Look, look ! O heavy day !

La. Cap. O me ! O me !—my child, my
only life,

Revive, look up, or I will die with thee !— 20

Help, help !—Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

Cap. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.

Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd, she's dead; alack the day.

La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.

Cap. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;

Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;

Life and these lips have long been separated:

Death lies on her, like an untimely frost

Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.

Nurse. O lamentable day!

La. Cap. O woful time!

Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,

Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter Friar LAURENCE and PARIS, with Musicians.

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?

Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.—O son! the night before thy wedding-day Hath Death lain with thy wife.—There she lies,

Flower as she was, deflowered by him.

Death is my son-in-law, Death is my heir;

My daughter he hath wedded. I will die,

And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's!

Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,

And doth it give me such a sight as this?

La. Cap. Accurs'd, happy, wretched, hateful day!

Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw

In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!

But one, poor one, one poor and loving child

But one thing to rejoice and solace in,

And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight!

Nurse. O woe! O woful, woful, woful day

Most lamentable day, most woful day,

That ever, ever, I did yet behold!

O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!

Never was seen so black a day as this:

O woful day, O woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited slain:

Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,

By cruel cruel thee quite overthrown!

O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!

Cap. Despis'd, distressed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!

Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now To murder, murder our solemnity?—

O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!—

Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;

And with my child my joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not

In these confusions. Heaven and yourself

Had part in this fair maid; now Heaven hath all,

And all the better is it for the maid:

Your part in her you could not keep from death,

But Heaven keeps his part in eternal life.

The most you sought was her promotion,

For 't was your heaven, she should be advanced.

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced

Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?

O! in this love, you love your child so ill,

That you run mad, seeing that she is well:

She's not well married that lives married long;

But she's best married that dies married young.

Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary

On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,

In all her best array bear her to church;

For though fond nature bids us all lament,

Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival, Turn from their office to black funeral:

Our instruments to melancholy bells;

Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;

Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;

Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse,

And all things change them to the contrary.

Fri. Sir, go you in;—and, madam, go with him;—

And go, Sir Paris:—every one prepare

To follow this fair corse unto her grave.

The heavens do lour upon you, for some ill;

Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, PARIS, and Friar.]

1 *Mus.* 'Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.

Nurse. Honest good fellows, ah! put up, put up;

For, well you know, this is a pitiful case.

[*Exit.*]

1 *Mus.* Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter PETER.

Peter. Musicians, O, musicians! "Heart's ease, Heart's ease:" O! an you will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 *Mus.* Why "Heart's ease?"

Peter. O, musicians, because my heart itself plays—"My heart is full of woe." O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 *Mus.* Not a dump we: 'tis no time to play now.

Peter. You will not then?

1 *Mus.* No.

Peter. I will then give it you soundly.

1 *Mus.* What will you give us?

Peter. No money, on my faith; but the gleek: I will give you the minstrel.

1 *Mus.* Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Peter. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate. I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me?

1 *Mus.* An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Mus.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Peter. Then have at you with my wit. I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger.—Answer me like men:

*When gripping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—*

Why "silver sound?" why "music with her silver sound?" What say you, Simon Catling?

1 *Mus.* Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Peter. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck?

2 *Mus.* I say—"silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Peter. Pretty too!—what say you, James Soundpost?

3 *Mus.* I *mean*, I know not what to say.

Peter. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer: I will say for you. It is—"music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding:—

*Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.*

[*Exit.*

1 *Mus.* What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 *Mus.* Hang him, Jack! Come, we'll in here; tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Mantua. A Street.

Enter ROMEO.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,

My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day, an unaccustom'd spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.

I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think!)

And breath'd such life with kisses in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an emperor.

Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my Lady Juliet? that I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well.

Bal. Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.

Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you.
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

Rom. Is it e'en so? then, I deny you, stars!

Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,

And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.

Bal. I do beseech you, sir, have patience:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.

Rom. Tush! thou art deceiv'd:
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?

Bal. No, my good lord.

Rom. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight.—

[*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.



DICKSEE, A. R. A., Del.

QUESNEL, Sculpt.

ROMEO AND THE APOTHECARY.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will. *

"ROMEO AND JULIET," Act V., Scene 1.

Let's see for means :—O mischief ! thou art swift

To enter in the thoughts of desperate men !

I do remember an apothecary,

And hereabouts 'a dwells, which late I noted

In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,

Culling of simples; meagre were his looks,

Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :

And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,

An alligator stuff'd, and other skins

Of ill-shap'd fishes ; and about his shelves

A beggarly account of empty boxes,

Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,

Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,

Were thinly scatter'd to make up a show.

Noting this penury, to myself I said—

An if a man did need a poison now,

Whose sale is present death in Mantua,

Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

O ! this same thought did but forerun my need,

And this same needy man must sell it me.

As I remember, this should be the house :

Being holiday, the beggar's shop is shut.—

What, ho ! apothecary !

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud ?

Rom. Come hither, man.—I see, that thou art poor ;

Hold, there is forty ducats : let me have

A dram of poison ; such soon-speeding gear

As will disperse itself through all the veins,

That the life-weary taker may fall dead ;

And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath

As violently, as hasty powder fir'd

Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have ; but Mantua's law

Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare, and full of wretchedness,

And fear'st to die ? famine is in thy cheeks,

Need and oppression starveth in thy eyes,

Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back ;

The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law :

The world affords no law to make thee rich ;

Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,

And drink it off ; and, if you had the strength Of twenty men, it would despatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold ; worse poison to men's souls,

Doing more murder in this loathsome world, Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell :

I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.

Farewell ; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.—

Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me

To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—Friar LAURENCE'S Cell.

Enter Friar JOHN.

John. Holy Franciscan friar ! brother ! ho !

Enter Friar LAURENCE.

Lau. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—

Welcome from Mantua : what says Romeo ?

Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a barefoot brother out,

One of our order, to associate me,

Here in this city visiting the sick,

And finding him, the searchers of the town,

Suspecting that we both were in a house

Where the infectious pestilence did reign,

Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth ;

So that my speed to Mantua there was stay'd.

Lau. Who bare my letter then to Romeo ?

John. I could not send it,—here it is again,—

Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,

So fearful were they of infection.

Lau. Unhappy fortune ! by my brotherhood,

The letter was not nice, but full of charge,

Of dear import ; and the neglecting it

May do much danger. Friar John, go hence ;

Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.

[Exit.]

Lau. Now must I to the monument alone ; Within this three hours will fair Juliet wake :

She will beshrew me much, that Romeo

Hath had no notice of these accidents ;

But I will write again to Mantua,

And keep her at my cell till Romeo come :

Poor living corse, clos'd in a dead man's tomb !

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—A Churchyard ; in it a Monument belonging to the CAPULETS.

Enter PARIS, and his Page, bearing flowers and a torch.

Par. Give me thy torch, boy : hence, and stand aloof ;—

Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.

Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thine ear close to the hollow ground :
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it : whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.

Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee ; go.

Page. I am almost afraid to stand alone¹⁰
Here in the churchyard ; yet I will adventure.

[Retires.]

Par. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal
bed I strew,

(O woe ! thy canopy is dust and stones !)

Which with sweet water nightly I will dew,
Or, wanting that, with tears distill'd by
moans :

The obsequies that I for thee will keep,
Nightly shall be, to strew thy grave and
weep !— *[The Boy whistles.]*

The boy gives warning something doth approach.

What cursed foot wanders this way to-night,
To cross my obsequies, and true love's rite ?²⁰
What ! with a torch ?—muffle me, night,
awhile. *[Retires.]*

Enter ROMEO and BALTHASAR, with a torch, mattock, &c.

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the
wrenching iron.

Hold, take this letter : early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.

Give me the light. Upon thy life I charge
thee,

Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.

Why I descend into this bed of death,

Is, partly, to behold my lady's face ;

But, chiefly, to take thence from her dead
finger³⁰

A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment. Therefore hence, be
gone :

But if thou, jealous, dost return to pry

In what I further shall intend to do,

By Heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,

And strew this hungry churchyard with thy
limbs.

The time and my intents are savage-wild,

More fierce, and more inexorable far,
Than empty tigers, or the roaring sea.

Bal. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble
you.⁴⁰

Rom. So shalt thou show ~~me~~ friendship.—
Take thou that :

Live, and be prosperous ; and farewell, good
fellow.

Bal. For all this same, I'll hide me here-
about :

His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.

[Retires.]

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of
death,

Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,

[Breaking open the door of the monument.]

And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more
food !

Par. This is that banish'd haughty Mon-
tagne,

That murder'd my love's cousin,—with which⁵⁰

It is supposed, the fair creature died,—

And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him.

[Advancing.]

Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague.

Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death ?

Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee :

Obey, and go with me ; for thou must die.

Rom. I must, indeed ; and therefore came
I hither.—

Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate
man ;

Fly hence, and leave me :—think upon these
gone ;⁶⁰

Let them affright thee. — I beseech thee,
youth,

Put not another sin upon my head,

By urging me to fury :—O, be gone !

By Heaven, I love thee better than myself,

For I come hither arm'd against myself :

Stay not, be gone ;—live, and hereafter say—

A madman's mercy bade thee run away.

Par. I do defy thy conjurations,

And apprehend thee for a felon here.⁷⁰

Rom. Wilt thou provoke me ? then, have
at thee, boy. *[They fight.]*

Page. O Lord ! they fight : I will go call
the watch. *[Exit.]*

Par. O ! I am slain. *[Falls.]*—If thou be
merciful,

Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. *[Dies.]*

Rom. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this
face :—

Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris !—

What said my man, when my betossed soul

Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
 He told me, Paris should have married Juliet :
 Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
 Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet, so
 To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
 One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
 I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave.—
 A grave? O, no! a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
 For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
 This vault a feasting presence full of light.
 Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.

[*Laying PARIS in the monument.*]

How oft, when men are at the point of death,
 Have they been merry! which their keepers
 call

A lightning before death: O! how may I so
 Call this a lightning? O my love! my wife!
 Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy
 breath

Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
 Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
 Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
 And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
 Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
 O! what more favour can I do to thee,
 Than with that hand that cut thy youth in
 twain

To sunder his that was thine enemy? 100
 Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
 Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
 That unsubstantial death is amorous;
 And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
 Thee here in dark to be his paramour?
 For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
 And never from this palace of dim night
 Depart again: here, here will I remain
 With worms that are thy chambermaids; O!
 here

Will I set up my everlasting rest, 110
 And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
 From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look
 your last!

Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,
 The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
 A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
 Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
 Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
 The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
 Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*]—O true
 apothecary! 119

Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I
 die. [*Dies.*]

Enter, at the other end of the Churchyard,
Friar LAURENCE, with a lantern, crow,
and spade.

Fri. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft
 to-night

Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's
 there?

Bal. Here's one, a friend, and one that
 knows you well.

Fri. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good
 my friend,

What torch is yond, that vainly lends his
 light

To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,
 It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Bal. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my
 master,

One that you love.

Fri. Who is it?

Bal. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Bal. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the vault.

Bal. I dare not, sir. 122

My master knows not but I am gone hence;
 And fearfully did menace me with death,
 If I did stay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone.—Fear comes
 upon me;

O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Bal. As I did sleep under this yew-tree
 here,

I dreamt my master and another fought,
 And that my master slew him.

Fri. Romeo!—[*Advancing.*]

Alack, alack! what blood is this, which
 stains 140

The stony entrance of this sepulchre?—

What mean these masterless and gory swords
 To lie discolour'd by this place of peace?

[*Enters the tomb.*]

Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! Paris
 too?

And steep'd in blood?—Ah! what an unkind
 hour

Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—

The lady stirs.

[*JULIET wakes.*]

Jul. O comfortable friar! where is my lord?
 I do remember well where I should be,

And there I am.—Where is my Romeo? 152

[*Noise within.*]

Fri. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from
 that nest

Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:

A greater Power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents: come, come
 away.

Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;

And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee

Among a sisterhood of holy nuns.

Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;

Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*] I dare
 no longer stay.

Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.—
[*Exit Friar LAURENCE.*]
What's here? a cup clos'd in my true love's hand?

Poison, I see, hath been his timeless end.
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly drop,
To help me after?—I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang on them,
To make me die with a restorative.

[*Kisses him.*]

Thy lips are warm!

1 *Watch.* [*Within.*] Lead, boy:—which way?

Jul. Yea, noise!—then I'll be brief.—O happy dagger!

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[*Snatching ROMEO's dagger.*]

This is thy sheath; [*stabs herself*] there rust,
and let me die. [*Dies.*]

Enter Watch, with the Page of PARIS.

Page. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.

1 *Watch.* The ground is bloody: search about the churchyard.

Go, some of you; who'er you find, attach.

[*Exeunt some.*]

Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain;
And Juliet bleeding; warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain this two days buried.—
Go, tell the prince,—run to the Capulets,—
Raise up the Montagues,—some others search:—

[*Exeunt other Watchmen.*]

We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes
We cannot without circumstance descry.

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Enter some of the Watch, with BALTHASAR.

2 *Watch.* Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar LAURENCE.

3 *Watch.* Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps:

We took this mattock and this spade from him,

As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 *Watch.* A great suspicion; stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE and Attendants.

Prince. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, Lady CAPULET, and others.

Cap. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the street cry—
Romeo,

Some—Juliet, and some—Paris; and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which startles in our ears?

1 *Watch.* Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;

And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 *Watch.* Here is a friar, and slaughter'd Romeo's man,

With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

Cap. O Heaven!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!

This dagger hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—

And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

La. Cap. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,

That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE and others.

Prince. Come, Montague; for thou art early up,

To see thy son and heir more early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to-night;

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Grief of my son's exile hath stopp'd her breath.
What further woe conspires against mine age?

Prince. Look, and thou shalt see.

Mon. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,

To press before thy father to a grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,

Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;

And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you even to death. Meantime forbear,

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And let mischance be slave to patience.—

Bring forth the parties of suspicion.

Fri. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge

Myself condemned and myself excus'd.

Prince. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my short date of breath

Is not so long as is a tedious tale.

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Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet ;

And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife :

I married them ; and their stolen marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death Banish'd the new-made bridegroom from this city ;

For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pin'd, You, to remove that siege of grief from her, Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce,

To County Paris :—then comes she to me, And, with wild looks, bid me devise some means 240

To rid her from this second marriage, Or in my cell there would she kill herself. Then gave I her (so tutor'd by my art) A sleeping potion ; which so took effect As I intended, for it wrought on her The form of death : meantime, I writ to Romeo,

That he should hither come as this dire night, To help to take her from her borrow'd grave, Being the time the potion's force should cease. But he which bore my letter, Friar John, 250 Was stay'd by accident, and yesternight Return'd my letter back. Then, all alone, At the prefixed hour of her waking, Came I to take her from her kindred's vault, Meaning to keep her closely at my cell, Till I conveniently could send to Romeo : But when I came (some minute ere the time Of her awakening), here untimely lay The noble Paris, and true Romeo, dead. 255 She wakes ; and I entreated her come forth, And bear this work of Heaven with patience : But then a noise did scare me from the tomb, And she, too desperate, would not go with me, But (as it seems) did violence on herself. All this I know, and to the marriage Her nurse is privy ; and, if aught in this Miscarried by my fault, let my old life Be sacrific'd, some hour before his time, Unto the rigour of severest law.

Prince. We still have known thee for a holy man.— 270

Where's Romeo's man ? what can he say to this ?

Bal. I brought my master news of Juliet's death ;

And then in post he came from Mantua, To this same place, to this same monument. This letter he early bid me give his father ; And threaten'd me with death, going in the vault,

If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.—

Where is the county's page, that rais'd the watch ?—

Sirrah, what made your master in this place ?

Page. He came with flowers to strew his lady's grave, 281

And bid me stand aloof, and so I did :

Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And, by-and-by, my master drew on him ;

And then I ran away to call the watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the friar's words,

Their course of love, the tidings of her death :

And here he writes, that he did buy a poison Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal

Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.— 290

Where be these enemies ? Capulet ! Montague !

See, what a scourge is laid upon your hate, That Heaven finds means to kill your joys with love ;

And I, for winking at your discords too, Have lost a brace of kinsmen :—all are punish'd.

Cap. O brother Montague ! give me thy hand :

This is my daughter's jointure ; for no more Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more :

For I will raise her statue in pure gold ;

That, while Verona by that name is known,

There shall no figure at such rate be set, 301

As that of true and faithful Juliet.

Cap. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie ; Poor sacrifices of our enmity !

Prince. A glooming peace this morning with it brings ;

The sun for sorrow will not show his head.

Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things ;

Some shall be pardon'd, and some punished :

For never was a story of more woe,

Than this of Juliet and her Romeo. 310

[*Exeunt.*]

SONNETS.

I.

From fairest creatures we desire increase,
That thereby beauty's rose might never die,
But as the ripper should by time decease,
His tender heir might bear his memory :
But thou, contracted to thine own bright eyes,
Feed'st thy light's flame with self-substantial
fuel,

Making a famine where abundance lies,
Thyself thy foe, to thy sweet self too cruel.
Thou that art now the world's fresh ornament,
And only herald to the gaudy spring,
Within thine own buduriest thy content,
And, tender churl, mak'st waste in niggarding.
Pity the world, or else this glutton be,
To eat the world's due, by the grave and
thee.

II.

When forty winters shall besiege thy brow,
And dig deep trenches in thy beauty's field,
Thy youth's proud livery, so gaz'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held :
Then being ask'd where all thy beauty lies,
Where all the treasure of thy lusty days,
To say, within thine own deep-sunken eyes,
Were an all-eating shame, and thriftless
praise.

How much more praise deserv'd thy beauty's
use,

If thou couldst answer,—“This fair child of
mine

Shall sum my count, and make my old ex-
cuse,”—

Proving his beauty by succession thine !

This were to be new-made, when thou art
old,

And see thy blood warm, when thou feel'st
it cold.

III.

Look in thy glass, and tell the face thou
viewest,

Now is the time that face should form
another ;

Whose fresh repair if now thou not renewest,
Thou dost beguile the world, unless some
mother.

For where is she so fair, whose unear'd womb
Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry ?
Or who is he so fond, will be the tomb
Of his self-love, to stop posterity ?
Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime :
So thou through windows of thine age shalt
see,

Despite of wrinkles, this thy golden time.

But if thou live, remember'd not to be,

Die single, and thine image dies with thee.

IV.

Unthrifty loveliness, why dost thou spend
Upon thyself thy beauty's legacy ?
Nature's bequest gives nothing, but doth
lend ;

And, being frank, she lends to those are free.
Then, beauteous niggard, why dost thou
abuse

The bounteous largess given thee to give ?

Profitless usurer, why dost thou use

So great a sum of sums, yet canst not live ?

For, having traffic with thyself alone,

Thou of thyself thy sweet self dost deceive.

Then how, when nature calls thee to be gone,

What acceptable audit canst thou leave ?

Thy unus'd beauty must be tomb'd with
thee,

Which, used, lives th' executor to be.

V.

Those hours, that with gentle work did frame

The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,

Will play the tyrants to the very same,

And that unfair which fairly doth excel :

For never-resting time leads summer on

To hideous winter, and confounds him there ;

Sap check'd with frost, and lusty leaves quite
gone,

Beauty o'ersnow'd, and bareness everywhere :

Then, were not summer's distillation left,

A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,

Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,

Nor it, nor no remembrance what it was :

But flowers distill'd, though they with
winter meet,

Leese but their show ; their substance still
lives sweet.

SONNETS.

VI.

Then let not winter's ragged hand deface
 In thee thy summer, ere thou be distill'd :
 Make sweet some vial ; treasure thou some
 place
 With beauty's treasure, ere it be self-kill'd.
 That use is not forbidden usury,
 Which happies those that pay the willing
 loan ;
 That 's for thyself to breed another thee,
 Or ten times happier, be it ten for one :
 Ten times thyself were happier than thou
 art,
 If ten of thine ten times refigur'd thee.
 Then what could death do if thou shouldst
 depart,
 Leaving thee living in posterity ?
 Be not self-will'd, for thou art much too
 fair
 To be Death's conquest, and make worms
 thine heir.

VII.

Lo ! in the orient when the gracious light
 Lifts up his burning head, each under eye
 Doth homage to his new-appearing sight,
 Serving with looks his sacred majesty ;
 And having climb'd the steep-up heavenly
 hill,
 Resembling strong youth in his middle age,
 Yet mortal looks adore his beauty still,
 Attending on his golden pilgrimage :
 But when from high-most pitch with weary
 car,
 Like feeble age, he reeleth from the day,
 The eyes, 'fore duteous, now converted are
 From his low tract, and look another way.
 So thou, thyself outgoing in thy noon,
 Unlook'd on diest, unless thou get a son.

VIII.

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
 Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in
 joy.
 Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st
 not gladly,
 Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ?
 If the true concord of well-tuned sounds,
 By unions married, do offend thine ear,
 They do but sweetly chide thee, who con-
 founds
 In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
 Mark, how one string, sweet husband to
 another,
 Strikes each in each, by mutual ordering ;
 Resembling sire and child and happy mother,
 Who, all in one, one' pleasing note do
 sing :

Whose speechless song, being many, seem-
 ing one,
 Sings this to thee,—“Thou single wilt
 prove none.”

IX.

Is it for fear to wet a widow's eye,
 That thou consum'st thyself in single life ?
 Ah ! if thou issueless shalt hap to die,
 The world will wail thee, like a makeless wife ;
 The world will be thy widow, and still weep,
 That thou no form of thee hast left behind,
 When every private widow well may keep,
 By children's eyes, her husband's shape in
 mind.
 Look, what an unthrift in the world doth
 spend,
 Shifts but his place, for still the world enjoys
 it ;
 But beauty's waste hath in the world an end,
 And, kept unus'd, the user so destroys it.
 No love towards others in that bosom sits,
 That on himself such murderous shame
 commits.

X.

For shame ! deny that thou bear'st love to
 any,
 Who for thyself art so unprovident.
 Grant, if thou wilt, thou art belov'd of many,
 But that thou none lov'st is most evident ;
 For thou art so possess'd with murderous hate,
 That 'gainst thyself thou stick'st not to con-
 spire,
 Seeking that beauteous roof to ruinate,
 Which to repair should be thy chief desire.
 O, change thy thought, that I may change my
 mind !
 Shall hate be fairer lodg'd than gentle love ?
 Be, as thy presence is, gracious and kind,
 Or to thyself, at least, kind-hearted prove :
 Make thee another self, for love of me,
 That beauty still may live in thine or thee.

XI.

As fast as thou shalt wane, so fast thou
 grow'st
 In one of thine, from that which thou de-
 partest ;
 And that fresh blood which youngly thou
 bestow'st,
 Thou may'st call thine, when thou from youth
 convertest.
 Herein lives wisdom, beauty, and increase ;
 Without this, folly, age, and cold decay :
 If all were minded so, the times should cease,
 And threescore year would make the world
 away.

SONNETS.

Let those whom Nature hath not made for
store,
Harsh, featureless, and rude, barrenly perish:
Look, whom she best endow'd, she gave thee
more;
Which bounteous gift thou shouldst in bounty
cherish.
She carv'd thee for her seal, and meant
thereby,
Thou shouldst print more, not let that copy
die.

XII.

When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous
night;
When I behold the violet past prime,
And sable curls all silver'd o'er with white;
When lofty trees I see barren of leaves,
Which erst from heat did canopy the herd,
And summer's green all girded up in sheaves,
Borne on the bier with white and bristly
beard;
Then of thy beauty do I question make,
That thou among the wastes of time must go.
Since sweets and beauties do themselves for-
sake,
And die as fast as they see others grow;
And nothing 'gainst Time's scythe can make
defence,
Save breed, to brave him, when he takes
thee hence.

XIII.

O, that you were yourself! but, love, you are
No longer yours, than you yourself here
live:
Against this coming end you should prepare,
And your sweet semblance to some other
give:
So should that beauty which you hold in lease
Find no determination; then you were
Yourself again, after yourself's decease,
When your sweet issue your sweet form
should bear.
Who lets so fair a house fall to decay,
Which husbandry in honour might uphold
Against the stormy gusts of winter's day,
And barren rage of death's eternal cold?
O! none but unthriffs. Dear my love, you
know,
You had a father: let your son say so.

XIV.

Not from the stars do I my judgment pluck,
And yet, methinks, I have astronomy,
But not to tell of good or evil luck,
Of plagues, of dearths, or seasons' quality;

Nor can I fortune to brief minutes tell,
Pointing to each his thunder, rain, and
wind;
Or say with princes if it shall go well,
By oft predict that I in heaven find:
But from thine eyes my knowledge I derive,
And, constant stars, in them I read such art,
As truth and beauty shall together thrive,
If from thyself to store thou wouldst convert;
Or else of thee this I prognosticate,
Thy end is truth's and beauty's doom and
date.

XV.

When I consider every thing that grows
Holds in perfection but a little moment;
That this huge stage presenteth nought but
shows,
Whereon the stars in secret influence com-
ment;
When I perceive that men as plants increase,
Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,
Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height de-
crease,
And wear their brave state out of memory;
Then the conceit of this inconstant stay
Sets you most rich in youth before my sight,
Where wasteful Time debateth with Decay,
To change your day of youth to sullied night;
And, all in war with Time, for love of you,
As he takes from you, I engraft you new.

XVI.

But wherefore do not you a mightier way
Make war upon this bloody tyrant, Time,
And fortify yourself in your decay
With means more blessed than my barren
rhyme?
Now stand you on the top of happy hours,
And many maiden gardens, yet unset,
With virtuous wish would bear your living
flowers,
Much liker than your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repair,
Which this, Time's pencil, or my pupil pen,
Neither in inward worth, nor outward fair,
Can make you live yourself in eyes of men.
To give away yourself keeps yourself still,
And you must live, drawn by your own
sweet skill.

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts?
Though yet, Heaven knows, it is but as a
tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half
your parts.

SONNETS.

If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your
graces,
The age to come would say, "This poet lies ;
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly
faces."
So should my papers, yellow'd with their
age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than
tongue,
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song :
But were some child of yours alive that
time,
You should live twice,—in it, and in my
rhyme.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of
May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd ;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, un-
trimm'd ;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his
shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest.
So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

XIX.

Devouring Time, blunt thou the lion's paws,
And make the earth devour her own sweet
brood ;
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's
jaws,
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood ;
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleets,
And do whate'er thou wilt, swift-footed
Time,
To the wide world, and all her fading sweets ;
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime :
O ! carve not with thy hours my love's fair
brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique
pen ;
Him in thy course untainted do allow,
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet, do thy worst, old Time : despite thy
wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

XX.

A woman's face, with Nature's own hand
painted,
Hast thou, the master-mistress of my passion ;
A woman's gentle heart, but not acquainted
With shifting change, as is false women's
fashion ;
An eye more bright than theirs, less false in
rolling,
Gilding the object whereupon it gazeth ;
A man in hue, all hues in his controlling,
Which steals men's eyes, and women's souls
amazeth ;
And for a woman wert thou first created ;
Till Nature, as she wrought thee, fell a-doting,
And by addition me of thee defeated,
By adding one thing to my purpose nothing.
But since she prick'd thee out for women's
pleasure,
Mine be thy love, and thy love's use their
treasure.

XXI.

So is it not with me, as with that Muse,
Stirr'd by a painted beauty to his verse,
Who heaven itself for ornament doth use,
And every fair with his fair doth rehearse ;
Making a complement of proud compare,
With sun, and moon, with earth and sea's rich
gems,
With April's first-born flowers, and all things
rare
That heaven's air in this huge rondure hems.
O ! let me, true in love, but truly write,
And then believe me, my love is as fair
As any mother's child, though not so bright
As those gold candles fix'd in heaven's air :
Let them say more that like of hearsay
well ;
I will not praise, that purpose not to sell.

XXII.

My glass shall not persuade me I am old,
So long as youth and thou are of one date ;
But when in thee time's furrows I behold,
Then look I death my days should expiate.
For all that beauty that doth cover thee
Is but the seemly raiment of my heart,
Which in thy breast doth live, as thine in me :
How can I then be elder than thou art ?
O ! therefore, love, be of thyself so wary,
As I, not for myself, but for thee will,
Bearing thy heart, which I will keep so chary
As tender nurse her babe from faring ill.
Presume not on thy heart, when mine is
slain ;
Thou gav'st me thine, not to give back
again.

SONNETS.

XXIII.

As an unperfect actor on the stage,
 Who with his fear is put besides his part,
 Or some fierce thing replete with too much
 rage,
 Whose strength's abundance weakens his
 own heart;
 So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
 The perfect ceremony of love's rite,
 And in mine own love's strength seem to
 decay,
 O'ercharg'd with burden of mine own love's
 might.
 O! let my books be then the eloquence
 And dumb presagers of my speaking breast,
 Who plead for love, and look for recompense,
 More than that tongue that more hath more
 express'd.
 O! learn to read what silent love hath
 writ:
 To hear with eyes belongs to love's fine
 wit.

XXIV.

Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath
 stell'd
 Thy beauty's form in table of my heart:
 My body is the frame wherein 't is held,
 And perspective it is best painter's art;
 For through the painter must you see his
 skill,
 To find where your true image pictur'd lies,
 Which in my bosom's shop is hanging still,
 That hath his windows glazed with thine
 eyes.
 Now see what good turns eyes for eyes have
 done:
 Mine eyes have drawn thy shape, and thine
 for me
 Are windows to my breast, where-through
 the sun
 Delights to peep, to gaze therein on thee;
 Yet eyes this cunning want to grace their
 art,
 They draw but what they see, know not
 the heart.

XXV.

Let those who are in favour with their stars
 Of public honour and proud titles boast,
 Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph
 bars,
 Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.
 Great princes' favourites their fair leaves
 spread
 But as the marigold at the sun's eyes;
 And in themselves their pride lies buried,
 For at a frown they in their glory die.

The painful warrior, famoused for fight,
 After a thousand victories once foil'd,
 Is from the book of honour razed quite,
 And all the rest forgot for which he toil'd:
 Then happy I, that love and am belov'd,
 Where I may not remove, nor be remov'd.

XXVI.

Lord of my love, to whom in vassalage
 Thy merit hath my duty strongly knit,
 To thee I send this written embassy,
 To witness duty, not to show my wit:
 Duty so great, which wit so poor as mine
 May make seem bare, in wanting words to
 show it,
 But that I hope some good conceit of thine
 In thy soul's thought, all naked, will bestow
 it;
 Till whatsoever star that guides my moving
 Points on me graciously with fair aspect,
 And puts apparel on my tatter'd loving,
 To show me worthy of thy sweet respect:
 Then may I dare to boast how I do love
 thee;
 Till then, not show my head where thou
 may'st prove me.

XXVII.

Weary with toil I haste me to my bed,
 The dear repose for limbs with travel tired;
 But then begins a journey in my head,
 To work my mind, when body's work's
 expired:
 For then my thoughts (from far where I
 abide)
 Intend a zealous pilgrimage to thee,
 And keep my drooping eyelids open wide,
 Looking on darkness which the blind do
 see:
 Save that my soul's imaginary sight
 Presents thy shadow to my sightless view,
 Which, like a jewel hung in ghastly night,
 Makes black night beautiful, and her old
 face new.
 Lo! thus by day my limbs, by night my
 mind,
 For thee, and for myself, no quiet find.

XXVIII.

How can I then return in happy plight,
 That am debar'd the benefit of rest?
 When day's oppression is not eas'd by night,
 But day by night, and night by day, oppress'd?
 And each, though enemies to either's reign,
 Do in consent shake hands to torture me;
 The one by toil, the other to complain
 How far I toil, still farther off from thee.

SONNETS.

I tell the day, to please him thou art bright,
And dost him grace when clouds do blot the
heaven :

So flatter I the swart-complexion'd night,
When sparkling stars twire not, thou gild'st
the even.

But day doth daily draw my sorrows longer,
And night doth nightly make grief's strength
seem stronger.

XXIX.

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweepe my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless
cries,

And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends
possess'd,

Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least ;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee, and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's
gate :

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth
brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with
kings.

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's
waste :

Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless
night,

And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd
woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd
sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay, as if not paid before :

But if the while I think on thee, dear
friend,

All losses are restor'd, and sorrows end.

XXXI.

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns love, and all love's loving
parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.

How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye,
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd, that hidden in thee lie !
Thou art the grave where buried love doth
live,

Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give ;
That due of many now is thine alone :
Their images I lov'd I view in thee,
And thou (all they) hast all the all of me.

XXXII.

If thou survive my well-contented day,
When that churl Death my bones with dust
shall cover,

And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover,
Compare them with the bettering of the
time,

And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their
rhyme,

Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O ! then vouchsafe me but this loving thought :
" Had my friend's Muse grown with this
growing age,

A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage :

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his
love."

XXXIII.

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign
eye,

Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,

And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow ;
But out, alack ! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me
now.

Yet him for this my love no whit
daineth ;

Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's
sun staineth.

XXXIV.

Why didst thou promise such a beauteous day,
And make me travel forth without my cloak,
To let base clouds o'ertake me in my way,
Hiding thy bravery in their rotten smoke ?

SONNETS.

'Tis not enough that through the cloud thou
break,

To dry the rain on my storm-beaten face,
For no man well of such a salve can speak,
That heals the wound, and cures not the
disgrace :

Nor can thy shame give physic to my grief ;
Though thou repent, yet I have still the loss ;
The offender's sorrow lends but weak relief
To him that bears the strong offence's cross.

Ah ! but those tears are pearl, which thy
love sheels,
And they are rich and ransom all ill deeds.

XXXV.

No more be griev'd at that which thou hast
done ;

Roses have thorns, and silver fountains mud ;
Clouds and eclipses stain both moon and sun,
And loathsome canker lives in sweetest bud.
All men make faults, and even I in this,
Authorising thy trespass with compare ;
Myself corrupting, salving thy amiss,
Excusing thy sins more than thy sins are :
For to thy sensual fault I bring in sense,—
Thy adverse party is thy advocate,—
And 'gainst myself a lawful plea commence.
Such civil war is in my love and hate,

That I an accessory needs must be
To that sweet thief which sourly robs from
me.

XXXVI.

Let me confess that we two must be twain,
Although our undivided loves are one :
So shall these blots that do with me remain,
Without thy help by me be borne alone.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a separable spite,
Which though it alter not love's sole effect,
Yet doth it steal sweet hours from love's
delight.

I may not evermore acknowledge thee,
Lest my bewailed guilt should do thee shame :
Nor thou with public kindness honour me,
Unless thou take that honour from thy name :
But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
As, thou being mine, mine is thy good
report.

XXXVII.

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth ;
For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store :

So then I am not lame, poor, nor despis'd,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance
give,

That I in thy abundance am suffic'd,
And by a part of all thy glory live.

Look, what is best, that best I wish in thee :
This wish I have ; then ten times happy
me

XXXVIII.

How can my Muse want subject to invent,
While thou dost breathe, that pour'st into
my verse

Thine own sweet argument, too excellent
For every vulgar paper to rehearse ?
O ! give thyself the thanks, if aught in me
Worthy perusal stand against thy sight ;
For who's so dumb that cannot write to thee,
When thou thyself dost give invention light ?
Be thou the tenth Muse, ten times more in
worth

Than those old nine which rhymers invoke ;
And he that calls on thee, let him bring forth
Eternal numbers to outlive long date.

If my slight Muse do please these curious
days,

The pain be mine, but thine shall be the
praise.

XXXIX.

O ! how thy worth with manners may I sing,
When thou art all the better part of me ?
What can mine own praise to mine own self
bring ?

And what is't but mine own, when I praise
thee ?

Even for this let us divided live,
And our dear love lose name of single one,
That by this separation I may give
That due to thee which thou deserv'st alone.
O absence, what a torment wouldst thou prove,
Were it not thy sour leisure gave sweet leave
To entertain the time with thoughts of love,
Which time and thoughts so sweetly doth
deceive,

And that thou teachest how to make one
twain,

By praising him here, who doth hence re-
main !

XL.

Take all my loves, my love, yea, take them all :
What hast thou then more than thou hadst
before ?

No love, my love, that thou may'st true love
call :

All mine was thine before thou hadst this
more.

SONNETS.

Then, if for my love thou my love receivest,
I cannot blame thee for my love thou usest ;
But yet be blam'd, if thou thyself deceivest
By wilful taste of what thyself refusest.
I do forgive thy robbery, gentle thief,
Although thou steal thee all my poverty ;
And yet love knows, it is a greater grief
To bear love's wrong, than hate's known in-
jury.

Lascivious grace, in whom all ill well shows,
Kill me with spites ; yet we must not be
foes.

XXI.

Those petty wrongs that liberty commits,
When I am sometime absent from thy
heart,

Thy beauty and thy years full well befits,
For still temptation follows where thou art.
Gentle thou art, and therefore to be won,
Beauteous thou art, therefore to be assail'd ;
And when a woman woos, what woman's son
Will sourly leave her till she have prevail'd ?
Ah me ! but yet thou might'st my seat forbear,
And chide thy beauty and thy straying youth,
Who lead thee in their riot even there
Where thou art forc'd to break a two-fold
truth ;

Hers, by thy beauty tempting her to thee,
Thine, by thy beauty being false to me.

XLII.

That thou hast her, it is not all my grief,
And yet it may be said, I lov'd her dearly,
That she hath thee, is of my wailing chief,
A loss in love that touches me more nearly.
Loving offenders, thus I will excuse ye :—
Thou dost love her, because thou know'st I
love her ;

And for my sake even so doth she abuse me,
Suffering my friend for my sake to approve
her.

If I lose thee, my loss is my love's gain,
And losing her, my friend hath found that loss ;
Both find each other, and I lose both twain,
And both for my sake lay on me this cross :

But here's the joy ; my friend and I are
one ;

Sweet flattery ! then she loves but me alone.

XLIII.

When most I wink, then do mine eyes best
see,

For all the day they view things unrespected ;
But when I sleep, in dreams they look on
thee,

And darkly bright are bright in dark directed.

Then thou, whose shadow shadows doth make
bright,
How would thy shadow's form form happy
show

To the clear day with thy much clearer light,
When to unseeing eyes thy shade shines so ?
How would, I say, mine eyes be blessed made
By looking on thee in the living day,
When in dead night thy fair imperfect shade
Through heavy sleep on sightless eyes doth
stay ?

All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
And nights bright days, when dreams do
show thee me.

XLIV.

If the dull substance of my flesh were thought,
Injurious distance should not stop my way ;
For then, despite of space, I would be brought,
From limits far remote, where thou dost stay.
No matter then, although my foot did stand
Upon the farthest earth remov'd from thee :
For nimble thought can jump both sea and
land,

As soon as think the place where he would be.
But, ah ! thought kills me, that I am not
thought,

To leap large lengths of miles when thou art
gone,

But that, so much of earth and water wrought,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan ;
Receiving nought by elements so slow
But heavy tears' badges of either's woe.

XLV.

The other two, slight air and purging fire,
Are both with thee, wherever I abide ;
The first my thought, the other my desire,
These present-absent with swift motion slide :
For when these quicker elements are gone
In tender embassy of love to thee,
My life, being made of four, with two alone
Sinks down to death, oppress'd with melan-
choly ;

Until life's composition be recur'd
By those swift messengers return'd from thee,
Who even but now come back again, assur'd
Of thy fair health, recounting it to me :

This told, I joy ; but then, no longer glad,
I send them back again, and straight grow
sad.

XLVI.

Mine eye and heart are at a mortal war,
How to divide the conquest of thy sight ;
Mine eye my heart thy picture's sight would
bar,

My heart mine eye the freedom of that right.

SONNETS.

My heart doth plead that thou in him dost lie,
 (A closet never pierc'd with crystal eyes,)
 But the defendant doth that plea deny,
 And says in him thy fair appearance lies.
 To 'cide this title is impannelled
 A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart ;
 And by their verdict is determined
 The clear eye's moiety, and the dear heart's
 part :
 As thus ; mine eye's due is thine outward
 part,
 And my heart's right thine inward love of
 heart.

XLVII.

Betwixt mine eye and heart a league is took,
 And each doth good turn now unto the other.
 When that mine eye is famish'd for a look,
 Or heart in love with sighs himself doth
 smother,
 With my love's picture then my eye doth feast,
 And to the painted banquet bids my heart :
 Another time mine eye is my heart's guest,
 And in his thoughts of love doth share a part :
 So, either by thy picture or my love,
 Thyself away art present still with me ;
 For thou not farther than my thoughts canst
 move,
 And I am still with them, and they with thee ;
 Or, if they sleep, thy picture in my sight
 Awakes my heart to heart's and eye's de-
 light.

XLVIII.

How careful was I, when I took my way,
 Each trifle under truest bars to thrust ;
 That to my use it might unused stay
 From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of
 trust !
 But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
 Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
 Thou, best of dearest, and mine only care,
 Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
 Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
 Save where thou art not, though I feel thou
 art,
 Within the gentle closure of my breast,
 From whence at pleasure thou may'st come
 and part ;
 And even thence thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
 For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.

XLIX.

Against that time, if ever that time come,
 When I shall see thee frown on my defects,
 Whenas thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
 Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects ;

Against that time, when thou shalt strangely
 And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine
 eye ;
 When love, converted from the thing it was,
 Shall reasons find of settled gravity ;
 Against that time do I ensconce me here
 Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
 And this my hand against myself uprear,
 To guard the lawful reasons on thy part :
 To leave poor me thou hast the strength of
 laws,
 Since why to love I can allege no cause.

L.

How heavy do I journey on the way,
 When what I seek (my weary travel's end)
 Doth teach that ease and that repose to say,
 "Thus far the miles are measur'd from thy
 friend !"
 The beast that bears me, tired with my woe,
 Plods dully on, to bear that weight in me,
 As if by some instinct the wretch did know,
 His rider lov'd not speed, being made from
 thee.
 The bloody spur cannot provoke him on
 That sometimes anger thrusts into his hide,
 Which heavily he answers with a groan,
 More sharp to me than spurring to his side ;
 For that same groan doth put this in my
 mind,
 My grief lies onward, and my joy behind.

LI.

Thus can my love excuse the slow offence
 Of my dull bearer, when from thee I speed :
 From where thou art why should I haste me
 thence ?
 Till I return, of posting is no need.
 O ! what excuse will my poor beast then find,
 When swift extremity can seem but slow ?
 Then should I spur, though mounted on the
 wind ;
 In winged speed no motion shall I know :
 Then can no horse with my desire keep pace ;
 Therefore desire (of perfect love being made)
 Shall neigh (no dull flesh) in his fiery race ;
 But love, for love, thus shall excuse my jade ;
 Since from thee going he went wilful-slow,
 Towards thee I'll run, and give him leave
 to go.

LII.

So am I as the rich, whose blessed key
 Can bring him to his sweet up-locked treasure,
 The which he will not every hour survey,
 For blunting the fine point of seldom pleasure.

SONNETS.

Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
 Since seldom coming, in the long year set
 Like stones of worth, they thinly placed are,
 Or captain jewels in the carcanet.
 So is the time that keeps you as my chest,
 Or as the wardrobe which the robe doth hide,
 To make some special instant special-blest,
 By new unfolding his imprison'd pride.

Blessed are you, whose worthiness gives
 scope,
 Being had, to triumph, being lack'd, to hope.

LIII.

What is your substance, whereof are you made,
 That millions of strange shadows on you
 tend?

Since every one hath, every one, one shade,
 And you, but one, can every shadow lend.
 Describe Adonis, and the counterfeit
 Is poorly imitated after you;
 On Helen's cheek all art of beauty set,
 And you in Grecian tires are painted new:
 Speak of the spring, and foison of the year,
 The one doth shadow of your beauty show,
 The other as your bounty doth appear;
 And you in every blessed shape we know.

In all external grace you have some part,
 But you like none, none you, for constant
 heart.

LIV.

O, how much more doth beauty beauteous
 seem

By that sweet ornament which truth doth
 give!

The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye
 As the perfumed tincture of the roses;
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds
 discloses:

But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade;
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours
 made;

And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by verse distils your
 truth.

LV.

Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
 Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
 But you shall shine more bright in these con-
 tents
 Than unswept stone, besmear'd with sluttish
 time.

When wasteful war shall statues overturn,
 And broils root out the work of masonry,
 Nor Mars his sword, nor war's quick fire shall
 burn

The living record of your memory.
 'Gainst death and all-oblivious enmity
 Shall you pace forth: your praise shall still
 find room

Even in the eyes of all posterity,
 That wear this world out to the ending doom.
 So, till the judgment that yourself arise,
 You live in this, and dwell in lovers' eyes.

LVI.

Sweet love, renew thy force: be it not said,
 Thy edge should blunter be than appetite,
 Which but to-day by feeding is allay'd,
 To-morrow sharpen'd in his former might:
 So, love, be thou; although to-day thou fill
 Thy hungry eyes, even till they wink with
 fulness,

To-morrow see again, and do not kill
 The spirit of love with a perpetual dulness.
 Let this sad interim like the ocean be
 Which parts the shore, where two contracted-
 new

Come daily to the banks, that, when they see
 Return of love, more blest may be the view;
 Or call it winter, which, being full of care,
 Makes summer's welcome thrice more
 wish'd, more rare.

LVII.

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
 Upon the hours and times of your desire?
 I have no precious time at all to spend,
 Nor services to do, till you require.

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour,
 Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for
 you,

Nor think the bitterness of absence sour,
 When you have bid your servant once
 adieu;

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought,
 Where you may be, or your affairs suppose;
 But, like a sad slave, stay and think of nought,
 Save, where you are how happy you make
 those.

So true a fool is love, that in your will
 (Though you do anything) he thinks no ill.

LVIII.

That God forbid, that made me first your slave,
 I should in thought control your times of
 pleasure,

Or at your hand the account of hours to crave,
 Being your vassal, bound to stay your leisure!

SONNETS.

O! let me suffer (being at your beck)
The imprison'd absence of your liberty;
And patience, tame to sufferance, bide each
check,

Without accusing you of injury.
Be where you list; your charter is so strong,
That you yourself may privilege your time
To what you will; to you it doth belong
Yourself to pardon of self-doing crime.

I am to wait, though waiting so be hell,
Not blame your pleasure, be it ill or well.

LIX.

If there be nothing new, but that which is
Hath been before, how are our brains beguil'd,
Which, labouring for invention, bear amiss
The second burden of a former child?

O! that record could with a backward look,
Even of five hundred courses of the sun,
Show me your image in some antique book,
Since mind at first in character was done;
That I might see what the old world could
say

To this composed wonder of your frame;
Whether we are mended, or wher better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

O! sure I am, the wits of former days
To subjects worse have given admiring
praise.

LX.

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled
shore,

So do our minutes hasten to their end;
Each changing place with that which goes
before,

In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time, that gave, doth now his gift
confound.

'Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to
mow:

And yet to times in hope my verse shall
stand,

Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

LXI.

Is it thy will thy image should keep open
My heavy eyelids to the weary night?
Dost thou desire my slumbers should be
broken,
While shadows, like to thee, do mock my
sight?

Is it thy spirit that thou send'st from thee
So far from home, into my deeds to pry;
To find out shames and idle hours in me,
The scope and tenor of thy jealousy?
O no! thy love, though much, is not so great:
It is my love that keeps mine eye awake;
Mine own true love that doth my rest defeat,
To play the watchman ever for thy sake:

For thee watch I, whilst thou dost wake
elsewhere,

From me far off, with others all-too-near.

LXII.

Sin of self-love possesseth all mine eye,
And all my soul, and all my every part;
And for this sin there is no remedy,
It is so ground'd inward in my heart.
Methinks no face so gracious is as mine,
No shape so true, no truth of such account;
And for myself mine own worth do define,
As I all other in all worths surmount.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity,
Mine own self-love quite contrary I read;
Self so self-loving were iniquity.

'Tis thee (myself) that for myself I praise,
Painting my age with beauty of thy days.

LXIII.

Against my love shall be, as I am now,
With Time's injurious hand crush'd and o'er-
worn,

When hours have drain'd his blood, and fill'd
his brow

With lines and wrinkles; when his youthful
morn

Hath travell'd on to age's steepy night;
And all those beauties, whereof now he's
king,

Are vanishing, or vanish'd out of sight,
Stealing away the treasure of his spring;
For such a time do I now fortify
Against confounding age's cruel knife,
That he shall never cut from memory
My sweet love's beauty, though my lover's
life:

His beauty shall in these black lines be
seen,

And they shall live, and he in them still
green.

LXIV.

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defac'd
The rich-proud cost of outworn buried age;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-
raz'd,
And brass eternal, slave to mortal rage

SONNETS.

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
 Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
 And the firm soil win of the watery main,
 Increasing store with loss, and loss with store:
 When I have seen such interchange of state,
 Or state itself confounded to decay,
 Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminare,—
 That Time will come and take my love away.
 This thought is as a death, which cannot
 choose

But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

LXV.

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor bound-
 less sea,
 But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
 How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
 Whose action is no stronger than a flower?
 O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out
 Against the wrackful siege of battering days,
 When rocks impregnable are not so stout,
 Nor gates of steel so strong, but Time decays?
 O fearful meditation! where, alack,
 Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie
 hid?
 Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot
 back?
 Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?
 O, none, unless this miracle have might,
 That in black ink my love may still shine
 bright.

LXVI.

Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry;—
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,
 And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,
 And gilded honour shamefully misplac'd,
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
 And right perfection wrongfully disgrac'd,
 And strength by limping sway disabled,
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,
 And folly (doctor-like) controlling skill,
 And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
 And captive good attending captain ill:
 Tir'd with all these, from these would I be
 gone,
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

LXVII.

Ah! wherefore with infection should he live,
 And with his presence grace impiety,
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And lace itself with his society?
 Why should false painting imitate his cheek,
 And steal dead seeing of his living hue?
 Why should poor beauty indirectly seek
 Roses of shadow, since his rose is true?

Why should he live, now Nature bankrupt is,
 Beggar'd of blood to blush through lively
 veins?

For she hath no exchequer now but his,
 And, proud of many, lives upon his gains.
 O! him she stores, to show what wealth
 she had
 In days long since, before these last so bad.

LXVIII.

Thus is his cheek the map of days outworn,
 When beauty liv'd and died as flowers do now,
 Before these bastard signs of fair were born,
 Or durst inhabit on a living brow;
 Before the golden tresses of the dead,
 The right of sepulchres, were shorn away,
 To live a second life on second head;
 Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay.
 In him those holy antique hours are seen,
 Without all ornament, itself, and true,
 Making no summer of another's green,
 Robbing no old to dress his beauty new;
 And him as for a map doth Nature store,
 To show false Art what beauty was of yore.

LXIX.

Those parts of thee that the world's eye doth
 view,
 Want nothing that the thought of hearts can
 mend;
 All tongues (the voice of souls) give thee that
 due,
 Uttering bare truth, even so as foes commend.
 Thy outward thus with outward praise is
 crown'd;
 But those same tongues that give thee so thine
 own,
 In other accents do this praise confound,
 By seeing farther than the eye hath shown.
 They look into the beauty of thy mind,
 And that, in guess, they measure by thy deeds;
 Then (churls) their thoughts, although their
 eyes were kind,
 To thy fair flower add the rank smell of
 weeds:
 But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
 The soil is this,—that thou dost common
 grow.

LXX.

That thou art blam'd shall not be thy defect,
 For slander's mark was ever yet the fair;
 The ornament of beauty is suspect,
 A crow that flies in heaven's sweetest air.
 So thou be good, slander doth but approve
 Thy worth the greater, being woo'd of time;
 For canker vice the sweetest buds doth love,
 And thou present'st a pure unstained prime.

SONNETS.

Thou hast pass'd by the ambush of young
 days,
 Either not assail'd, or victor being charg'd ;
 Yet this thy praise cannot be so thy praise,
 To tie up envy, evermore enlarg'd :
 If some suspect of ill mask'd not thy show,
 Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst
 owe.

LXXI.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
 Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
 Give warning to the world that I am fled
 From this vile world, with vilest worms to
 dwell :
 Nay, if you read this line, remember not
 The hand that writ it ; for I love you so,
 That I in your sweet thoughts would be for-
 got,
 If thinking on me then should make you woe.
 O ! if (I say) you look upon this verse,
 When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
 Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
 But let your love even with my life decay ;
 Lest the wise world should look into your
 moan,
 And mock you with me after I am gone.

LXXII.

O ! lest the world should task you to recite
 What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
 After my death,—dear love, forget me quite,
 For you in me can nothing worthy prove ;
 Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
 To do more for me than mine own desert,
 And hang more praise upon deceased I,
 Than nggard truth would willingly impart.
 O ! lest your true love may seem false in this,
 That you for love speak well of me untrue,
 My name be buried where my body is,
 And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
 For I am sham'd by that which I bring
 forth,
 And so should you, to love things nothing
 worth.

LXXIII.

That time of year thou may'st in me behold,
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the
 cold,
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds
 sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by-and-by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in
 rest :

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love
 more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave
 ere long :

LXXIV.

But be contented : when that fell arrest
 Without all bail shall carry me away,
 My life hath in this line some interest,
 Which for memorial still with thee shall
 stay.
 When thou reviewest this, thou dost review
 The very part was consecrate to thee.
 The earth can have but earth, which is his
 due ;
 My spirit is thine, the better part of me :
 So then thou hast but lost the dregs of life,
 The prey of worms, my body being dead ;
 The coward conquest of a wretch's knife,
 Too base of thee to be remembered.
 The worth of that is that which it contains,
 And that is this, and this with thee remains.

LXXV.

So are you to my thoughts, as food to life,
 Or as sweet-season'd showers are to the
 ground ;
 And for the peace of you I hold such strife
 As 'twixt a miser and his wealth is found :
 Now proud as an enjoyer, and anon
 Doubting the filching age will steal his
 treasure ;
 Now counting best to be with you alone,
 Then better'd that the world may see my
 pleasure :
 Sometime all full with feasting on your
 sight,
 And by-and-by clean starved for a look ;
 Possessing or pursuing no delight,
 Save what is had or must from you be took.
 Thus do I pine and surfeit day by day ;
 Or gluttoning on all, or all away.

LXXVI.

Why is my verse so barren of new pride,
 So far from variation or quick change ?
 Why, with the time, do I not glance aside
 To new-found methods, and to compounds
 strange ?
 Why write I still all one, ever the same,
 And keep invention in a notèd weed,
 That every word doth almost tell my name,
 Showing their birth, and where they did pro-
 ceed ?

SONNETS.

O! know, sweet love, I always write of
 you,
 And you and love are still my argument;
 So, all my best is dressing old words new,
 Spending again what is already spent:
 For as the sun is daily new and old,
 So is my love, stil' telling what is told.

LXXVII.

Thy glass will show thee how thy beauties
 wear,
 Thy dial how thy precious minutes waste;
 The vacant leaves thy mind's imprint will
 bear,
 And of this book this learning may'st thou
 taste
 The wrinkles which thy glass will truly show,
 Of mouthed graves will give thee memory;
 Thou by thy dial's shady stealth may'st know
 Time's thievish progress to eternity.
 Look, what thy memory cannot contain,
 Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt
 find
 Those children nurs'd, deliver'd from thy
 brain,
 To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
 These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
 Shall profit thee, and much enrich thy
 book.

LXXVIII.

So oft have I invok'd thee for my Muse,
 And found such fair assistance in my verse,
 As every alien pen hath got my use,
 And under thee their poesy disperse.
 Thine eyes that taught the dumb on high to
 sing,
 And heavy ignorance aloft to fly,
 Have added feathers to the learned's wing,
 And given grace a double majesty.
 Yet be most proud of that which I compile,
 Whose influence is thine, and born of thee:
 In others' works thou dost but mend the
 style,
 And arts with thy sweet graces graced be;
 But thou art all my art, and dost advance
 As high as learning my rude ignorance.

LXXIX.

Whilst I alone did call upon thy aid,
 My verse alone had all thy gentle grace:
 But now my gracious numbers are decay'd,
 And thy sick Muse doth give another place.
 I grant, sweet love, thy lovely argument
 Deserves the travail of a worthier pen;
 Yet what of thee thy poet doth invent,
 He robs thee of, and pays it thee again.

He lends thee virtue, and he stole that word
 From thy behaviour; beauty doth he give,
 And found it in thy cheek; he can afford
 No praise to thee but what in thee doth live.
 Then thank him not for that which he doth
 say,
 Since what he owes thee thou thyself dost
 pay.

LXXX.

O! how I faint when I of you do write,
 Knowing a better spirit doth use your name,
 And in the praise thereof spends all his might,
 To make me tongue-tied, speaking of your
 fame:
 But since your worth (wide as the ocean is)
 The humble as the proudest sail doth bear,
 My saucy bark, inferior far to his,
 On your broad main doth wilfully appear.
 Your shallowest help will hold me up afloat,
 Whilst he upon your soundless deep doth
 ride;
 Or, being wrack'd, I am a worthless boat,
 He of tall building, and of goodly pride:
 Then, if he thrive, and I be cast away,
 The worst was this,—my love was my
 decay.

LXXXI.

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
 Or you survive when I in earth am rotten:
 From hence your memory death cannot take,
 Although in me each part will be forgotten.
 Your name from hence immortal life shall
 have,
 Though I, once gone, to all the world must
 die:
 The earth can yield me but a common grave,
 When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.
 Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
 Which eyes not yet created shall o'erread;
 And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
 When all the breathers of this world are
 dead;
 You still shall live (such virtue hath my
 pen),
 Where breath most breathes, even in the
 mouths of men.

LXXXII.

I grant thou wert not married to my Muse,
 And therefore may'st without attain't o'erlook
 The dedicated words which writers use
 Of their fair subject, blessing every book.
 Thou art as fair in knowledge as in hue,
 Finding thy worth a limit past my praise;
 And therefore art enforc'd to seek anew
 Some fresher stamp of the time-bettering days.

SONNETS.

And do so, love ; yet when they have devis'd
What strained touches rhetoric can lend,
Thou, truly fair, wert truly sympathis'd
In true plain words, by thy true-telling
friend ;

And their gross painting might be better
us'd

Where cheeks need blood : in thee it is
abus'd.

LXXXIII.

I never saw that you did painting need,
And therefore to your fair no painting set ;
I found, or thought I found, you did exceed
The barren tender of a poet's debt :

And therefore have I slept in your report,
That you yourself, being extant, well might
show

How far a modern quill doth come too short,
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth
grow.

This silence for my sin you did impute,
Which shall be most my glory, being dumb ;
For I impair not beauty being mute,
When others would give life, and bring a
tomb.

There lives more life in one of your fair
eyes,

Than both your poets can in praise devise.

LXXXIV.

Who is it that says most ? which can say
more

Than this rich praise, that you alone are you ?
In whose confine immured is the store,
Which should example where your equal
grew.

Lean penury within that pen doth dwell,
That to his subject lends not some small
glory ;

But he that writes of you, if he can tell
That you are you, so dignifies his story,
Let him but copy what in you is writ,
Not making worse what nature made so clear,
And such a counterpart shall fame his wit,
Making his style admired everywhere.

You to your beauteous blessings add a
curse,

Being fond on praise, which makes your
praises worse.

LXXXV.

My tongue-tied Muse in manners holds her
still,

While comments of your praise, richly com-
pil'd,

Reserve their character with golden quill,
And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd.

I think good thoughts, whilst others write
good words,

And, like unletter'd clerk, still cry " Amen "
To every hymn that able spirit affords,
In polish'd form of well-refined pen.

Hearing you prais'd, I say, " 'Tis so, 'tis
true,"

And to the most of praise add something more ;
But that is in my thought, whose love to you,
Though words come hindmost, holds his rank
before :

Then others for the breath of words respect,
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in
effect.

LXXXVI.

Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,
Bound for the prize of all-too-precious you,
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain in-
hearse,

Making their tomb the womb wherein they
grew ?

Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write
Above a mortal pitch, that struck me dead ?
No, neither he, nor his compeers by night
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.

He, nor that affable familiar ghost,
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,
As victors of my silence cannot boast.

I was not sick of any fear from thence :

But when your countenance fil'd up his line,
Then lack'd I matter ; that enfeebled mine.

LXXXVII.

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?

The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.
Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not
knowing,

Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgment mak-
ing.

Thus have I had thee, as a dream doth
flatter,

In sleep a king, but waking no such matter.

LXXXVIII.

When thou shalt be dispos'd to set me light,
And place my merit in the eye of scorn,
Upon thy side against myself I'll fight,
And prove thee virtuous, though thou art
forsworn :

SONNETS.

With mine own weakness being best acquainted,
 Upon thy part I can set down a story
 Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted,
 That thou, in losing me, shalt win much glory :
 And I by this will be a gainer too ;
 For bending all my loving thoughts on thee,
 The injuries that to myself I do,
 Doing thee vantage, double-vantage me.
 Such is my love, to thee I so belong,
 That for thy right myself will bear all
 wrong.

LXXXIX.

Say that thou didst forsake me for some fault,
 And I will comment upon that offence ;
 Speak of my lameness, and I straight will
 halt,
 Against thy reasons making no defence.
 Thou canst not, love, disgrace me half so ill,
 To set a form upon desired change,
 As I'll myself disgrace : knowing thy will,
 I will acquaintance strangle, and look strange ;
 Be absent from thy walks ; and in my tongue
 Thy sweet-beloved name no more shall dwell,
 Lest I (too much profane) should do it wrong,
 And haply of our old acquaintance tell.
 For thee, against myself I'll vow debate,
 For I must ne'er love him whom thou dost
 hate.

XC.

Then hate me when thou wilt ; if ever, now :
 Now, while the world is bent my deeds to
 cross,
 Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
 And do not drop in for an after-loss.
 Ah ! do not, when my heart hath scap'd this
 sorrow,
 Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe ;
 Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
 To linger out a purpos'd overthrow.
 If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
 When other petty griefs have done their spite,
 But in the onset come : so shall I taste
 At first the very worst of fortune's might ;
 And other strains of woe, which now seem
 woe,
 Compar'd with loss of thee, will not seem so.

XCI.

Some glory in their birth, some in their skill,
 Some in their wealth, some in their body's
 force,
 Some in their garments, though new-fangled
 ill,
 Some in their hawks and hounds, some in
 their horse ;

And every humour hath his adjunct pleasure,
 Wherein it finds a joy above the rest ;
 But these particulars are not my measure :
 All these I better in one general best.
 Thy love is better than high birth to me,
 Richer than wealth, prouder than garments'
 cost,
 Of more delight than hawks or horses be ;
 And having thee, of all men's pride I boast :
 Wretched in this alone, that thou may'st
 take
 All this away, and me most wretched make.

XCII.

But do thy worst to steal thyself away,
 For term of life thou art assured mine ;
 And life no longer than thy love will stay,
 For it depends upon that love of thine.
 Then need I not to fear the worst of wrongs,
 When in the least of them my life hath
 end.
 I see a better state to me belongs
 Than that which on thy humour doth depend.
 Thou canst not vex me with inconstant mind,
 Since that my life on thy revolt doth lie.
 O ! what a happy title do I find,
 Happy to have thy love, happy to die :
 But what's so blessed-fair that fears no
 blot ?
 Thou may'st be false, and yet I know it
 not :

XCIII.

So shall I live, supposing thou art true,
 Like a deceived husband ; so love's face
 May still seem love to me, though alter'd-new ;
 Thy looks with me, thy heart in other
 place ;
 For there can live no hatred in thine eye ;
 Therefore in that I cannot know thy change.
 In many's looks the false heart's history
 Is writ in moods, and frowns, and wrinkles
 strange ;
 But Heaven in thy creation did decree,
 That in thy face sweet love should ever dwell ;
 Whate'er thy thoughts or thy heart's workings
 be,
 Thy looks should nothing thence but sweet-
 ness tell.
 How like Eve's apple doth thy beauty grow,
 If thy sweet virtue answer not thy show !

XCIV.

They that have power to hurt, and will do
 none
 That do not do the thing they most do show,
 Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
 Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow ;

SONNETS.

They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,
 And husband nature's riches from expense ;
 They are the lords and owners of their faces,
 Others but stewards of their excellence.
 The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
 Though to itself it only live and die ;
 But if that flower with base infection meet,
 The basest weed outbraves his dignity ;
 For sweetest things turn sourest by their
 deeds ;
 Lilies that fester smell far worse than
 weeds.

XCV.

How sweet and lovely dost thou make the
 shame,
 Which, like a canker in the fragrant rose,
 Doth spot the beauty of thy budding name !
 O, in what sweets dost thou thy sins enclose !
 That tongue that tells the story of thy days,
 (Making lascivious comments on thy sport,)
 Cannot dispraise but in a kind of praise ;
 Naming thy name blesses an ill report.
 O ! what a mansion have those vices got,
 Which for their habitation chose out thee,
 Where beauty's veil doth cover every blot,
 And all things turn to fair that eyes can see !
 Take heed, dear heart, of this large privi-
 lege ;
 The hardest knife ill-us'd doth lose his edge.

XCVI.

Some say, thy fault is youth, some wanton-
 ness ;
 Some say, thy grace is youth, and gentle sport ;
 Both grace and faults are lov'd of more and
 less :
 Thou mak'st faults graces that to thee resort.
 As on the finger of a throned queen
 The basest jewel will be well esteem'd,
 So are those errors that in thee are seen
 To truths translated, and for true things
 deen'd.
 How many lambs might the stern wolf betray,
 If like a lamb he could his looks translate !
 How many gazers mightst thou lead away,
 If thou wouldst use the strength of all thy
 state !
 But do not so ; I love thee in such sort,
 As, thou being mine, mine is thy good re-
 port.

XCVII.

How like a winter hath my absence been
 From thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year !
 What freezings have I felt, what dark days
 seen,
 What old December's bareness everywhere !

And yet this time remov'd was summer's
 time ;
 The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
 Bearing the wanton burden of the prime,
 Like widow'd wombs after their lords' de-
 cease :
 Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
 But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit ;
 For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
 And, thou away, the very birds are mute ;
 Or, if they sing, 't is with so dull a cheer,
 That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's
 near.

XCVIII.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
 When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his
 trim,
 Hath put a spirit of youth in everything,
 That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with
 him :
 Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet
 smell
 Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
 Could make me any summer's story tell,
 Or from their proud lap pluck them where
 they grew :
 Nor did I wonder at the lily's white,
 Nor praise the deep vermillion in the rose ;
 They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
 Drawn after you, you pattern all of those.
 Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
 As with your shadow I with these did
 play :

XCIX.

The forward violet thus did I chide :—
 Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet
 that smells,
 If not from my love's breath ? The purple
 pride
 Which on thy soft cheek for complexion
 dwells,
 In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.
 The lily I condemned for thy hand,
 And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair :
 The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,
 One blushing shame, another white despair ;
 A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of
 both,
 And to this robbery had annex'd thy
 breath ;
 But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth
 A vengeful canker eat him up to death.
 More flowers I noted, yet I none could
 see,
 But sweet or colour 't had stol'n from
 thee.

SONNETS.

C.

Where art thou, Muse, that thou forgett'st
so long
To speak of that which gives thee all thy
might?
Spend'st thou thy fury on some worthless song,
Darkening thy power to lend base subjects
light?
Return, forgetful Muse, and straight redeem
In gentle numbers time so idly spent:
Sing to the ear that doth thy lays esteem,
And gives thy pen both skill and argument.
Rise, resty Muse, my love's sweet face survey,
If Time have any wrinkle graven there;
If any, be a satire to decay,
And make Time's spoils despised everywhere.
Give my love fame faster than Time wastes
life;
So thou prevent'st his scythe and crooked
knife.

CI.

O truant Muse! what shall be thy amends
For thy neglect of truth in beauty dy'd?
Both truth and beauty on my love depends;
So dost thou too, and therein dignified.
Make answer, Muse: wilt thou not haply say,
"Truth needs no colour, with his colour fix'd,
Beauty no pencil, beauty's truth to lay;
But best is best, if never intermix'd?"
Because he needs no praise, wilt thou be dumb?
Excuse not silence so; for 't lies in thee
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb,
And to be prais'd of ages yet to be.
Then do thy office, Muse: I teach thee how
To make him seem long hence, as he shows
now.

CII.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak
in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandis'd, whose rich
esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays:
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops her pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now,
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the
night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear
delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometime hold my
tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

CIII.

Alack, what poverty my Muse brings forth,
That having such a scope to show her pride,
The argument, all bare, is of more worth,
Than when it hath my added praise beside!
O! blame me not, if I no more can write:
Look in your glass, and there appears a face,
That over-goes my blunt invention quite,
Dulling my lines, and doing me disgrace.
Were it not sinful then, striving to mend,
To mar the subject that before was well?
For to no other pass my verses tend,
Than of your graces and your gifts to tell;
And more, much more, than in my verse
can sit,
Your own glass shows you, when you look
in it.

CIV.

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I ey'd,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters
cold
Have from the forests shook three summers'
pride;
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn
turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen;
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes
burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceiv'd;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth
stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceiv'd:
For fear of which, hear this, thou age
unbred,—
Ere you were born was beauty's summer
dead.

CV.

Let not my love be call'd idolatry,
Nor my beloved as an idol show,
Since all alike my songs and praises be,
To one, of one, still such, and ever so.
Kind is my love to-day, to-morrow kind,
Still constant in a wondrous excellence;
Therefore my verse to constancy confin'd,
One thing expressing, leaves out difference.
Fair, kind, and true, is all my argument,
Fair, kind, and true, varying to other words;
And in this change is my invention spent,
Three themes in one, which wondrous scope
affords.
Fair, kind, and true, have often liv'd alone,
Which three, till now, never kept seat in
one.

SONNETS.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
Then, in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have express'd
Even such a beauty as you master now,
So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring;
And for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing:
For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CVII.

Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul
Of the wide world, dreaming on things to
come,
Can yet the lease of my true love control,
Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom.
The mortal moon hath her eclipse endur'd,
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;
Incertainties now crown themselves assur'd,
And peace proclaims olives of endless age.
Now, with the drops of this most balmy time
My love looks fresh, and death to me sub-
scribes,
Since, spite of him, I'll live in this poor
rhyme,
While he insults o'er dull and speechless
tribes:
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass
are spent.

CVIII.

What's in the brain that ink may character,
Which hath not figur'd to thee my true
spirit?
What's new to speak, what new to register,
That may express my love, or thy dear merit?
Nothing, sweet boy; but yet, like prayers
divine,
I must each day say o'er the very same,
Counting no old thing old, thou mine, I thine,
Even as when first I hallow'd thy fair name.
So that eternal love, in love's fresh case,
Weighs not the dust and injury of age;
Nor gives to necessary wrinkles place,
But makes antiquity for aye his page;
Finding the first conceit of love there
bred,
Where time and outward form would show
it dead.

CIX.

O! never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify.
As easy might I from myself depart,
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie.
That is my home of love: if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time ex-
changed,—
So that myself bring water for my stain.
Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kind of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd,
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good;
For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose; in it thou art my all.

CX.

Alas! 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view;
Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is
most dear,
Made old offences of affections new:
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, have what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A god in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven
the best,
Even to thy pure and most most loving
breast.

CXI.

O! for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide, I
Than public means, which public man's
breeds:
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdu'd.
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd,
Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eisel 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance, to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye
Even that your pity is enough to cure me.

CXII.

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow
For what care I who calls me well or ill,
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good all know?

SONNETS.

You are my all-the-world, and I must strive
To know my shames and praises from your
tongue ;

None else to me, nor I to none alive,
That my steel'd sense or changes right or
wrong.

In so profound abyss I throw all care
Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
To critic and to flatterer stopp'd are.

Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
That all the world besides methinks they're
dead.

CXIII.

Since I left you, mine eye is in my mind,
And that which governs me to go about
Doth part his function, and is partly blind,
Seems seeing, but effectually is dūt ;
For it no form delivers to the heart
Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth
latch :

Of his quick objects hath the mind no part,
Nor his own vision holds what it doth catch ;
For if it see the rud'st or gentlest sight,
Themost sweet favour, or deformed'st creature,
The mountain or the sea, the day or night,
The crow or dove, it shapes them to your
feature :

Incapable of more, replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine
untrue.

CXIV.

Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd
with you,

Drink up the monarch's plague, this flattery ?
Or whether shall I say, mine eye saith true,
And that your love taught it this alchymy,
To make of monsters and things indigest
Such cherubims as your sweet self resemble,
Creating every bad a perfect best,
As fast as objects to his beams assemble ?
O ! 't is the first : 't is flattery in my seeing,
And my great mind most kingly drinks it up :
Mine eye well knows what with his gust is
greeting,

And to his palate doth prepare the cup :
If it be poison'd, 't is the lesser sin
That mine eye loves it, and doth first begin.

CXV.

Those lines that I before have writ, do lie,
Even those that said I could not love you
dearer ;
Yet then my judgment knew no reason why
My most full flame should afterwards burn
clearer.

But reckoning Time, whose million'd accidents
Creep in 'twixt vows, and change decrees of
kings,

Tan sacred beauty, blunt the sharp'st intents,
Divert strong minds to the course of altering
things :

Alas ! why, fearing of Time's tyranny,
Might I not then say, " Now I love you best,"
'When I was certain o'er incertainty,
Crowning the present, doubting of the rest ?
Love is a babe ; then might I not say so,
To give full growth to that which still doth
grow ?

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :
O, no ! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height
be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and
cheeks

Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and
weeks,

But bears it out even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd.

CXVII.

Accuse me thus : that I have scanted all
Wherein I should your great deserts repay ;
Forgot upon your dearest love to call,
Whereto all bonds do tie me day by day ;
That I have frequent been with unknown
minds,

And given to time your own dear-purchas'd
right ;

That I have hoisted sail to all the winds
Which should transport me farthest from
your sight :

Book both my wilfulness and errors down,
And on just proof surmise accumulate :
Bring me within the level of your frown,
But shoot not at me in your waken'd hate ;
Since my appeal says, I did strive to
prove

The constancy and virtue of your love.

CXVIII.

Like as, to make our appetites more keen,
With eager compounds we our palate urge ;
As, to prevent our maladies unseen,
We sicken to shun sickness, when we purge ;

SONNETS.

Even so, being full of your ne'er-cloying
sweetness,
To bitter sauces did I frame my feeding;
And, sick of welfare, found a kind of meetness
To be diseas'd, ere that there was true needing.
Thus policy in love, to anticipate
The ills that were not, grew to faults assur'd,
And brought to medicine a healthful state,
Which, rank of goodness, would by ill be cur'd.
But thence I learn, and find the lesson true,
Drugs poison him that so fell sick of you.

CXIX.

What potions have I drunk of Siren tears,
Distill'd from limbeckes foul as hell within,
Applying fears to hopes, and hopes to fears,
Still losing when I saw myself to win!
What wretched errors hath my heart committed,
Whilst it hath thought itself so blessed never!
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been fitted,
In the distraction of this madding fever!
O benefit of ill! now I find true,
That better is by evil still made better;
And ruin'd love, when it is built anew,
Grows fairer than at first, more strong, far
greater.
So I return rebuk'd to my content,
And gain by ill thrice more than I have
spent.

CXX.

That you were once unkind, befriends me
now,
And for that sorrow, which I then did feel,
Needs must I under my transgression bow,
Unless my nerves were brass or hammer'd
steel.
For if you were by my unkindness shaken,
As I by yours, you've pass'd a hell of time;
And I, a tyrant, have no leisure taken
To weigh how once I suffer'd in your crime.
O! that our night of woe might have re-
member'd
My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits;
And soon to you, as you to me, then tender'd
The humble salve which wounded bosoms
fits!
But that your trespass now becomes a fee;
Mine ransoms yours, and yours must ransom
me.

CXXI.

'Tis better to be vile, than vile-esteem'd,
When not to be receives reproach of being,
And the just pleasure lost, which is so deem'd
Not by our feeling, but by others' seeing.

For why should others' false adulterate eyes
Give salutation to my sportive blood?
Or on my frailties why are frailer spies,
Which in their wills count bad what I think
good?

No, I am that I am; and they that level
At my abuses, reckon up their own:
I may be straight, though they themselves be
bevel;
By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be
shown;

Unless this general evil they maintain,—
All men are bad, and in their badness reign.

CXXII.

Thy gift, thy tables, are within my brain
Full character'd with lasting memory,
Which shall above that idle rank remain,
Beyond all date, even to eternity;
Or, at the least, so long as brain and heart
Have faculty by nature to subsist;
Till each to raz'd oblivion yield his part
Of thee, thy record never can be miss'd.
That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies, thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee,
Were to import forgetfulness in me.

CXXIII.

No! Time, thou shalt not boast that I do
change:

Thy pyramids, built up with newer might,
To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;
They are but dressings of a former sight.
Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire
What thou dost foist upon us that is old,
And rather make them born to our desire,
Than think that we before have heard them
told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,
Not wondering at the present, nor the past;
For thy records and what we see do lie,
Made more or less by thy continual haste.

This I do vow, and this shall ever be,
I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee;

CXXIV.

If my dear love were but the child of state,
It might for Fortune's bastard be unfather'd,
As subject to Time's love, or to Time's hate,
Weeds among weeds, or flowers with flowers
gather'd.

No, it was builded far from accident;
It suffers not in smiling pomp, nor falls
Under the blow of thrall'd discontent,
Whereto the inviting time our fashion calls;

SONNETS.

It fears not policy, that heretic,
Which works on leases of short-number'd
hours,
But all alone stands hugely politic,
That it nor grows with heat, nor drowns with
showers.

To this I witness call the fools of time,
Which die for goodness, who have liv'd for
crime.

CXXV.

Were't aught to me I bore the canopy,
With my extern the outward honouring,
Or laid great bases for eternity,
Which prove more short than waste or ruin-
ing?

Have I not seen dwellers on form and favour
Lose all, and more, by paying, too much
rent;

For compound sweet foregoing simple savour,
Pitiful thrivers, in their gazing spent?

No, let me be obsequious in thy heart,
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with seconds, knows no
art,

But mutual render, only me for thee.

Hence, thou suborn'd informer! a true soul,
When most impeach'd, stands least in thy
control.

CXXVI.

O thou, my lovely boy, who, in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass, his sickle, hour;
Who hast by waning grown, and therein
show'st

Thy lovers wishering, as thy sweet self grow'st;
If Nature, sovereign mistress over wrack,
As thou goest onwards, still will pluck thee
back,

She keeps thee to this purpose, that her skill
May time disgrace, and wretched minutes
kill.

Yet fear her, O thou minion of her pleasure!
She may detain, but not still keep her treasure:
Her audit, though delay'd, answer'd must be,
And her quietus is to render thee.

CXXVII.

In the old age black was not counted fair,
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;
But now is black beauty's successive heir,
And beauty slander'd with a bastard shame;
For since each hand hath put on nature's
power,

Fairing the foul with art's false borrow'd
fape,

Sweet beauty hath no name, no holy bower,
But is profan'd, if not lives in disgrace.

Therefore my mistress' eyes are raven black,
Her eyes so suited, and they mourners seem
At such, who, not born fair, no beauty lack,
Slandering creation with a false esteem:

Yet so they mourn, becoming of their woe,
That every tongue says, beauty should look
so.

CXXVIII.

Haw oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,
Upon that blessed wood, whose motion sounds
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently
sway'st

The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,
Do I envy those jacks, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand,
Whilst my poor lips, which should that harvest
reap,

At the wood's boldness by thee blushing stand!
To be so tickled, they would change their
state

And situation with those dancing chips,
O'er whom thy fingers walk with gentle gait,
Making dead wood more bless'd than living
lips.

Since saucy jacks so happy are in this,
Give them thy fingers, me thy lips to kiss.

CXXIX.

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame
Is lust in action; and till action, lust
Is perjur'd, murderous, bloody, full of blame,
Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;
Enjoy'd no sooner but despised straight;
Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,
Past reason hated, as a swallow'd bait,
On purpose laid to make the taker mad:
Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;
Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;
A bliss in proof,—and prov'd, a very woe;
Before, a joy propos'd; behind, a dream.

All this the world well knows; yet none
knows well

To shun the heaven that leads men to this
hell.

CXXX.

My mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun;
Coral is far more red than her lips' red;
If snow be white, why then her breasts are
dun;

If hairs be wires, black wires grow on her
head.

I have seen roses damask'd, red and white,
But no such roses see I in her cheeks;
And in some perfumes is there more delight
Than in the breath that from my mistress
reeks.

SONNETS.

I love to hear her speak, yet well I know
That music hath a far more pleasing sound :
I grant I never saw a goddess go ;
My mistress, when she walks, treads on the
ground :
And yet, by Heaven, I think my love as
rare
As any she belied with false compare.

CXXXI.

Thou art as tyrannous, so as thou art,
As those whose beauties proudly make them
cruel ;
For well thou know'st, to my dear-doting heart
Thou art the fairest and most precious jewel.
Yet, in good faith, some say that thee behold,
Thy face hath not the power to make love
groan :
To say they err, I dare not be so bold,
Although I swear it to myself alone.
And, to be sure that is not false I swear,
A thousand groans, but thinking on thy face,
One on another's neck, do witness bear,
Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place.
In nothing art thou black, save in thy deeds,
And thence this slander, as I think, pro-
ceeds.

CXXXII.

Thine eyes I love, and they, as pitying me,
Knowing thy heart torments me with disdain,
Have put on black, and loving mourners be,
Looking with pretty ruth upon my pain.
And truly not the morning sun of heaven
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the east,
Nor that full star that ushers in the even
Doth half that glory to the sober west,
As those two mourning eyes become thy
face.
O ! let it then as well beseech thy heart
To mourn for me, since mourning doth thee
grace,
And suit thy pity like in every part :
Then will I swear, beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack.

CXXXIII.

Beshrew that heart that makes my heart to
groan
For that deep wound it gives my friend and
me !
Is 't not enough to torture me alone,
But slave to slavery my sweet'st friend must
be ?
Me from myself thy cruel eye hath taken,
And my next self thou harder hast engross'd :
Of him, myself, and thee, I am forsaken ;
A torment thrice threefold thus to be cross'd.

Prison my heart in thy steel bosom's ward,
But then my friend's heart let my poor heart
bail ;
Whoe'er keeps me, let my heart be his guard ;
Thou canst not then use rigour in my gaol :
And yet thou wilt ; for I, being pent in thee,
Perforce am thine, and all that is in me.

CXXXIV.

So, now I have confess'd that he is thine,
And I myself am mortgag'd to thy will,
Myself I'll forfeit, so that other mine
Thou wilt restore, to be my comfort still :
But thou wilt not, nor he will not be free,
For thou art covetous, and he is kind ;
He learn'd but, surety-like, to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.
The statute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use,
And sue a friend, came debtor for my sake ;
So him I lose through my unkind abuse.
Him have I lost ; thou hast both him and
me :
He pays the whole, and yet am I not free.

CXXXV.

Whoever hath her wish, thou hast thy *Will*,
And *Will* to boot, and *Will* in overplus ;
More than enough am I, that vex thee still,
To thy sweet will making addition thus.
Wilt thou, whose will is large and spacious,
Not once vouchsafe to hide my will in thine ?
Shall will in others seem right gracious,
And in my will no fair acceptance shine ?
The sea, all water, yet receives rain still,
And in abundance addeth to his store ;
So thou, being rich in *Will*, add to thy *Will*
One will of mine, to make thy large *Will* more.
Let no unkind, no fair beseechers kill ;
Think all but one, and me in that one *Will*.

CXXXVI.

If thy soul cheek thee that I come so near,
Swear to thy blind soul that I was thy *Will*,
And will, thy soul knows, is admitted there ;
Thus far for love, my love-suit, sweet, fulfil.
Will will fulfil the treasure of thy love,
Ay, fill it full with wills, and my will one.
In things of great receipt with ease we prove,
Among a number one is reckon'd none :
Then in the number let me pass untold,
Though in thy stores' account I one must be ;
For nothing hold me, so it please thee hold
That nothing me, a something sweet to thee :
Make but my name thy love, and love that
still,
And then thou lov'st me,—for my name is
Will.

SONNETS.

CXXXVII.

Thou blind fool, Love, what dost thou to mine
 eyes,
 That they behold, and see not what they see
 They know what beauty is, see where it lies,
 Yet what the best is, take the worse to be.
 If eyes, corrupt by over-partial looks,
 Be anchor'd in the bay where all men ride,
 Why of eyes' falsehood hast thou forged hooks,
 Whereto the judgment of my heart is tied?
 Why should my heart think that a several plot,
 Which my heart knows the wide world's com-
 mon place?
 Or mine eyes seeing this, say, this is not,
 To put fair truth upon so foul a face?
 In things right true my heart and eyes
 have err'd,
 And to this false plague are they now trans-
 ferr'd.

CXXXVIII.

When my love swears that she is made of
 truth,
 I do believe her, though I know she lies,
 That she might think me some untutor'd
 youth,
 Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
 Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me
 young,
 Although she knows my days are past the best,
 Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
 On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
 But wherefore says she not, she is unjust?
 And wherefore say not I, that I am old?
 O! love's best habit is in seeming trust,
 And age in love loves not to have years told:
 Therefore I lie with her, and she with me,
 And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

CXXXIX.

O! call not me to justify the wrong,
 That thy unkindness lays upon my heart;
 Wound me not with thine eye, but with thy
 tongue;
 Use power with power, and slay me not by art.
 Tell me thou lov'st elsewhere; but in my
 sight,
 Dear heart, forbear to glance thine eye aside:
 What need'st thou wound with cunning, when
 thy might
 Is more than my o'erpress'd defence can 'bide?
 Let me excuse thee: ah! my love well knows
 Her pretty looks have been mine enemies,
 And therefore from my face she turns my foes,
 That they elsewhere might dart their injuries.
 Yet do not so; but since I am near slain,
 Kill me outright with looks, and rid my
 pain.

CXL.

Be wise as thou art cruel; do not press
 My tongue-tied patience with too much dis-
 dain;
 Lest sorrow lend me words, and words express
 The manner of my pity-wanting pain.
 If I might teach thee wit, better it were,
 Though not to love, yet, love, to tell me so;
 As testy sick men, when their deaths be near,
 No news but health from their physicians
 know:
 For, if I should despair, I should grow mad,
 And in my madness might speak ill of thee;
 Now this ill-wresting world is grown so bad,
 Mad slanderers by mad ears believed be.
 That I may not be so, nor thou belied,
 Bear thine eyes straight, though thy proud
 heart go wide.

CXLI.

In faith, I do not love thee with mine eyes,
 For they in thee a thousand errors note;
 But 't is my heart that loves what they de-
 spise,
 Who in despite of view is pleas'd to dote.
 Nor are mine ears with thy tongue's tune
 delighted;
 Nor tender feeling, to base touches prone,
 Nor taste, nor smell, desire to be invited
 To any sensual feast with thee alone:
 But my five wits nor my five senses can
 Dissuade one foolish heart from serving thee,
 Who leaves unsway'd the likeness of a man,
 Thy proud heart's slave and vassal wretch to
 be:
 Only my plague thus far I count my gain,
 That she that makes me sin awards me
 pain.

CXLII.

Love is my sin, and thy dear virtue hate,
 Hate of my sin, ground'd on sinful loving.
 O! but with mine compare thou thine own
 state,
 And thou shalt find it merits not reproving;
 Or, if it do, not from those lips of thine,
 That have profan'd their scarlet ornaments,
 And seal'd false bonds of love as oft as
 mine,
 Robb'd others' beds' revenues of their rents.
 Be it lawful I love thee, as thou lov'st those
 Whom thine eyes woo as mine importune
 thee:
 Root pity in thy heart, that when it grows,
 Thy pity may deserve to pitied be.
 If thou dost seek to have what thou dost
 hide,
 By self-example may'st thou be denied!

SONNETS.

CXLIII.

Lo! as a careful housewife runs to catch
One of her feather'd creatures broke away,
Sets down her babe, and makes all swift despatch

In pursuit of the thing she would have stay;
Whilst her neglected child holds her in chase,
Cries to catch her whose busy care is bent
To follow that which flies before her face,
Not prizing her poor infant's discontent:
So runn'st thou after that which flies from thee,

Whilst I, thy babe, chase thee afar behind;
But if thou catch thy hope, turn back to me,
And play the mother's part, kiss me, be kind:
So will I pray that thou may'st have thy Will,

If thou turn back, and my loud crying still.

CXLIV.

Two loves I have of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do suggest me still:
The better angel is a man, right fair,
The worser spirit a woman, colour'd ill.
To win me soon to hell, my female evil
Tempteth my better angel from my side,
And would corrupt my saint to be a devil,
Woing his purity with her foul pride.
And whether that my angel be turn'd fiend,
Suspect I may, yet not directly tell;
But being both from me, both to each friend,
I guess one angel in another's hell:

Yet this shall I ne'er know, but live in doubt,

Till my bad angel fire my good one out.

CXLV.

Those lips that Love's own hand did make,
Breath'd forth the sound that said, "I hate,"
To me that languish'd for her sake;
But when she saw my woful state,
Straight in her heart did mercy come,
Chiding that tongue, that ever sweet
Was us'd in giving gentle doom,
And taught it thus anew to greet:
"I hate," she alter'd with an end,
That follow'd it as gentle day
Doth follow night, who, like a fiend,
From heaven to hell is flown away:

"I hate" from hate away she threw,
And sav'd my life, saying—"not you."

CXLVI.

Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
Fool'd by these rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?
Then, soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;
Within be fed, without be rich no more:

So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,

And, Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

CXLVII.

My love is as a fever, longing still
For that which never nurseth the disease;
Feeding on that which doth preserve the ill,
The uncertain-sickly appetite to please.
My reason, the physician to my love,
Angry that his prescriptions are not kept,
Hath left me, and I desperate now approve,
Desire is death, which physic did except.
Past cure I am, now reason is past care,
And frantic-mad with evermore unrest:
My thoughts and my discourse as madmen's are,

At random from the truth vainly express'd;
For I have sworn thee fair, and thought thee bright,

Who art as black as hell, as dark as night.

CXLVIII.

O me! what eyes hath Love put in my head,
Which have no correspondence with true sight!

Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That censures falsely what they see aright?
If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: no,
How can it? O! how can Love's eye be true,

That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?

No marvel then though I mistake my view;
The sun itself sees not, till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,

Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find.

CXLIX.

Canst thou, O cruel! say, I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee partake?
Do I not think on thee, when I forgot
Am of myself, all tyrant, for thy sake?

SONNETS.

Who hateth thee that I do call my friend?
On whom frown'st thou that I do fawn upon?
Nay, if thou lour'st on me, do I not spend
Revenge upon myself with present moan?
What merit do I in myself respect,
That is so proud thy service to despise,
When all my best doth worship thy defect,
Commanded by the motion of thine eyes?
But, love, hate on, for now I know thy
mind:
Those that can see thou lov'st, and I am
blind.

CL.

O! from what power hast thou this powerful
might,
With insufficiency my heart to sway?
To make me give the lie to my true sight,
And swear that brightness doth not grace the
day?
Whence hast thou this becoming of things ill,
That in the very refuse of thy deeds
There is such strength and warrantise of
skill,
That in my mind thy worst all best exceeds?
Who taught thee how to make me love thee
more,
The more I hear and see just cause of hate?
O! though I love what others do abhor,
With others thou shouldst not abhor my
state:
If thy unworthiness rais'd love in me,
More worthy I to be belov'd of thee.

CLL.

Love is too young to know what conscience
is;
Yet who knows not, conscience is born of
love?
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my amiss,
Lest guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove:
For, thou betraying me, I do betray
My nobler part to my gross body's treason;
My soul doth tell my body that he may
Triumph in love; flesh stays no farther reason,
But, rising at thy name, doth point out thee
As his triumphant prize. Proud of this pride,
He is contented thy poor drudge to be,
To stand in thy affairs, fall by thy side.
No want of conscience hold it, that I call
Her love, for whose dear love I rise and fall.

CLII.

In loving thee thou know'st I am forsworn,
But thou art twice forsworn, to me love
swearing,
In act thy bed-vow broke, and new faith torn,
In vowing new hate after new love bearing.

But why of two oaths' breach do I accuse
thee,
When I break twenty? I am perjur'd
most;
For all my vows are oaths but to misuse
thee,
And all my honest faith in thee is lost:
For I have sworn deep oaths of thy deep
kindness,
Oaths of thy love, thy truth, thy constancy;
And, to enlighten thee, gave eyes to blind-
ness,
Or made them swear against the thing they
see;
For I have sworn thee fair: more perjur'd I,
To swear, against the truth, so foul a
lie!

CLIII.

Cupid laid by his brand, and fell asleep:
A maid of Dian's this advantage found,
And his love-kindling fire did quickly steep
In a cold valley-fountain of that ground;
Which borrow'd from this holy fire of Love
A dateless lively heat, still to endure,
And grew a seething bath, which yet men
prove
Against strange maladies a sovereign cure.
But at my mistress' eye Love's brand new-
fir'd,
The boy for trial needs would touch my
breast;
I, sick withal, the help of bath desir'd,
And thither hied, a sad-distemper'd guest,
But found no cure: the bath for my help
lies
Where Cupid got new fire,—my mistress'
eyes.

CLIV.

The little Love-god lying once asleep,
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,
Whilst many nymphs, that vow'd chaste life
to keep,
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand
The fairest votary took up that fire
Which many legions of true hearts had
warm'd;
And so the general of hot desire
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarm'd.
This brand she quenched in a cool well by,
Which from Love's fire took heat perpetual,
Growing a bath, and healthful remedy
For men diseas'd; but I, my mistress' thrall,
Came there for cure, and this by that I
prove,
Love's fire heats water, water cools not
love.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH.
 EDWARD, *Prince of Wales, his Son.*
 LEWIS XI., *King of France.*
 DUKE OF SOMERSET,
 DUKE OF EXETER,
 EARL OF OXFORD,
 EARL OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
 EARL OF WESTMORELAND,
 LORD CLIFFORD,
 RICHARD PLANTAGENET, *Duke of York.*
 EDWARD, *Earl of March, afterwards*
King Edward IV.,
 EDMUND, *Earl of Rutland,*
 GEORGE, *afterwards Duke of Clarence,*
 RICHARD, *afterwards Duke of Gloster,*
 DUKE OF NORFOLK,
 MARQUESS OF MONTAGUE,
 EARL OF WARWICK,
 EARL OF PEMBROKE,
 LORD HASTINGS,
 LORD STAFFORD,
 SIR JOHN MORTIMER, } *Uncles to the Duke*
 SIR HUGH MORTIMER, } *of York.*

*On King
Henry's Side.*

*His
Sons.*

*Of the Duke of
York's Party.*

HENRY, *Earl of Richmond, a Youth.*
 LORD RIVERS, *Brother to Lady Grey.*
 SIR WILLIAM STANLEY.
 SIR JOHN MONTGOMERY.
 SIR JOHN SOMERVILLE.
Tutor to Rutland.
Mayor of York.
Lieutenant of the Tower.
A Nobleman.
Two Keepers.
A Huntsman.
A Son that has killed his Father.
A Father that has killed his Son.

QUEEN MARGARET.
 LADY GREY, *afterwards Queen to Edward IV.*
 BONA, *Sister to the French Queen.*

*Soldiers, and other Attendants on King Henry
and King Edward, Messengers, Watch-
men, &c.*

SCENE—During part of the Third Act, in FRANCE; during the
rest of the Play, in ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. The Parliament-House.

*Drums. Some Soldiers of YORK's party break
in. Then enter the Duke of YORK,
EDWARD, RICHARD, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE,
WARWICK, and others, with white roses in
their hats.*

War. I wonder how the king escap'd our
hands.

York. While we pursu'd the horsemen of
the north,

He slyly stole away, and left his men:
 Whereat the great Lord of Northumberland,
 Whose warlike ears could never brook retreat,
 Cheer'd up the drooping army; and himself,
 Lord Clifford, and Lord Stafford, all abreast,
 Charg'd our main battle's front, and, breaking
 in,
 Were by the swords of common soldiers slain.

Edw. Lord Stafford's father, Duke of
Buckingham,

Is either slain or wounded dangerous:
 I cleft his beaver with a downright blow;
 That this is true, father, behold his blood.

[Showing his bloody sword.]

Mont. *[To YORK, showing his.]* And, brother,
 here's the Earl of Wiltshire's blood,
 Whom I encounter'd as the battles join'd.

Rich. Speak thou for me, and tell them
 what I did.

[Throwing down the Duke of SOMERSET's head.]

York. Richard hath best deserv'd of all my
 sons.—

But, is your grace dead, my Lord of Somerset?

Norf. Such hope have all the line of John
 of Gaunt!

Rich. Thus do I hope to shake King
 Henry's head.

- War.* And so do I.—Victorious Prince of York,
Before I see thee seated in that throne,
Which now the house of Lancaster usurps,
I vow by Heaven these eyes shall never close.
This is the palace of the fearful king,
And this the regal seat: possess it, York;
For this is thine, and not King Henry's heirs'.
York. Assist me then, sweet Warwick, and I will;
For hither we have broken in by force.
Norfolk. We'll all assist you; he that flies shall die.
York. Thanks, gentle Norfolk.—Stay by me, my lords:—
And, soldiers, stay, and lodge by me this night.
War. And when the king comes, offer him no violence,
Unless he seek to thrust you out perforce.
[The Soldiers retire.]
York. The queen this day here holds her parliament,
But little thinks we shall be of her council.
By words or blows here let us win our right.
Rich. Arm'd as we are, let's stay within this house.
War. The bloody parliament shall this be call'd,
Unless Plantagenet, Duke of York, be king,
And bashful Henry depos'd, whose cowardice
Hath made us by-words to our enemies.
York. Then leave me not, my lords; be resolute;
I mean to take possession of my right.
War. Neither the king, nor he that loves him best,
The proudest he that holds up Lancaster,
Dare stir a wing, if Warwick shake his bells.
I'll plant Plantagenet, root him up who dares.—
Resolve thee, Richard: claim the English crown.
[WARWICK leads YORK to the throne, who seats himself.]
- Flourish.* Enter King HENRY, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, WESTMORELAND, EXETER, and others, with red roses in their hats.
K. Hen. My lords, look where the sturdy rebel sits,
Even in the chair of state! belike, he means,
Back'd by the power of Warwick, that false peer,
To aspire unto the crown, and reign as king.—
Earl of Northumberland, he slew thy father,—
- And thine, Lord Clifford; and you both have vow'd revenge
On him, his sons, his favourites, and his friends.
North. If I be not, heavens be reveng'd on me
Cliff. The hope thereof makes Clifford mourn in steel.
West. What! shall we suffer this? let's pluck him down:
My heart for anger burns, I cannot brook it.
K. Hen. Be patient, gentle Earl of Westmoreland.
Cliff. Patience is for poltroons, such as he:
He durst not sit there, had your father liv'd.
My gracious lord, here in the parliament
Let us assail the family of York.
North. Well hast thou spoken, cousin: be it so.
K. Hen. Ah! know you not, the city favours them,
And they have troops of soldiers at their beck?
Exe. But when the duke is slain, they'll quickly fly.
K. Hen. Far be the thought of this from Henry's heart,
To make a shambles of the parliament-house!
Cousin of Exeter, frowns, words, and threats,
Shall be the war that Henry means to use.
[They advance to the Duke.]
Thou factious Duke of York, descend my throne,
And kneel for grace and mercy at my feet;
I am thy sovereign.
York. I am thine.
Exe. For shame! come down: he made thee Duke of York.
York. 'T was my inheritance, as the earldom was.
Exe. Thy father was a traitor to the crown.
War. Exeter, thou art a traitor to the crown,
In following this usurping Henry.
Cliff. Whom should he follow but his natural king?
War. True, Clifford; and that's Richard, Duke of York.
K. Hen. And shall I stand, and thou sit in my throne?
York. It must and shall be so. Content thyself.
War. Be Duke of Lancaster: let him be king.
West. He is both king and Duke of Lancaster;
And that the Lord of Westmoreland shall maintain.

War. And Warwick shall disprove it. You forget,
That we are those which chas'd you from the field,
And slew your fathers, and with colours spread

March'd through the city to the palace gates.

North. Yes, Warwick, I remember it to my grief;

And, by his soul, thou and thy house shall rue it.

West. Plantagenet, of thee, and these thy sons,

Thy kinsmen, and thy friends, I'll have more lives,

Than drops of blood were in my father's veins.

Clif. Urge it no more; lest that instead of words,

I send thee, Warwick, such a messenger,
As shall revenge his death before I stir.

War. Poor Clifford! how I scorn his worthless threats.

York. Will you, we show our title to the crown?

If not, our swords shall plead it in the field.

K. Hen. What title hast thou, traitor, to the crown?

Thy father was, as thou art, Duke of York;
Thy grandfather, Roger Mortimer, Earl of March.

I am the son of Henry the Fifth,
Who made the Dauphin and the French to stoop,

And seiz'd upon their towns and provinces.

War. Talk not of France, sith thou hast lost it all.

K. Hen. The lord protector lost it, and not I:

When I was crown'd, I was but nine months old.

Rich. You are old enough now, and yet, methinks, you lose.

Father, tear the crown from the usurper's head.

Edw. Sweet father, do so: set it on your head.

Mont. [To *York*.] Good brother, as thou lov'st and honour'st arms,

Let's fight it out, and not stand cavilling thus.

Rich. Sound drums and trumpets, and the king will fly.

York. Sons, peace!

K. Hen. Peace thou, and give King Henry leave to speak.

War. Plantagenet shall speak first: hear him, lords;

And be you silent and attentive too,

For he that interrupts him shall not live.

K. Hen. Think'st thou, that I will leave my kingly throne,

Wherein my grandsire and my father sat?

No: first shall war unpeople this my realm;

Ay, and their colours—often borne in France,

And now in England, to our heart's great sorrow,—

Shall be my winding-sheet.—Why faint you, lords?

My title's good, and better far than his.

War. Prove it, Henry, and thou shalt be king.

K. Hen. Henry the Fourth by conquest got the crown.

York. 'T was by rebellion against his king.

K. Hen. [Aside.] I know not what to say: my title's weak.—

Tell me, may not a king adopt an heir?

York. What then?

K. Hen. An if he may, then am I lawful king;

For Richard, in the view of many lords, Resign'd the crown to Henry the Fourth,

Whose heir my father was, and I am his.

York. He rose against him, being his sovereign,

And made him to resign his crown perforce.

War. Suppose, my lords, he did it unconstrain'd,

Think you, 't were prejudicial to his crown?

Exe. No; for he could not so resign his crown,

But that the next heir should succeed and reign.

K. Hen. Art thou against us, Duke of Exeter?

Exe. His is the right, and therefore pardon me.

York. Why whisper you, my lords, and answer not?

Exe. My conscience tells me he is lawful king.

K. Hen. All will revolt from me, and turn to him.

North. Plantagenet, for all the claim thou lay'st,

Think not, that Henry shall be so depos'd.

War. Depos'd he shall be in despite of all.

North. Thou art deceiv'd: 't is not thy southern power,

Of Essex, Norfolk, Suffolk, nor of Kent,— Which makes thee thus presumptuous and proud,—

Can set the duke up in despite of me.

Clif. King Henry, be thy title right or wrong,

Lord Clifford vows to fight in thy defence.

ACT I.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

SCENE I.

May that ground gape, and swallow me alive,
Where I shall kneel to him that slew my
father!

K. Hen. O Clifford, how thy words revive
my heart!

York. Henry of Lancaster, resign thy crown.
What mutter you, or what conspire you, lords?

War. Do right unto this princely Duke of
York,

Or I will fill the house with armed men,
And o'er the chair of state where now he sits,
Write up his title with usurping blood.

[*He stamps with his foot, and the Soldiers
show themselves.*]

K. Hen. My Lord of Warwick, hear me
but one word. 170

Let me for this my life-time reign as king.

York. Confirm the crown to me, and to
mine heirs,
And thou shalt reign in quiet while thou
liv'st.

K. Hen. I am content: Richard Plan-
tagenet,
Enjoy the kingdom after my decease.

Clif. What wrong is this unto the prince
your son!

War. What good is this to England, and
himself!

West. Base, fearful, and despairing Henry!

Clif. How hast thou injur'd both thyself
and us!

West. I cannot stay to hear these articles.

North. Nor I. 181

Clif. Come, cousin, let us tell the queen
these news.

West. Farewell, faint-hearted and degene-
rate king,

In whose cold blood no spark of honour bides.

North. Be thou a prey unto the house of
York,

And die in bands for this unmanly deed!

Clif. In dreadful war may'st thou be over-
come,

Or live in peace, abandon'd, and despis'd!

[*Exeunt NORTHUMBERLAND, CLIFFORD,
and WESTMORELAND.*]

War. Turn this way, Henry, and regard
them not.

Exe. They seek revenge, and therefore will
not yield. 190

K. Hen. Ah, Exeter!

War. Why should you sigh, my lord?

K. Hen. Not for myself, Lord Warwick,
but my son,

Whom I unnaturally shall disinherit.

But be it as it may, I here entail

The crown to thee, and to thine heirs for
ever;

Conditionally, that here thou take an oath
To cease this civil war, and, whilst I live,
To honour me as thy king and sovereign;
And neither by treason, nor hostility,

To seek to put me down, and reign thyself.
York. This oath I willingly take, and will
perform. [*Coming from the throne.*]

War. Long live King Henry!—Plantage;
net, embrace him.

K. Hen. And long live thou, and these thy
forward sons!

York. Now York and Lancaster are re-
concil'd.

Exe. Accurs'd be he that seeks to make
them foes!

[*Sennet. The Lords come forward.*]

York. Farewell, my gracious lord: I'll to
my castle.

War. And I'll keep London with my sol-
diers.

Norf. And I to Norfolk with my followers.

Mont. And I unto the sea from whence I
came.

[*Exeunt YORK and his Sons, WARWICK,
NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, Soldiers, and
Attendants.*]

K. Hen. And I, with grief and sorrow, to
the court. 210

*Enter Queen MARGARET and the Prince of
WALES.*

Exe. Here comes the queen, whose looks
bewray her anger:

I'll steal away.

K. Hen. Exeter, so will I.

Q. Mar. Nay, go not from me; I will
follow thee.

K. Hen. Be patient, gentle queen, and I
will stay.

Q. Mar. Who can be patient in such ex-
tremes?

Ah, wretched man! 'would I had died a
maid,

And never seen thee, never borne thee son,
Seeing thou hast prov'd so unnatural a father!

Hath he deserv'd to lose his birthright thus?
Hadst thou but lov'd him half so well as I, 220

Or felt that pain which I did for him once,
Or nourish'd him, as I did with my blood,

Thou wouldst have left thy dearest heart-
blood there,

Rather than have made that savage duke
thine heir,

And disinherited thine only son.

Prince. Father, you cannot disinherit me.

If you be king, why should not I succeed?

K. Hen. Pardon me, Margaret;—pardon
me, sweet son:—

The Earl of Warwick and the duke enforc'd me.

Q. Mar. Enforc'd thee ! art thou king, and will be forc'd ? 220

I shame to hear thee speak. Ah, timorous wretch !

Thou hast undone thyself, thy son, and me,
And given unto the house of York such head,
As thou shalt reign but by their sufferance.
To entail him and his heirs unto the crown,
What is it, but to make thy sepulchre,
And creep into it far before thy time ?

Warwick is chancellor, and the Lord of Calais ;
Stern Faulconbridge commands the narrow seas ;

The duke is made protector of the realm ; 240
And yet shalt thou be safe ? such safety finds
The trembling lamb, environed with wolves.
Had I been there, which am a silly woman,
The soldiers should have toss'd me on their pikes,

Before I would have granted to that act ;
But thou prefer'st thy life before thine honour :

And seeing thou dost, I here divorce myself,
Both from thy table, Henry, and thy bed,
Until that act of parliament be repeal'd,
Whereby my son is disinherited. 250

The northern lords, that have forsworn thy colours,

Will follow mine, if once they see them spread ;
And spread they shall be, to thy foul disgrace,
And utter ruin of the house of York.

Thus do I leave thee.—Come, son, let's away :
Our army is ready ; come, we'll after them.

K. Hen. Stay, gentle Margaret, and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Thou hast spoke too much already :
get thee gone.

K. Hen. Gentle son Edward, thou wilt stay with me ?

Q. Mar. Ay, to be murder'd by his enemies.

Prince. When I return with victory from the field, 261

I'll see your grace ; till then, I'll follow her.

Q. Mar. Come, son, away ! we may not linger thus.

[*Exeunt Queen MARGARET and the PRINCE.*]

K. Hen. Poor queen ! how love to me, and to her son,

Hath made her break out into terms of rage !
Revenge'd may she be on that hateful duke,
Whose haughty spirit, winged with desire,
Will cost my crown, and, like an empty eagle,
Tire on the flesh of me and of my son !

The loss of those three lords torments my heart : 270

I'll write unto them, and entreat them fair.—

Come, cousin ; you shall be the messenger.

Eze. And I, I hope, shall reconcile them all. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in Sandal Castle, near Wakefield.

Enter EDWARD, RICHARD, and MONTAGUE.

Rich. Brother, though I be youngest, give me leave.

Edw. No, I can better play the orator.

Mont. But I have reasons strong and forcible.

Enter YORK.

York. Why, how now, sons and brother, at strife ?

What is your quarrel ? how began it first ?

Edw. No quarrel, but a slight contention.

York. About what ?

Rich. About that which concerns your grace, and us ;

The crown of England, father, which is yours.

York. Mine, boy ? not till King Henry be dead. 10

Rich. Your right depends not on his life, or death.

Edw. Now you are heir, therefore enjoy it now :

By giving the house of Lancaster leave to breathe,

It will outrun you, father, in the end.

York. I took an oath that he should quietly reign.

Edw. But for a kingdom any oath may be broken :

I would break a thousand oaths to reign one year.

Rich. No ; God forbid, your grace should be forsworn.

York. I shall be, if I claim by open war.

Rich. I'll prove the contrary, if you'll hear me speak. 20

York. Thou canst not, son : it is impossible.

Rich. An oath is of no moment, being not took

Before a true and lawful magistrate,
That hath authority over him that swears :
Henry had none, but did usurp the place ;
Then, seeing 't was he that made you to depose,

Your oath, my lord, is vain and frivolous.
Therefore, to arms. And, father, do but think,

How sweet a thing it is to wear a crown,
Within whose circuit is Elysium, 30
And all that poets feign of bliss and joy.

Why do we linger thus? I cannot rest,
Until the white rose, that I wear, be dyed
Even in the lukewarm blood of Henry's heart.

York. Richard, enough: I will be king, or
die.—

Brother, thou shalt to London presently,
And whet on Warwick to this enterprise.—
Thou, Richard, shalt to the Duke of Norfolk
And tell him privily of our intent.—
You, Edward, shall unto my Lord Cobham, ⁴⁰
With whom the Kentishmen will willingly
rise:

In them I trust; for they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.—
While you are thus employ'd, what resteth
more

But that I seek occasion how to rise,
And yet the king not privy to my drift,
Nor any of the house of Lancaster?

Enter a Messenger.

But, stay.—What news? Why com'st thou
in such post?

Mess. The queen with all the northern earls
and lords

Intend here to besiege you in your castle. ⁵⁰
She is hard by with twenty thousand men,
And therefore fortify your hold, my lord.

York. Ay, with my sword. What! think'st
thou, that we fear them?—

Edward and Richard, you shall stay with me;
My brother Montague shall post to London:
Let noble Warwick, Cobham, and the rest,
Whom we have left protectors of the king,
With powerful policy strengthen themselves,
And trust not simple Henry, nor his oaths.

Mont. Brother, I go; I'll win them, fear
it not: ⁶⁰

And thus most humbly I do take my leave.

[Exit.]

Enter Sir John and Sir HUGH MORTIMER.

York. Sir John, and Sir Hugh Mortimer,
mine uncles,
You are come to Sandal in a happy hour;
The army of the queen mean to besiege us.

Sir John. She shall not need, we'll meet
her in the field.

York. What, with five thousand men?

Rich. Ay, with five hundred, father, for a
need.

A woman's general; what should we fear?

[A march afar off.]

Edw. I hear their drums: let's set our
men in order,

And issue forth, and bid them battle straight.

York. Five men to twenty!—though the
odds be great. ⁷⁰

I doubt not, uncle, of our victory.

Many a battle have I won in France,

Whenas the enemy hath been ten to one:

Why should I not now have the like success?
[Alarum. Exit.]

SCENE III.—Plains near Sandal Castle.

*Alarums: Excursions. Enter RUTLAND and
his Tutor.*

Rut. Ah! whither shall I fly to 'scape their
hands?

Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes.

Enter CLIFFORD and Soldiers.

Clif. Chaplain, away: thy priesthood saves
thy life.

As for the brat of this accursed duke,
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.

Tut. And I, my lord, will bear him com-
pany.

Clif. Soldiers, away with him.

Tut. Ah, Clifford! murder not this inno-
cent child,

Lest thou be hated both of God and man.

[Exit, forced off by Soldiers.]

Clif. How now! is he dead already? Or is
it fear ¹⁰

That makes him close his eyes? I'll open
them.

Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the
wretch

That trembles under his devouring paws;
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey,
And so he comes to rend his limbs asunder.—

Ah, gentle Clifford! kill me with thy sword,
And not with such a cruel threatening look.
Sweet Clifford! hear me speak before I die:

I am too mean a subject for thy wrath;
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live. ²⁰

Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy: my
father's blood

Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words
should enter.

Rut. Then let my father's blood open it
again:

He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.

Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives
and thine

Were not revenge sufficient for me.

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.

The sight of any of the house of York ³⁰
Is as a fury to torment my soul;

And till I root out their accursed line,

And leave not one alive, I live in hell.

Therefore—

Rut. O! let me pray before I take my death.

To thee I pray: sweet Clifford, pity me!

Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.

Rut. I never did thee harm: why wilt thou slay me?

Clif. Thy father hath.

Rut. But 't was ere I was born.

Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me,
Lest, in revenge thereof, sith God is just,
He be as miserably slain as I.

Ah! let me live in prison all my days;

And when I give occasion of offence,

Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.

Clif. No cause?

Thy father slew my father: therefore, die.

[Stabs him.

Rut. *Di faciant, laudis summa sit ista tue!*

[Dies.

Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!

And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,

Shall rust upon my weapon, till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—The Same.

Alarum. Enter YORK.

York. The army of the queen hath got the field:

My uncles both are slain in rescuing me;

And all my followers to the eager foe

Turn back, and fly like ships before the wind,

Or lambs pursu'd by hunger-starv'd wolves.

My sons—God knows, what hath bechanced them:

But this I know, they have demean'd themselves

Like men born to renown, by life, or death.

Three times did Richard make a lane to me,

And thrice cried,—“Courage, father! fight it out!”

And full as oft came Edward to my side,
With purple faulchion, painted to the hilt
In blood of those that had encounter'd him:
And when the hardiest warriors did retire,
Richard cried,—“Charge! and give no foot
of ground!”

And cried,—“A crown, or else a glorious tomb!

A sceptre, or an earthly sepulchre!”

With this, we charg'd again; but, out, alas!

We bodg'd again: as I have seen a swan

With bootless labour swim against the tide,
And spend her strength with over-matching waves.

[A short alarum within.

Ah, hark! the fatal followers do pursue;

And I am faint, and cannot fly their fury;

And were I strong, I would not shun their fury.

The sands are number'd, that make up my life;

Here must I stay, and here my life must end.

Enter Queen MARGARET, CLIFFORD, NORTHUMBERLAND, the young PRINCE, and Soldiers.

Come, bloody Clifford,—rough Northumberland,—

I dare your quenchless fury to more rage.

I am your butt, and I abide your shot.

North. Yield to our mercy, proud Plantagenet.

Clif. Ay, to such mercy, as his ruthless arm

With downright payment show'd unto my father.

Now Phaëthon hath tumbled from his car,

And made an evening at the noontide prick.

York. My ashes, as the phoenix, may bring forth

A bird that will revenge upon you all;

And in that hope I throw mine eyes to heaven,

Scorning whate'er you can afflict me with.

Why come you not?—what! multitudes, and fear?

Clif. So cowards fight, when they can fly no further;

So doves do peck the falcon's piercing talons;
So desperate thieves, all hopeless of their lives,

Breathe out invectives 'gainst the officers.

York. O Clifford! but bethink thee once again,

And in thy thought o'errun my former time;

And, if thou canst for blushing, view this face,
And bite thy tongue, that slanders him with cowardice,

Whose frown hath made thee faint and fly ere this.

Clif. I will not bandy with thee word for word,

But buckle with thee blows, twice two for one.

[Draws.

Q. Mar. Hold, valiant Clifford! for a thousand causes

I would prolong awhile the traitor's life.—

Wrath makes him deaf: speak thou, Northumberland.

North. Hold, Clifford! do not honour him so much

To prick thy finger, though to wound his heart.

What valour were it, when a cur doth grin,
For one to thrust his hand between his teeth,
When he might spurn him with his foot away?
It is war's prize to take all vantages,
And ten to one is no impeach of valour.

[*They lay hands on YORK, who struggles.*]

Clif. Ay, ay : so strives the woodcock with the gin.

North. So doth the cony struggle in the net.

[*YORK is taken prisoner.*]

York. So triumph thieves upon their conquer'd booty ;

So true men yield, with robbers so o'er-match'd.

North. What would your grace have done unto him now ?

Q. Mar. Brave warriors, Clifford and Northumberland,

Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,

That taught at mountains with outstretched arms,

Yet parted but the shadow with his hand.—
What ! was it you, that would be England's king ?

Was't you that revell'd in our parliament,
And made a preachment of your high descent ?

Where are your mess of sons to back you now ?

The wanton Edward, and the lusty George ?
And where's that valiant crook-back prodigy,
Dicky your boy, that, with his grumbling voice,

Was wont to cheer his dad in mutinies ?
Or, with the rest, where is your darling Rutland ?

Look, York : I stain'd this napkin with the blood

That valiant Clifford with his rapier's point so
Made issue from the bosom of the boy ;
And if thine eyes can water for his death,
I give thee this to dry thy cheeks withal.

Alas, poor York ! but that I hate thee deadly,
I should lament thy miserable state.

I prythee, grieve, to make me merry, York :
What, hath thy fiery heart so parch'd thine entrails,

That not a tear can fall for Rutland's death ?
Why art thou patient, man ? thou shouldst be mad ;

And I, to make thee mad, do mock thee thus.
Stamp, rave, and fret, that I may sing and dance.

Thou wouldst be fce'd, I see, to make me sport ;

York cannot speak, unless he wear a crown.—

A crown for York !—and, lords, bow low to him.—

Hold you his hands, whilst I do set it on.

[*Putting a paper crown on his head.*]

Ay, marry, sir, now looks he like a king.

Ay, this is he that took King Henry's chair,

And this is he was his adopted heir.—

But how is it, that great Plantagenet
Is crown'd so soon, and broke his solemn oath ?

As I bethink me, you should not be king,
Till our King Henry had shook hands with death.

And will you pale your head in Henry's glory,
And rob his temples of the diadem,
Now in his life, against your holy oath ?

O ! 't is a fault too too unpardonable.—

Off with the crown ; and, with the crown, his head !

And, whilst we breathe, take time to do him dead.

Clif. That is my office, for my father's sake.

Q. Mar. Nay, stay ; let's hear the orisons he makes.

York. She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France ;

Whose tongue more poisons than the adder's tooth !

How ill-beseeming is it in thy sex,
To triumph, like an Amazonian trull,
Upon their woes whom fortune captivates !

But that thy face is, visor-like, unchanging,
Made impudent with use of evil deeds,
I would assay, proud queen, to make thee blush ;

To tell thee whence thou cam'st, of whom deriv'd,

Were shame enough to shame thee, wert thou not shameless.

Thy father bears the type of King of Naples,
Of both the Sicils, and Jerusalem,
Yet not so wealthy as an English yeoman.

Hath that poor monarch taught thee to insult ?

It needs not, nor it boots thee not, proud queen ;

Unless the adage must be verified,

That beggars, mounted, run their horse to death.

'T is beauty that doth oft make women proud ;
But, God he knows, thy share thereof is small.

'T is virtue that doth make them most admired ;

The contrary doth make thee wonder'd at.

'T is government that makes them seem divine ;

The want thereof makes thee abominable.

Thou art as opposite to every good,
As the Antipodes are unto us,
Or as the south to the septentrion.
O tiger's heart, wrapp'd in a woman's hide!
How couldst thou drain the life-blood of the
child,

To bid the father wipe his eyes withal;
And yet be seen to bear a woman's face? ¹⁴⁰
Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorse-
less.

Bidd'st thou me rage? why, now thou hast thy
wish:

Wouldst have me weep? why, now thou hast
thy will.

For raging wind blows up incessant showers,
And when the rage allays, the rain begins.
These tears are my sweet Rutland's obsequies,
And every drop cries vengeance for his
death,

'Gainst thee, fell Clifford, and thee, false
Frenchwoman.

North. Beshrew me, but his passions move
me so, ¹⁵⁰

That hardly can I check my eyes from tears.

York. That face of his the hungry cannibals
Would not have touch'd, would not have
stain'd with blood;

But you are more inhuman, more inexorable,
O, ten times more, than tigers of Hyrcania.
See, ruthless queen, a hapless father's tears!
This cloth thou dipp'dst in blood of my sweet
boy,

And I with tears do wash the blood away.
Keep thou the napkin, and go boast of this;
And if thou tell'st the heavy story right, ¹⁶⁰
Upon my soul, the hearers will shed tears;
Yea, even my foes will shed fast-falling tears,
And say,—“Alas! it was a piteous deed.”—
There, take the crown, and with the crown
my curse,

And in thy need such comfort come to thee,
As now I reap at thy too cruel hand!—
Hard-hearted Clifford, take me from the
world;

My soul to heaven, my blood upon your heads!

North. Had he been slaughter-man to all
my kin,

I should not, for my life, but weep with him,
To see how inly sorrow gripes his soul. ¹⁷¹

Q. Mar. What! weeping-ripe, my Lord
Northumberland?

Think but upon the wrong he did us all,
And that will quickly dry thy melting tears.

Clif. Here's for my oath; here's for my
father's death. [*Stabbing him.*]

Q. Mar. And here's to right our gentle-
hearted king. [*Stabbing him.*]

York. Open thy gate of mercy, gracious
God!

My soul flies through these wounds to seek
out thee. [*Dies.*]

Q. Mar. Off with his head, and set it on
York gates:

So York may overlook the town of York. ¹⁸⁰
[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Plain near Mortimer's Cross in
Herefordshire.

*A March. Enter EDWARD and RICHARD,
with their Power.*

Edw. I wonder, how our princely father
'scap'd;

Or whether he be 'scap'd away, or no,
From Clifford's and Northumberland's pur-
suit.

Had he been ta'en, we should have heard the
news;

Had he been slain, we should have heard the
news;

Or had he 'scap'd, methinks we should have
heard

The happy tidings of his good escape.—
How fares my brother? why is he so sad?

Rich. I cannot joy, until I be resolv'd
Where our right valiant father is become. ¹⁰
I saw him in the battle range about,

And watch'd him how he singled Clifford
forth.

Methought, he bore him in the thickest troop,
As doth a lion in a herd of neat:

Or as a bear, encompass'd round with dogs;
Who having pinch'd a few, and made them
cry.

The rest stand all aloof, and bark at him.

So far'd our father with his enemies;

So fled his enemies my warlike father:

Methinks, 't is prize enough to be his son. ²⁰

See, how the morning opes her golden gates,
And takes her farewell of the glorious sun:

How well resembles it the prime of youth,
Trim'd like a youngster, prancing to his love!

Edw. Dazzle mine eyes, or do I see three
suns?

Rich. Three glorious suns, each one a per-
fect sun,

Not separated with the racking clouds,
But sever'd in a pale clear-shining sky.

See, see! they join, embrace, and seem to
 kiss,
 As if they vow'd some league inviolable :
 Now are they but one lamp, one light, one
 sun

In this the heaven figures some event.

Edw. 'Tis wondrous strange, the like yet
 never heard of.

I think, it cites us, brother, to the field,
 That we, the sons of brave Plantagenet,
 Each one already blazing by our meeds,
 Should, notwithstanding, join our lights to-
 gether,

And over-shine the earth, as this the world.
 Whate'er it bodes, henceforward will I bear
 Upon my target three fair-shining suns.

Rich. Nay, bear three daughters : by your
 leave I speak it,

You love the breeder better than the male.

Enter a Messenger.

But what art thou, whose heavy looks foretell
 Some dreadful story hanging on thy tongue?

Mess. Ah! one that was a woful looker-on,
 Whenas the noble Duke of York was slain,
 Your princely father, and my loving lord.

Edw. O, speak no more! for I have heard
 too much.

Rich. Say, how he died, for I will hear it
 all.

Mess. Environed he was with many foes ;
 And stood against them, as the hope of Troy
 Against the Greeks, that would have enter'd
 Troy.

But Hercules himself must yield to odds ;
 And many strokes, though with a little axe,
 Hew down and fell the hardest-timber'd oak.
 By many hands your father was subdu'd ;
 But only slaughter'd by the ireful arm
 Of unrelenting Clifford, and the queen,
 Who crown'd the gracious duke in high
 despite ;

Laugh'd in his face ; and, when with grief he
 wept,

The ruthless queen gave him, to dry his
 cheeks,

A napkin steeped in the harmless blood
 Of sweet young Rutland, by rough Clifford
 slain :

And, after many scorns, many foul taunts,
 They took his head, and on the gates of York
 They set the same ; and there it doth remain,
 The saddest spectacle that e'er I view'd.

Edw. Sweet Duke of York! our prop to
 lean upon,

Now thou art gone, we have no staff, no stay.
 O Clifford! boisterous Clifford! thou hast
 slain

The flower of Europe for his chivalry ;
 And treacherously hast thou vanquish'd him,
 For, hand to hand, he would have vanquish'd
 thee.

Now, my soul's palace is become a prison :
 Ah! would she break from hence, that this
 my body

Might in the ground be closed up in rest!

For never henceforth shall I joy again,

Never, O! never, shall I see more joy.

Rich. I cannot weep, for all my body's
 moisture

Scarce serves to quench my furnace-burning
 heart :

Nor can my tongue unload my heart's great
 burden ;

For selfsame wind, that I should speak withal,
 Is kindling coals that fire all my breast,
 And burn me up with flames that tears would
 quench.

To weep is to make less the depth of grief :
 Tears, then, for babes ; blows and revenge
 for me!—

Richard, I bear thy name, I'll venge thy
 death,

Or die renowned by attempting it.

Edw. His name that valiant duke hath
 left with thee ;

His dukedom and his chair with me is left.

Rich. Nay, if thou be that princely eagle's
 bird,

Show thy descent by gazing 'gainst the sun :
 For chair and dukedom, throne and kingdom
 say ;

Either that is thine, or else thou wert not his.

March. *Enter WARWICK and MONTAGUE,
 with their Army.*

War. How now, fair lords? What fare?
 what news abroad?

Rich. Great Lord of Warwick, if we should
 recount

Our baleful news, and at each word's de-
 liverance

Stab poniards in our flesh till all were told,
 The words would add more anguish than the
 wounds.

O valiant lord! the Duke of York is slain.

Edw. O Warwick! Warwick! that Plan-
 tagenet,

Which held thee dearly as his soul's re-
 demption,

Is by the stern Lord Clifford done to death.

War. Ten days ago I drown'd these news
 in tears,

And now, to add more measure to your woes,
 I come to tell you things sith then befallen.
 After the bloody fray at Wakefield fought,

Where your brave father breath'd his latest
gasp,

Tidings, as swiftly as the posts could run,
Were brought me of your loss, and his depart.

I, then in London, keeper of the king, ¹¹¹
Must'rd my soldiers, gather'd flocks of friends,
And very well appointed, as I thought,
March'd towards Saint Albans to intercept
the queen,

Bearing the king in my behalf along;
For by my scouts I was advertised,
That she was coming with a full intent
To dash our late decree in parliament,
Touching King Henry's oath and your suc-
cession.

Short tale to make,—we at Saint Albans
met, ¹²⁰

Our battles join'd, and both sides fiercely
fought;

But, whether 't was the coldness of the king,
Who look'd full gently on his warlike queen,
That robb'd my soldiers of their heated spleen,
Or whether 't was report of her success,
Or more than common fear of Clifford's rigour,
Who thunders to his captives blood and
death,

I cannot judge: but, to conclude with truth,
Their weapons like to lightning came and
went;

Our soldiers—like the night-owl's lazy flight,
Or like an idle thresher with a flail,— ¹³¹
Fell gently down, as if they struck their
friends.

I cheer'd them up with justice of our cause,
With promise of high pay and great rewards:
But all in vain; they had no heart to fight,
And we, in them, no hope to win the day;
So that we fled: the king unto the queen;
Lord George your brother, Norfolk, and
myself,

In haste, post-haste, are come to join with you;
For in the marches here, we heard, you were,
Making another head to fight again. ¹⁴¹

Edw. Where is the Duke of Norfolk, gentle
Warwick?

And when came George from Burgundy to
England?

War. Some six miles off the duke is with
the soldiers;

And for your brother, he was lately sent
From your kind aunt, Duchess of Burgundy,
With aid of soldiers to this needful war.

Rich. 'T was odds, belike, when valiant
Warwick fled:

Oft have I heard his praises in pursuit,
But ne'er, till now, his scandal of retire. ¹⁵⁰

War. Nor now my scandal, Richard, dost
thou hear;

For thou shalt know, this strong right hand
of mine

Can pluck the diadem from faint Henry's
head,

And wring the awful sceptre from his fist,
Were he as famous, and as bold in war,
As he is fam'd for mildness, peace, and prayer.

Rich. I know it well, Lord Warwick;
blame me not:

'T is love I bear thy glories makes me speak.
But in this troublous time, what's to be done?
Shall we go throw away our coats of steel, ¹⁶⁰
And wrap our bodies in black mourning
gowns,

Numbering our Ave-Maries with our beads?

Or shall we on the helmets of our foes

Tell our devotion with revengeful arms?

If for the last, say—Ay, and to it, lords.

War. Why, therefore Warwick came to
seek you out,

And therefore comes my brother Montague.
Attend me, lords. The proud insulting queen,
With Clifford, and the haught Northumber-
land, ¹⁷⁰

And of their feather many more proud birds,
Have wrought the easy-melting king like wax.

He swore consent to your succession,

His oath enrolled in the parliament;

And now to London all the crew are gone,

To frustrate both his oath, and what beside

May make against the house of Lancaster:

Their power, I think, is thirty thousand strong.

Now, if the help of Norfolk, and myself,

With all the friends that thou, brave Earl of
March, ¹⁷⁹

Amongst the loving Welshmen canst procure,

Will but amount to five-and-twenty thousand,

Why, *Via!* to London will we march amain,

And once again bestride our foaming steeds,

And once again cry—Charge! upon our
foes!

But never once again turn back, and fly.

Rich. Ay, now, methinks, I hear great
Warwick speak.

Ne'er may he live to see a sunshine day,

That cries—Retire, if Warwick bid him stay.

Edw. Lord Warwick, on thy shoulder will
I lean;

And when thou fail'st, (as God forbid the
hour!) ¹⁸⁹

Must Edward fall, which peril Heaven forbend!

War. No longer Earl of March, but Duke
of York:

The next degree is England's royal throne;

For King of England shalt thou be proclaim'd

In every borough as we pass along;

And he that throws not up his cap for joy,
Shall for the fault make forfeit of his head.

King Edward, — valiant Richard, — Montague, —

Stay we no longer dreaming of renown,
But sound the trumpets, and about our task.

Rich. Then, Clifford, were thy heart as
hard as steel,

As thou hast shown it flinty by thy deeds,
I come to pierce it, or to give thee mine.

Edw. Then strike up, drums! — God and
Saint George for us!

Enter a Messenger.

War. How now? what news?

Mess. The Duke of Norfolk sends you
word by me,

The queen is coming with a puissant host;
And craves your company for speedy counsel.

War. Why then it sorts: brave warriors,
let's away. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—Before York.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, Queen MARGARET, the Prince of WALES, CLIFFORD, and NORTHUMBERLAND, with drums and trumpets.

Q. Mar. Welcome, my lord, to this brave
town of York.

Yonder's the head of that arch-enemy,
That sought to be encompass'd with your
crown:

Doth not the object cheer your heart, my
lord?

K. Hen. Ay, as the rocks cheer them that
fear their wrack:

To see this sight, it irks my very soul. —

Withhold revenge, dear God! 't is not my
fault,

Nor wittingly have I infring'd my vow.

Clif. My gracious liege, this too much
lenity,

And harmful pity, must be laid aside.

To whom do lions cast their gentle looks?

Not to the beasts that would usurp their den.

Whose hand is that the forest bear doth lick?

Not his that spoils her young before her face.

Who 'scapes the lurking serpent's mortal
sting?

Not he that sets his foot upon her back.

The smallest worm will turn, being trodden
on;

And doves will peek in safeguard of their
brood.

Ambitious York did level at thy crown;

Thou smiling, while he knit his angry brows:

He, but a duke, would have his son a king,

And raise his issue like a loving sire;

Thou, being a king, bless'd with a goodly son,
Didst yield consent to disinherit him,

Which argu'd thee a most unloving father.

Unreasonable creatures feed their young;
And though man's face be fearful to their

eyes,

Yet, in protection of their tender ones,

Who hath not seen them, even with those
wings

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful
flight,

Make war with him that climb'd unto their
nest,

Offering their own lives in their young's
defence?

For shame, my liege! make them your pre-
cedent.

Were it not pity, that this goodly boy
Should lose his birthright by his father's
fault,

And long hereafter say unto his child, —

"What my great-grandfather and grandsire
got,

My careless father fondly gave away."

Ah! what a shame were this! Look on the
boy;

And let his manly face, which promiseth
Successful fortune, steel thy melting heart

To hold thine own, and leave thine own with
him.

K. Hen. Full well hath Clifford play'd the
orator,

Inferring arguments of mighty force.

But, Clifford, tell me, didst thou never hear,
That things ill got had ever bad success?

And happy always was it for that son,

Whose father for his hoarding went to hell?

I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind;

And 'would my father had left me no more;

For all the rest is held at such a rate

As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep,
Than in possession any jot of pleasure.

Ah, cousin York! 'would thy best friends
did know

How it doth grieve me that thy head is here!

Q. Mar. My lord, cheer up your spirits:

our foes are nigh,

And this soft courage makes your followers
faint.

You promis'd knighthood to our forward son;

Unsheathe your sword, and dub him pre-
sently. —

Edward, kneel down.

K. Hen. Edward Plantagenet, arise a
knight;

And learn this lesson, — Draw thy sword in
right.

Prince. My gracious father, by your kingly leave,

I'll draw it as apparent to the crown,
And in that quarrel use it to the death.

Clif. Why, that is spoken like a toward prince.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Royal commanders, be in readiness :
For, with a band of thirty thousand men,
Comes Warwick, backing of the Duke of York ;

And in the towns, as they do march along, ⁷⁰
Proclaims him king, and many fly to him.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Clif. I would, your highness would depart the field :

The queen hath best success when you are absent.

Q. Mar. Ay, good my lord, and leave us to our fortune.

K. Hen. Why, that's my fortune too ;
therefore I'll stay.

North. Be it with resolution then to fight.

Prince. My royal father, cheer these noble lords,

And hearten those that fight in your defence.
Unsheathe your sword, good father : cry,
"Saint George !" ⁸⁰

March. *Enter* EDWARD, GEORGE, RICHARD,
WARWICK, NORFOLK, MONTAGUE, and
Soldiers.

Edw. Now, perjur'd Henry, wilt thou
kneel for grace,

And set thy diadem upon my head,
Or bide the mortal fortune of the field ?

Q. Mar. Go, rate thy minions, proud insulting boy !

Becomes it thee to be thus bold in terms,
Before thy sovereign, and thy lawful king ?

Edw. I am his king, and he should bow
his knee ;

I was adopted heir by his consent ;
Since when, his oath is broke : for, as I hear,
You, that are king, though he do wear the crown, ⁹⁰

Have caus'd him, by new act of parliament,
To blot out me, and put his own son in.

Clif. And reason too :

Who should succeed the father but the son ?

Rich. Are you there, butcher ?—O ! I
cannot speak.

Clif. Ay, crook-back ; here I stand, to
answer thee,

Or any be the proudest of thy sort.

Rich. 'Twas you that kill'd young Rutland,
was it not ?

Clif. Ay, and old York, and yet not
satisfied.

Rich. For God's sake, lords, give signal
to the fight. ¹⁰⁰

War. What say'st thou, Henry, wilt thou
yield the crown ?

Q. Mar. Why, how now, long-tongu'd
Warwick ! dare you speak ?

When you and I met at Saint Albans last,
Your legs did better service than your hands.

War. Then 't was my turn to fly, and now
't is thine.

Clif. You said so much before, and yet
you fled.

War. 'T was not your valour, Clifford,
drove me thence.

North. No, nor your manhood, that durst
make you stay.

Rich. Northumberland, I hold thee reverently.

Break off the parley ; for scarce I can refrain
The execution of my big-swoln heart ¹¹⁰
Upon that Clifford, that cruel child-killer.

Clif. I slew thy father : call'st thou him a
child ?

Rich. Ay, like a dastard, and a treacherous
coward,

As thou didst kill our tender brother Rutland ;
But ere sunset I'll make thee curse the
deed.

K. Hen. Have done with words, my lords,
and hear me speak.

Q. Mar. Defy them then, or else hold close
thy lips.

K. Hen. I pry'thee, give no limits to my
tongue :

I am a king, and privileg'd to speak. ¹²⁰

Clif. My liege, the wound, that bred this
meeting here,

Cannot be cur'd by words ; therefore be still.

Rich. Then, executioner, unsheathe thy
sword.

By Him that made us all, I am resolv'd
That Clifford's manhood lies upon his tongue.

Edw. Say, Henry, shall I have my right, or
no ?

A thousand men have broke their fasts to-day,
That ne'er shall dine, unless thou yield the
crown.

War. If thou deny, their blood upon thy
head ;

For York in justice puts his armour on. ¹³⁰

Prince. If that be right, which Warwick
says is right,

There is no wrong, but everything is right.

Rich. Whoever got thee, there thy mother
stands ;

For, well I wot, thou hast thy mother's tongue.

Q. Mar. But thou art neither like thy sire,
nor dam ;

But like a foul misshapen stigmatic,
Mark'd by the destinies to be avoided,
As venom toads, or lizards' dreadful stings.

Rich. Iron of Naples, hid with English
gilt,

Whose father bears the title of a king, 150
(As if a channel should be call'd the sea.)
Sham'st thou not, knowing whence thou art
extraught,

To let thy tongue detect thy base-born heart ?

Edw. A wisp of straw were worth a thou-
sand crowns,

To make this shameless callat know herself.
Helen of Greece was fairer far than thou,
Although thy husband may be Menelaus ;
And ne'er was Agamemnon's brother wrong'd
By that false woman, as this king by thee.
His father revell'd in the heart of France, 150
And tam'd the king, and made the Dauphin
stoop ;

And had he match'd according to his state,
He might have kept that glory to this day ;
But when he took a beggar to his bed,
And grac'd thy poor sire with his bridal-day,
Even then that sunshine brew'd a shower for
him,

That wash'd his father's fortunes forth of
France,

And heap'd sedition on his crown at home.
For what hath broach'd this tumult, but thy
pride ?

Hadst thou been meek, our title still had
slept, 150

And we, in pity of the gentle king,
Had slipp'd our claim until another age.

Geo. But when we saw our sunshine made
thy spring,

And that thy summer bred us no increase,
We set the axe to thy usurping root :

And though the edge hath something hit our-
selves,

Yet, know thou, since we have begun to strike,
We'll never leave, till we have hewn thee
down,

Or bath'd thy growing with our heated bloods.

Edw. And in this resolution I defy thee ;
Not willing any longer conference, 171
Since thou deniest the gentle king to speak.—
Sound trumpets !—let our bloody colours
wave

And either victory, or else a grave.

Q. Mar. Stay, Edward.

Edw. No, wrangling woman ; we'll no
longer stay :
These words will cost ten thousand lives this
day. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—A Field of Battle near Towton.

Alarums : Excursions. Enter WARWICK.

War. Forspent with toil, as runners with a
race,

I lay me down a little while to breathe ;
For strokes receiv'd, and many blows repaid,
Have robb'd my strong-knit sinews of their
strength,

And, spite of spite, needs must I rest awhile.

Enter EDWARD, running.

Edw. Smile, gentle Heaven, or strike, un-
gentle death !

For this world frowns, and Edward's sun is
clouded.

War. How now, my lord ? what hap ? what
hope of good ?

Enter GEORGE.

Geo. Our hap is lost, our hope but sad des-
pair :

Our ranks are broke, and ruin follows us. 10
What counsel give you ? whither shall we fly ?

Edw. Bootless is flight ; they follow us
with wings ;

And weak we are, and cannot shun pursuit.

Enter RICHARD.

Rich. Ah, Warwick ! why hast thou with-
drawn thyself ?

Thy brother's blood the thirsty earth hath
drunk,

Broach'd with the steely point of Clifford's
lance ;

And in the very pangs of death he cried,
Like to a dismal clangor heard from far,
" Warwick, revenge ! brother, revenge my
death ! "

So, underneath the belly of their steeds, 20
That stain'd their fetlocks in his smoking
blood,

The noble gentleman gave up the ghost.

War. Then let the earth be drunken with
our blood :

I'll kill my horse, because I will not fly.
Why stand we like soft-hearted women here,
Wailing our losses, whiles the foe doth rage ;
And look upon, as if the tragedy

Were play'd in jest by counterfeiting actors ?
Here on my knee I vow to God above,
I'll never pause again, never stand still, 30
Till either death hath clos'd these eyes of mine,
Or fortune given me measure of revenge.

Edw. O Warwick ! I do bend my knee
with thine ;

And, in this vow, do chain my soul to thine.—
And, ere my knee rise from the earth's cold
face,

I throw my hands, mine eyes, my heart to thee,

Thou setter-up and plucker-down of kings,
Beseeching thee,—if with thy will it stands,
That to my foes this body must be prey,—
Yet that thy brazen gates of heaven may
ope,

And give sweet passage to my sinful soul.—
Now, lords, take leave until we meet again,
Where'er it be, in heaven, or in earth.

Rich. Brother, give me thy hand;—and,
gentle Warwick,

Let me embrace thee in my weary arms.
I, that did never weep, now melt with woe,
That winter should cut off our spring-time so.

War. Away, away! Once more, sweet
lords, farewell.

Geo. Yet let us all together to our troops,
And give them leave to fly that will not
stay,

And call them pillars that will stand to us;
And if we thrive promise them such re-
wards

As victors wear at the Olympian games.
This may plant courage in their quailing
breasts;

For yet is hope of life, and victory.—
Forslow no longer; make we hence again.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—The Same. Another Part of the
Field.

Excursions. Enter RICHARD and CLIFFORD.

Rich. Now, Clifford, I have singled thee
alone.

Suppose, this arm is for the Duke of York,
And this for Rutland; both bound to revenge,
Wert thou environ'd with a brazen wall.

Clif. Now, Richard, I am with thee here
alone.

This is the hand that stabb'd thy father
York,

And this the hand that slew thy brother
Rutland;

And there's the heart that triumphs in their
death,

And cheers these hands, that slew thy sire
and brother,

And so, have at thee!

[*They fight. WARWICK comes; CLIFFORD
flies.*]

Rich. Nay, Warwick, single out some other
chase;

For I myself will hunt this wolf to death.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter King HENRY.

K. Hen. This battle fares like to the morn-
ing's war,

When dying clouds contend with growing
light;

What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day, nor night.

Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:

Now sways it that way, like the selfsame sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:

Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the
wind;

Now, one the better, then, another best;

Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:

So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here, on this molehill, will I sit me down.

To whom God will, there be the victory;
For Margaret my queen, and Clifford too,

Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.

'Would I were dead! if God's good will were
so;

For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life,

To be no better than a homely swain;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,

To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run,

How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;

How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.

When this is known, then to divide the times:
So many hours must I tend my flock;

So many hours must I take my rest;
So many hours must I contemplate;

So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;

So many weeks ere the poor fools will ean;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece:

So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Pass'd over to the end they were created,

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how
lovely!

Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,

Than doth a rich-embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?

O! yes, it doth; a thousand-fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely
curds,

His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,

All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicacies,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason waits on him.

Alarum. Enter a Son that hath killed his Father, with the dead body.

Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed with some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.
Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth:
My father, being the Earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;

And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereaved him.—
Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did;
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee.—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd
their fill.

K. Hen. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!

While lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee, tear for tear;

And let our hearts, and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break o'ercharg'd
with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,

Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold,
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no! it is mine only son!—
Ah, boy! if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye: see, see, what showers
arise,

Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—

O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,

And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.

K. Hen. Woe above woe! grief more than common grief!

O, that my death would stay these ruthless deeds!

O, pity, pity! gentle Heaven, pity!—

The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one his purple blood right well resembles;
The other his pale cheeks, methinks, presenteth;

Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,

Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfied!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,

Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfied!

K. Hen. How will the country, for these woful chances,

Misthink the king, and not be satisfied!

Son. Was ever son so rued a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father so bemoan'd his son?

K. Hen. Was ever king so grieved for subjects' woe?

Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill. [*Exit, with the body.*]

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;

My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre,
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Son, for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.

I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,

For I have murder'd where I should not kill. [*Exit, with the body.*]

K. Hen. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,

Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince of WALES, and EXETER.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,

And Warwick rages like a chafed bull.

Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Q. Mar. Mount you, my lord: towards Berwick post amain.

Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,

Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,

And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs ; and therefore hence again.

Exe. Away ! for vengeance comes along
with them.

Nay, stay not to expostulate ; make speed,
Or else come after : I'll away before.

K. Hen. Nay, take me with thee, good
sweet Exeter :

Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward ! away !
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same.

A loud Alarum. Enter CLIFFORD, wounded.

Clif. Here burns my candle out ; ay, here
it dies,

Which, while it lasted, gave King Henry light.
O Lancaster ! I fear thy overthrow,
More than my body's parting with my soul.
My love, and fear, glued many friends to
thee ;

And, now I fall, thy tough commixture melts,
Impairing Henry, strengthening misproud
York ;

And whither fly the gnats, but to the sun ?
And who shines now but Henry's enemies ?
O Phœbus ! hadst thou never given consent
That Phaëthon should check thy fiery steeds,
Thy burning car never had scorched the
earth ;

And, Henry, hadst thou sway'd as kings
should do,

Or as thy father, and his father, did,
Giving no ground unto the house of York,
They never then had sprung like summer-
flies ;

I, and ten thousand in this luckless realm,
Had left no mourning widows for our death,
And thou this day hadst kept thy chair in
peace.

For what doth cherish weeds but gentle air ?
And what makes robbers bold but too much
lenity ?

Bootless are plaints, and cureless are my
wounds ;

No way to fly, nor strength to hold out flight :
The foe is merciless, and will not pity ;
For at their hands I have deserv'd no pity.
The air hath got into my deadly wounds,
And much effuse of blood doth make me
faint.—

Come, York, and Richard, Warwick, and the
rest ;

I stabb'd your fathers' bosoms, split my breast.

[*He faints.*]

Alarum and Retreat. Enter EDWARD,
GEORGE, RICHARD, MONTAGUE, WARWICK,
and Soldiers.

Edw. Now breathe we, lords : good fortune
bids us pause,
And smooth the frowns of war with peaceful
looks.—

Some troops pursue the bloody-minded queen,
That led calm Henry, though he were a king,
As doth a sail, fill'd with a fretting gust,
Command an argosy to stem the waves.
But think you, lords, that Clifford fled with
them ?

War. No, 't is impossible he should escape ;
For, though before his face I speak the words,
Your brother Richard mark'd him for the
grave ;

And wheresoe'er he is, he's surely dead. 40
[*CLIFFORD groans and dies.*]

Edw. Whose soul is that which takes her
heavy leave ?

Rich. A deadly groan, like life and death's
departing.

Edw. See who it is : and, now the battle's
ended,

If friend, or foe, let him be gently us'd.

Rich. Revoke that doom of mercy, for 't is
Clifford ;

Who not contented that he lopp'd the branch
In hewing Rutland when his leaves put forth,
But set his murdering knife unto the root
From whence that tender spray did sweetly
spring,—

I mean, our princely father, Duke of York. 50

War. From off the gates of York fetch
down the head,
Your father's head, which Clifford placed
there ;

Instead whereof, let this supply the room :
Measure for measure must be answered.

Edw. Bring forth that fatal screech-owl to
our house,

That nothing sung but death to us and ours :
Now death shall stop his dismal threatening
sound,

And his ill-boding tongue no more shall speak.
[*Attendants bring the body forward.*]

War. I think, his understanding is bereft.—
Speak, Clifford, dost thou know who speaks
to thee ?—

Dark cloudy death o'ershades his beams of
life,

And he nor sees, nor hears us what we say.

Rich. O, 'would he did ! and so, perhaps,
he doth :

'T is but his policy to counterfeit,

Because he would avoid such bitter taunts

Which in the time of death he gave our father.

Geo. If so thou think'st, vex him with eager words.

Rich. Clifford! ask mercy, and obtain no grace.

Edu. Clifford! repent in bootless penitence.

War. Clifford! devise excuses for thy faults.

Geo. While we devise fell tortures for thy faults.

Rich. Thou didst love York, and I am son to York.

Edu. Thou pitiedst Rutland, I will pity thee.

Geo. Where's Captain Margaret, to fence you now?

War. They mock thee, Clifford: swear as thou wast wont.

Rich. What! not an oath? nay, then the world goes hard,

When Clifford cannot spare his friends an oath.—

I know by that, he's dead; and, by my soul,
If this right hand would buy two hours' life,
That I in all despite might rail at him,
This hand should chop it off; and with the
issuing blood

Stifle the villain, whose unstaunched thirst
York and young Rutland could not satisfy.

War. Ay, but he's dead. Off with the traitor's head,

And rear it in the place your father's stands.
And now to London with triumphant march,

There to be crowned England's royal king.

From whence shall Warwick cut the sea to France,

And ask the Lady Bona for thy queen.

So shalt thou sinew both these lands together;

And, having France thy friend, thou shalt not dread

The scatter'd foe that hopes to rise again;
For though they cannot greatly sting to hurt,

Yet look to have them buz, to offend thine ears.

First will I see the coronation,

And then to Brittany I'll cross the sea,

To effect this marriage, so it please my lord.

Edu. Even as thou wilt, sweet Warwick, let it be;

For in thy shoulder do I build my seat,

And never will I undertake the thing,

Wherein thy counsel and consent is wanting.—

Richard, I will create thee Duke of Gloster;—

And George, of Clarence;—Warwick, as ourself,

Shall do, and undo, as him pleaseth best.

Rich. Let me be Duke of Clarence, George of Gloster,

For Gloster's dukedom is too ominous.

War. Tut! that's a foolish observation:

Richard, be Duke of Gloster. Now to London,

To see these honours in possession. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Chase in the North of England.

Enter two Keepers, with cross-bows in their hands.

1 Keep. Under this thick-grown brake we'll shroud ourselves;
For through this laund anon the deer will come;

And in this covert will we make our stand,
Culling the principal of all the deer.

2 Keep. I'll stay above the hill, so both may shoot.

1 Keep. That cannot be; the noise of thy cross-bow

Will scare the herd, and so my shoot is lost.
Here stand we both, and aim we at the best:
And, for the time shall not seem tedious,
I'll tell thee what befell me on a day,
In this self place where now we mean to stand.

2 Keep. Here comes a man, let's stay till he be past.

Enter King HENRY, disguised, with a prayer-book.

K. Hen. From Scotland am I stol'n, even of pure love,

To greet mine own land with my wishful sight.

No, Harry, Harry, 't is no land of thine;
Thy place is fill'd, thy sceptre wrung from thee,

Thy balm wash'd off wherewith thou wast anointed:

No bending knee will call thee Cæsar now,

No humble suitors press to speak for right,

No, not a man comes for redress of thee,

For how can I help them, and not myself?

1 Keep. Ay, here's a deer whose skin's a keeper's fee:

This is the *quondam* king; let's seize upon him.

K. Hen. Let me embrace the sour adversities ;
For wise men say, it is the wisest course.

2 Keep. Why linger we? let us lay hands upon him.

1 Keep. Forbear awhile ; we'll hear a little more.

K. Hen. My queen and son are gone to France for aid ;

And, as I hear, the great commanding Warwick

Is thither gone, to crave the French king's sister

To wife for Edward. If this news be true,
Poor queen and son, your labour is but lost :
For Warwick is a subtle orator,
And Lewis a prince soon won with moving words.

By this account then, Margaret may win him,
For she's a woman to be pitied much :
Her sighs will make a battery in his breast,
Her tears will pierce into a marble heart ;
The tiger will be mild whiles she doth mourn,
And Nero will be tainted with remorse,
To hear and see her plaints, her brinish tears.

Ay, but she's come to beg ; Warwick, to give :

She on his left side craving aid for Henry,
He on his right asking a wife for Edward.
She weeps, and says—her Henry is depos'd ;
He smiles, and says—his Edward is install'd ;
That she, poor wretch, for grief can speak no more :

Whiles Warwick tells his title, smooths the wrong,

Inferreth arguments of mighty strength,
And, in conclusion, wins the king from her, so
With promise of his sister, and what else,
To strengthen and support King Edward's place.

O Margaret ! thus 't will be ; and thou, poor soul,

Art then forsaken, as thou went'st forlorn.

2 Keep. Say, what art thou that talk'st of kings and queens ?

K. Hen. More than I seem, and less than I was born to :

A man at least, for less I should not be ;
And men may talk of kings, and why not I ?

2 Keep. Ay, but thou talk'st as if thou wert a king.

K. Hen. Why, so I am, in mind ; and that's enough.

2 Keep. But, if thou be a king, where is thy crown ?

K. Hen. My crown is in my heart, not on my head ;

Not deck'd with diamonds, and Indian stones,
Nor to be seen : my crown is call'd, content ;
A crown it is, that seldom kings enjoy.

2 Keep. Well, if you be a king crown'd with content,

Your crown content, and you, must be contented

To go along with us ; for, as we think,
You are the king, King Edward hath depos'd ;

And we his subjects, sworn in all allegiance,
Will apprehend you as his enemy.

K. Hen. But, did you never swear, and break an oath ?

2 Keep. No, never such an oath ; nor will not now.

K. Hen. Where did you dwell, when I was King of England ?

2 Keep. Here in this country, where we now remain.

K. Hen. I was anointed king at nine months old ;

My father and my grandfather were kings ;
And you were sworn true subjects unto me :

And tell me then, have you not broke your oaths ?

1 Keep. No ;
For we were subjects but while you were king.

K. Hen. Why, am I dead ? do I not breathe a man ?

Ah, simple men ! you know not what you swear.

Look, as I blow this feather from my face,
And as the air blows it to me again,
Obeying with my wind when I do blow,
And yielding to another when it blows,
Commanded always by the greater gust :
Such is the lightness of you common men.
But do not break your oaths ; for of that

sin
My mild entreaty shall not make you guilty.

Go where you will, the king shall be commanded ;

And be you kings : command, and I'll obey.

1 Keep. We are true subjects to the king, King Edward.

K. Hen. So would you be again to Henry, If he were seated as King Edward is.

1 Keep. We charge you, in God's name, and the king's,

To go with us unto the officers.

K. Hen. In God's name, lead ; your king's name be obey'd :

And what God will, that let your king perform ;
And what he will, I humbly yield unto.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, CLARENCE, and Lady GREY.

K. Edw. Brother of Gloster, at Saint Albans field

This lady's husband, Sir Richard Grey, was slain,

His lands then seiz'd on by the conqueror :

Her suit is now, to repossess those lands ;

Which we in justice cannot well deny,

Because in quarrel of the house of York

The worthy gentleman did lose his life.

Glo. Your highness shall do well, to grant her suit ;

It were dishonour, to deny it her.

K. Edw. It were no less ; but yet I'll make a pause. ¹⁰

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] Yea ; is it so ?

I see, the lady hath a thing to grant,

Before the king will grant her humble suit.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] He knows the game : how true he keeps the wind !

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] Silence !

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit,

And come some other time to know our mind.

L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay :

May it please your highness to resolve me now,

And what your pleasure is shall satisfy me. ²⁰

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] Ay, widow ? then I'll warrant you all your lands,

An if what pleases him shall pleasure you.

Fight closer, or, good faith, you'll catch a blow.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] I fear her not, unless she chance to fall.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] God forbid that, for he'll take vantages.

K. Edw. How many children hast thou, widow ? tell me.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] I think, he means to beg a child of her.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] Nay, whip me then ; he'll rather give her two.

L. Grey. Three, my most gracious lord.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] You shall have four, if you'll be rul'd by him. ³⁰

K. Edw. 'T were pity, they should lose their father's lands.

L. Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.

K. Edw. Lords, give us leave : I'll try this widow's wit.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] Ay, good leave have you ; for you will have leave,

Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE stand apart.*

K. Edw. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children ?

L. Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.

K. Edw. And would you not do much, to do them good ?

L. Grey. To do them good I would sustain some harm.

K. Edw. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good. ⁴⁰

L. Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.

K. Edw. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.

L. Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.

K. Edw. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them ?

L. Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

K. Edw. But you will take exceptions to my boon.

L. Grey. No, gracious lord, except I cannot do it.

K. Edw. Ay, but thou canst do what I mean to ask.

L. Grey. Why then, I will do what your grace commands.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] He plies her hard ; and much rain wears the marble. ⁵⁰

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] As red as fire ! nay, then her wax must melt.

L. Grey. Why stops my lord ? shall I not hear my task ?

K. Edw. An easy task : 't is but to love a king.

L. Grey. That's soon perform'd, because I am a subject.

K. Edw. Why then, thy husband's lands I freely give thee.

L. Grey. I take my leave with many thousand thanks.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The match is made : she seals it with a curtsy.

K. Edw. But stay thee ; 't is the fruits of love I mean.

L. Grey. The fruits of love I mean, my loving liege.

K. Edw. Ay, but, I fear me, in another sense. ⁶⁰

What love think'st thou I see so much to get ?

L. Grey. My love till death, my humble thanks, my prayers :

That love which virtue begs, and virtue grants.

K. Edw. No, by my troth, I did not mean such love.

L. Grey. Why, then you mean not as I thought you did.

K. Edw. But now you partly may perceive my mind.

L. Grey. My mind will never grant what I perceive

Your highness aims at, if I aim aright.

K. Edw. To tell thee plain, I aim to lie with thee.

L. Grey. To tell you plain, I had rather lie in prison.

K. Edw. Why, then thou shalt not have thy husband's lands.

L. Grey. Why, then mine honesty shall be my dower;

For by that loss I will not purchase them.

K. Edw. Therein thou wrong'st thy children mightily.

L. Grey. Herein your highness wrongs both them and me.

But, mighty lord, this merry inclination

Accords not with the sadness of my suit;

Please you dismiss me, either with ay, or no.

K. Edw. Ay, if thou wilt say ay to my request;

No, if thou dost say no to my demand.

L. Grey. Then, no, my lord. My suit is at an end.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The widow likes him not, she knits her brows.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] He is the bluntest wooer in Christendom.

K. Edw. [*Aside.*] Her looks do argue her replete with modesty;

Her words do show her wit incomparable;

All her perfections challenge sovereignty:

One way, or other, she is for a king,

And she shall be my love, or else my queen.—

Say, that King Edward take thee for his queen?

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord:

I am a subject fit to jest withal,

But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edw. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,

I speak no more than what my soul intends;

And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto.

I know, I am too mean to be your queen,

And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow: I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'T will grieve your grace, my sons should call you father.

K. Edw. No more than when my daughters call thee mother.

Thou art a widow, and thou hast some children;

And, by God's mother, I, being but a bachelor, Have other some: why, 'tis a happy thing

To be the father unto many sons.

Answer no more, for thou shalt be my queen.

Glo. [*Aside to CLARENCE.*] The ghostly father now hath done his shrift.

Clar. [*Aside to GLOSTER.*] When he was made a shriver, 't was for shift.

K. Edw. Brothers, you muse what chat we two have had.

Glo. The widow likes it not, for she looks very sad.

K. Edw. You'd think it strange if I should marry her.

Clar. To whom, my lord?

K. Edw. Why, Clarence, to myself.

Glo. That would be ten days' wonder at the least.

Clar. That's a day longer than a wonder lasts.

Glo. By so much is the wonder in extremes.

K. Edw. Well, jest on, brothers: I can tell you both,

Her suit is granted for her husband's lands.

Enter a Nobleman.

Nob. My gracious lord, Henry your foe is taken,

And brought your prisoner to your palace gate.

K. Edw. See that he be convey'd unto the Tower:—

And go we, brothers, to the man that took him,

To question of his apprehension.—

Widow, go you along.—Lords, use her honourably.

[*Exeunt King EDWARD, Lady GREY, CLARENCE and Lord.*]

Glo. Ay, Edward will use women honourably.

'Would he were wasted, marrow, bones, and all,

That from his loins no hopeful branch may spring,

To cross me from the golden time I look for!

And yet, between my soul's desire, and me,— The lustful Edward's title buried,—

Is Clarence, Henry, and his son young Edward,

And all the unlook'd-for issue of their bodies, To take their rooms, ere I can place myself:

A cold premeditation for my purpose

Why then, I do but dream on sovereignty;

Like one that stands upon a promontory,
And spies a far-off shore where he would tread,

Wishing his foot were equal with his eye;
And chides the sea that sunders him from thence,

Saying—he'll lade it dry to have his way:
So do I wish the crown, being so far off, 140
And so I chide the means that keep me from it;

And so I say—I'll cut the causes off,
Flattering me with impossibilities.—
My eye's too quick, my heart o'erweens too much,

Unless my hand and strength could equal them.

Well, say there is no kingdom then for Richard,

What other pleasure can the world afford?
I'll make my heaven in a lady's lap,
And deck my body in gay ornaments,
And witch sweet ladies with my words and looks. 150

O miserable thought! and more unlikely,
Than to accomplish twenty golden crowns.

Why, love forewore me in my mother's womb:
And, for I should not deal in her soft laws,
She did corrupt frail nature with some bribe,
To shrink mine arm up like a wither'd shrub;
To make an envious mountain on my back,
Where sits deformity to mock my body;
To shape my legs of an unequal size;
To disproportion me in every part; 160
Like to a chaos, or an unlick'd bear-whelp,
That carries no impression like the dam.

And am I then a man to be belov'd?
O monstrous fault, to harbour such a thought!
Then, since this earth affords no joy to me
But to command, to check, to o'erbear such
As are of better person than myself,
I'll make my heaven to dream upon the crown;

And, whiles I live, to account this world but hell,

Until my misshap'd trunk, that bears this head,
Be round impaled with a glorious crown. 171
And yet I know not how to get the crown,
For many lives stand between me and home:
And I,—like one lost in a thorny wood,
That rents the thorns, and is rent with the thorns,

Seeking a way, and straying from the way,
Not knowing how to find the open air,
But toiling desperately to find it out,—
Torment myself to catch the English crown:
And from that torment I will free myself, 180
Or hew my way out with a bloody axe.
Why, I can smile, and murder while I smile,

And cry, content, to that which grieves my heart,

And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,
And frame my face to all occasions.

I'll drown more sailors than the mermaid shall,

I'll slay more gazers than the basilisk;

I'll play the orator as well as Nestor,
Deceive more slyly than Ulysses could,

And, like a Sinon, take another Troy. 190

I can add colours to the chameleon,
Change shapes with Proteus, for advantages,
And set the murtherous Machiavel to school.
Can I do this, and cannot get a crown?

Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—France. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter LEWIS the French King, and Lady BONA, attended: the King takes his state. Then enter Queen MARGARET, Prince EDWARD, and the Earl of OXFORD.

K. Lew. [Rising.] Fair Queen of England,
worthy Margaret,
Sit down with us: it ill befits thy state
And birth, that thou shouldst stand, while
Lewis doth sit.

Q. Mar. No, mighty king of France; now
Margaret
Must strike her sail, and learn awhile to serve,
Where kings command. I was, I must confess,

Great Albion's queen in former golden days;
But now mischance hath trod my title down,
And with dishonour laid me on the ground,
Where I must take like seat unto my fortune,
And to my humble seat conform myself. 11

K. Lew. Why, say, fair queen, whence
springs this deep despair? *

Q. Mar. From such a cause as fills mine
eyes with tears,
And stops my tongue, while heart is drown'd
in cares.

K. Lew. What'er it be, be thou still like
thyself,
And sit thee by our side: [*seats her by him*]
yield not thy neck

To fortune's yoke, but let thy dauntless mind
Still ride in triumph over all mischance.
Be plain, Queen Margaret, and tell thy grief;
It shall be eas'd, if France can yield relief. 20

Q. Mar. Those gracious words revive my
drooping thoughts,
And give my tongue-tied sorrows leave to
speak.

Now, therefore, be it known to noble Lewis,
That Henry, sole possessor of my love,
Is of a king become a banish'd man,
And forc'd to live in Scotland, a forlorn ;
While proud ambitious Edward, Duke of
York,

Usurps the regal title, and the seat
Of England's true-anointed lawful king.
This is the cause, that I, poor Margaret,
With this my son, Prince Edward, Henry's
heir,

Am come to crave thy just and lawful aid ;
And if thou fail us, all our hope is done.
Scotland hath will to help, but cannot help ;
Our people and our peers are both misled,
Our treasure seiz'd, our soldiers put to flight,
And, as thou seest, ourselves in heavy plight.

K. Lew. Renowned queen, with patience
calm the storm,

While we bethink a means to break it off.

Q. Mar. The more we stay, the stronger
grows our foe.

K. Lew. The more I stay, the more I'll
succour thee.

Q. Mar. O ! but impatience waiteth on
true sorrow :

And see where comes the breeder of my
sorrow.

Enter WARWICK, attended.

K. Lew. What's he, approacheth boldly to
our presence ?

Q. Mar. Our Earl of Warwick, Edward's
greatest friend.

K. Lew. Welcome, brave Warwick. What
brings thee to France ?

*[Descending from his state. Queen
MARGARET rises.]*

Q. Mar. Ay, now begins a second storm to
rise ;

For this is he that moves both wind and tide.

War. From worthy Edward, King of
Albion,

My lord and sovereign, and thy vowed friend,
I come, in kindness, and unfeigned love,

First, to do greetings to thy royal person ;

And then, to crave a league of amity ;

And lastly, to confirm that amity

With nuptial knot, if thou vouchsafe to grant

That virtuous Lady Bona, thy fair sister,

To England's king in lawful marriage.

Q. Mar. If that go forward, Henry's hope
is done.

War. *[To BONA.]* And, gracious madam, in
our king's behalf,

I am commanded, with your leave and favour,
Humbly to kiss your hand, and with my

tongue

To tell the passion of my sovereign's heart ;
Where fame, late entering at his heedful ears,
Hath plac'd thy beauty's image, and thy virtue.

Q. Mar. King Lewis, and Lady Bona, hear
me speak,

Before you answer Warwick. His demand
Springs not from Edward's well-meant honest
love,

But from deceit, bred by necessity ;

For how can tyrants safely govern home,
Unless abroad they purchase great alliance ?

To prove him tyrant, this reason may suffice,
That Henry liveth still ; but were he dead,

Yet here Prince Edward stands, King Henry's
son.

Look, therefore, Lewis, that by this league and
marriage

Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour ;
For though usurpers sway the rule awhile,

Yet heavens are just, and time suppresseth
wrongs.

War. Injurious Margaret !

Prince. And why not queen ?

War. Because thy father Henry did usurp,
And thou no more art prince, thap she is
queen.

Oxf. Then Warwick disannuls great John
of Gaunt,

Which did subdue the greatest part of Spain ;
And, after John of Gaunt, Henry the Fourth,

Whose wisdom was a mirror to the wisest ;
And after that wise prince, Henry the Fifth,

Who by his prowess conquered all France :
From these our Henry lineally descends.

War. Oxford, how haps it, in this smooth
discourse,

You told not, how Henry the Sixth hath lost
All that which Henry the Fifth had gotten ?

Methinks, these peers of France should smile
at that.

But for the rest,—you tell a pedigree

Of threescore and two years ; a silly time

To make prescription for a kingdom's worth.

Oxf. Why, Warwick, canst thou speak
against thy liege,

Whom thou obeyedst thirty and six years,

And not bewray thy treason with a blush ?

War. Can Oxford, that did ever fence the
right,

Now buckler falsehood with a pedigree ?

For shame ! leave Henry, and call Edward
king.

Oxf. Call him my king, by whose injurious
doom

My elder brother, the Lord Aubrey Vere,

Was done to death ? and more than so, my
father,

Even in the downfall of his mellow'd years,

When nature brought him to the door of death?

No, Warwick, no; while life upholds this arm,
This arm upholds the house of Lancaster.

War. And I the house of York.

K. Lew. Queen Margaret, Prince Edward,
and Oxford,

Vouchsafe at our request to stand aside,
While I use further conference with Warwick.

Q. Mar. Heavens grant, that Warwick's
words bewitch him not!

[Retiring with the PRINCE and OXFORD.]

K. Lew. Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon
thy conscience,

Is Edward your true king? for I were loath,
To link with him that were not lawful chosen.

War. Thereon I pawn my credit, and mine
honour.

K. Lew. But is he gracious in the people's
eye?

War. The more, that Henry was unfortu-
nate.

K. Lew. Then further, all dissembling set
aside,

Tell me for truth the measure of his love 120
Unto our sister Bona.

War. " Such it seems,
As may beseem a monarch like himself.
Myself have often heard him say, and swear,
That this his love was an eternal plant,
Whereof the root was fix'd in virtue's ground,
The leaves and fruit maintain'd with beauty's
sun,
Exempt from envy, but not from disdain,
Unless the Lady Bona quit his pain.

K. Lew. Now, sister, let us hear your firm
resolve.

Bona. Your grant, or your denial, shall be
mine.— 130

[To WARWICK.] Yet I confess, that often ere
this day,

When I have heard your king's desert re-
counted,

Mine ear hath tempted judgment to desire.

K. Lew. Then, Warwick, thus :—our sister
shall be Edward's;

And now forthwith shall articles be drawn
Touching the jointure that your king must
make,

Which with her dowry shall be counter-
pois'd.—

Draw near, Queen Margaret, and be a witness,
That Bona shall be wife to the English king.

Prince. To Edward, but not to the English
king. 140

Q. Mar. Deceitful Warwick! it was thy
device,

By this alliance to make void my suit :

Before thy coming, Lewis was Henry's friend.

K. Lew. And still is friend to him and
Margaret :

But if your title to the crown be weak,
As may appear by Edward's good success,
Then 't is but reason, that I be releas'd
From giving aid which late I promised.

Yet shall you have all kindness at my hand,
That your estate requires, and mine can
yield. 150

War. Henry now lives in Scotland, at his
ease,

Where having nothing, nothing can he lose.
And as for you yourself, our *quondam* queen,
You have a father able to maintain you,
And better 't were you troubled him than
France.

Q. Mar. Peace! impudent and shameless
Warwick, peace,

Proud setter-up and puller-down of kings ;
I will not hence, till with my talk and tears,
Both full of truth, I make King Lewis behold
Thy sly conveyance, and thy lord's false love;
For both of you are birds of selfsame feather.

[A horn sounded within.]

K. Lew. Warwick, this is some post to us,
or thee. 160

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord ambassador, these letters
are for you,
Sent from your brother, Marquess Mon-
tagne ;—

These from our king unto your majesty ;—
And, madam, these for you ; from whom, I
know not.

[They all read their letters.]

Oxf. I like it well, that our fair queen and
mistress

Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at
his.

Prince. Nay, mark how Lewis stamps as
he were nettled :

I hope all's for the best. 170

K. Lew. Warwick, what are thy news? and
yours, fair queen?

Q. Mar. Mine, such as fill my heart with
unhop'd joys.

War. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's dis-
content.

K. Lew. What! has your king married the
Lady Gréy,

And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much
before :

This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

War. King Lewis, I here protest, in sight of heaven,

And by the hope I have of heavenly bliss,
That I am clear from this misdeed of Edward's;

No more my king, for he dishonours me;
But most himself, if he could see his shame.

Did I forget, that by the house of York

My father came untimely to his death?

Did I let pass the abuse done to my niece?

Did I impale him with the regal crown?

Did I put Henry from his native right?

And am I guerdon'd at the last with shame?

Shame on himself, for my desert is honour:

And to repair my honour lost for him,

I here renounce him, and return to Henry.

My noble queen, let former grudges pass,

And henceforth I am thy true servitor.

I will revenge his wrong to Lady Bona,

And replant Henry in his former state.

Q. Mar. Warwick, these words have turn'd
my hate to love;

And I forgive and quite forget old faults,

And joy that thou becom'st King Henry's friend.

War. So much his friend, ay, his unfeigned friend,

That if King Lewis vouchsafe to furnish us

With some few bands of chosen soldiers,

I'll undertake to land them on our coast,

And force the tyrant from his seat by war.

'Tis not his new-made bride shall succour him:

And as for Clarence, as my letters tell me,

He's very likely now to fall from him,

For matching more for wanton lust than honour,

Or than for strength and safety of our country.

Bona. Dear brother, how shall Bona be reveng'd,

But by thy help to this distressed queen?

Q. Mar. Renowned prince, how shall poor Henry live,

Unless thou rescue him from foul despair?

Bona. My quarrel, and this English queen's, are one.

War. And mine, fair Lady Bona, joins with yours.

K. Lew. And mine, with hers, and thine, and Margaret's.

Therefore, at last, I firmly am resolv'd,

You shall have aid.

Q. Mar. Let me give humble thanks for all at once.

K. Lew. Then, England's messenger, return in post;

And tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.

Thou seest what's past; go fear thy king withal.

Bona. Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,

I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.

Q. Mar. Tell him, my mourning weeds are laid aside,

And I am ready to put armour on.

War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere 't be long.

There's thy reward: be gone.

[*Exit Messenger.*]

K. Lew. " But, Warwick, thou,

And Oxford, with five thousand men,

Shall cross the seas, and bid false Edward battle:

And, as occasion serves, this noble queen

And prince shall follow with a fresh supply.

Yet, ere thou go, but answer me one doubt:

What pledge have we of thy firm loyalty?

War. This shall assure my constant loyalty:—

That if our queen and this young prince agree,
I'll join mine eldest daughter, and my joy,
To him forthwith in holy wedlock bands.

Q. Mar. Yes, I agree, and thank you for your motion.

Son Edward, she is fair and virtuous,

Therefore delay not, give thy hand to Warwick;

And with thy hand thy faith irrevocable,

That only Warwick's daughter shall be thine.

Prince. Yes, I accept her, for she well deserves it;

And here, to pledge my vow, I give my hand.

[*He gives his hand to WARWICK.*]

K. Lew. Why stay we now? These soldiers shall be levied,

And thou, Lord Bourbon, our high admiral,

Shalt waft them over with our royal fleet.—

I long till Edward fall by war's mischance,

For mocking marriage with a dame of France.

[*Exeunt all but WARWICK.*]

War. I came from Edward as ambassador,

But I return his sworn and mortal foe:

Matter of marriage was the charge he gave me,

But dreadful war shall answer his demand.

Had he none else to make a stale but me?

Then none but I shall turn his jest to sorrow.

I was the chief that rais'd him to the crown,

And I'll be chief to bring him down again:

Not that I pity Henry's misery,

But seek revenge on Edward's mockery.

[*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter GLOSTER, CLARENCE, SOMERSET, and MONTAGUE.**Glo.* Now tell me, brother Clarence, what think you

Of this new marriage with the Lady Grey?

Hath not our brother made a worthy choice?

Clar. Alas! you know, 't is far from hence to France:

How could he stay till Warwick made return?

Som. My lords, forbear this talk: here comes the king.*Glo.* And his well-chosen bride.*Clar.* I mind to tell him plainly what I think*Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, attended; Lady GREY, as Queen; PEMBROKE, STAFFORD, and HASTINGS.**K. Edw.* Now, brother of Clarence, how like you our choice,

That you stand pensive as half malcontent?

Clar. As well as Lewis of France, or the Earl of Warwick;

Which are so weak of courage, and in judgment,

That they'll take no offence at our abuse.

K. Edw. Suppose they take offence without a cause,

They are but Lewis and Warwick: I am Edward,

Your king and Warwick's, and must have my will.

Glo. And you shall have your will, because our king;

Yet hasty marriage seldom proveth well.

K. Edw. Yea, brother Richard, are you offended too?*Glo.* Not I:

No, God forbid, that I should wish them sever'd

Whom God hath join'd together; ay, and 't were pity,

To sunder them that yoke so well together.

K. Edw. Setting your scorns, and your mislike, aside,

Tell me some reason why the Lady Grey Should not become my wife, and England's queen.—

And you too, Somerset, and Montague, Speak freely what you think.

Clar. Then this is mine opinion,—that King Lewis

Becomes your enemy, for mocking him About the marriage of the Lady Bona.

Glo. And Warwick, doing what you gave in charge,

Is now dishonoured by this new marriage.

K. Edw. What, if both Lewis and Warwick be appeas'd

By such invention as I can devise?

Mont. Yet to have join'd with France in such alliance,

Would more have strengthen'd this our commonwealth

'Gainst foreign storms, than any home-bred marriage.

Hast. Why, knows not Montague, that of itself

England is safe, if true within itself?

Mont. Yes; but the safer, when 't is back'd with France.*Hast.* 'T is better using France, than trusting France.

Let us be back'd with God, and with the seas,

Which he hath given for fence impregnable, And with their helps only defend ourselves:

In them and in ourselves our safety lies.

Clar. For this one speech Lord Hastings well deserves

To have the heir of the Lord Hungerford.

K. Edw. Ay, what of that? it was my will, and grant;

And for this once my will shall stand for law.

Glo. And yet, methinks, your grace hath not done well,

To give the heir and daughter of Lord Scales Unto the brother of your loving bride:

She better would have fitted me, or Clarence; But in your bride you bury brotherhood.

Clar. Or else you would not have bestow'd the heir

Of the Lord Bonville on your new wife's son, And leave your brothers to go speed elsewhere.

K. Edw. Alas, poor Clarence! is it for a wife,

That thou art malcontent? I will provide thee.

Clar. In choosing for yourself you show'd your judgment;

Which being shallow, you shall give me leave To play the broker in mine own behalf;

And to that end I shortly mind to leave you.

K. Edw. Leave me, or tarry, Edward will be king, And not be tied unto his brother's will.

Q. Eliz. My lords, before it pleas'd his majesty

To raise my state to title of a queen,
Do me but right, and you must all confess
That I was not ignoble of descent :
And meaner than myself have had like fortune.
But as this title honours me and mine,
So your dislikes, to whom ~~I would be~~ pleasing,
Do cloud my joys with danger and with sorrow.

K. Edw. My love, forbear to fawn upon their frowns.

What danger, or what sorrow can befall thee,
So long as Edward is thy constant friend,
And their true sovereign, whom they must obey ?

Nay, whom they shall obey, and love thee too,
Unless they seek for hatred at my hands ;
Which if they do, yet will I keep thee safe,
And they shall feel the vengeance of my wrath.

Glo. [Aside.] I hear, yet say not much, but think the more.

Enter a Messenger.

K. Edw. Now, messenger, what letters, or what news,
From France ?

Mess. My sovereign liege, no letters, and few words ;
But such as I, without your special pardon,
Dare not relate.

K. Edw. Go to, we pardon thee : therefore, in brief,
Tell me their words as near as thou canst guess them.
What answer makes King Lewis unto our letters ?

Mess. At my depart these were his very words :—

“Go tell false Edward, thy supposed king,
That Lewis of France is sending over masquers,
To revel it with him and his new bride.”

K. Edw. Is Lewis so brave ? belike, he thinks me Henry.

But what said Lady Bona to my marriage ?

Mess. These were her words, utter'd with mild disdain :

“Tell him, in hope he'll prove a widower shortly,
I'll wear the willow garland for his sake.”

K. Edw. I blame not her, she could say little less ;
She had the wrong : but what said Henry's queen ?

For I have heard, that she was there in place.

Mess. “Tell him,” quoth she, “my mourning weeds are done.”

And I am ready to put armour on.”

K. Edw. Belike, she minds to play the Amazon.

But what said Warwick to these injuries ?

Mess. He, more incens'd against your majesty

Than all the rest, discharg'd me with these words :—

“Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,

And therefore I'll uncrown him ere't be long.”

K. Edw. Ha ! durst the traitor breathe out so proud words ?

Well, I will arm me, being thus forewarn'd :
They shall have wars, and pay for their presumption.

But say, is Warwick friends with Margaret ?

Mess. Ay, gracious sovereign ; they are so link'd in friendship,

That young Prince Edward marries Warwick's daughter.

Clar. Belike, the elder ; Clarence will have the younger.

Now, brother king, farewell, and sit you fast,
For I will hence to Warwick's other daughter ;
That, though I want a kingdom, yet in marriage

I may not prove inferior to yourself.—

You, that love me and Warwick, follow me.

[Exit CLARENCE, and SOMERSET follows.]

Glo. [Aside.] Not I :

My thoughts aim at a further matter ; I
Stay not for the love of Edward, but the crown.

K. Edw. Clarence and Somerset both gone to Warwick !

Yet am I arm'd against the worst can happen,
And haste is needful in this desperate case.—
Pembroke, and Stafford, you in our behalf
Go levy men, and make prepare for war ;
They are already, or quickly will be landed :
Myself in person will straight follow you.

[Re-enter PEMBROKE and STAFFORD.]

But, ere I go, Hastings, and Montague,
Resolve my doubt. You twain, of all the rest,
Are near to Warwick by blood, and by alliance :

Tell me if you love Warwick more than me ?
If it be so, then both depart to him :—

I rather wish you foes ; than hollow friends ;
But, if you mind to hold your true obedience,
Give me assurance with some friendly vow,
That I may never have you in suspect.

Mont. So God help Montague, as he proves true !

Hast. And Hastings, as he favours Edward's cause !

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, will you stand by us?

Glo. Ay, in despite of all that shall withstand you.

K. Edw. Why so; then am I sure of victory.

Now therefore let us hence; and lose no hour,
Till we meet Warwick with his foreign power.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain in Warwickshire.

Enter WARWICK and OXFORD with French and other Forces.

War. Trust me, my lord, all hitherto goes well:

The common people by numbers swarm to us.

Enter CLARENCE and SOMERSET.

But see, where Somerset and Clarence come!
Speak suddenly, my lords, are we all friends?
Clar. Fear not that, my lord.

War. Then, gentle Clarence, welcome unto Warwick:

And welcome, Somerset.—I hold it cowardice,
To rest mistrustful where a noble heart
Hath pawn'd an open hand in sign of love;
Else might I think, that Clarence, Edward's
brother,

Were but a feigned friend to our proceedings:
But welcome, sweet Clarence; my daughter
shall be thine.

And now what rests, but in night's coverture,
Thy brother being carelessly encamp'd,
His soldiers lurking in the towns about,
And but attended by a simple guard,
We may surprise and take him at our
pleasure?

Our scouts have found the adventure very
easy:

That as Ulysses, and stout Diomede,
With sleight and manhood stole to Rhesus'
tents,

And brought from thence the Thracian fatal
steeds;

So we, well cover'd with the night's black
mantle,

At unawares may beat down Edward's guard,
And seize himself; I say not, slaughter him,
For I intend but only to surprise him.—

You, that will follow me to this attempt,
Applaud the name of Henry with your leader.

[*They all cry "Henry!"*]

Why, then, let's on our way in silent sort:
For Warwick and his friends, God and Saint
George!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—EDWARD's Camp near Warwick.

Enter certain Watchmen, to guard the KING's Tent.

1 *Watch.* Come on, my masters, each man
take his stand:

The king by this is set him down to sleep.

2 *Watch.* What, will he not to bed?

1 *Watch.* Why, no; for he hath made a
solemn vow,

Never to lie and take his natural rest,
Till Warwick or himself be quite suppress'd.

2 *Watch.* To-morrow then, belike, shall be
the day,

If Warwick be so near as men report.

3 *Watch.* But say, I pray, what nobleman
is that,

That with the king here resteth in his tent?

1 *Watch.* 'T is the Lord Hastings, the
king's chiefest friend.

3 *Watch.* O! is it so? But why commands
the king,
That his chief followers lodge in towns about
him,

While he himself keeps in the cold field?

2 *Watch.* 'T is the more honour, because
more dangerous.

3 *Watch.* Ay, but give me worship and
quietness;

I like it better than a dangerous honour.

If Warwick knew in what estate he stands,
'T is to be doubted, he would waken him.

1 *Watch.* Unless our halberds did shut up
his passage.

2 *Watch.* Ay; wherefore else guard we his
royal tent,

But to defend his person from night-foes?

*Enter WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD,
SOMERSET, and Forces.*

War. This is his tent; and see, where
stand his guard.

Courage, my masters! honour now, or never!
But follow me, and Edward shall be ours.

1 *Watch.* Who goes there?

2 *Watch.* Stay, or thou diest.

[*WARWICK, and the rest, cry all—"Warwick! Warwick!" and set upon the Guard; who fly, crying—"Arm! Arm!" WARWICK, and the rest, following them.*]

Drums beating, and trumpets sounding, re-enter WARWICK, and the rest, bringing the KING out in his gown, sitting in a chair: GLOSTER and HASTINGS fly over the stage.

Som. What are they that fly there?

War. Richard, and Hastings : let them go ;
here's the duke.

K. Edw. The duke ! why, Warwick, when
we parted last,
Thou call'dst me king !

War. Ay, but the case is alter'd :
When you disgrac'd me in my embassy,
Then I degraded you from being king,
And come now to create you Duke of York.
Alas ! how should you govern any kingdom,
That know not how to use ambassadors,
Nor how to be contented with one wife,
Ner how to use your brothers brotherly,
Nor how to study for the people's welfare,
Nor how to shroud yourself from enemies ?

K. Edw. Yea, brother of Clarence, art thou
here too ?

Nay, then I see that Edward needs must
down.—

Yet, Warwick, in despite of all mischance,
Of thee thyself, and all thy complices,
Edward will always bear himself as king :
Though fortune's malice overthrow my state,
My mind exceeds the compass of her wheel.

War. Then, for his mind, be Edward
England's king : [*Takes off his crown.*]
But Henry now shall wear the English crown,
And be true king indeed ; thou but the
shadow.—

My Lord of Somerset, at my request,
See that forthwith Duke Edward be convey'd
Unto my brother, Archbishop of York.
When I have fought with Pembroke and his
fellows,

I'll follow you, and tell what answer
Lewis, and the Lady Bona, send to him :—
Now, for a while, farewell, good Duke of York.

K. Edw. What fates impose, that men
must needs abide :

It boots not to resist both wind and tide.

[*Exit King EDWARD, led out ;
SOMERSET with him.*]

Oxf. What now remains, my lords, for us
to do,

But march to London with our soldiers ?

War. Ay, that's the first thing that we
have to do ;

To free King Henry from imprisonment,
And see him seated in the regal throne.

[*Exeunt.*]

Q. Eliz. Why, brother Rivers, are you yet
to learn,

What late misfortune is befall'n King Ed-
ward ?

Riv. What ! loss of some pitch'd battle
against Warwick ?

Q. Eliz. No, but the loss of his own royal
person.

Riv. Then is my sovereign slain ?

Q. Eliz. Ay, almost slain, for he is taken
prisoner ;

Either betray'd by falsehood of his guard,
Or by his foe surpris'd at unawares :

And, as I further have to understand,
Is new committed to the Bishop of York,
Fell Warwick's brother, and by that our foe.

Riv. These news, I must confess, are full
of grief ;

Yet, gracious madam, bear it as you may :
Warwick may lose, that now hath won the
lay.

Q. Eliz. Till then, fair hope must hinder
life's decay ;

And I the rather wean me from despair,
For love of Edward's offspring in my womb :
This is it that makes me bridle passion,
And bear with mildness my misfortune's cross ;
Ay, ay, for this I draw in many a tear,
And stop the rising of blood-sucking sighs,
Lest with my sighs or tears I blast or drown
King Edward's fruit, true heir to the English
crown.

Riv. But, madam, where is Warwick then
become ?

Q. Eliz. I am informed, that he comes
towards London,

To set the crown once more on Henry's head.
Guess thou the rest ; King Edward's friends
must down :

But to prevent the tyrant's violence,

(For trust not him that hath once broken
faith,) 30

I'll hence forthwith unto the sanctuary,
To save at least the heir of Edward's right :
There shall I rest secure from force, and
fraud.

Come, therefore ; let us fly while we may fly :
If Warwick take us, we are sure to die.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the
Palace.

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and RIVERS.

Riv. Madam, what makes you in this
sudden change ?

SCENE V.—A Park near Middleham Castle
in Yorkshire.

*Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, Sir WILLIAM
STANLEY, and others.*

Glo. Now, my Lord Hastings, and Sir
William Stanley,

Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
 Into this chiefest thicket of the park.
 Thus stands the case. You know, our king,
 my brother,
 Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
 He hath good usage and great liberty,
 And often, but attended with weak guard,
 Comes hunting this way to disport himself.
 I have advertis'd him by secret means,
 That if about this hour he make this way, 10
 Under the colour of his usual game,
 He shall here find his friends, with horse and
 men,
 To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King EDWARD and a Huntsman.

Hunt. This way, my lord, for this way lies
 the game.

K. Edw. Nay, this way, man : see, where
 the huntsmen stand.—

Now, brother of Gloster, Lord Hastings, and
 the rest,

Stand you thus close, to steal the bishop's
 deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth
 haste.

Your horse stands ready at the park-corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then? 20

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from
 thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that
 was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy for-
 wardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 't is no time
 to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou?
 wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be
 hang'd.

Glo. Come then; away! let's have no more
 ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from
 Warwick's frown,

And pray that I may repossess the crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—A Room in the Tower.

*Enter King HENRY, CLARENCE, WARWICK,
 SOMERSET, young RICHMOND, OXFORD,
 MONTAGUE, Lieutenant of the Tower, and
 Attendants.*

K. Hen. Master lieutenant, now that God
 and friends
 Have shaken Edward from the regal seat,

And turn'd my captive state to liberty,
 My fear to hope, my sorrows unto joys,
 At our enlargement what are thy due fees?

Lieu. Subjects may challenge nothing of
 their sovereigns;

But if an humble prayer may prevail,
 I then crave pardon of your majesty.

K. Hen. For what, lieutenant? for well
 using me?

Nay, be thou sure, I'll well requite thy
 kindness, 10

For that it made my imprisonment a pleasure:
 Ay, such a pleasure as incaged birds

Conceive, when, after many moody thoughts,
 At last by notes of household harmony

They quite forget their loss of liberty.—
 But, Warwick, after God, thou set'st me free,

And chiefly therefore I thank God, and thee;
 He was the author, thou the instrument.

Therefore, that I may conquer fortune's spite,
 By living low, where fortune cannot hurt

me, 20

And that the people of this blessed land
 May not be punish'd with my thwarting

stars,
 Warwick, although my head still wear the

crown,
 I here resign my government to thee,

For thou art fortunate in all thy deeds.

War. Your grace hath still been fam'd for
 virtuous,

And now may seem as wise as virtuous,
 By spying, and avoiding, fortune's malice;

For few men rightly temper with the stars:
 Yet in this one thing let me blame your

grace, 30

For choosing me when Clarence is in place.

Clar. No, Warwick, thou art worthy of
 the sway,

To whom the heavens in thy nativity
 Adjudg'd an olive branch, and laurel crown,

As likely to be blest in peace, and war;
 And, therefore, I yield thee my free consent.

War. And I choose Clarence only for pro-
 tector.

K. Hen. Warwick, and Clarence, give me
 both your hands.

Now join your hands, and with your hands
 your hearts,

That no dissension hinder government: 40

I make you both protectors of this land,
 While I myself will lead a private life,

And in devotion spend my latter days,
 To sin's rebuke, and my Creator's praise.

War. What answers Clarence to his sove-
 reign's will?

Clar. That he consents, if Warwick yield
 consent;

For on thy fortune I repose myself.

War. Why then, though loath, yet must I be content.

We'll yoke together, like a double shadow
To Henry's body, and supply his place ;
I mean, in bearing weight of government,
While he enjoys the honour, and his ease.
And, Clarence, now then, it is more than
needful,

Forthwith that Edward be pronounc'd a
traitor,

And all his lands and goods be confiscate.

Clar. What else? and that succession be
determin'd.

War. Ay, therein Clarence shall not want
his part.

K. Hen. But, with the first of all your
chief affairs,

Let me entreat (for I command no more),
That Margaret your queen, and my son
Edward,

Be sent for to return from France with
speed :

For, till I see them here, by doubtful fear
My joy of liberty is half eclips'd.

Clar. It shall be done, my sovereign, with
all speed.

K. Hen. My Lord of Somerset, what youth
is that,

Of whom you seem to have so tender care?

Som. My liege, it is young Henry, Earl of
Richmond.

K. Hen. Come hither, England's hope. [*Lays
his hand on his head.*] If secret powers
Suggest but truth to my divining thoughts,
This pretty lad will prove our country's bliss.
His looks are full of peaceful majesty ;
His head by nature fram'd to wear a crown,
His hand to wield a sceptre ; and himself
Likely in time to bless a regal throne.
Make much of him, my lords ; for this is he
Must help you more than you are hurt by me.

Enter a Messenger.

War. What news, my friend?

Mess. That Edward is escaped from your
brother,

And fled, as he hears since, to Burgundy.

War. Unsavoury news! but how made he
escape?

Mess. He was convey'd by Richard Duke
of Gloster,

And the Lord Hastings, who attended him
In secret ambush on the forest side,
And from the bishop's huntsmen rescu'd him ;
For hunting was his daily exercise.

War. My brother was too careless of his
charge.—

But let us hence, my sovereign, to provide
A salve for any sore that may betide.

[*Exeunt all but SOMERSET, RICHMOND,
and OXFORD.*]

Som. My lord, I like not of this flight of
Edward's ;

For, doubtless, Burgundy will yield him help,
And we shall have more wars, before't be
long.

As Henry's late presaging prophecy
Did glad my heart with hope of this young
Richmond,

So doth my heart misgive me, in these con-
flicts

What may befall him, to his harm and ours :
Therefore, Lord Oxford, to prevent the worst,
Forthwith we'll send him hence to Brittany,
Till storms be past of civil enmity.

Oxf. Ay, for if Edward repossess the
crown,

'T is like that Richmond with the rest shall
down.

Som. It shall be so ; he shall to Brittany.
Come therefore ; let's about it speedily.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—Before York.

*Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, HASTINGS,
and Forces.*

K. Edw. Now, brother Richard, Lord
Hastings, and the rest,
Yet thus far fortune maketh us amends,
And says that once more I shall interchange
My waned state for Henry's regal crown.
Well have we pass'd, and now repass'd the seas,
And brought desired help from Burgundy :
What then remains, we being thus arriv'd
From Ravenspurg haven before the gates of
York,

But that we enter, as into our dukedom?

Glo. The gates made fast!—Brother, I like
not this ;

For many men, that stumble at the threshold,
Are well foretold that danger lurks within.

K. Edw. Tush, man! abodements must not
now affright us :

By fair or foul means we must enter in,
For hither will our friends repair to us.

Hast. My liege, I'll knock once more to
summon them.

*Enter, on the walls, the Mayor of York,
and his Brethren.*

May. My lords, we were forewarned of
your coming.

And shut the gates for safety of ourselves ;
For now we owe allegiance unto Henry.

K. Edw. But, master mayor, if Henry be
your king,
Yet Edward, at the least, is Duke of York.

May. True, my good lord ; I know you for
no less.

K. Edw. Why, and I challenge nothing
but my dukedom,
As being well content with that alone.

Glo. [*Aside.*] But when the fox hath once
got in his nose,
He'll soon find means to make the body
follow.

Hast. Why, master mayor, why stand you
in a doubt ?
Open the gates : we are King Henry's friends.

May. Ay, say you so ? the gates shall then
be open'd. [*Exeunt from above.*]

Glo. A wise stout captain, and soon per-
suaded !

Hast. The good old man would fain that
all were well,
So 't were not 'long of him ; but, being enter'd,
I doubt not, I, but we shall soon persuade
Both him and all his brothers unto reason.

*Re-enter the Mayor, and two Aldermen,
below.*

K. Edw. So, master mayor : these gates
must not be shut,
But in the night, or in the time of war.
What ! fear not, man, but yield me up the
keys, [*Takes his keys.*]
For Edward will defend the town, and
thee,
And all those friends that deign to follow me.

March. Enter MONTGOMERY and Forces.

Glo. Brother, this is Sir John Montgomery,
Our trusty friend, unless I be deceiv'd.

K. Edw. Welcome, Sir John ; but why
come you in arms ?

Mont. To help King Edward in his time
of storm,
As every loyal subject ought to do.

K. Edw. Thanks, good Montgomery ; but
we now forget
Our title to the crown, and only claim
Our dukedom, till God please to send the
rest.

Mont. Then fare you well, for I will hence
again :

I came to serve a king, and not a duke.—
Drummer, strike up, and let us march away.

[*A march begun.*]

K. Edw. Nay, stay, Sir John, awhile ; and
we'll debate,

By what safe means the crown may be
recover'd.

Mont. What talk you of debating ? in few
words,

If you'll not here proclaim yourself our
king,

I'll leave you to your fortune, and be gone
To keep them back that come to succour you.
Why shall we fight, if you pretend no title ?

Glo. Why, brother, wherefore stand you on
nice points ?

K. Edw. When we grow stronger, then
we'll make our claim.

Till then, 't is wisdom to conceal our mean-
ing.

Hast. Away with scrupulous wit ! now
arms must rule.

Glo. And fearless minds climb soonest
unto crowns.

Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand :
The bruit thereof will bring you many
friends.

K. Edw. Then be it as you will ; for 't is
my right,
And Henry but usurps the diadem.

Mont. Ay, now my sovereign speaketh like
himself,
And now will I be Edward's champion.

Hast. Sound, trumpet ! Edward shall be
here proclaim'd.—

Come, fellow-soldier, make thou proclama-
tion.

[*Gives him a paper. Flourish.*]

Sold. [*Reads.*] "Edward the Fourth, by
the grace of God, King of England and
France, and Lord of Ireland, &c."

Mont. And whoso'er gainsays King Ed-
ward's right,

By this I challenge him to single fight.

[*Throws down his gauntlet.*]

All. Long live Edward the Fourth !

K. Edw. Thanks, brave Montgomery, and
thanks unto you all :

If fortune serve me, I'll requite this kind-
ness.

Now, for this night, let's harbour here in
York,

And when the morning sun shall raise his
car

Above the border of this horizon,
We'll forward towards Warwick, and his
mates ;

For, well I wot that Henry is no soldier.—
Ah, froward Clarence ! how evil it beseems
thee,

To flatter Henry, and forsake thy brother !
Yet, as we may, we'll meet both thee and
Warwick.—

Come on, brave soldiers: doubt not of the day;

And, that once gotten, doubt not of large pay.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Flourish. Enter King HENRY, WARWICK, CLARENCE, MONTAGUE, EXETER, and OXFORD.

War. What counsel, lords? Edward from Belgia,
With hasty Germans, and blunt Hollanders,
Hath pass'd in safety through the narrow seas,

And with his troops doth march amain to London;

And many giddy people flock to him.

K. Hen. Let's levy men, and beat him back again.

Clar. A little fire is quickly trodden out,
Which, being suffer'd, rivers cannot quench.

War. In Warwickshire I have true-hearted friends,

Not mutinous in peace, yet bold in war;
Those will I muster up:—and thou, son Clarence,

Shalt stir up in Suffolk, Norfolk, and in Kent,
The knights and gentlemen to come with thee:—

Thou, brother Montague, in Buckingham,
Northampton, and in Leicestershire, shalt find

Men well inclin'd to hear what thou command'st:—

And thou, brave Oxford, wondrous well belov'd

In Oxfordshire, shalt muster up thy friends.—

My sovereign, with the loving citizens,
Like to his island girt in with the ocean,

Or modest Dian circled with her nymphs,
Shall rest in London, till we come to him.—

Fair lords, take leave, and stand not to reply.—

Farewell, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Farewell, my Hector, and my Troy's true hope.

Clar. In sign of truth, I kiss your highness' hand.

K. Hen. Well-minded Clarence, be thou fortunate.

Mont. Comfort, my lord;—and so I take my leave.

Oxf. [*Kissing HENRY's hand.*] And thus I seal my truth, and bid adieu.

K. Hen. Sweet Oxford, and my loving Montague,

And all at once, once more a happy farewell.

War. Farewell, sweet lords: let's meet at Coventry.

[*Exeunt* WARWICK, CLARENCE, OXFORD, and MONTAGUE.

K. Hen. Here at the palace will I rest awhile.

Cousin of Exeter, what thinks your lordship? Methinks, the power, that Edward hath in field,

Should not be able to encounter mine.

Exe. The doubt is, that he will seduce the rest.

K. Hen. That's not my fear; my meed hath got me fame.

I have not stopp'd mine ears to their demands,
Nor posted off their suits with slow delays;

My pity hath been balm to heal their wounds,
My mildness hath allay'd their swelling griefs,

My mercy dry'd their water-flowing tears;

I have not been desirous of their wealth,

Nor much oppress'd them with great subsidies,

Nor forward of revenge, though they much err'd.

Then, why should they love Edward more than me?

No, Exeter, these graces challenge grace:

And, when the lion fawns upon the lamb,

The lamb will never cease to follow him.

[*Shout within: "A Lancaster! A Lancaster!"*]

Exe. Hark, hark, my lord! what shouts are these?

Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Soldiers.

K. Edw. Seize on the shame-fac'd Henry! bear him hence,

And once again proclaim us King of England.—

You are the fount that makes small brooks to flow:

Now stops thy spring; my sea shall suck them dry,

And swell so much the higher by their ebb.

Hence with him to the Tower! let him not speak.

[*Exeunt some with King HENRY.*]

And, lords, towards Coventry bend we our course,

Where peremptory Warwick now remains.

The sun shines hot, and, if we use delay,
Cold biting winter mars our hop'd-for hay.

Glo. Away betimes, before his forces join,

And take the great-grown traitor unawares:

Brave warriors, march amain towards Coventry.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Coventry.

Enter, upon the walls, WARWICK, the Mayor of Coventry, two Messengers, and others.

War. Where is the post that came from valiant Oxford?

How far hence is thy lord, mine honest fellow?

1 *Mess.* By this at Dunsmore, marching hitherward.

War. How far off is our brother Montague?

Where is the post that came from Montague?

2 *Mess.* By this at Daintry, with a puissant troop.

Enter Sir JOHN SOMERVILLE.

War. Say, Somerville, what says my loving son?

And, by thy guess, how nigh is Clarence now?

Som. At Southam I did leave him with his forces,

And do expect him here some two hours hence. *[Drum heard.]*

War. Then Clarence is at hand, I hear his drum.

Som. It is not his, my lord; here Southam lies:

The drum your honour hears marcheth from Warwick.

War. Who should that be? belike, unlook'd-for friends.

Som. They are at hand, and you shall quickly know.

March. Flourish. Enter King EDWARD, GLOSTER, and Forces.

K. Edw. Go, trumpet, to the walls, and sound a parle.

Glo. See, how the surly Warwick mans the wall.

War. O unbid spite! is sportful Edward come?

Where slept our scouts, or how are they seduc'd,

That we could hear no news of his repair?

K. Edw. Now, Warwick, wilt thou open the city gates?

Speak gentle words, and humbly bend thy knee,

Call Edward king, and at his hands beg mercy, And he shall pardon thee these outrages.

War. Nay, rather, wilt thou draw thy forces hence,

Confess who set thee up and pluck'd thee down?

Call Warwick patron, and be penitent, And thou shalt still remain the Duke of York.

Glo. I thought, at least, he would have said—the king,

Or did he make the jest against his will?

War. Is not a dukedom, sir, a goodly gift?

Glo. Ay, by my faith, for a poor earl to give:

I'll do thee service for so good a gift.

War. 'Twas I, that gave the kingdom to thy brother.

K. Edw. Why then, 't is mine, if but by Warwick's gift.

War. Thou art no Atlas for so great a weight:

And, weakling, Warwick takes his gift again; And Henry is my king, Warwick his subject.

K. Edw. But Warwick's king is Edward's prisoner;

And, gallant Warwick, do but answer this:

What is the body, when the head is off?

Glo. Alas! that Warwick had no more forecast,

But, whiles he thought to steal the single ten,

The king was slyly finger'd from the deck!

You left poor Henry at the bishop's palace,

And, ten to one, you'll meet him in the Tower.

K. Edw. 'T is even so: yet you are Warwick still.

Glo. Come, Warwick, take the time; kneel down, kneel down.

Nay, when? strike now, or else the iron cools.

War. I had rather chop this hand off at a blow,

And with the other fling it at thy face,

Than bear so low a sail to strike to thee.

K. Edw. Sail how thou canst, have wind and tide thy friend,

This hand, fast wound about thy coal-black hair,

Shall, whiles thy head is warm, and new cut off,

Write in the dust this sentence with thy blood,—

Wind-changing Warwick now can change no more."

Enter OXFORD, with drum and colours.

War. O cheerful colours! see, where Oxford comes.

Oxf. Oxford, Oxford, for Lancaster!

[*OXFORD and his forces enter the city.*]

Glo. The gates are open, let us enter too.

K. Edw. So other foes may set upon our backs.

Stand we in good array; for they, no doubt,
Will issue out again, and bid us battle:

If not, the city being but of small defence,

We'll quickly rouse the traitors in the same.

War. O! welcome, Oxford, for we want
thy help.

Enter MONTAGUE, with drum and colours.

Mont. Montague, Montague, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Thou and thy brother both shall buy
this treason,

Even with the dearest blood your bodies bear.

K. Edw. The harder match'd, the greater
victory:

My mind presageth happy gain, and conquest.

Enter SOMERSET, with drum and colours.

Som. Somerset, Somerset, for Lancaster!

[*He and his forces enter the city.*]

Glo. Two of thy name, both Dukes of
Somerset,

Have sold their lives unto the house of York;
And thou shalt be the third, if this sword hold.

Enter CLARENCE, with drum and colours.

War. And lo! where George of Clarence
sweeps along,

Of force enough to bid his brother battle;
With whom an upright zeal to right prevails,
More than the nature of a brother's love.—

[*GLOSTER and CLARENCE whisper.*]

Come, Clarence, come; thou wilt, if Warwick
calls.

Clar. Father of Warwick, know you what
this means?

[*Taking the red rose out of his hat.*]

Look here, I throw my infamy at thee:

I will not ruin my father's house,

Who gave his blood to lime the stones
together,

And set up Lancaster. Why, trow'st thou,
Warwick,

That Clarence is so harsh, so blunt-unnatural,

To bend the fatal instruments of war

Against his brother, and his lawful king?

Perhaps, thou wilt object my holy oath:

To keep that oath, were more impiety

Than Jephtha's, when he sacrific'd his
daughter.

I am so sorry for my trespass made,

That to deserve well at my brother's hands,

I here proclaim myself thy mortal foe;

With resolution, wheresoe'er I meet thee,

(As I will meet thee, if thou stir abroad,)

To plague thee for thy foul misleading me.

And so, proud-hearted Warwick, I defy thee,
And to my brother turn my blushing
cheeks.—

Pardon me, Edward, I will make amends;

And, Richard, do not frown upon my faults,

For I will henceforth be no more unconstant.

K. Edw. Now welcome more, and ten
times more belov'd,

Than if thou never hadst deserv'd our hate.

Glo. Welcome, good Clarence: this is
brother-like.

War. O passing traitor, perjur'd, and
unjust!

K. Edw. What, Warwick, wilt thou leave
the town, and fight,

Or shall we beat the stones about thine ears?

War. Alas! I am not coop'd here for
defence:

I will away towards Barnet presently,

And bid thee battle, Edward, if thou dar'st.

K. Edw. Yes, Warwick, Edward dares, and
leads the way.—

Lords, to the field! Saint George, and
victory! [March. *Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Field of Battle near Barnet.

*Alarums and Excursions. Enter King
EDWARD, bringing in WARWICK wounded.*

K. Edw. So, lie thou there: die thou, and
die our fear;

For Warwick was a bug, that fear'd us all.—

Now, Montague, sit fast: I seek for thee,

That Warwick's bones may keep thine
company. [Exit.]

War. Ah! who is nigh? come to me,
friend or foe,

And tell me, who is victor, York, or
Warwick?

Why ask I that? my mangled body shows,

My blood, my want of strength, my sick
heart shows,

That I must yield my body to the earth,

And, by my fall, the conquest to my foe.

Thus yields the cedar to the axe's edge,

Whose arms gave shelter to the princely
eagle,

Under whose shade the ramping lion slept;

Whose top-branch overpeer'd Jove's spread-
ing tree,

And kept low shrubs from winter's powerful
wind.

These eyes, that now are dimm'd with death's
black veil,
Have been as piercing as the midday sun,
To search the secret treasons of the world :
The wrinkles in my brows, now fill'd with
blood,
Were liken'd oft to kingly sepulchres ;
For who liv'd king, but I could dig his
grave ?
And who durst smile when Warwick bent
his brow ?
Lo, now my glory smear'd in dust and
blood !
My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me ; and, of all my
lands,
Is nothing left me, but my body's length.
Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth
and dust ?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

Enter OXFORD and SOMERSET.

Som. Ah, Warwick, Warwick ! wert thou
as we are,
We might recover all our loss again. ³⁰
The queen from France hath brought a
puissant power ;
Even now we heard the news. Ah, couldst
thou fly !
War. Why, then I would not fly.—Ah,
Montague !
If thou be there, sweet brother, take my
hand,
And with thy lips keep in my soul awhile.
Thou lov'st me not ; for, brother, if thou
didst,
Thy tears would wash this cold congealed
blood,
That glues my lips, and will not let me speak.
Come quickly, Montague, or I am dead.

Som. Ah, Warwick ! Montague hath
breath'd his last ; ⁴⁰
And to the latest gasp cried out for Warwick,
And said—"Commend me to my valiant
brother."
And more he would have said ; and more he
spoke,
Which sounded like a cannon in a vault,
That might not be distinguish'd : but, at last,
I well might hear, deliver'd with a groan,—
"O, farewell, Warwick !"

War. Sweet rest his soul !—Fly, lords, and
save yourselves ;
For Warwick bids you all farewell, to meet
in heaven.

Oxf. Away, away, to meet th
great power !

[*Exeunt, bearing off WARWICK*

SCENE III.—Another Part of the Field.

Flourish. *Enter King EDWARD in triumph ;
with CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and the rest.*

K. Edw. Thus far our fortune keeps an
upward course,
And we are grac'd with wreaths of victory.
But, in the midst of this bright-shining day,
I spy a black, suspicious, threat'ning cloud,
That will encounter with our glorious sun,
Ere he attain his easeful western bed :
I mean, my lords, those powers, that the
queen
Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast,
And, as we hear, march on to fight with us.

Clar. A little gale will soon disperse that
cloud, ¹⁰
And blow it to the source from whence it
came :

Thy very beams will dry those vapours up,
For every cloud engenders not a storm.

Glo. The queen is valu'd thirty thousand
strong,

And Somerset, with Oxford, fled to her ;
If she have time to breathe, he well-assur'd,
Her faction will be full as strong as ours.

K. Edw. We are advertis'd by our loving
friends,
That they do hold their course toward
Tewksbury.

We, having now the best at Barnet field, ³⁰
Will thither straight, for willingness rides
way ;

And, as we march, our strength will be
augmented

In every county as we go along.—

Strike up the drum ! cry—Courage ! and
away. [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Plains near Tewksbury.

March. *Enter Queen MARGARET, Prince
EDWARD, SOMERSET, OXFORD, and Soldiers.*

Q. Mar. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit
and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown over-
board,

The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood ;
Yet lives our pilot still : is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath
too much ;

Whiles in his moan the ship splits on the rock
Which industry and courage might have
sav'd?

Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this
Say, Warwick was our anchor; what of that
And Montague our topmast; what of him?
Our slaughtered friends the tackl^{es}; what of
these?

Why, is not Oxford here another anchor,
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tack-
lings?

And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep,
But keep our course, though the rough wind
say no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with
wrack.

As good to chide the waves, as speak them fair.
And what is Edward but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can ~~ayim~~; alas! 't is but a while:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly
sink:

Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish; that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the
brothers,

More than with ruthless waves, with sands,
and rocks.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'T were childish weakness to lament, or fear.

Prince. Methinks, a woman of this valiant
spirit

Should, if a coward heard her speak these
words,

his breast with magnanimity,

and make him, naked, foil a man at arms.

He should not speak this as doubting any here;

For, did I but suspect a fearful man,

He should have leave to go away betimes,

Lest, in our need, he might infect another,

And make him of like spirit to himself.

If any such be here,—as God forbid!—

Let him depart before we need his help.

Oxf. Women and children of so high a
courage,

And warriors faint! why, 't were perpetual
shame.—

O brave young prince! thy famous grand-
father

Doth live again in thee: long may'st thou
live,

To bear his image, and renew his glories!

Som. And he, that will not fight for such
a hope

Go home to bed, and, like the owl by day,
If he arise, be mock'd and wonder'd at.

Q. Mar. Thanks, gentle Somerset:—sweet
Oxford, thanks.

Prince. And take his thanks, that yet hath
nothing else.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, lords, for Edward is at
hand,

Ready to fight: therefore, be resolute.

Oxf. I thought no less: it is his policy

To haste thus fast, to find us unprovided.

Som. But he's deceived: we are in readi-
ness.

Q. Mar. This cheers my heart to see your
forwardness.

Oxf. Here pitch our battle; hence we will
not budge.

*Flourish and March. Enter King EDWARD,
CLARENCE, GLOSTER, and Forces.*

K. Edw. Brave followers, yonder stands
the thorny wood,

Which, by the heavens' assistance and your
strength,

Must by the roots be hewn up yet ere night.

I need not add more fuel to your fire,

For, well I wot, ye blaze to burn them out.

Give signal to the fight, and to it, lords!

Q. Mar. Lords, knights, and gentlemen,
what I should say,

My tears gainsay; for every word I speak,
Ye see, I drink the water of mine eyes.

Therefore, no more but this:—Henry, your
sovereign,

Is prisoner to the foe; his state usurp'd,
His realm a slaughter-house, his subjects

slain,

His statutes cancell'd, and his treasure spent;

And yonder is the wolf that makes this spoil.

You fight in justice: then, in God's name,

lords,

Be valiant, and give signal to the fight.

[Exeunt both Armies.]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Same.

*Alarums: Excursions: and afterwards a Re-
treat. Then enter King EDWARD, CLARENCE,
GLOSTER, and Forces; with Queen MARGARET,
OXFORD, and SOMERSET, prisoners.*

K. Edw. Now, here a period of tumultuous
broils.

Away with Oxford to Ham's Castle straight :
For Somerset, off with his guilty head.
Go, bear them hence : I will not hear them speak.

Oxf. For my part, I'll not trouble thee with words.

Som. Nor I ; but stoop with patience to my fortune.

[*Exeunt OXFORD and SOMERSET, guarded.*]

Q. Mar. So part we sadly in this troublous world,

To meet with joy in sweet Jerusalem.

K. Edw. Is proclamation made, that who finds Edward

Shall have a high reward, and he his life ?

Glo. It is : and lo, where youthful Edward comes

Enter Soldiers, with Prince EDWARD.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant : let us hear him speak.

What ! can so young a thorn begin to prick ?
Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to ?

Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York.

Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth :
Resign thy chair, and where I stand kneel thou,

Whilst I propose the selfsame words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou wouldst have me answer to.

Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd !

Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.

Prince. Let *Æsop* fable in a winter's night ;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.

Glo. By Heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

Q. Mar. Ay, thou wast born to be a plague to men.

Glo. For God's sake, take away this captive scold.

Prince. Nay, take away this scolding crook-back, rather.

K. Edw. Peace, wilful boy, or I will charm your tongue.

Clar. Untutor'd lad, thou art too malapert.

Prince. I know my duty : you are all un-dutiful.

Lascivious Edward,—and thou perjurd George,—

And thou misshapen Dick,—I tell ye all,
I am your better, traitors as ye are ;

And thou usurp'st my father's right and mine.

K. Edw. Take that, the likeness of this railer here. [Stabs him.]

Glo. Sprawl'st thou ? take that, to end thy agony. [Stabs him.]

Clar. And there's for twitting me with perjury. [Stabs him.]

Q. Mar. O, kill me too !

Glo. Marry, and shall. [Offers to kill her.]

K. Edw. Hold, Richard, hold ! for we have done too much.

Glo. Why should she live, to fill the world with words ?

K. Edw. What ! doth she swoon ? use means for her recovery.

Glo. Clarence, excuse me to the king, my brother.

I'll hence to London on a serious matter :

Ere ye come there, be sure to hear some news.

Clar. What ? what ?

Glo. The Tower ! the Tower ! [Exit.]

Q. Mar. O Ned ! sweet Ned ! speak to thy mother, boy :

Canst thou not speak ?—O traitors ! murderers !

They that stabb'd *Cæsar* shed no blood at all,
Did not offend, nor were not worthy blame,
If this foul deed were by to equal it :

He was a man ; this, in respect, a child ;
And men ne'er spend their fury on a child.
What's worse than murderer, that I may name it ?

No, no ; my heart will burst, an if I speak ;
And I will speak, that so my heart may burst.—

Butchers and villains ! bloody cannibals !
How sweet a plant have you untimely cropp'd !
You have no children, butchers ! if you had,
The thought of them would have stirr'd up remorse :

But, if you ever chance to have a child,
Look in his youth to have him so cut off,
As, deathsmen, you have rid this sweet young prince !

K. Edw. Away with her ! go, bear her hence perforce.

Q. Mar. Nay, never bear me hence, despatch me here :

Here sheathe thy sword, I'll pardon thee my death.

What ! wilt thou not ?—then, Clarence, do it thou.

Clar. By Heaven, I will not do thee so much ease.

Q. Mar. Good Clarence, do ; sweet Clarence, do thou do it.

Clar. Didst thou not hear me swear I would not do it ?

Q. Mar. Ay, but thou usest to forswear thyself :

'T was sin before, but now 't is charity.

What ! wilt thou not ? Where is that devil's butcher,

Hard-favour'd Richard ? Richard, where art thou ?

Thou art not here : murder is ~~an~~ ^{thy} alms-deed ;

Petitioners for blood thou ne'er putt'st back.

K. Edw. Away, I say ! I charge ye, bear her hence.

Q. Mar. So come to you, and yours, as to this prince ! *[Exit.*

K. Edw. Where's Richard gone ?

Clar. To London, all in post ; and, as I guess,

To make a bloody supper in the Tower.

K. Edw. He's sudden, if a thing comes in his head.

Now march we hence : discharge the common sort

With pay and thanks, and let's away to London.

And see our gentle queen how well she fares :

By this, I hope, she hath a son for me. *so*

[Exeunt.

SCENE VI.—London. A Room in the Tower.

King HENRY is discovered sitting with a book in his hand, the Lieutenant attending.
Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good day, my lord. What ! at your book so hard ?

K. Hen. Ay, my good lord : my lord, I should say rather :

'T is sin to flatter ; good was little better :

Good Gloster, and good devil, were alike,
And both preposterous ; therefore, not good lord.

Glo. Sirrah, leave us to ourselves : we must confer. *[Exit Lieutenant.*

K. Hen. So flies the reckless shepherd from the wolf :

So first the harmless sheep doth yield his fleece,

And next his throat unto the butcher's knife.—

What scene of death hath Roscius now to act ?

Glo. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind :

The thief doth fear each bush an officer.

K. Hen. The bird, that hath been limed in a bush,

With trembling wings misdoubteth every bush ;

And I, the hapless male to one sweet bird,

Have now the fatal object in my eye,

Where my poor young was lim'd, was caught, and kill'd.

Glo. Why, what a peevish fool was that of Crete,

That taught his son the office of a fowl ?

And yet, for all his wings, the fool was drown'd. *so*

K. Hen. I, Dædalus ; my poor boy, Icarus ; Thy father, Minos, that denied our course ;

The sun, that sear'd the wings of my sweet boy,

Thy brother Edward ; and thyself, the sea,

Whose envious gulf did swallow up his life.

Ah ! kill me with thy weapon, not with words.

My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,

Than can my ears that tragic history.

But wherefore dost thou come ? is 't for my life ? *so*

Glo. Think'st thou I am an executioner ?

K. Hen. A persecutor, I am sure, thou art :

If murdering innocents be executing,

Why, then thou art an executioner.

Glo. Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

K. Hen. Hadst thou been kill'd, when first thou didst presume,

Thou hadst not liv'd to kill a son of mine.

And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,

Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear,

And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,

And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—

Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',

Orphans for their parents' timeless death,—

Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.

The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign ;

The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time ;

Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempest shook down trees ;

The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords

sung.

Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's

hope ; *so*

To wit,—an indigested and deformed lump,

Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

Teeth hadst thou in thy head, when thou wast born,

To signify, thou can'st to bite the world :
And, if the rest be true which I have heard,
Thou can'st—

Glo. I'll hear no more ;—die, prophet, in
thy speech : [Stabs him.]

For this, amongst the rest, was I ordain'd.

K. Hen. Ay, and for much more slaughter
after this.

O ! God forgive my sins, and pardon thee. so
[Dies.]

Glo. What ! will the aspiring blood of
Lancaster

Sink in the ground ? I thought it would
have mounted.

See, how my sword weeps for the poor king's
death !

O, may such purple tears be always shed
From those that wish the downfall of our
house !—

If any spark of life be yet remaining,
Down, down to hell ; and say I sent thee
thither : [Stabs him again.]

I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.

Indeed, 't is true, that Henry told me of ;

For I have often heard my mother say, 70

I came into the world with my legs forward.

Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurp'd our
right ?

The midwife wonder'd ; and the women
cried,

" O, Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth !"

And so I was ; which plainly signified

That I should snarl, and bite, and play the
dog.

Then, since the heavens have shap'd my body
so,

Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.

I have no brother, I am like no brother ; 80

And this word love, which greybeards call
divine,

Be resident in men like one another,

And not in me : I am myself alone.—

Clarence, beware : thou keep'st me from the
light ;

But I will sort a pitchy day for thee :

For I will buz abroad such prophecies,

That Edward shall be fearful of his life ;

And then, to purge his fear, I'll be thy
death.

King Henry, and the prince his son, are
gone :

Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the
rest ; 90

Counting myself but bad, till I be best.—

I'll throw thy body in another room,

And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom.

[Exit, with the body.]

SCENE VII.—The Same. A Room in the
Palace.

*King EDWARD is discovered sitting on his
throne ; Queen ELIZABETH with the infant
Prince, CLARENCE, GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and
others, near him.*

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's
royal throne,

Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their
pride !

Three Dukes of Somerset, threefold renown'd

For hardy and undoubted champions ;

Two Cliffords, as the father and the son ;

And two Northumberlands : two braver
men

Ne'er spur'd their coursers at the trumpet's
sound ;

With them, the two brave bears, Warwick
and Montague, 10

That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they
roar'd.

Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.—

Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my
boy.—

Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and
myself,

Have in our armours watch'd the winter's
night,

Went all a-foot in summer's scalding heat,

That thou might'st repossess the crown in
peace ;

And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.

Glo. [Aside.] I'll blast his harvest, if your
head were laid ; 11

For yet I am not look'd on in the world.

This shoulder was ordain'd so thick, to heave ;
And hence it shall some weight, or break my
back.—

Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute.

K. Edw. Clarence, and Gloster, love my
lovely queen,

And kiss your princely nephew, brothers
both.

Clar. The duty, that I owe unto your
majesty,

I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.

Q. Eliz. Thanks, noble Clarence, worthy
brother, thanks. 20

Glo. And, that I love the tree from whence
thou sprang'st,

Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit.—

[Aside.] To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his
master,

And cried—All hail ! when as he meant—all
harm.

K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul
delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers'
loves.

Clwr. What will your grace have done with
Margaret ?

Reignier, her father, to the King of France
Hath pawn'd the Sicils and Jerusalem,

And hither have they sent it for her ransom.

K. Edw. Away with her, and waft her
hence to France.—

And now what rests, but that we spend the time
With stately triumphs, mirthful comic shows,
Such as befits the pleasure of the court ?

Sound, drums and trumpets !—farewell, sour
annoy !

For here I hope, begins our lasting joy.

[*Exeunt.*]

LUCRECE.

FROM the besieged Ardea all in post,
 Borne by the trustless wings of false desire,
 Lust-breathed Tarquin leaves the Roman host,
 And to Collatium bears the lightless fire
 Which, in pale embers hid, lurks to aspire,
 And girdle with embracing flames the waist
 Of Collatine's fair love, Lucrece the chaste.

Haply that name of chaste unhappily set
 This bateless edge on his keen appetite ;
 When Collatine unwisely did not let
 To praise the clear unmatched red and white
 Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight ;
 Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's
 beauties,
 With pure aspects did him peculiar duties.

For he the night before, in Tarquin's tent,
 Unlock'd the treasure of his happy state ;
 What priceless wealth the heavens had him lent
 In the possession of his beauteous mate :
 Reckoning his fortune at such high-proud rate,
 That kings might be espoused to more
 fame,
 But king nor peer to such a peerless dame.

O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
 And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and done,
 As is the morning's silver-melting dew
 Against the golden splendour of the sun ;
 An expir'd date, cancell'd ere well begun :
 Honour and beauty, in the owner's arms,
 Are weakly fortress'd from a world of harms.

Beauty itself doth of itself persuade
 The eyes of men without an orator ;
 What needeth then apologies be made
 To set forth that which is so singular ?
 Or why is Collatine the publisher
 Of that rich jewel he should keep unknown
 From thievish ears, because it is his own ?

Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
 Suggested this proud issue of a king ;
 For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be :
 Perchance that envy of so rich a thing,
 Braving compare, disdainfully did sting
 His high-pitch'd thoughts, that meaner men
 should vaunt
 That golden hap which their superiors want.

But some untimely thought did instigate
 His all-too-timeless speed, if none of those :
 His honour, his affairs, his friends, his state,
 Neglected all, with swift intent he goes
 To quench the coal which in his liver glows.
 O rash-false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
 Thy hasty spring still blasts, and ne'er
 grows old !

When at Collatium this false lord arriv'd,
 Well was he welcom'd by the Roman dame,
 Within whose face beauty and virtue striv'd
 Which of them both should underprop her
 fame :
 When virtue bragg'd, beauty would blush for
 shame ;
 When beauty boasted blushes, in despite
 Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

But beauty, in that white intitled,
 From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair
 field ;
 Then virtue claims from beauty beauty's red,
 Which virtue gave the golden age to gild
 Their silver cheeks, and call'd it then their
 shield ;
 Teaching them thus to use it in the fight,—
 When shame assail'd, the red should fence
 the white.

This heraldry in Lucrece' face was seen,
 Argu'd by beauty's red, and virtue's white :
 Of either's colour was the other queen,
 Proving from world's minority their right :
 Yet their ambition makes them still to
 fight ;
 The sovereignty of either being so great,
 That oft they interchange each other's
 seat.

This silent war of lilies and of roses,
 Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's
 field,
 In their pure ranks his traitor eye encloses ;
 Where, lest between them both it should be
 kill'd,
 The coward captive vanquished doth yield
 To those two armies, that would let him
 go,
 Rather than triumph in so false a foe.

LUCRECE.

Now thinks he, that her husband's shallow
tongue—

The niggard prodigal that prais'd her so—
In that high task hath done her beauty
wrong,

Which far exceeds his barren skill to show :
Therefore that praise which Collatine doth
owe

Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise,
In silent wonder of still-gazing eyes.

This earthly saint, adored by this devil,
Little suspecteth the false worshipper ;
For unstrain'd thoughts do seldom dream on
evil,

Birds never lim'd no secret bushes fear :
So guiltless she securely gives good cheer,
And reverent welcome to her princely guest,
Whose inward ill no outward harm ex-
press'd :

For that he colour'd with his high estate,
Hiding base sin in plaits of majesty ;
That nothing in him seem'd inordinate,
Save something too much wonder of his eye,
Which, having all, all could not satisfy ;
But, poorly rich, so wanteth in his store,
That, cloy'd with much, he pineth still for
more.

But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their parling
looks,

Nor read the subtle-shining secrecies
Writ in the glassy margents of such books :
She touch'd no unknown baits, nor fear'd no
hooks ;

Nor could she moralise his wanton sight,
More than his eyes were open'd to the
light.

He stories to her ears her husband's fame,
Won in the fields of fruitful Italy ;
And decks with praises Collatine's high name,
Made glorious by his manly chivalry
With bruised arms and wreaths of victory :
Her joy with heav'd-up hand she doth
express,
And, wordless, so greets heaven for his
success.

Far from the purpose of his coming thither,
He makes excuses for his being there :
No cloudy show of stormy blustering weather
Doth yet in his fair welkin once appear ;
Till sable Night, mother of dread and fear,
Upon the world dim darkness doth display,
And in her vaulty prison stows the Day.

For then is Tarquin brought unto his bed,
Intending weariness with heavy spright :

For after supper long he questioned
With modest Lucrece, and wore out the night :
Now leaden slumber with life's strength doth
fight,

And every one to rest themselves betake,
Save thieves, and cares, and troubled minds,
that wake.

As one of which doth Tarquin lie revolving
The sundry dangers of his will's obtaining ;
Yet ever to obtain his will resolving,
Though weak-built hopes persuade him to
abstaining :

Despair to gain doth traffic oft for gaining ;
And when great treasure is the meed pro-
pos'd,

Though death be adjunct, there's no death
suppos'd.

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they
possess,

They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less ;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess

Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor-rich
gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age ;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage ;
As life for honour in fell battle's rage ;

Honour for wealth ; and oft that wealth
loth cost

The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect ;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,
In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have : so then we do neglect

The thing we have ; and, all for want of
wit,

Make something nothing, by augmenting it.

Such hazard now must doting Tarquin make,
Pawning his honour to obtain his lust,
And for himself himself he must forsake :
Then where is truth, if there be no self-trust ?
When shall he think to find a stranger ?
When he himself himself confounds, he
To slanderous tongues, and wretched hat-
days ?

Now stole upon the time the dead of night,
 When heavy sleep had clos'd up mortal eyes
 No comfortable star did lend his light,
 No noise but owls' and wolves' death-boding
 cries :
 Now serves the season that they may surprise
 The silly lambs ; pure thoughts are dead
 and still,
 While lust and murder wak's to stain and
 kill.

And now this lustful lord leap'd from his
 bed,
 Throwing his mantle rudely o'er his arm ; 170
 Is ready toss'd between desire and dread ;
 Th' one sweetly flatters, th' other feareth
 harm ;
 But honest Fear, bewitch'd with lust's foul
 charm,
 Doth too-too oft betake him to retire,
 Beaten away by brain-sick rude Desire.

His falchion on a flint he softly smiteth,
 That from the cold stone sparks of fire do
 fly,
 Whereat a waxen torch forthwith he lighteth,
 Which must be lode-star to his lustful eye ;
 And to the flame thus speaks advisedly : 180
 " As from this cold flint I enforc'd this fire,
 So Lucrece must I force to my desire."

Here pale with fear he doth premeditate
 The dangers of his loathsome enterprise,
 And in his inward mind he doth debate
 What following sorrow may on this arise :
 Then looking scornfully, he doth despise
 His naked armour of still-slaughter'd lust,
 And justly thus controls his thoughts
 unjust.

" Fair torch, burn out thy light, and lend it
 not 190
 To darken her whose light excelleth thine ;
 And die, unhallow'd thoughts, before you blot
 With your uncleanness that which is divine,
 Offer pure incense to so pure a shrine .
 Let fair humanity abhor the deed
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-
 white weed.

" O shame to knighthood and to shining arms !
 O foul dishonour to my household's grave !
 O impious act, including all foul harms !
 A martial man to be soft fancy's slave ! 200
 True valour still a true respect should have ;
 Then my digression is so vile, so base,
 That it will live engraven in my face.

" Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
 And be an eyesore in my golden coat ;
 Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
 To cipher me how fondly I did dote ;
 That my posterity, sham'd with the note,
 Shall curse my bones, and hold it for
 no sin
 To wish that I their father had not bin. 210

" What win I, if I gain the thing I seek ?
 A dream, a breath, a froth of fleeting joy.
 Who buys a minute's mirth to wail a week,
 Or sells eternity to get a toy ?
 For one sweet grape who will the vine destroy ?
 Or what fond beggar, but to touch the
 crown,
 Would with the sceptre straight be stricken
 down ?

" If Collatinus dream of my intent,
 Will he not wake, and in a desperate rage
 Post hither, this vile purpose to prevent ? 220
 This siege that hath engirt his marriage,
 This blur to youth, this sorrow to the sage,
 This dying virtue, this surviving shame,
 Whose crime will bear aⁿ ever-during
 blame ?

" O ! what excuse can my invention make,
 When thou shalt charge me with so black a
 deed ?
 Will not my tongue be mute, my frail joints
 shake,
 Mine eyes forego their light, my false heart
 bleed ?
 The guilt being great, the fear doth still
 exceed ; 230
 And extreme fear can neither fight nor fly,
 But coward-like with trembling terror die.

" Had Collatinus kill'd my son or aire,
 Or lain in ambush to betray my life,
 Or were he not my dear friend, this desire
 Might have excuse to work upon his wife,
 As in revenge or quittal of such strife ;
 But as he is my kinsman, my dear friend,
 The shame and fault finds no excuse nor
 end.

" Shameful it is ;—ay, if the fact be known :
 hateful it is ;—there is no hate in loving : 240
 I'll beg her love ;—but she is not her own :
 The worst is but denial, and reproving.
 My will is strong, past reason's weak remov-
 ing :
 Who fears a sentence, or an old man's
 saw,
 Shall by a painted cloth be kept in awe."

Thus, graceless, holds he disputation
T'ween frozen conscience and hot-burning
will,
And with good thoughts makes dispensation,
Urging the worser sense for vantage still ;
Which in a moment doth confound and kill :
All pure effects, and doth so far proceed,
That what is vile shows like virtuous
deed.

Quoth he : " She took me kindly by the hand,
And gaz'd for tidings in my eager eyes.
Fearing some hard news from the warlike
band,
Where her beloved Collatinus lies.
O, how her fear did make her colour rise !
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses took away.

" And how her hand, in my
lock'd,
Forc'd it to tremble with her loyal fear !
Which struck her sad, and then it faster
rock'd,
Until her husband's welfare she did hear ;
Whereat she smiled with so sweet a cheer,
That had Narcissus seen her as she stood,
Self-love had never drown'd him in the
flood.

Why hunt I then for colour or excuses !
All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth :
Poor wretches have remorse in poor abuses :
Love thrives not in the heart that shadows
dreadeth :
Affection is my captain, and he leadeth ;
And when his gaudy banner is display'd,
The coward fights, and will not be dismay'd.

" Then, childish fear, avaunt ! debating, die !
Respect and reason, wait on wrinkled age !
My heart shall never countermand mine
eye :
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage :
My part is youth, and beats these from the
stage.

Desire my pilot is, beauty my prize ;
Then, who fears sinking where such
treasure lies ? "

As corn o'ergrown by weeds, so heedful fear
Is almost chok'd by unresisted lust.
Away he steals with open listening ear,
Full of foul hope, and full of fond mistrust ;
Both which, as servitors to the unjust,
So cross him with their opposite persuasion,
That now he vows a league, and now in-
vasion.

Within his thought her heavenly image sits,
And in the selfsame seat sits Collatine :
That eye which looks on her confounds his
wits ;
That eye which him beholds, as more divine,
Unto a view so false will not incline ;
But with a pure appeal seeks to the heart,
Which, once corrupted, takes the worser
part ;

And therein heartens up his servile powers ;
Who, flatter'd by their leader's jocund show,
Stuff up his lust, as minutes fill up hours ;
And as their captain, so their pride doth grow,
Paying more slavish tribute than they owe.
By reprobate desire thus maddly led,
The Roman lord marcheth to Lucrece's bed.

The locks between her chamber and his will,
Each one by him enforc'd, retires his ward ;
But as they open they all rate his ill,
Which drives the creeping thief to some
regard
The threshold grates the door to have him
heard ;
Night-wandering weasels shriek, to see him
there ;
They fright him, yet he still pursues his
fear.

As each unwilling portal yields him way,
Through little vents and crannies of the place
The wind wars with his torch, to make him
stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his conduct in this case ;
But his hot heart, which fond desire doth
scorch,
Puffs forth another wind that fires the
torch :

And being lighted, by the light he spies
Lucretia's glove, wherein her needle sticks :
He takes it from the rushes where it lies,
And griping it, the needle his finger pricks ;
As who should say, " This glove to wanton
tricks
Is not inur'd ; return again in haste ;
Thou seest our mistress' ornaments are
chaste."

But all these poor forbiddings could not stay
him ;
He in the worst sense construes their denial :
The doors, the wind, the glove, that did
delay him,
He takes for accidental things of trial,
Or as those bars which stop the hourly dial,

Who with a ling'ring stay his course doth let,
Till every minute pays the hour his debt.

"So, so," quoth he; "these lets attend the
time,

Like little frosts that sometime threat the
spring,

To add a more rejoicing to the prime,
And give the snaped birds more cause to
sing.

Pain pays the income of each precious thing;
Huge rocks, high winds, strong pirates,
shelves and sands,

The merchant fears, ere rich at home he
lends."

Now is he come unto the chamber-door,
That shuts him from the heaven of his
thought,

Which with a yielding latch, and with no
more,

Hath barr'd him from the blessed thing he
sought.

So from himself impiety hath wrought,
That for his prey to pray he doth begin.
As if the heavens should countenance his
sin.

But in the midst of his unfruitful prayer,
Having solicited the eternal power
That his foul thoughts might compass his
fair fair,

And they would stand auspicious to the hour,
Even there he starts: -quoth he, "I must
delflower:

The powers to whom I pray abhor this fact,
How can they then assist me in the act?

"Then Love and Fortune be my gods, my
guide!

My will is back'd with resolution:
Thoughts are but dreams, till their effects be
tried;

The blackest sin is clear'd with absolution:
Against love's fire fear's frost hath dissolution.
The eye of heaven is out, and misty night
Covers the shame that follows sweet
delight."

This said, his guilty hand pluck'd up the latch,
And with his knee the door he opens wide.
The dove sleeps fast that this night-owl will
catch:

Thus treason works ere traitors be espied.
Who sees the lurking serpent steps aside;
But she, sound sleeping, fearing no such
thing,
Lies at the mercy of his mortal sting.

Into the chamber wickedly he stalks,
And gazeth on her yet unstained bed.
The curtains being close, about he walks,
Rolling his greedy eyeballs in his head:
By their high treason is his heart misled;

Which gives the watchword to his hand
full soon,

To ~~the~~ the ~~cl~~ ad that hides the silver
moon.

Look, as the fair and fiery-pointed sun,
Rushing from forth a cloud, bereaves our
sight;

Even so, the curtain drawn, his eyes begun
To wink, being blinded with a greater light:
Whether it is that she reflects so bright,

That dazzleth them, or else some shame
suppose

But blind they are, and keep themselves
enclosed.

O! had they in that darksome prison died,
Then had they seen the period of their ill:

Then Collatine again, by Lucrece' side,
In his clear bed might have reposed still;

But they must open this blessed league to kill.
And holy thoughted Lucrece to their sight
Must sell her joy, her life, her world's
delight.

Her lily hand her rosy cheek lies under,
Cozening the pillow of a lawful kiss;

Who, therefore angry, seems to part in sunder,
Swelling on either side, to want his bliss:

Between whose hills her head entombed is:
Where, like a virtuous monument, she lies,
To be admir'd of lewd unhallow'd eyes.

Without the bed her other fair hand was,
On the green coverlet; whose perfect white
Show'd like an April daisy on the grass,
With pearly sweat, resembling dew of night.
Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their
light,

And canopied in darkness sweetly lay,
Till they might open to adorn the day.

Her hair, like golden threads, play'd with her
breath;

O modest wantons! wanton modesty!
Showing life's triumph in the map of death,
And death's dim look in life's mortality:

Each in her sleep themselves so beautify,
As if between them twain there were no
strife,

But that life liv'd in death, and death in
life.

LUCRECE.

Her breasts, like ivory globes circled with blue,
A pair of maiden worlds unconquered,
Save of their lord no bearing yoke they
knew,
And him by oath they truly honoured. 41
These worlds in Tarquin new ambition bred
Who, like a foul usurper, went about
From this fair throne to heave the owner
out.

What could he see, but mightily he noted?
What did he note, but strongly he desir'd?
What he beheld, on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he tir'd.
With more than admiration he admir'd
Her azure veins, her alabaster skin,
Her coral lips, her snow-white dimpled
chin. 42

As the grim lion fawneth o'er his prey,
Sharp hunger by the conquest satisfied,
So o'er this sleeping soul doth Tarquin stay,
His rage of lust by gazing qualified;
Slack'd, not suppress'd; for standing by her
side,

His eye, which late this mutiny restrains,
Unto a greater uproar tempts his veins:

And they, like straggling slaves for pillage
fighting,
Obdurate vassals, fell exploits effecting,
In bloody death and ravishment delighting,
Nor children's tears, nor mothers' groans
respecting, 43
Swell in their pride, the onset still expecting:
Anon his beating heart, alarm striking,
Gives the hot charge, and bids them do
their liking.

His drumming heart cheers up his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand, as proud of such a dignity,
Smoking with pride, march'd on to make his
stand
On her bare breast, the heart of all her land,
Whose ranks of blue veins, as his hand
did scale, 44
Left their round turrets destitute and pale.

They, mustering to the quiet cabinet
Where their dear governess and lady lies,
Do tell her she is dreadfully beset,
And fright her with confusion of their cries:
She, much amaz'd, breaks ope her lock'd-up
eyes,
Who, peeping forth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dimm'd and
controll'd.

Imagine her as one in dead of night
From forth dull sleep by dreadful fancy
waking,
That thinks she hath beheld some ghastly
sprite,
Whose grim aspect set every joint a-shaking,
What terror 'tis! but she, in worse taking,
From sleep disturbed, heedfully doth view
The sight which makes supposed terror
true.

Wrapp'd and confounded in a thousand fears,
Like to a new-kill'd bird she trembling lies;
She dares not look; yet, winking, there
appears
Quick-shifting anticks, ugly in her eyes:
Such shadows are the weak brain's forgeries;
Who, angry that the eyes fly from their
lights, 45
In darkness daunts them with more
dreadful sights.

His hand, that yet remains upon her breast,
(Rude ram to batter such an ivory wall,)
May feel her heart (poor citizen!) distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her bulk, that his hand shakes
withal.

This moves in him more rage, and lesser
pity,
To make the breach, and enter this sweet
city.

First, like a trumpet, doth his tongue begin
To sound a parley to his heartless foe; 46
Who o'er the white sheet peers her whiter
chin,
The reason of this rash alarm to know,
Which he by dumb demeanour seeks to show;
But she with vehement prayers urgeth still,
Under what colour he commits this ill.

Thus he replies: "The colour in thy face,
That even for anger makes the lily pale,
And the red rose blush at her own disgrace,
Shall plead for me, and tell my loving tale;
Under that colour am I come to scale 47
Thy never-conquer'd fort: the fault is thine,
For those thine eyes betray thee unto mine.

Thus I forestall thee, if thou mean to chide:
Thy beauty hath ensnar'd thee to this night,
Where thou with patience must my will abide,
My will, that marks thee for my earth's
delight,
Which I to conquer sought with all my might;
But as reproof and reason beat it dead, 48
By thy bright beauty was it newly bred.

"I see what crosses my attempt will bring ;
I know what thorns the growing rose defends ;
I think the honey guarded with a sting :
All this, beforehand, counsel comprehends ;
But will is deaf, and hears no heedful friends :
Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
And dotes on what he looks, 'gainst law or
duty.

"I have debated, even in my soul,
What wrong, what shame, what sorrow I
shall breed ;
But nothing can affection's course control, 500
Or stop the headlong fury of his speed.
I know repentant tears ensue the deed,
Reproach, disdain, and deadly enmity ;
Yet strive I to embrace mine infamy."

This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies
Coucheth the fowl below with his wings'
shade,
Whose crooked beak threatens, if he mount he
dies :
So under his insulting falchion lies
Harmless Lucretia, marking what he tells
With trembling fear, as fowl hear falcon's
bells. 511

"Lucrece," quoth he, "this night I must
enjoy thee :
If thou deny, then force must work my
way,
For in thy bed I purpose to destroy thee :
That done, some worthless slave of thine I'll
slay,
To kill thine honour with thy life's decay ;
And in thy dead arms do I mean to place
him,
Swearing I slew him, seeing thee embrace
him.

"So thy surviving husband shall remain
The scornful mark of every open eye ; 520
Thy kinsmen hang their heads at this disdain,
Thy issue blurr'd with nameless bastardy :
And thou, the author of their obloquy,
Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes,
And sung by children in succeeding times.

"But if thou yield, I rest thy secret friend :
The fault unknown is as a thought unacted ;
A little harm, done to a great good end,
For lawful policy remains enacted.
The poisonous simple sometimes is compacted
In a pure compound ; being so applied, 531
His venom in effect is

"Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
Tender my suit : bequeath not to their lot
The shame that from them no device can take,
The blemish that will never be forgot ;
Worse than a slavish wive, or birth-hour's blot :
Or marks descried in men's nativity
Are nature's faults, not their own infamy."

Here with a cockatrice' dead-killing eye 540
He rouseth up himself, and makes a pause ;
While she, the picture of pure piety,
Like a white hind under the gripe's sharp
claws,
Pleads in a wilderness, where are no laws,
To the rough beast that knows no gentle
right,
Nor aught obeys but his foul appetite.

But when a black-fac'd cloud the world doth
threat
In his dim mist the aspiring mountains hiding,
From earth's dark womb some gentle gust
doth get,
Which blows these pitchy vapours from their
biding. 550
Hindering their present fall by this dividing :
So his unhallowed haste her words delays,
And moody Pluto winks, while Orpheus
plays.

Yet, foul night-waking cat, he doth but dally,
While in his hold-fast foot the weak mouse
panteth :
Her sad behaviour feeds his vulture folly,
A swallowing gulf that even in plenty
wanteth.
His ear her prayers admits, but his heart
granteth
No penetrable entrance to her plaining :
Tears harden lust, though marble wear with
raining. 560

Her pity-pleading eyes are sadly fix'd
In the remorseless wrinkles of his face ;
Her modest eloquence with sighs is mix'd,
Which to her oratory adds more grace.
She puts the period often from his place ;
And 'midst the sentence so her accent
breaks,
That twice she doth begin, ere once she
speaks.

She conjures him by high almighty Jove,
By knighthood, gentry, and sweet friendship's
oath,
By her untimely tears, her husband's love, 570
By holy human law, and common troth,
By heaven and earth, and all the power of both,

That to his borrow'd bed he make retire,
And stoop to honour, not to foul desire.

Quoth she: "Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast pre-
tended;
Mud not the fountain that gave drink to
thee;
Mar not the thing that cannot be amended;
End thy ill aim before thy shoot be ended:
He is no woodman that doth bend his
bow
To strike a poor unseasonable doe.

"My husband is thy friend, for his sake spare
me;
Thyself art mighty, for thine own sake leave
me;
Myself a weakling, do not then ensnare me;
Thou look'st not like deceit, do not deceive
me:
My sighs, like whirlwinds, labour hence to
leave thee.
If ever man were mov'd with woman's
moans,
Be moved with my tears, my sighs, my
groans.

"All which together, like a troubled ocean,
Beat at thy rocky and wrack-threatening
heart,
To soften it with their continual motion;
For stones dissolv'd to water do convert.
O, if no harder than a stone thou art,
Melt at my tears and be compassionate!
Soft pity enters at an iron gate.

"In Tarquin's likeness I did entertain thee;
Hast thou put on his shape to do him shame?
To all the host of heaven I complain me,
Thou wrong'st his honour, wound'st his
princely name:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; and if the
same,
Thou seem'st not what thou art, a god, a
king;
For kings like gods should govern every-
thing.

"How will thy shame be seeded in thine
age,
When thus thy vices bud before thy spring?
If in thy hope thou dar'st do such outrage,
What dar'st thou not, when once thou art a
king?
O, be remember'd! no outrageous thing
From vassal actors can be wip'd away;
Then kings' misdeeds cannot be hid in clay.

"This deed will make thee only lov'd for fear;
But happy monarchs still are fear'd for love:
With foul offenders thou perforce must bear,
When they in thee the like offences prove:
If but for fear of this, thy will remove;
For princes are the glass, the school, the
book,
Where subjects' eyes do learn, do read, do
look.

"And wilt thou be the school where Lust
shall learn?
Must he in thee read lectures of such shame?
Wilt thou be glass, wherein it shall discern
Authority for sin, warrant for blame,
To privilege dishonour in thy name?
Thou back'st reproach against long-living
laud,
And mak'st fair reputation but a bawd.

"Hast thou command? by him that gave it
thee,
From a pure heart command thy rebel will:
Draw not thy sword to guard iniquity,
For it was lent thee all that brood to kill.
Thy princely office how canst thou fulfil,
When, pattern'd by thy fault, foul Sin may
say,
He learn'd to sin, and thou didst teach the
way?

"Think but how vile a spectacle it were,
To view thy present trespass in another.
Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;
Their own transgressions partially they
smother:
This guilt would seem death-worthy in thy
brother.
O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance
their eyes!

"To thee, to thee, my heav'd-up hands appeal,
Not to seducing lust, thy rash relier;
I sue for exil'd majesty's repeal;
Let him return, and flattering thoughts retire:
His true respect will prison false desire,
And wipe the dim mist from thy doting
eyne,
That thou shalt see thy state, and pity mine."

"Have done," quoth he: "my uncontrolled
tide
Turns not, but swells the higher by this let.
Small lights are soon blown out, huge fires
abide,
And with the wind in greater fury fret:
The petty streams, that pay a daily debt

LUCRECE.

To their salt sovereign with their fresh
falls' haste, 650
Add to his flow, but alter not his taste."

"Thou art," quoth she, "a sea, a sovereign
king;
And, lo! there falls into thy boundless flood
Black lust, dishonour, shame, misgoverning,
Who seek to stain the ocean of thy blood.
If all these petty ills shall change thy good,
Thy sea within a puddle's womb is hears'd,
And not the puddle in thy sea dispers'd.

"So shall these slaves be king, and thou their
slave;
Thou nobly base, they basely dignified; 660
Thou their fair life, and they thy fouler grave;
Thou loathed in their shame, 'hey in thy
pride:
The lesser thing should not the greater hide;
The cedar stoops not to the base shrub's
foot,
But low shrubs wither at the cedar's root.

"So let thy thoughts, low vassals to thy
state"—
"No more," quoth he; "by Heaven, I will
not hear thee:
Yield to my love; if not, enforced hate,
Instead of love's coy touch, shall rudely tear
thee;
That done, despitefully I mean to bear thee 670
Unto the base bed of some rascal groom,
To be thy partner in this shameful doom."

This said, he sets his foot upon the light,
For light and lust are deadly enemies:
Shame folded up in blind concealing night,
When most unseen, then most doth tyrannise.
The wolf hath seiz'd his prey, the poor lamb
cries;
Till with her own white fleece her voice
controll'd
Entombs her outcry in her lips' sweet fold:

For with the nightly linen that she wears 680
He pens her piteous clamours in her head,
Cooling his hot face in the chastest tears
That ever modest eyes with sorrow shed.
O, that prone lust should stain so pure a bed!
The spots whereof could weeping purify,
Her tears should drop on them perpetually.

But she hath lost a dearer thing than life,
And he hath won what he would lose again;
This forced league doth force a further strife;
This momentary joy breeds months of pain:
This hot desire converts to cold disdain. 690

Pure Chastity is rifled of her store,
And Lust, the thief, far poorer than before.

Look as the full-fed hound, or gorged hawk,
Unapt for tender snell, or speedy flight,
Make slow pursuit, or altogether balk
The prey wherein by nature they delight;
So surfeit-taking Tarquin fares this night:
His taste delicious, in digestion souring,
Devours his will, that liv'd by foul devour-
ing.

O deeper sin than bottomless conceit
Can comprehend in still imagination!
Drunken Desire must vomit his receipt,
Ere he can see his own abomination.
While Lust is in his pride, no exclamation
Can curb his heat, or rein his rash desire,
Till, like a jade, Self-will himself doth tire.

And then, with lank and lean discolour'd
check,
With heavy eye, knit brow, and strengthless
pace,
Feeble Desire, all recreant, poor, and meek,
Like to a bankrupt beggar wails his case: 710
The flesh being proud, Desire doth fight with
Grace,
For there it revels; and when that decays,
The guilty rebel for remission prays.

So fares it with this faultful lord of Rome,
Who this accomplishment so hotly clas'd;
For now against himself he sounds this
doom,—
That through the length of times he stands
disgrac'd;
Besides, his soul's fair temple is defac'd; 720
To whose weak ruins muster troops of cares,
To ask the spotted princess how she fares.

She says, her subjects with foul insurrection
Have batter'd down her consecrated wall,
And by their mortal fault brought in subjec-
tion
Her immortality, and made her thrall
To living death, and pain perpetual:
Which in her prescience she controlled still,
But her foresight could not forestall their
will.

Even in this thought through the dark night
he stealeth
A captive victor that hath lost in gain; 730
Bearing away the wound that nothing healeth;
The scar that will despite of cure remain;
Leaving his spoil perplex'd in greater pain.

LUCRECE.

She bears the load of lust he left behind,
And he the burden of a guilty mind.

He, like a thievish dog, creeps sadly thence,
She like a wearied lamb lies panting there ;
He scowls, and hates himself for his offence,
She desperate with her' nails her ~~fresh~~ doth
tear ;

He faintly flies, sweating with guilty fear, ⁷⁴⁰
She stays, exclaiming on the direful night ;
He runs, and chides his vanish'd, loath'd
delight.

He thence departs a heavy convertite,
She there remains a hopeless castaway ;
He in his speed looks for the morning light,
She prays she never may behold the day ;
"For day," quoth she, "night's scapes doth
open lay,

And my true eyes have never practis'd how
To cloak offences with a cunning brow.

"They think not but that every eye can see
The same disgrace which they themselves
behold,"

And therefore would they still in darkness
be,

To have their unseen sin remain untold ;
For they their guilt with weeping will unfold,
And grave, like water that doth cut in steel,
Upon my cheeks what helpless shame I feel."

Here she exclaims against repose and rest,
And bids her eyes hereafter still be blind.
She wakes her heart by beating on her breast,
And bids it leap from thence where it may
find ⁷⁵⁰

Some purer chest to close so pure a mind.
Frantic with grief, thus breathes she forth
her spite

Against the unseen secrecy of night :

"O comfort-killing Night, image of hell !
Dim register and notary of shame !
Black stage for tragedies and murders fell !
Vast sin-concealing chaos ! nurse of blame !
Blind muffled bawd ! dark harbour for defame !
Grim cave of death, whispering conspirator
With close-tongu'd treason and the ravisher !

"O hateful, vaporous, and foggy Night ! ⁷⁷⁰
Since thou art guilty of my cureless crime,
Muster thy mists to meet the eastern light,
Make war against proportion'd course of
time :

Or if thou wilt permit the sun to climb
His wonted height, yet ere he go to bed,
Knit poisonous clouds about his golden head.

"With rotten damps ravish the morning air ;
Let their exhal'd unwholesome breaths ~~make~~
sick

The life of purity, the supreme fair, ⁷⁸⁰
Ere he arrive his weary noontide prick ;
And let thy misty vapours march so thick,
That in their smoky ranks his smother'd light
May set at noon, and make perpetual night.

"Were Tarquin Night, as he is but Night's
chil

The silver-shining queen he would distain ;
Her twinkling handmaids too, by him defil'd,
Through Night's black bosom should not peep
again :

So should I have co-partners in my pain ;
And fellowship in woe doth woe assuage,
As palms' chat makes short their pilgrim-
age. ⁷⁹⁰

"Where now I have no one to blush with me,
To cross their arms, and hang their heads
with mine,

To mask their brows, and hide their infamy ;
But I alone alone must sit and pine,
Seasoning the earth with showers of silver
brine ;

Mingling my talk with tears, my grief with
groans,

Poor wasting monuments of lasting moans.

"O Night, thou furnace of foul-reeking smoke,
Let not the jealous Day behold that face ⁸⁰⁰
Which underneath thy black all-hiding cloak
Immodestly lies martyr'd with disgrace :

Keep still possession of thy gloomy place,
That all the faults which in thy reign are
made

May likewise be sepulchred in thy shade.

"Make me not object to the tell-tale Day !
The light will show, character'd in my brow,
The story of sweet chastity's decay,
The impious breach of holy wedlock vow :
Yea, the illiterate, that know not how ⁸¹⁰
To cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will quote my loathsome trespass in my
looks.

"The nurse, to still her child, will tell my
story,
And fright her crying babe with Tarquin's
name :

The orator, to deck his oratory,
Will couple my reproach to Tarquin's shame ;
Feast-finding minstrels, tuning my defame,
Will tie the hearers to attend each line,
How Tarquin wronged me, I Collatine.

"Let my good name, that senseless reputation
For Collatine's dear love be kept unspotted :
If that be made a theme for disputation, ⁸²²
The branches of another root are rotted,
And undeserv'd reproach to him allotted,
That is as clear from this attain of mine,
As I ere this was pure to Collatine.

"O unseen shame ! invisible disgrace !
O unfelt sore ! crest-wounding, private scar !
Reproach is stamp'd in Collatinus' face,
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar, ⁸²⁶
How he in peace is wounded, not in war.
Alas, how many bear such shameful blows,
Which not themselves, but he that gives
them knows.

"If, Collatine, thine honour lay in me,
From me by strong assault it is bereft.
My honey lost, and I, a drone-like bee,
Have no perfection of my summer left,
But robb'd and ransack'd by injurious theft :
In thy weak hive a wandering wasp hath
crept,
And suck'd the honey which thy chaste bee
kept. ⁸³⁰

"Yet am I guilty of thy honour's wrack ;—
Yet for thy honour did I entertain him ;
Coming from thee, I could not put him back,
For it had been dishonour to disdain him ;
Besides, of weariness he did complain him,
And talk'd of virtue :—O unlook'd-for evil,
When virtue is profan'd in such a devil !

"Why should the worm intrude the maiden
bud,
Or hateful cuckoos hatch in sparrows' nests ?
Or toads infect fair founts with venom mud ?
Or tyrant folly lurk in gentle breasts ? ⁸³⁴
Or kings be breakers of their own behests ?
But no perfection is so absolute,
That some impurity doth not pollute.

"The aged man that coffers-up his gold,
Is plagu'd with cramps, and gout, and pain-
ful fits,
And scarce hath eyes his treasure to behold,
But like still-pining Tantalus he sits,
And useless barns the harvest of his wits ;
Having no other pleasure of his gain, ⁸³⁸
But torment that it cannot cure his pain.

"So then he hath it, when he cannot use it,
And leaves it to be master'd by his young ;
Who in their pride do presently abuse it :
Their father was too weak, and they too strong,
To hold their curs'd-blessed fortune long.

The sweets we wish for turn to loathed
sours,
Even in the moment that we call them ours.

"Unruly blasts wait on the tender spring ;
Unwholesome weeds take root with precious
flowers ; ⁸⁴⁰
The adder hisses where the sweet birds
sing ;
What virtue breeds, iniquity devours :
We have no good that we can say is ours,
But ill-annexed Opportunity
Or kills his life, or else his quality.

"O Opportunity ! thy guilt is great .
'T is thou that execut'st the traitor's treason ;
Thou sett'st the wolf where he the lamb may
get ;
Whoever plots the sin, thou point'st the sea-
son :
'T is thou that spurn'st at right, at law, at
reason ; ⁸⁴⁴
And in thy shady cell, where none may
spy him,
Sits Sin to seize the souls that wander by
him.

"Thou mak'st the vestal violate her oath ;
Thou blow'st the fire, when temperance is
thaw'd ;
Thou smother'st honesty, thou murder'st troth :
Thou foul abettor ! thou notorious bawd !
Thou plantest scandal, and displaceth laud :
Thou ravisher, thou traitor, thou false
thief,
Thy honey turns to gall, thy joy to grief !

"Thy secret pleasure turns to open shame, ⁸⁴⁸
Thy private feasting to a public fast,
Thy smoothing titles to a ragged name,
Thy sugar'd tongue to bitter wormwood
taste :
Thy violent vanities can never last.
How comes it then, vile Opportunity,
Being so bad, such numbers seek for thee ?

"When wilt thou be the humble suppliant's
friend,
And bring him where his suit may be ob-
tain'd ?
When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to
end,
Or free that soul which wretchedness hath
chain'd ? ⁸⁵²
Give physic to the sick, ease to the pain'd ?
The poor, lame, blind, halt, creep, cry out
for thee,
But they ne'er meet with Opportunity.

LUCRECE.

"The patient dies while the physician sleeps ;
The orphan pines while the oppressor feeds ;
Justice is feasting while the widow weeps ;
Advice is sporting while infection breeds :
Thou grant'st no time for charitable deeds :

Wrath, envy, treason, rape, and murder's
rages,
Thy heinous hours wait on them as their
pages. 910

"When Truth and Virtue have to do with thee
A thousand crosses keep them from thy aid :
They buy thy help ; but Sin ne'er gives a fee ;
He gratis comes, and thou art well-appey'd
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.

My Collatine would else have come to me,
When Tarquin did ; but he was stay'd by
thee.

"Guilty thou art of murder and of theft ;
Guilty of perjury and subornation ;
Guilty of treason, forgery, and shift ; 920
Guilty of incest, that abomination :
An accessory by thine inclination
To all sins past, and all that are to come,
From the creation to the general doom.

"Misshapen Time, copesmate of ugly Night,
Swift-subtle post, carrier of grisly care,
Eater of youth, false slave to false delight,
Base watch of woes, sin's pack-horse, virtue's
snare ;

Thou nurrest all, and murder'st all that are.
O, hear me then, injurious, shifting Time ! 930
Be guilty of my death, since of my crime.

"Why hath thy servant, Opportunity,
Betray'd the hours thou gav'st me to repose ?
Cancell'd my fortunes, and enchain'd me
To endless date of never-ending woes ?
Time's office is to fine the hate of foes ;
To eat up errors by opinion bred,
Not spend the dowry of a lawful bed.

"Time's glory is to calm contending kings,
To unmask falsehood, and bring truth to light,
To stamp the seal of time in aged things, 940
To wake the morn, and sentinel the night,
To wrong the wronger till he render right,
To rinate proud buildings with thy hours,
And smear with dust their glittering golden
towers :

"To fill with worm-holes stately monuments,
To feed oblivion with decay of things,
To blot old books, and alter their contents,
To pluck the quills from ancient ravens' wings,
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish springs,

To spoil antiquities of hammer'd steel, 950
And turn the giddy round of Fortune's
wheel :

"To show the bedlam daughters of her
daughter,
To make the child a man, the man a child,
To slay the tiger that doth live by slaughter,
To tame the unicorn and lion wild,
To mock the subtle, in themselves beguil'd,
To cheer the ploughman with increaseful
crops,
And waste huge stones with little water-
drops.

"Why work'st thou mischief in thy pilgrim-
age, 960
Unless thou couldst return to make amends ?
One poor retiring minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand
friends,
Lending him wit, that to bad debtors lends :
O, this dread night, wouldst thou one hour
come back,
I could prevent this storm, and shun thy
wrack !

"Thou ceaseless lackey to eternity,
With some mischance cross Tarquin in his
, flight :
Devise extremes beyond extremity,
To make him curse this cursed, crimeful
night : 970
Let ghastly shadows his lewd eyes affright,
And the dire thought of his committed
evil
Shape every bush a hideous shapeless devil.

"Disturb his hours of rest with restless
trances,
Afflict him in his bed with bedrid groans ;
Let there bechance him pitiful mischances,
To make him moan, but pity not his moans :
Stone him with harden'd hearts, harder than
stones ;
And let mild women to him lose their
mildness,
Wilder to him than tigers in their wild-
ness. 980

"Let him have time to tear his curled hair,
Let him have time against himself to rave,
Let him have time of time's help to despair,
Let him have time to live a loathed slave,
Let him have time a beggar's orts to crave,
And time to see one that by alms doth
live
Disdain to him disdained scraps to give.

LUCRECE.

"Let him have time to see his friends his
foes,
And merry fools to mock at him resort;
Let him have time to mark how slow time
goes 900
In time of sorrow, and how swift and short
His time of folly, and his time of sport:
And ever let his unrecalling crime
Have time to wail the abusing of his time."

"O Time, thou tutor both to good and bad,
Teach me to curse him that thou taught'st this
ill!
At his own shadow let the thief run mad,
Himself himself seek every hour to kill!
Such wretched hands such wretched blood
should spill;
For who so base would such an office have
As slanderous death's-man to so base a
slave? 1001

"The baser is he, coming from a king,
To shame his hope with deeds degenerate:
The mightier man, the mightier is the thing
That makes him honour'd, or begets him
hate
For greatest scandal waits on greatest state.
The moon being clouded presently is miss'd,
But little stars may hide them when they
list.

"The crow may bathe his coal-black wings in
mire,
And unperceiv'd fly with the filth away; 1010
But if the like the snow-white swan desire,
The stain upon his silver down will stay.
Poor grooms are sightless night, kings glorious
day.
Gnats are unnoted wheresoe'er they fly,
But eagles gaz'd upon with every eye.

"Out, idle words! servants to shallow fools,
Unprofitable sounds, weak arbitrators!
Busy yourselves in skill-contending schools;
Debate where leisure serves with dull debaters;
To trembling clients be you mediators: 1020
For me, I force not argument a straw,
Since that my case is past the help of
law.

"In vain I rail at Opportunity,
At Time, at Tarquin, and uncheerful Night;
In vain I cavil with mine infamy,
In vain I spurn at my confirm'd despite;
This helpless smoke of words doth me no
right.
The remedy indeed to do me good,
Is to let forth my foul-defiled blood.

"Poor hand, why quiver'st thou at this de-
cree? 1030
Honour thyself to rid me of this shame;
For if I die, my honour lives in thee,
But if I live, thou liv'st in my defame:
Since thou couldst not defend thy loyal dame,
And wast afraid to scratch her wicked
foe,
Kill both thyself and her for yielding so."

This said, from her be-tumbled couch she
starteth,
To find some desperate instrument of death;
But this no-slaughter-house no tool imparteth,
To make more vent for passage of her breath;
Which, thronging through her lips, so van-
isheth
As smoke from Ætna, that in air consumes,
Or that which from discharged cannon
fumes.

"In vain," quoth she, "I live, and seek in
vain
Some happy mean to end a hapless life:
I fear'd by Tarquin's falchion to be slain,
Yet for the selfsame purpose seek a knife;
But when I fear'd, I was a loyal wife.
So am I now:—O no! that cannot be; 1040
Of that true type hath Tarquin rifled me."

"O! that is gone, for which I sought to
live,
And therefore now I need not fear to die.
To clear this spot by death, at least I give
A badge of fame to slander's livery;
A dying life to living infamy.
Poor helpless help, the treasure stol'n away,
To burn the guiltless casket where it lay!

"Well, well, dear Collatine, thou shalt not
know
The stained taste of violated troth;
I will not wrong thy true affection so, 1050
To flatter thee with an infringed oath;
This bastard graff shall never come to growth:
He shall not boast, who did thy stock pol-
lute,
That thou art doting father of his fruit.

"Nor shall he smile at thee in secret thought,
Nor laugh with his companions at thy state;
But thou shalt know thy interest was not
bought
Basely with gold, but stol'n from forth thy
gate.
For me, I am the mistress of my fate, 1060
And with my trespass never will dispense,
Till life to death acquit my forc'd offence.

LUCRECE.

"I will not poison thee with my attain,
Nor fold my fault in cleanly-coin'd excuses;
My sable ground of sin I will not paint,
To hide the truth of this false night's abuses:
My tongue shall utter all; mine eyes, like
sluices,

As from a mountain-spring that feeds a dale,
Shall gush pure streams to purge my impure
tale."

By this, lamenting Philomel had ended
The well-tun'd warble of her nightly sorrow,
And solemn night with slow-sad gait de-
scended 1081

To ugly hell; when, lo! the blushing morrow
Lends light to all fair eyes that light will
borrow:

But cloudy Lucrece shames herself to see,
And therefore still in night would cloister'd
be.

Revealing day through every cranny spies,
And seems to point her out where she sits
weeping;

To whom she sobbing speaks: "O eye of eyes!
Why pry'st thou through my window? leave
thy peeping;

Mock with thy tickling beams eyes that are
sleeping: 1090

Brand not my forehead with thy piercing
light,

For day hath nought to do what's done by
night."

Thus cavils she with everything she sees:
True grief is fond and testy as a child,
Who wayward once, his mood with nought
agrees:

Old woes, not infant sorrows, bear them mild;
Continuance tames the one; the other wild,
Like an unpractis'd swimmer plunging still,
With too much labour drowns for want of
skill.

So she, deep-drenched in a sea of care, 1100
Holds disputation with each thing she views,
And to herself all sorrow doth compare:
No object but her passion's strength renews,
And as one shifts, another straight ensues:

Sometime her grief is dumb, and hath no
words;

Sometime 'tis mad, and too much talk
affords.

The little birds that tune their morning's joy
Make her moans mad with their sweet melody:
For mirth doth search the bottom of annoy;
Sad souls are slain in merry company; 1110
Grief best is pleas'd with grief's society:

True sorrow then is feelingly suffic'd,
When with like semblance it is sym-
pathis'd.

'Tis double death to drown in ken of shore;
He ten times pines that pines beholding
food;

To see the salve doth make the wound ache
more;

Great grief grieves most at that would do it
good;

Deep woes roll forward like a gentle flood,
Who, being stopp'd, the bounding banks
o'erflows;

Grief dallied with nor law nor limit knows.

"You mocking birds," quoth she, "your tunes
entomb, 1120

Within your hollow-swelling feather'd breasts,
And in my hearing be you mute and dumb!—
My restless discord loves no stops nor
rests;

A woful hostess brooks not merry guests.—
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears;
Distress likes dumps, when time is kept
with tears.

"Come, Philomel, that sing'st of ravishment,
Make thy sad grove in my dishevell'd hair:
As the dank earth weeps at thy languish-
ment, 1130

So I at each sad strain will strain a tear,
And with deep groans the diapason bear;
For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better
skill.

"And whiles against a thorn thou bear'st thy
part,

To keep thy sharp woes waking, wretched I,
To imitate thee well, against my heart
Will fix a sharp knife, to affright mine eye,
Who, if it wink, shall thereon fall and die.

These means, as frets upon an instrument,
Shall tune our heart-strings to true lan-
guishment. 1140

"And for, poor bird, thou sing'st not in the
lay,

As slaming any eye should thee behold,
Some dark-deep desert, seated from the way,
That knows not parching heat nor freezing
cold,

Will we find out; and there we will unfold
To creatures stern sad tunes, to change
their kinds:

Since men prove beasts, let beasts bear
gentle minds."

LUCRECE.

As the poor frightened deer, that stands at gaze,
Wildly determining which way to fly, ¹¹⁵⁰
Or one encompass'd with a winding maze,
That cannot tread the way out readily ;
So with herself is she in mutiny,

To live or die which of the twain were
better,
When life is sham'd, and death reproach's
debtor.

"To kill myself," quoth she, "alack ! what
were it,
But with my body my poor soul's pollution ?
They that lose half, with greater patience bear
it,
Than they whose whole is swallow'd in con-
fusion.

That mother tries a merciless conclusion. ¹¹⁶⁰
Who, having two sweet babes, when death
takes one,
Will slay the other, and be nurse to none.

"My body or my soul, which was the dearer,
When the one pure, the other made divine ?
Whose love of either to myself was nearer,
When both were kept for heaven and Colla-
tine ?

Ah me ! the bark peel'd from the lofty pine,
His leaves will wither, and his sap decay ;
So must my soul, her bark being peel'd
away.

"Her house is sack'd, her quiet interrupted,
Her mansion batter'd by the enemy ; ¹¹⁷⁰
Her sacred temple spotted, spoil'd, corrupted,
Grossly engirt with daring infamy :
Then let it not be call'd impiety,
If in this blemish'd fort I make some hole,
Through which I may convey this troubled
soul.

"Yet die I will not, till my Collatine
Have heard the cause of my untimely death,
That he may vow, in that sad hour of mine,
Revenge on him that made me stop my
breath. ¹¹⁸⁰

My stained blood to Tarquin I'll bequeath,
Which by him tainted shall for him be spent,
And as his due writ in my testament.

"My honour I'll bequeath unto the knife
That wounds my body so dishonoured.
'T is honour to deprive dishonour'd life ;
The one will live, the other being dead :
So of shame's ashes shall my fame be bred ;
For in my death I murder shameful scorn :
My shame so dead, mine honour is new-
born. ¹¹⁹⁰

"Dear lord of that dear jewel I have lost,
What legacy shall I bequeath to thee ?
My resolution, love, shall be thy boast,
By whose example thou reveng'd may'st be.
How Tarquin must be us'd, read it in me :
Myself, thy friend, will kill myself, thy foe,
And for my sake serve thou false Tarquin so.

"This brief abridgment of my will I make :—
My soul and body to the skies and ground ;
My resolution, husband, do thou take ; ¹²⁰⁰
Mine honour be the knife's that makes my
wound ;
My shame be his that did my fame confound ;
And all my fame that lives disbursed be
To those that live, and think no shame of
me.

"Thou, Collatine, shalt oversee this will ;
How was I overseen that thou shalt see it !
My blood shall wash the slander of mine ill ;
My life's foul deed, my life's fair end shall free
it.

Faint not, faint heart, but stoutly say, "So
be it :"

Yield to my hand ; my hand shall conquer
thee : ¹²¹⁰

Thou dead, both die, and both shall victors
be."

This plot of death when sadly she had laid,
And wip'd the brinish pearl from her bright
eyes,

With untun'd tongue she hoarsely calls her
maid,

Whose swift obedience to her mistress lies ;
For fleet-wing'd duty with thought's feathers
flies.

Poor Lucrece' cheeks unto her maid seem
so,

As winter meads when sun doth melt their
snow.

Her mistress she doth give demure good-
morning,

With soft-slow tongue, true mark of modesty,
And sorts a sad look to her lady's sorrow, ¹²²⁰
For why her face wore sorrow's livery ;

But durst not ask of her audaciously
Why her two suns were cloud-eclipsed so,
Nor why her fair cheeks over-wash'd with
woe.

But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set,
Each flower moisten'd like a melting eye,
Even so the maid with swelling drops 'gan wet
Her circled eyne, enforc'd by sympathy
Of those fair suns set in her mistress' sky, ¹²³⁰

LUCRECE.

Who in a salt-wav'd ocean quench their
light;
Which makes the maid weep like the dewy
night.

A pretty while these pretty creatures stand,
Like ivory conduits coral-cisterns filling:
One justly weeps, the other takes in hand
No cause but company of her drops spilling:
Their gentle sex to weep are often willing,
Grieving themselves to guess at others'
smarts,
And then they drown their eyes, or break
their hearts: 1270

For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they form'd as marble
will;
The weak oppress'd, the impression of strange
kinds
Is form'd in them by force, by fraud, or
skill:

Then call them not the authors of their ill,
No more than wax shall be accounted evil,
Wherein is stamp'd the semblance of a
devil.

Their smoothness, like a goodly champaign
plain,
Lays open all the little worms that creep;
In men, as in a rough-grown grove, remain
Cave-keeping evils that obscurely sleep. 1280
Through crystal walls each little mote will
peep:

Though men can cover crimes with bold
stern looks,
Poor women's faces are their own faults'
books.

No man inveigh against the wither'd flower,
But chide rough winter that the flower hath
kill'd:

Not that devour'd, but that which doth devour,
Is worthy blame. O! let it not be hild
For women's faults, that they are so fulfill'd
With men's abuses: those proud lords, to
blame,

Make weak-made women tenants to their
shame. 1290

The precedent whereof in Lucrece view,
Assail'd by night, with circumstances strong
Of present death, and shame that might
ensue

By that her death, to do her husband wrong:
Such danger to resistance did belong,
That dying fear through all her body spread:
And who cannot abuse a body dead!

By this, mild patience bid fair Lucrece speak
To the poor counterfeit of her complaining:
"My girl," quoth she, "on what occasion
break 1270

Those tears from thee, that down thy cheeks
are raining?

If thou dost weep for grief of my sustaining,
Know, gentle wench, it small avails my
mood:

If tears could help, mine own would do me
good.

"But tell me, girl, when went" (and there she
stay'd

Till after a deep groan)—"Tarquin from
hence?"

"Madam, ere I was up," replied the maid;
"The more to blame my sluggish negligence:
Yet with the fault I thus far can dispense,—
Myself was stirring ere the break of day, 1280
And, ere I rose, was Tarquin gone away."

"But, lady, if your maid may be so bold,
She would request to know your heaviness."
"O, peace!" quoth Lucrece: "if it should be
told,

The repetition cannot make it less;
For more it is than I can well express:
And that deep torture may be call'd a hell,
When more is felt than one hath power to
tell.

"Go, get me hither paper, ink, and pen,—
Yet save that labour, for I have them here. 1290
What should I say?—One of my husband's men.
Bid thou be ready by-and-by, to bear
A letter to my lord, my love, my dear:
Bid him with speed prepare to carry it;
The cause craves haste, and it will soon be
writ."

Her maid is gone, and she prepares to write,
First hovering o'er the paper with her quill.
Conceit and grief an eager combat fight;
What wit sets down is blotted straight with
will;

This is too curious-good, this blunt and ill: 1300
Much like a press of people at a door
Throng her inventions, which shall go before.

At last she thus begins: "Thou worthy lord
Of that unworthy wife that greeteth thee,
Health to thy person! next, vouchsafe t' afford
(If ever, love, thy Lucrece thou wilt see)
Some present speed to come and visit me."

So I commend me from our house in grief:
My woes are tedious, though my words are
brief."

LUCRECE.

Here folds she up the tenor of her woe, 1310
 Her certain sorrow writ uncertainly.
 By this short schedule Collatine may know
 Her grief, but not her grief's true quality :
 She dares not thereof make discovery,
 Lest he should hold it her own gross abuse,
 Ere she with blood had stain'd her stain'd
 excuse.

Besides, the life and feeling of her passion
 She hoards, to spend when he is by to hear her ;
 When sighs and groans and tears may grace
 the fashion
 Of her disgrace, the better so to clear her 1320
 From that suspicion which the world might
 bear her.
 To shun this blot, she would not blot the
 letter
 With words, till action might become them
 better.

To see sad sights move more than hear them
 told ;
 For then the eye interprets to the ear
 The heavy motion that it doth behold,
 When every part a part of woe doth bear :
 'T is but a part of sorrow that we hear ;
 Deep sounds make lesser noise than shallow
 fords,
 And sorrow ebbs, being blown with wind
 of words. 1330

Her letter now is seal'd, and on it writ,
 " At Ardea to my lord, with more than haste."
 The post attends, and she delivers it,
 Charging the sour-fac'd groom to hie as fast
 As lagging fowls before the northern blast :
 Speed more than speed but dull and slow
 she deems :
 Extremity still urgeth such extremes.

The homely villain court'sies to her low ;
 And, blushing on her, with a steadfast eye
 Receives the scroll, without or yea or no, 1340
 And forth with bashful innocence doth hie :
 But they whose guilt within their bosoms lie
 Imagine every eye beholds their blame ;
 For Lucrece thought he blush'd to see her
 shame :

When, silly groom ! God wot, it was defect
 Of spirit, life, and bold audacity.
 Such harmless creatures have a true respect
 To talk in deeds, while others saucily
 Promise more speed, but do it leisurely :
 Even so this pattern of the worn-out age 1350
 Pawn'd honest looks, but laid no words to
 gage.

His kindled duty kindled her mistrust,
 That two red fires in both their faces blaz'd ;
 She thought he blush'd, as knowing Tarquin's
 lust,
 And, blushing with him, wistly on him gaz'd ;
 Her earnest eye did make him more amaz'd :
 The more she saw the blood his cheeks re-
 plenish,
 The more she thought he spied in her some
 blemish.

But long she thinks till he return again,
 And yet the duteous vassal scarce is gone. 1360
 The weary time she cannot entertain,
 For now 't is stale to sigh, to weep, and groan :
 So woe hath wearied woe, moan tired moan,
 That she her plaints a little while doth stay,
 Pausing for means to mourn some newer way.

At last she calls to mind where hangs a piece
 Of skilful painting, made for Priam's Troy ;
 Before the which is drawn the power of Greece,
 For Helen's rape the city to destroy, 1370
 Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy ;
 Which the conceited painter drew so proud,
 As heaven, it seem'd, to kiss the turrets
 bow'd.

A thousand lamentable objects there,
 In scorn of nature, art gave lifeless life.
 Many a dry drop seem'd a weeping tear,
 Shed for the slaughter'd husband by the wife :
 The red blood reek'd, to show the painter's
 strife ;
 And dying eyes gleam'd forth their ashy
 lights,
 Like dying coals burnt out in tedious nights.

There might you see the labouring pioneer 1380
 Begrim'd with sweat, and smeared all with
 dust ;
 And from the towers of Troy there would
 appear
 The very eyes of men through loop-holes thrust,
 Gazing upon the Greeks with little lust :
 Such sweet observance in this work was had,
 That one might see those far-off eyes look sad.

In great commanders grace and majesty
 You might behold, triumphing in their faces ;
 In youth quick bearing and dexterity ;
 And here and there the painter interlaces 1390
 Pale cowards, marching on with trembling
 paces :
 Which heartless peasants did so well re-
 semble,
 That one would swear he saw them quake
 and tremble.

LUCRECE.

In Ajax and Ulysses, O, what art
Of physiognomy might one behold !
The face of either cipher'd either's heart ;
Their face their manners most expressly told :
In Ajax' eyes blunt rage and rigour roll'd ;
But the mild glance that sly Ulysses lent
Show'd deep regard and smiling government.

There pleading might you see grave Nestor stand,
As 't were encouraging the Greeks to fight ;
Making such sober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the sight.
In speech, it seem'd, his beard, all silver white,
Wagg'd up and down, and from his lips
did fly
Thin winding breath, which purld up to
the sky.

About him were a press of gaping faces,
Which seem'd to swallow up his sound advice ;
All jointly listening, but with several graces,
As if some mermaid did their ears entice :
Some high, some low, the painter was so nice,
The scalps of many, almost hid behind,
To jump up higher seem'd, to mock the
mind.

Here one man's hand lean'd on another's head,
His nose being shadow'd by his neighbour's ear ;
Here one, being throng'd, bears back, all
boll'n and red ;
Another, smother'd, seems to pelt and swear ;
And in their rage such signs of rage they bear,
As, but for loss of Nestor's golden words,
It seem'd they would debate with angry
swords.

For much imaginary work was there ;
Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
Grip'd in an armed hand : himself behind
Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind.
A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
Stood for the whole to be imagined.

And from the walls of strong-besieged Troy
When their brave hope, bold Hector, march'd
to field,
Stood many Trojan mothers, sharing joy
To see their youthful sons bright weapons
wield ;
And to their hope they such odd action yield,
That through their light joy seemed to
appear
(Like bright things stain'd) a kind of heavy
fear.

And from the strond of Dardan, where they
fought,
To Simois' reedy banks the red blood ran,
Whose waves to imitate the battle sought
With swelling ridges ; and their ranks began
To break upon the galled shore, and than
Retire again, till meeting greater ranks
They join, and shoot their foam at Simois'
banks.

To this well-painted piece is Lucrece come,
To find a face where all distress is stell'd.
Many she sees where cares have carved some,
But none where all distress and dolour dwell'd,
Till she despairing Hecuba beheld,
Staring on Priam's wounds with her old eyes,
Which bleeding under Pyrrhus' proud foot
lies.

In her the painter had anatomis'd
Time's ruin, beauty's wrack, and grim care's
reign
Her cheeks with chaps and wrinkles were
disguis'd ;
Of what she was no semblance did remain ;
Her blue blood chang'd to black in every vein,
Wanting the spring that those shrunk pipes
had fed,
Show'd life imprison'd in a body dead.

On this sad shadow Lucrece spends her eyes,
And shapes her sorrow to the beldame's woes,
Who nothing wants to answer her but cries,
And bitter words to ban her cruel foes :
The painter was no god to lend her those ;
And therefore Lucrece swears he did her
wrong,
To give her so much grief, and not a tongue.

"Poor instrument," quote she, "without a
sound,
I'll tune thy woes with my lamenting tongue,
And drop sweet balm in Priam's painted
wound,
And rail on Pyrrhus that hath done him
wrong,
And with my tears quench Troy, that burns
so long,
And with my knife scratch out the angry
eyes
Of all the Greeks that are thine enemies.

"Show me the strumpet that began this stir,
That with my nails her beauty I may tear:
Thy heat of lust, fowl Paris, did incur
This load of wrath that burning Troy doth
bear :
Thine eye kindled the fire that burneth here ;

LUCRECE.

And here, in Troy, for trespass of thine eye,
The sire, the son, the dame, and daughter,
die.

“Why should the private pleasure of some
one
Become the public plague of many mœ?
Let sin, alone committed, li’ht alone ¹¹⁰
Upon his head that hath transgressed so;
Let guiltless souls be freed from guilty woe.
For one’s offence why should so many fall,
To plague a private sin in general?

“Lo! here weeps Hecuba, here Priam dies,
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus
swoonds,
Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
And friend to friend gives unadvised wounds,
And one man’s lust these many lives con-
founds:
Had doting Priam check’d his son’s desire,
Troy had been bright with fame, and not
with fire.” ¹⁴⁰¹

Here feelingly she weeps Troy’s painted woes;
For sorrow, like a heavy-hanging bell,
Once set on ringing, with his own weight goes;
Then little strength rings out the doleful knell:
So Lucrece, set a-work, sad tales doth tell
To pencill’d pensiveness and colour’d sor-
row;
She lends them words, and she their looks
doth borrow.

She throws her eyes about the painting round,
And who she finds forlorn she doth lament: ¹⁵⁰⁰
At last she sees a wretched image bound,
That piteous looks to Phrygian shepherds lent;
His face, though full of caves, yet show’d
content.

Onward to Troy with the blunt swains he
goes,
So mild, that Patience seem’d to scorn his
woes.

In him the painter labour’d with his skill
To hide deceit, and give the harmless show
An humble gait, calm looks, eyes wailing still,
A brow unbent that seem’d to welcome woe;
Cheeks neither red nor pale, but mingled so ¹⁵¹⁰
That blushing red no guilty instance gave,
Nor ashy pale the fear that false hearts have.

But, like a constant and confirmed devil,
He entertain’d a show so seeming-just,
And therein so ensconced his secret evil,
That jealousy itself could not mistrust
False-creeping craft and perjury should thrust

Into so bright a day such black-fac’d storms,
Or blot with hell-born sin such saint-like
forms.

The well-skill’d workman this mild image
drew ¹⁵²⁰
For perjur’d Sinon, whose enchanting story
The credulous old Priam after slew;
Whose words like wild-fire burnt the shining
glory
Of rich-built Ilion, that the skies were sorry,
And little stars shot from their fixed
places,
When their glass fell wherein they view’d
their faces.

This picture she advisedly perus’d,
And chid the painter for his wondrous skill,
Saying, some shape in Sinon’s was abus’d;
So fair a form lodg’d not a mind so ill: ¹⁵³⁰
And still on him she gaz’d, and gazing
still,
Such signs of truth in his plain face she
spied,
That she concludes the picture was believ’d.

“It cannot be,” quoth she, “that so much
guile”—
She would have said—“can lurk in such a
look;”
But Tarquin’s shape came in her mind the
while,
And from her tongue “can lurk” from “can-
not” took;
“It cannot be” she in that sense forsook,
And turn’d it thus: “It cannot be, I find,
But such a face should bear a wicked
mind:” ¹⁵⁴⁰

“For even as subtle Sinon here is painted,
So sober-sad, so weary, and so mild,
(As if with grief or travail he had fainted,)
To me came Tarquin armed; so beguil’d
With outward honesty, but yet defil’d
With inward vice: as Priam him did
cherish,
So did I Tarquin; so my Troy did perish.

Look, look, how listening Priam wets his
eyes,
To see those borrow’d tears that Sinon sheds!
Priam, why art thou old, and yet not wise?
For every tear he falls a Trojan bleeds: ¹⁵⁵¹
His eye drops fire, no water thence proceeds;
Those round clear pearls of his, that move
thy pity,
Are balls of quenchless fire to burn thy
city.

LUCRECE.

"Such devils steal effects from lightless hell ;
For Sinon in his fire doth quake with cold,
And in that cold hot-burning fire doth dwell ;
These contraries such unity do hold,
Only to flatter fools, and make them bold :
So Priam's trust false Sinon's tears doth
flatter, 1560
That he finds means to burn his Troy with
water."

Here, all enrag'd, such passion her assaults,
That patience is quite beaten from her breast.
She tears the senseless Sinon with her nails,
Comparing him to that unhappy guest
Whose deed hath made herself herself detest :
At last she smilingly with this gives o'er ;
"Fool ! fool !" quoth she, "his wounds
will not be sore."

Thus ebbs and flows the current of her sorrow,
And time doth weary time with her com-
plaining. 1570
She looks for night, and then she longs for
morrow,
And both she thinks too long with her re-
maining.
Short time seems long in sorrow's sharp sus-
taining :
Though woe be heavy, yet it seldom sleeps ;
And they that watch see time how slow it
creeps.

Which all this time hath overslipp'd her
thought,
That she with painted images hath spent,
Being from the feeling of her own grief
brought
By deep surmise of others' detriment ;
Losing her woes in shows of discontent.
It easeth some, though none it ever cur'd,
To think their dolour others have endur'd.

But now the mindful messenger, come back,
Brings home his lord and other company ;
Who finds his Lucrece clad in mourning black ;
And round about her tear-distained eye
Blue circles stream'd, like rainbows in the sky :
These water-galls in her dim element
Foretell new storms to those already spent.

Which when her sad-beholding husband saw,
Amazedly in her sad face he stares : 1591
Her eyes, though sod in tears, look'd red and
raw ;
Her lively colour kill'd with deadly cares.
He hath no power to ask her how she fares ;
Both stood like old acquaintance in a trance,
Met far from home, wondering each other's
chance.

At last he takes her by the bloodless hand,
And thus begins : "What uncouth ill event
Hath thee befall'n, that thou dost trembling
stand ?
Sweet love, what spite hath thy fair colour
spent ? 1600
Why art thou thus attir'd in discontent ?
Unmask, dear dear, this moody heaviness,
And tell thy grief, that we may give re-
dress."

Three times with sighs she gives her sorrow
fire.
Ere once she can discharge one word of woe :
At length address'd to answer his desire,
She modestly prepares to let them know
Her honour is ta'en prisoner by the foe ;
While Collatine and his consorted lords
With sad attention long to hear her words.

And now this pale swan in her watery nest can
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending.
"Few words," quoth she, "shall fit the tres-
pass best,
Where no excuse can give the fault amending :
In me more woes than words are now de-
pending ;
And my laments would be drawn out too
long,
To tell them all with one poor tired tongue.

"Then be this all the task it hath to say :
Dear husband, in the interest of thy bed
A stranger came, and on that pillow lay 1620
Where thou wast wont to rest thy weary
head
And what wrong else may be imagined
By foul enforcement might be done to me,
From that, alas ! thy Lucrece is not free.

"For in the dreadful dead of dark midnight,
With shining falchion in my chamber came
A creeping creature, with a flaming light,
And softly cried : 'Awake, thou Roman
dame,
And entertain my love ; else lasting shame
On thee and thine this night I will inflict,
If thou my love's desire do contradict. 1630

"For some hard-favour'd groom of thine,'
quoth he,
'Unless thou yoke thy liking to my will,
I'll murder straight, and then I'll slaughter
thee,
And swear I found you where you did fulfil
The loathsome act of lust, and so did kill
The lechers in their deed : this act will be
My fame, and thy perpetual infamy.'

"With this I did begin to start and cry,
And then against my heart he set his sword,
Swearing, unless I took all patiently, 1641
I should not live to speak another word ;
So should my shame still rest upon record,
And never be forgot in mighty Rome
The adulterate death of Lucrece and her
groom.

"Mine enemy was strong, my poor self weak,
And far the weaker with so strong a fear :
My bloody judge forbade my tongue to
speak ;
No rightful plea might plead for justice there :
His scarlet lust came evidence to swear 1650
That my poor beauty had purloin'd his
eyes ;
And when the judge is robb'd the prisoner
dies.

"O ! teach me how to make mine own excuse,
Or, at the least, this refuge let me find :
Though my gross blood be stain'd with this
abuse,
Immaculate and spotless is my mind ;
That was not forc'd ; that never was inclin'd
To accessary yieldings, but still pure
Doth in her poison'd closet yet endure."

Lo ! here the hopeless merchant of this loss,
With head declin'd, and voice damm'd up 1661
with woe,
With sad-set eyes, and wretched arms across,
From lips new-waxen pale begins to blow
The grief away, that stops his answer so :
But, wretched as he is, he strives in vain ;
What he breathes out, his breath drinks up
again.

As through an arch the violent roaring tide
Outruns the eye that doth behold his haste,
Yet in the eddy boundeth in his pride
Back to the strait that forc'd him on so 1670
fast,
In rage sent out, recall'd in rage, being past :
Even so his sighs, his sorrows, make a saw,
To push grief on, and back the same grief
draw.

Which speechless woe of his poor she at-
tendeth,
And his untimely frenzy thus awaketh :
"Dear lord, thy sorrow to my sorrow lendeth
Another power ; no flood by raining slaketh.
My woe too sensible thy passion maketh
More feeling-painful : let it then suffice
To drown one woe, one pair of weeping 1680
eyes.

"And for my sake, when I might charm thee
so,
For she that was thy Lucrece, now attend me :
Be suddenly revenged on my foe,
Thine, mine, his own : suppose thou dost
defend me
From what is past : the help that thou shalt
lend me
Comes all too late, yet let the traitor die ;
For sparing justice feeds iniquity.

"But ere I name him, you, fair lords," quoth
she
(Speaking to those that came with Collatine),
"Shall plight your honourable faiths to me,
With swift pursuit to venge this wrong of
mine ; 1691
For 'tis a meritorious fair design,
To chase injustice with revengeful arms :
Knights, by their oaths, should right poor
ladies' harms."

At this request, with noble disposition
Each present lord began to promise aid,
As bound in knighthood to her imposition,
Longing to hear the hateful foe bewray'd ;
But she, that yet her sad task hath not
said,
The protestation stops. "O ! speak," quoth
she, 1700
"How may this forced stain be wip'd from
me ?

"What is the quality of mine offence,
Being constrain'd with dreadful circumstance ?
May my pure mind with the foul act dispense,
My low-declined honour to advance ?
May any terms acquit me from this chance ?
The poison'd fountain clears itself again ;
And why not I from this compelled stain ?"

With this, they all at once began to say,
Her body's stain her mind untainted clears ;
While with a joyless smile she turns away 1711
The face, that map which deep impression
bears
Of hard misfortune, carv'd in it with tears.
"No, no," quoth she ; "no dame, hereafter
living,
By my excuse shall claim excuse's giving."

Here with a sigh, as if her heart would break,
She throws forth Tarquin's name : "He, he,"
she says,
But more than "he" her poor tongue could
not speak ;
Till after many accents and delays,
Untimely breathings, sick and short assays,

LUCRECE

She utters this : " He, he, fair lords, 't is
he, 172
That guides this hand to give this wound
to me."

Even here she sheathed in her harmless
breast
A harmful knife, that thence her soul un-
sheathed :

That blow did bail it from the deep unrest
Of that polluted prison where it breathed ;
Her contrite sighs unto the clouds bequeathed
Her winged spright, and through her
wounds doth fly

Life's lasting date from cancell'd destiny.

Stone-still astonish'd with this deadly
deed, 173

Stood Collatine and all his lordly crew ;
Till Lucrece' father, that beholds her bleed,
Himself on her self-slaughter'd body threw :
And from the purple fountain Brutus drew
The murderous knife, and, as it left the
place,

Her blood, in poor revenge, held it in
chase ;

And bubbling from her breast, it doth
divide

In two slow rivers, that the crimson blood
Circles her body in on every side,
Who like a late-sacked island vastly stood, 176
Bare and unpeopled, in this fearful flood.

Some of her blood still pure and red re-
main'd,

And some look'd black, and that false
Tarquin stain'd.

About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery rigol goes,
Which seems to weep upon the tainted
place :

And ever since, as pitying Lucrece' woes,
Corrupted blood some watery token shows ;
And blood untainted still doth red abide,
Blushing at that which is so putrified. 179

" Daughter, dear daughter !" old Lucretius
cries,

" That life was mine, which thou hast here
depriv'd.

If in the child the father's image lies,
Where shall I live, now Lucrece is unliv'd ?
Thou wast not to this end from me deriv'd.

If children pre-decease progenitors,
We are their offspring, and they none of
ours.

" Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new-born ;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-
worn. 178

O ! from thy cheeks my image thou hast torn,
And shiver'd all the beauty of my glass,
That I no more can see what once I was.

" O time ! cease thou thy course, and last no
longer,

If they surcease to be that should survive.
Shall rotten death make conquest of the
stronger,

And leave the faltering feeble souls alive ?
The old bees die, the young possess their hive :
Then live, sweet Lucrece ; live again, and
see 179

Thy father die, and not thy father thee !"

By this starts Collatine as from a dream,
And bids Lucretius give his sorrow place ;
And then in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding
stream

He falls, and bathes the pale fear in his face,
And counterfeits to die with her a space ;

Till manly shame bids him possess his
breath,

And live to be revenged on her death.

The deep vexation of his inward soul 179

Hath serv'd a dumb arrest upon his tongue ;
Who, mad that sorrow should his use control,
Or keep him from heart-easing words so long,
Begins to talk ; but through his lips do
throng

Weak words so thick, come in his poor
heart's aid,

That no man could distinguish what he said.

Yet sometime " Tarquin " was pronounced
plain,

But through his teeth, as if the name he tore.
This windy tempest, till it blow up rain,
Held back his sorrow's tide to make it more ;
At last it rains, and busy winds give o'er : 180

Then son and father weep with equal strife,
Who should weep most, for daughter or for
wife.

The one doth call her his, the other his,
Yet neither may possess the claim they lay.
The father says : " She's mine." " O ! mine
she is,"

Replies her husband, " do not take away.
My sorrow's interest ; let no mourner say
He weeps for her, for she was only mine,
And only must be wail'd by Collatine."

LUCRECE.

"O!" quoth Lucretius, "I did give that
life,

Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

"Woe, woe!" quoth Collatine, "she was my
wife,

I ow'd her, and 'tis mine that she hath
kill'd."

"My daughter" and "My wife" with cla-
mours fill'd

The dispers'd air, who, holding Lucrece' life,
Answer'd their cries, "My daughter" and
"My wife."

Brutus, who pluck'd the knife from Lucrece'
side,

Seeing such emulation in their woe,

Began to clothe his wit in state and pride,

Burying in Lucrece' wound his folly's show.
He with the Romans was esteemed so 1811

As silly-jeering idiots are with kings,

For sportive words, and uttering foolish
things :

But now he throws that shallow habit by,

Wherein deep policy did him disguise,

And arm'd his long-hid wits advisedly,

To check the tears in Collatinus' eyes.

"Thou wronged lord of Rome," quoth he,
'arise

Let my unsounded self, suppos'd a fool, 1812

Now set thy long-experienc'd wit to school.

"Why, Collatine, is woe the cure for woe?

Do wounds help wounds, or grief help grie-
vous deeds?

Is it revenge to give thyself a blow,

For his foul act by whom thy fair wife bleeds?

Such childish humour from weak minds pro-
ceeds ;

Thy wretched wife mistook the matter so,

To slay herself, that should have slain her
foe.

"Courageous Roman, do not steep thy heart
In such relenting dew of lamentations,
But kneel with me, and help to bear thy
part, 1820

To rouse our Roman gods with invocations,
That they will suffer these abominations,
Since Rome herself in them doth stand
disgrac'd,

By our strong arms from forth her fair
streets chas'd.

"Now, by the Capitol that we adore,
And by this chaste blood so unjustly stain'd,
By heaven's fair sun that breeds the fat earth's
store,

By all our country rights in Rome main-
tain'd,

And by chaste Lucrece' soul, that late com-
plain'd

Her wrongs to us, and by this bloody
knife, 1840

We will revenge the death of this true
wife."

This said, he struck his hand upon his breast,

And kiss'd the fatal knife to end his vow ;

And to his protestation urg'd the rest,

Who, wondering at him, did his words allow :

Then jointly to the ground their knees they
bow ;

And that deep vow which Brutus made
before,

He doth again repeat, and that they swore.

When they had sworn to this advised doom,
They did conclude to bear dead Lucrece
thence ; 1850

To show her bleeding body thorough Rome,

And so to publish Tarquin's foul offence :

Which being done with speedy diligence,

The Romans plausibly did give consent

To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

A Lord.

CHRISTOPHER SLY, a Tinker. } *Persons in*
Hostess, Page, Players, Hunts- } *the Induc-*
men, and Servants. } *tion.*

BAPTISTA, a rich Gentleman of Padua.

VINCENTIO, an old Gentleman of Pisa.

LUCENTIO, Son to Vincentio.

PETRUCHIO, a Gentleman of Verona.

GREMIO, } *Suitors to Bianca.*
HORTENSIO, }

TRANIO, } *Servants to Lucentio.*
BIONDELLO, }

GRUMIO, } *Servants to Petruchio.*
CURTIS, }

A Pedant.

KATHARINA, } *Daughters to Baptista.*
BIANCA, }

Widow.

Tailor, Haberdasher, and Servants attending
on Baptista and Petruchio.

SCENE.—Sometimes in PADUA, and sometimes in PETRUCHIO'S House in the Country.

INDUCTION.

SCENE I.—Before an Ale-house on a Heath.

Enter Hostess and SLY.

Sly. I'll pheese you, in faith.

Host. A pair of stocks, you rogue!

Sly. Y'are a baggage: the Slys are no rogues; look in the chronicles, we came in with Richard Conqueror. Therefore, *paucas pallabris*; let the world slide. Sessa!

Host. You will not pay for the glasses you have burst?

Sly. No, not a denier. Go by, Saint Jeronimy: go to thy cold bed, and warm thee. 12

Host. I know my remedy: I must go fetch the thirdborough. [Exit.]

Sly. Third, or fourth, or fifth borough, I'll answer him by law. I'll not budge an inch, boy: let him come, and kindly.

[Lies down on the ground, and falls asleep.]

Wind Horns. Enter a Lord from hunting, with Huntsmen and Servants.

Lord. Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:

Brach Merriman, the poor cur is emboss'd,
And couple Clowder with the deep-mouth'd
brach. 20

Saw'st thou not, boy, how Silver made it
good

At the hedge-corner, in the coldest fault?

I would not lose the dog for twenty pound.

1 *Hun.* Why, Belman is as good as he,
my lord;

He cried upon it at the merest loss,
And twice to-day pick'd out the dullest scent:
Trust me, I take him for the better dog.

Lord. Thou art a fool: if Echo were as
fleet,

I would esteem him worth a dozen such.
But sup them well, and look unto them all: 30
To-morrow I intend to hunt again.

1 *Hun.* I will, my lord.

Lord. What's here? one dead, or drunk?
See, doth he breathe?

2 *Hun.* He breathes, my lord. Were he
not warm'd with ale,

This were a bed but cold to sleep so soundly.

Lord. O monstrous beast! how like a swine
he lies!

Grim death, how foul and loathsome is thine
image!

Sirs, I will practise on this drunken man.

What think you, if he were convey'd to bed,
Wrapp'd in sweet clothes, rings put upon his
fingers, 40

A most delicious banquet by his bed,
And brave attendants near him when he
wakes,

Would not the beggar then forget himself?

1 *Hun.* Believe me, lord, I think he can
not choose.

2 *Hun.* It would seem strange unto him
when he wak'd.

Lord. Even as a flattering dream,^o or worthless fancy.

Then take him up, and manage well the jest.
Carry him gently to my fairest chamber,
And hang it round with all my wanton pictures;

Balm his foul head with warm distilled waters,
And burn sweet wood to make the lodging sweet.

Procure me music ready when he wakes,
To make a dulcet and a heavenly sound;
And if he chance to speak, be ready straight,
And, with a low submissive reverence,
Say, "What is it your honour will command?"
Let one attend him with a silver basin,
Full of rose-water, and bestrew'd with flowers;
Another bear the ewer, the third a diaper,
And say, "Will't please your lordship cool
your hands?"⁶⁰

Some one be ready with a costly suit,
And ask him what apparel he will wear;
Another tell him of his bounds and horse,
And that his lady mourns at his disease.
Persuade him, that he hath been lunatic;
And, when he says he is—, say, that he dreams,

For he is nothing but a mighty lord.
This do, and do it kindly, gentle sirs:
It will be pastime passing excellent,
If it be husbanded with modesty.⁷⁰

I Hun. My lord, I warrant you, we will
play our part,
As he shall think, by our true diligence,
He is no less than what we say he is.

Lord. Take him up gently, and to bed with him,
And each one to his office when he wakes.—

[*SLY is borne out. A trumpet sounds.*
Sirrah, go see what trumpet 't is that sounds:—

[*Exit Servant.*
Belike, some noble gentleman, that means,
Travelling some journey, to repose him here.—

Re-enter Servant.

How now? who is it?

Serv. An it please your honour,
Players that offer service to your lordship.⁸⁰
Lord. Bid them come near.

Enter Players.

Now, fellows, you are welcome.
Players. We thank your honour.

Lord. Do you intend to stay with me to-night?

A Play. So please your lordship to accept our duty.

Lord. With all my heart.—This fellow I remember,

Since once he play'd a farmer's eldest son:—
'T was where you woo'd the gentlewoman so well.

I have forgot your name; but, sure, that part
Was aptly fitted, and naturally perform'd.

A Play. I think, 't was Soto that your
honour means.⁹⁰

Lord. 'T is very true: thou didst it excellent.

Well, you are come to me in happy time,
The rather for I have some sport in hand,
Wherein your cunning can assist me much.
There is a lord will hear you play to-night;
But I am doubtful of your modesties,
Lest, over-eying of his odd behaviour,
(For yet his honour never heard a play,)
You break into some merry passion,
And so offend him; for I tell you, sirs,¹⁰⁰
If you should smile he grows impatient.

A Play. Fear not, my lord: we can contain
ourselves,

Were he the veriest antick in the world.

Lord. Go, sirrah, take them to the buttery,
And give them friendly welcome every one:
Let them want nothing that my house
affords.—

[*Exeunt Servant and Players.*
[*To a Servant.*] Sirrah, go you to Barthol'mew
my page,

And see him dress'd in all suits like a lady:
That done, conduct him to the drunkard's
chamber;

And call him madam, do him obeisance.¹¹⁰

Tell him from me, as he will win my love,
He bear himself with honourable action,
Such as he hath observ'd in noble ladies
Unto their lords by them accomplished:
Such duty to the drunkard let him do,
With soft low tongue, and lowly courtesy;
And say, "What is't your honour will com-
mand,

Wherein your lady, and your humble wife,
May show her duty, and make known her
love?"

And then, with kind embracements, tempting
kisses,¹²⁰

And with declining head into his bosom,
Bid him shed tears, as being overjoy'd
To see her noble lord restor'd to health,
Who, for this seven years, hath esteemed him
No better than a poor and loathsome beggar.
And if the boy hath not a woman's gift,
To rain a shower of commanded tears,
An onion will do well for such a shift,
Which, in a napkin being close convey'd,
Shall in despite enforce a watery eye.¹³⁰

See this despatch'd with all the haste thou
canst:

Anon I'll give thee more instructions.

[*Exit Servant.*]

I know, the boy will well usurp the grace,
Voice, gait, and action of a gentlewoman :
I long to hear him call the drunkard husband,
And how my men will stay themselves from
laughter,

When they do homage to this simple peasant.
I'll in to counsel them : haply, my presence
May well abate the over-merry spleen, ¹³⁹
Which otherwise would grow into extremes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Bed-chamber in the Lord's
House.

*SLY is discovered in a rich night-gown, with
Attendants ; some with apparel, others with
basin, ewer, and other appurtenances. Enter
Lord, dressed like a servant.*

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale !

1 Serv. Will't please your lordship drink a
cup of sack ?

2 Serv. Will't please your honour taste of
these conserves ?

3 Serv. What raiment will your honour
wear to-day ?

Sly. I am Christophero Sly ; call not me
honour, nor lordship : I ne'er drank sack in
my life ; and if you give me any conserves,
give me conserves of beef. Ne'er ask me
what raiment I'll wear, for I have no more
doublets than backs, no more stockings than
legs, nor no more shoes than feet ; nay, some-
time, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as
my toes look through the overleather. ¹²

Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in
your honour !

O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit !

Sly. What ! would you make me mad ?
Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son, of
Burton Heath, by birth a pedlar, by educa-
tion a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-
herd, and now by present profession a tinker ?
Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of
Wincot, if she know me not : if she say I
am not fourteen pence on the score for sheer
ale, score me up for the lyingest knave in
Christendom. What ! I am not bestraught.
Here's—

1 Serv. O ! this it is that makes your lady
mourn.

2 Serv. O ! this it is that makes your
servants droop.

Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred
shuns your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth ; ³⁰
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banish-
ment,

And banish hence these abject lowly dreams.
Look how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck :

Wilt thou have music ? hark ! Apollo plays, ^[Music.]

And twenty caged nightingales do sing :
Or wilt thou sleep ? we'll have thee to a
couch

Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed

On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.

Say thou wilt walk, we will bestrew the
ground : ⁴⁰

Or wilt thou ride, thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking ? thou hast hawks
will soar

Above the morning lark : or wilt thou hunt ?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer
them,

And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.

1 Serv. Say thou wilt course, thy grey-
hounds are as swift

As breathed stags, ay, fleetier than the roe.

2 Serv. Dost thou love pictures ? we will
fetch thee straight

Adonis painted by a running brook, ⁵⁰
And Cytherea all in sedges hid,

Which seem to move and wanton with her
breath,

Even as the waving sedges play with wind.

Lord. We'll show thee Io as she was a
maid,

And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.

3 Serv. Or Daphne roaming through a
thorny wood,
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she
bleeds ;

And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep, ⁶⁰
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a
lord :

Thou hast a lady, far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.

1 Serv. And, till the tears that she hath
shed for thee,

Like envious floods, o'erran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world ;
And yet she is inferior to none.

Sly. Am I a lord ? and have I such a lady ?
Or do I dream ? or have I dream'd till now ?
I do not sleep ; I see, I hear, I speak ; ⁷⁰

I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things.—
Upon my life, I am a lord indeed,
And not a tinker, nor Christopher Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight;
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.

2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to
wash your hands?

[*Servants present a ewer, basin, and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you
are

These fifteen years you have been in a dream,
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you
slept.

Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a
goodly nap.

But did I never speak of all that time?

1 *Serv.* O! yes, my lord, but very idle
words;—

For though you lay here in this goodly cham-
ber,

Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of
door,

And rail upon the hostess of the house,
And say you would present her at the leet,
Because she brought stone jugs and no seal'd
quarts.

Sometimes you would call out for Cicely
Hacket.

Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.

3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor
no such maid,

Nor no such men, as you have reckon'd up,—

As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell,

And twenty more such names and men as
these,

Which never were, nor no man ever saw.

Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good
amends!

All. Amen.

Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.

Enter the Page, as a Lady, with Attendants.

Page. How fares my noble lord?

Sly. Marry, I fare well, for here is cheer
enough.

Where is my wife?

Page. Here, noble lord: what is thy will
with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me
husband?

My men should call me lord: I am your
goodman.

Page. My husband and my lord, my lord
and husband;

I am your wife in all obedience.

Sly. I know it well.—What must I call her?

Lord. Madam.

Sly. Al'ce madam, or Joan madam?

Lord. Madam, and nothing else: so lords
call ladies.

Sly. Madam wife, they say that I have
dream'd

And slept above some fifteen year or more.

Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto
me,

Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.

Sly. 'Tis much.—Servants, leave me and
her alone.—

Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.

Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of
you

To pardon me yet for a night or two;

Or if not so, until the sun be set:

For your physicians have expressly charg'd,

In peril to incur your former malady,

That I should yet absent me from your bed.

I hope this reason stands for my excuse.

Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly
tarry so long; but I would be loth to fall
into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry,
in despite of the flesh and the blood.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your honour's players, hearing your
amendment,

Are come to play a pleasant comedy;

For so your doctors hold it very meet,

Seeing too much sadness hath congeal'd your
blood,

And melancholy is the nurse of frenzy:

Therefore, they thought it good you hear a
play,

And frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens
life.

Sly. Marry, I will; let them play it. Is
not a commony a Christmas gambol, or a
tumbling-trick?

Page. No, my good lord: it is more pleas-
ing stuff.

Sly. What, household stuff?

Page. It is a kind of history.

Sly. Well, we'll see't. Come, madam
wife, sit by my side,

And let the world slip: we shall ne'er be
younger. [They sit down.]

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Padua. A Public Place.

Enter LUCENTIO and TRANIO.

Luc. Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arriv'd for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am
arm'd

With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approv'd in all;
Here let us breathe, and haply institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens, 10
Gave me my being, and my father first,
A merchant of great traffic through the world,
Vincentio, come of the Bentivolii.
Vincentio's son, brought up in Florence,
'It shall become, to serve all hopes conceiv'd,
To deck his fortune with his virtuous deeds:
And therefore, Tranio, for the time I study,
Virtue, and that part of philosophy
Will I apply, that treats of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 20
Tell me thy mind; for I have Pisa left,
And am to Padua come, as he that leaves
A shallow plash, to plunge him in the deep,
And with satiety seeks to quench his thirst.

Tran. *Mi perdonate*, gentle master mine,
I am in all affected as yourself,
Glad that you thus continue your resolve,
To suck the sweets of sweet philosophy.
Only, good master, while we do admire
This virtue, and this moral discipline, 30
Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray;
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks,
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjur'd.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have,
And practise rhetoric in your common talk:
Music and poesy use to quicken you.
The mathematics, and the metaphysics,
Fall to them, as you find your stomach serves
you.

No profit grows, where is no pleasure ta'en.—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 40

Luc. Gramercies, Tranio, well dost thou
advise.

If, Biondello, thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put us in readiness,
And take a lodging fit to entertain
Such friends as time in Padua shall beget.
But stay awhile: what company is this?

Tra. Master, some show, to welcome us to
town.

*Enter BAPTISTA, KATHARINA, BIANCA, GREMIO,
and HORTENSIO. LUCENTIO and TRANIO
stand aside.*

Bap. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolv'd you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter,
Before I have a husband for the elder. 51
If either of you both love Katharina,
Because I know you well, and love you well,
Leave shall you have to court her at your
pleasure.

Gre. [*Aside.*] To cart her rather: she's too
rough for me.—

There, there, Hortensio, will you any wife?

Kath. [*To BAP.*] I pray you, sir, is it your
will

To make a stale of me amongst these mates?

Hor. Mates, maid! how mean you that?
no mates for you,

Unless you were of gentler, milder mould. 60

Kath. I' faith, sir, you shall never need to
fear:

I wis, it is not half way to her heart;
But if it were, doubt not her care should be
To comb your noddle with a three-legg'd stool,
And paint your face, and use you like a fool.

Hor. From all such devils, good Lord, de-
liver us!

Gre. And me too, good Lord!

Tra. Hush, master! here is some good
pastime toward:

That wench is stark mad, or wonderful fro-
ward.

Luc. But in the other's silence do I see: no
Maid's mild behaviour and sobriety.

Peace, Tranio!

Tra. Well said, master: mum! and gaze
your fill.

Bap. Gentlemen, that I may soon make
good

What I have said,—Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca,
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Kath. A pretty peat! it is best
Put finger in the eye,—an she knew why.

Bian. Sister, content you in my discon-
tent.— 80

Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books, and instruments, shall be my com-
pany,

On them to look, and practise by myself.

Luc. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear
Minerva speak.

Hor. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?

Sorry am I, that our good will effects Bianca's grief.

Gre. Why, will you mew her up, Signior Baptista, for this fiend of hell, And make her bear the penance of her tongue?

Bap. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolv'd.—

Go in, Bianca. *[Exit BIANCA.]*
And for I know, she taketh most delight In music, instruments, and poetry, Schoolmasters will I keep within my house, Fit to instruct her youth.—If you, Hortensio, Or Signior Gremio, you, know any such, Prefer them hither; for to cunning men I will be very kind, and liberal To mine own children in good bringing-up; And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay, For I have more to commune with Bianca.

[Exit.]
Kath. Why, and I trust, I may go too; may I not?

What! shall I be appointed hours, as though, belike,

I knew not what to take, and what to leave? Ha!

[Exit.]
Gre. You may go to the devil's dam: your gifts are so good, here's none will hold you.— Their love is not so great, Hortensio, but we may blow our nails together, and fast it fairly out: our cake's dough on both sides. Farewell:—yet, for the love I bear my sweet Bianca, if I can by any means light on a fit man to teach her that wherein she delights, I will wish him to her father.

Hor. So will I, Signior Gremio: but a word, I pray. Though the nature of our quarrel yet never brook'd parle, know now, upon advice, it toucheth us both,—that we may yet again have access to our fair mistress, and be happy rivals in Bianca's love,—to labour and effect one thing specially.

Gre. What's that, I pray?

Hor. Marry, sir, to get a husband for her sister.

Gre. A husband! a devil.

Hor. I say, a husband.

Gre. I say, a devil. Think'st thou, Hortensio, though her father be very rich, any man is so very a fool to be married to hell?

Hor. Tush, Gremio! though it pass your patience and mine, to endure her loud alarms, why, man, there be good fellows in the world, as a man could light on them, would take her with all faults, and money enough!

Gre. I cannot tell; but I had as lief take

her dowry with this condition,—to be whipped at the high-cross every morning.

Hor. Faith, as you say, there's small choice in rotten apples. But, come; since this bar in law makes us friends, it shall be so far forth friendly maintained, till by helping Baptista's eldest daughter to a husband, we set his youngest free for a husband, and then have to't afresh.—Sweet Bianca!—Happy man be his dole! He that runs fastest gets the ring. How say you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. I am agreed: and 'would I had given him the best horse in Padua to begin his wooing, that would thoroughly woo her, wed her, and bed her, and rid the house of her. Come on. *[Exeunt GREMIO and HORTENSIO.]*

Tra. *[Advancing.]* I pray, sir, tell me, is it possible,

That love should of a sudden take such hold?

Luc. O Tranio! till I found it to be true, I never thought it possible, or likely; But see! while idly I stood looking on, I found the effect of love in idleness; And now in plainness do confess to thee,— Thou art to me as secret, and as dear, As Anna to the Queen of Carthage was,— Tranio, I burn, I pine; I perish, Tranio, If I achieve not this young modest girl.

Counsel me, Tranio, for I know thou canst: Assist me, Tranio, for I know thou wilt.

Tra. Master, it is no time to chide you now

Affection is not rated from the heart: If love have touch'd you, nought remains but

Redime te captum, quam queas minimo.

Luc. Gramercies, lad; go forward; this contents;

The rest will comfort, for thy counsel's sound.

Tra. Master, you look'd so longly on the maid,

Perhaps you mark'd not what's the pith of all.

Luc. O! yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,

Such as the daughter of Agenor had, That made great Jove to humble him to her hand,

When with his knees he kiss'd the Cretan strand.

Tra. Saw you no more! mark'd you not, how her sister

Began to scold, and raise up such a storm, That mortal ears might hardly endure the din?

Luc. Tranio, I saw her coral lips to move, And with her breath she did perfume the air: Sacred, and sweet, was all I saw in her.

Tra. Nay, then, 't is time to stir him from his trance.—

I pray, awake, sir : if you love the maid,
Bend thoughts and wits to achieve her. Thus
it stands :

Her elder sister is so curst and shrewd, 180
That, till the father rid his hands of her,
Master, your love must live a maid at home ;
And therefore has he closely mew'd her up,
Because she will not be annoy'd with suitors.

Luc. Ah, Tranio, what a cruel father's he !
But art thou not advis'd, he took some care
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct
her ?

Tra. Ay, marry am I, sir ; and now 't is
plotted.

Luc. I have it, Tranio.

Tra. Master, for my hand,
Both our inventions meet and jump in one. 190

Luc. Tell me thine first.

Tra. You will be schoolmaster,
And undertake the teaching of the maid :
That's your device.

Luc. It is : may it be done ?

Tra. Not possible ; for who shall bear your
part,

And be in Padua, here, Vincentio's son ;
Keep house, and ply his book, welcome his
friends,

Visit his countrymen, and banquet them ?

Luc. Basta, content thee ; for I have it full.
We have not yet been seen in any house,
Nor can we be distinguished by our faces, 200
For man or master : then, it follows thus :—
Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,
Keep house, and port, and servants, as I
should.

I will some other be ; some Florentine,
Some Neapolitan, or meaner man of Pisa.
'T is hatch'd, and shall be so :—Tranio, at once
Uncase thee, take my colour'd hat and cloak :
When Biondello comes, he waits on thee ;
But I will charm him first to keep his tongue.

Tra. So had you need. 210

[*They exchange habits.*]

In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is,
And I am tied to be obedient
(For so your father charg'd me at our parting ;
"Be serviceable to my son," quoth he,
Although, I think, 't was in another sense),
I am content to be Lucentio,
Because so well I love Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, be so, because Lucentio loves,
And let me be a slave, to achieve that maid
Whose sudden sight hath thrall'd my wounded
eye. 220

Enter BIONDELLO.

Here comes the rogue.—Sirrah, where have
you been ?

Bion. Where have I been? Nay, how
now? where are you?

Master, has my fellow Tranio stol'n your
clothes,

Or you stol'n his, or both? pray, what's the
news?

Luc. Sirrah, come hither: 't is no time to
jest,

And therefore frame your manners to the time.
Your fellow Tranio here, to save my life,
Puts my apparel and my countenance on,
And I for my escape have put on his ;
For in a querrel, since I came ashore, 230
I kill'd a man, and fear I was descried.
Wait you on him, I charge you, as becomes,
While I make way from hence to save my life.
You understand me?

Bion. I, sir? ne'er a whit.

Luc. And not a jot of Tranio in your mouth :
Tranio is chang'd into Lucentio.

Bion. The better for him ; 'would I were
so too !

Tra. So could I, 'faith, boy, to have the
next wish after,
That Lucentio indeed had Baptista's youngest
daughter.

But, sirrah, not for my sake, but your
master's, I advise 240

You use your manners discreetly in all kind
of companies :

When I am alone, why, then I am Tranio ;
But in all places else, your master, Lucentio.

Luc. Tranio, let's go.—

One thing more rests, that thyself execute ;
To make one among these wooers : if thou ask
me why,
Sufficeth, my reasons are both good and
weighty. [*Exeunt.*]

I Serv. My lord, you nod ; you do not
mind the play.

Sly. Yes, by Saint Anne, do I. A good
matter, surely : comes there any more of it? 250

Page. My lord, 't is but begun.

Sly. 'T is a very excellent piece of work,
madam lady : 'would 't were done !

SCENE II.—The Same. Before HORTENSIO'S
House.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Verona, for a while I take my leave,
To see my friends in Padua ; but, of all,
My best beloved and approved friend,
Hortensio ; and, I trow, this is his house.—

Here, sirrah Grumio! knock, I say. 5

Gru. Knock, sir! whom should I knock?
is there any man has rebused your worship?

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me here soundly.

Gru. Knock you here, sir? why, sir, what
am I, sir, that I should knock you here, sir? 10

Pet. Villain, I say, knock me at this gate;
And rap me well, or I'll knock your knave's
pate.

Gru. My master is grown quarrelsome.—I
should knock you first,
And then I know after who comes by the
worst.

Pet. Will it not be?

'Faith, sirrah, an you'll not knock, I'll wring
it:

I'll try how you can *sol, fa*, and sing it.

[*He wrings GRUMIO by the ears.*]

Gru. Help, masters, help! my master is
mad.

Pet. Now, knock when I bid you: sirrah
villain!

Enter HORTENSIO.

Hor. How now? what's the matter?—My
old friend Grumio, and my good friend Pe-
truchio!—How do you all at Verona? 22

Pet. Signior Hortensio, come you to part
the fray?

Con tutto il core ben trovato, may I say.

Hor. *Alla nostra casa ben venuto; molto
onorato signior mio Petruchio.*

Rise, Grumio, rise: we will compound this
quarrel.

Gru. Nay, 'tis no matter, sir, what he
'leges in Latin. - If this be not a lawful cause
for me to leave his service,—look you, sir,—
he bid me knock him, and rap him soundly,
sir: well, was it fit for a servant to use his
master so; being, perhaps, (for aught I see)
two-and-thirty,—a pip out! 33

Whom, 'would to God, I had well knock'd at
first,

Then had not Grumio come by the worst.

Pet. A senseless villain!—Good Hortensio,
I bade the rascal knock upon your gate,
And could not get him for my heart to do it.

Gru. Knock at the gate!—O heavens!
Spake you not these words plain,—“Sirrah,
knock me here, 40

Rap me here, knock me well, and knock me
soundly?”

And come you now with knocking at the gate?

Pet. Sirrah, be gone, or talk not, I advise
you.

Hor. Petruchio, patience: I am Grumio's
pledge.

Why, this a heavy chance 'twixt him and you,

Your ancient, trusty, pleasant servant Grumio.
And tell me now, sweet friend, what happy
gale

Blows you to Padua, here, from old Verona?

Pet. Such wind as scatters young men
through the world,

To seek their fortunes further than at home, so
Where small experience grows. But, in a few,
Signior Hortensio, thus it stands with me:

Antonio, my father, is deceas'd,
And I have thrust myself into this maze,
Haply to wive, and thrive, as best I may.
Crowns in my purse I have, and goods at
home,

And so am come abroad to see the world.

Hor. Petruchio, shall I then come roundly
to thee,

And wish thee to a shrewd ill-favour'd wife?
Thou'dst thank me but a little for my
counsel; 60

And yet I'll promise thee she shall be rich,
And very rich:—but thou'rt too much my
friend,

And I'll not wish thee to her.

Pet. Signior Hortensio, 'twixt such friends
as we

Few words suffice; and therefore, if thou
know

One rich enough to be Petruchio's wife
(As wealth is burthen of my wooing dance),
Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,
As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd
As Socrates, Xanthippe, or a worse: 70

She moves me not, or not removes, at least,
Affection's edge in me,—were she as rough
As are the swelling Adriatic seas:
I come to wive it wealthily in Padua;
If wealthily, then happily in Padua.

Gru. Nay, look you, sir, he tells you flatly
what his mind is: why, give him gold enough
and marry him to a puppet, or an aglet-baby;
or an old trot with ne'er a tooth in her head,
though she have as many diseases as two-
and-fifty horses: why, nothing comes amiss,
so money comes withal. 81

Hor. Petruchio, since we are stepp'd thus
far in,

I will continue that I broach'd in jest.

I can, Petruchio, help thee to a wife
With wealth enough, and young, and beau-
teous,

Brought up as best becomes a gentlewoman:
Her only fault, and that is faults enough,

Is, that she is intolerable curst,
And shrewd, and froward; so beyond all
measure,

That, were my state far worsè than it is, 84
I would not wed her for a mine of gold.

Pet. Hortensio, peace! thou know'st not gold's effect.—

Tell me her father's name, and 't is enough ;
For I will board her, though she chide as loud
As thunder, when the clouds in autumn crack.

Hor. Her father is Baptista Minola,
An affable and courteous gentleman ;
Her name is Katharina Minola,
Renown'd in Padua for her scolding tongue.

Pet. I know her father, though I know not her, 100

And he knew my deceased father well.
I will not sleep, Hortensio, till I see her ;
And therefore let me be thus bold with you,
To give you over at this first encounter,
Unless you will accompany me thither.

Gru. I pray, you, sir, let him go while the
humour lasts. O' my word, an she knew him
as well as I do, she would think scolding
would do little good upon him. She may,
perhaps, call him half a score knaves, or so ;
why, that's nothing : an he begin once, he'll
rail in his rope-tricks. I'll tell you what,
sir,—an she stand him but a little, he will
throw a figure in her face, and so disfigure
her with it, that she shall have no more eyes
to see withal than a cat. You know him
not, sir.

Hor. Tarry, Petruchio, I must go with
thee,

For in Baptista's keep my treasure is :
He hath the jewel of my life in hold,
His youngest daughter, beautiful Bianca,
And her withholds from me, and other more
Suitors to her, and rivals in my love ; 121
Supposing it a thing impossible,
For those defects I have before rehears'd,
That ever Katharina will be woo'd :
Therefore this order hath Baptista ta'en,
That none shall have access unto Bianca,
Till Katharine the curst have got a husband.

Gru. Katharine the curst !

A title for a maid of all titles the worst.

Hor. Now shall my friend Petruchio do me
grace, 130

And offer me, disguis'd in sober robes,
To old Baptista as a schoolmaster
Well seen in music, to instruct Bianca ;
That so I may, by this device, at least
Have leave and leisure to make love to her,
And unsuspected court her by herself.

*Enter GREMIO, and LUCENTIO disguised, with
books under his arm.*

Gru. Here's no knavery ! See, to beguile
the old folks, how the young folks lay their
heads together ! Master, master, look about
you : who goes there ? ha !

Hor. Peace, Grumio : 't is the rival of my
love. 140

Petruchio, stand by awhile.

Gru. A proper stripling, and an amorous !
[*They retire.*]

Gre. O ! very well ; I have perus'd the
note.

Hark you, sir ; I'll have them very fairly
bound :

All books of love, see that at any hand,
And see you read no other lectures to her.
You understand me.—Over and beside
Signior Baptista's liberality,
I'll mend 't with a largess.—Take your
papers, too,

And let me have them very well perfum'd, 150
For she is sweeter than perfume itself ;
To whom they go to. What will you read to
her ?

Luc. Whate'er I read to her, I'll plead for
you,

As for my patron, stand you so assur'd,
As firmly as yourself were still in place ;
Yea, and perhaps with more successful words
Than you, unless you were a scholar, sir.

Gre. O, this learning ! what a thing it is !

Gru. O, this woodcock ! what an ass it is !

Pet. Peace, sirrah ! 160

Hor. Grumio, mum !—[*Coming forward.*]
God save you, Signior Gremio !

Gre. And you're well met, Signior Hor-
tensio. Trow you,

Whither I am going ?—To Baptista Minola.
I promis'd to inquire carefully
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca ;
And, by good fortune, I have lighted well
On this young man ; for learning, and be-
haviour,

Fit for her turn ; well read in poetry,
And other books,—good ones, I warrant ye.

Hor. 'T is well : and I have met a gentle-
man, 170

Hath promis'd me to help me to another,
A fine musician to instruct our mistress :
So shall I no whit be behind in duty
To fair Bianca, so belov'd of me.

Gre. Belov'd of me, and that my deeds
shall prove.

Gru. And that his bags shall prove.

Hor. Gremio, 't is now no time to vent our
love.

Listen to me, and if you speak me fair,
I'll tell you news indifferent good for either.
Here is a gentleman, whom by chance I met,
Upon agreement from us to his liking, 180
Will undertake to woo curst Katharine ;
Yea, and to marry her, if her dowry please.

Gre. So said, so done, is well.—

Hortensio, have you told him all her faults?

Pet. I know, she is an irksome, brawling scold:

If that be all, masters, I hear no harm.

Gre. No, say'st me so, friend? What countryman?

Pet. Born in Verona, old Antonio's son:
My father dead, my fortune lives for me; 190
And I do hope good days and long to see.

Gre. O! sir, such a life, with such a wife,
were strange;

But if you have a stomach, to't o' God's
name:

You shall have me assisting you in all.

But will you woo this wild-cat?

Pet. Will I live?

Gre. Will he woo her? ay, or I'll hang
her.

Pet. Why came I hither, but to that intent?
Think you, a little din can daunt mine ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?
Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with
winds, 200

Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
And heaven's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud 'larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets'
clang?

And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear
As will a chestnut in a farmer's fire?
Tush! tush! fear boys with bugs.

Gre. For he fears none.

Gre. Hortensio, hark. 210

This gentleman is happily arriv'd,
My mind presumes, for his own good, and
ours.

Hor. I promis'd we would be contributors,
And bear his charge of wooing, whatso'er.

Gre. And so we will, provided that he win
her.

Gre. I would, I were as sure of a good
dinner.

*Enter TRANIO, bravely apparelled; and
BIONDELLO.*

Tra. Gentlemen, God save you! If I may
be bold,
Tell me, I beseech you, which is the readiest
way

To the house of Signior Baptista Minola?

Gre. He that has the two fair daughters:—
is't he you mean? 220

Tra. Even he.—Biondello!

Gre. Hark you, sir: you mean not her too?

Tra. Perhaps, him and her, sir: what have
you to do?

Pet. Not her that chides, sir, at any hand,
I pray.

Tra. I love no chiders, sir.—Biondello,
let's away.

Luc. [*Aside.*] Well begun, Tranio.

Hor. Sir, a word ere you go.

Are you a suitor to the maid you talk of, yea,
or no?

Tra. An if I be, sir, is it any offence?

Gre. No; if without more words you will
get you hence.

Tra. Why, sir, I pray, are not the streets
as free 230

For me, as for you?

Gre. But so is not she.

Tra. For what reason, I beseech you?

Gre. For this reason, if you'll know,
That she's the choice love of Signior Gremio.

Hor. That she's the chosen of Signior Hor-
tensio.

Tra. Softly, my masters! if you be gentle-
men,

Do me this right; hear me with patience.

Baptista is a noble gentleman,

To whom my father is not all unknown;

And were his daughter fairer than she is, 240

She may more suitors have, and me for one.

Fair Leda's daughter had a thousand wooers;

Then, well one more may fair Bianca have,

And so she shall. Lucentio shall make one,
Though Paris came in hope to speed alone.

Gre. What! this gentleman will out-talk
us all.

Luc. Sir, give him head: I know, he'll
prove a jade.

Pet. Hortensio, to what end are all these
words?

Hor. Sir, let me be so bold as ask you,
Did you yet ever see Baptista's daughter? 250

Tra. No, sir; but hear I do, that he hath
two,

The one as famous for a scolding tongue,

As is the other for beauteous modesty.

Pet. Sir, sir, the first's for me; let her go
by.

Gre. Yea, leave that labour to great Her-
cules,

And let it be more than Alcides' twelve.

Pet. Sir, understand you this of me: in
sooth,

The youngest daughter, whom you hearken
for,

Her father keeps from all access of suitors,

And will not promise her to any man, 260

Until the elder sister first be wed;

The younger then is free, and not before.

Tra. If it be so, sir, that you are the man
Must stead us all, and me among the rest;

And if you break the ice, and do this feat,
Achieve the elder, set the younger free
For our access,—whose hap shall be to have her
Will not so graceless be, to be ingrate.

Hor. Sir, you say well, and well you do
conceive;

And since you do profess to be a suitor, 20
You must, as we do, gratify this gentleman,
To whom we all rest generally beholding.

Tra. Sir, I shall not be slack: in sign
whereof,

Please ye we may contrive this afternoon,
And quaff carouses to our mistress' health;
And do as adversaries do in law,
Strive mightily, but eat and drink as
friends.

Gru., Bion. O excellent motion! Fellows,
let's be gone.

Hor. The motion's good indeed, and so it
so.—

Petruchio, I shall be your *ben venuto*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Same. A Room in
BAPTISTA'S HOUSE.

Enter KATHARINA and BIANCA.

Bian. Good sister, wrong me not, nor wrong
yourself,

To make a bondmaid and a slave of me:
That I disdain; but for these other gawds,
Unbind my hands, I'll pull them off myself,
Yea, all my raiment, to my petticoat;
Or what you will command me, will I do,
So well I know my duty to my elders.

Kath. Of all thy suitors, here I charge
thee, tell

Whom thou lov'st best: see thou dissemble
not.

Bian. Believe me, sister, of all the men
alive, 10

I never yet beheld that special face
Which I could fancy more than any other.

Kath. Minion, thou liest. Is't not Hor-
tensio?

Bian. If you affect him, sister, here I swear,
I'll plead for you myself, but you shall have
him.

Kath. O! then, belike, you fancy riches
more:

You will have Gremio to keep you fair.

Bian. Is it for him you do envy me so?

Nay, then you jest; and now I well perceive,
You have but jested with me all this while.

I pr'ythee, sister Kate, untie my hands. 21

Kath. If that be jest, then all the rest was
so. [*Strikes her.*]

Enter BAPTISTA.

Bap. Why, how now, dame! whence grows
this insolence?—

Bianca, stand aside:—poor girl! she weeps.—
Go ply thy needle; meddle not with her.—
For shame, thou hilding of a devilish spirit,
Why dost thou wrong her that did ne'er
wrong thee?

When did she cross thee with a bitter word?

Kath. Her silence flouts me, and I'll be
reveng'd. [*Flies after BIANCA.*]

Bap. What! in my sight?—Bianca, get
thee in. [*Exit BIANCA.*]

Kath. What! will you not suffer me?

Nay, now I see,

She is your treasure, she must have a husband;
I must dance bare-foot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, lead apes in hell.
Talk not to me: I will go sit and weep,
Till I can find occasion of revenge. [*Exit.*]

Bap. Was ever gentleman thus griev'd as
I?—

But who comes here?

*Enter GREMIO, with LUCENTIO in the habit of
a mean man; PETRUCHIO, with HORTENSIO
as a musician; and TRANIO, with BION-
DELLO bearing a lute and books.*

Gre. Good morrow, neighbour Baptista.

Bap. Good morrow, neighbour Gremio.

God save you, gentlemen!

Pet. And you, good sir. Pray, have you
not a daughter,

Call'd Katharina, fair, and virtuous?

Bap. I have a daughter, sir, call'd Kathar-
ina.

Gre. You are too blunt: go to it orderly.

Pet. You wrong me, Signior Gremio: give
me leave.—

I am a gentleman of Verona, sir,
That, hearing of her beauty, and her wit,
Her affability, and bashful modesty,
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour, 22
Am bold to show myself a forward guest
Within your house, to make mine eye the
witness

Of that report which I so oft have heard.
And, for an entrance to my entertainment,
I do present you with a man of mine,

[*Presenting HORTENSIO.*]

Cunning in music and the mathematics,

To instruct her fully in those sciences;
Whereof, I know, she is not ignorant.
Accept of him, or else you do me wrong :
His name is Licio, born in Mantua.

Bap. You're welcome, sir ; and he, for
your good sake.

But for my daughter, Katharine, this I know,
She is not for your turn, the more my grief.

Pet. I see, you do not mean to part with
her,

Or else you like not of my company.

Bap. Mistake me not ; I speak but as I
find.

Whence are you, sir ? what may I call your
name ?

Pet. Petruchio is my name, Antonio's son ;
A man well known throughout all Italy.

Bap. I know him well : you are welcome
for his sake.

Gre. Saving your tale, Petruchio, I pray,
Let us, that are poor petitioners, speak too.
Backward ! you are marvellous forward.

Pet. O ! pardon me, Signior Gremio ; I
would fain be doing.

Gre. I doubt it not, sir ; but you will
curse your wooing.—

Neighbour, this is a gift very grateful, I am
sure of it. To express the like kindness,
myself that have been more kindly beholding
to you than any, freely give unto you this
young scholar [*presenting* LUCENTIO], that
hath been long studying at Rheims ; as cun-
ning in Greek, Latin, and other languages, as
the other in music and mathematics. His
name is Cambio : pray accept his service.

Bap. A thousand thanks, Signior Gremio ;
welcome, good Cambio.—[*To* TRANIO.] But,
gentle sir, methinks, you walk like a stranger :
may I be so bold to know the cause of your
coming ?

Tra. Pardon me, sir, the boldness is mine
own,

That, being a stranger in this city here,
Do make myself a suitor to your daughter, so
Unto Bianca, fair, and virtuous.

Nor is your firm resolve unknown to me,
In the preferment of the eldest sister.

This liberty is all that I request,—

That, upon knowledge of my parentage,
I may have welcome 'mongst the rest that woo,

And free access and favour as the rest.

And, toward the education of your daughters,

I here bestow a simple instrument,

And this small packet of Greek and Latin
books :

If you accept them, then their worth is great.

Bap. Lucentio is your name ? of whence, I
pray !

Tra. Of Pisa, sir ; son to Vincentio.

Bap. A mighty man of Pisa ; by report
know him well : you are very welcome,
sir.—

[*To* HOR.] Take you the lute, [*to* LUC.] and
you the set of books ;

You shall go see your rapils presently.

Holla, within !

Enter a Servant.

Sirrah, lead these gentlemen

To my daughters ; and tell them both,
These are their tutors : bid them use them well.

[*Exit Servant, with* HORTENSIO,

LUCENTIO, and BIONDELLO.

We will go walk a little in the orchard,

And then to dinner. You are passing wel-
come,

And so I pray you all to think yourselves.

Pet. Signior Baptista, my business asketh
haste,

And every day I cannot come to woo.

You knew my father well, and in him, me,

Left solely heir to all his lands and goods,

Which I have better'd rather than decreas'd :

Then tell me,—if I get your daughter's love,

What dowry shall I have with her to wife ?

Bap. After my death, the one half of my
lands ;

And in possession twenty thousand crowns.

Pet. And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her widowhood, be it that she survive me,

In all my lands and leases whatsoever.

Let specialties be therefore drawn between us,

That covenants may be kept on either hand.

Bap. Ay, when the special thing is well
obtain'd,

That is, her love ; for that is all in all.

Pet. Why, that is nothing ; for I tell you,
father,

I am as peremptory as she proud-minded ;

And where two raging fires meet together,

They do consume the thing that feeds their
fury :

Though little fire grows great with little wind,

Yet extreme gusts will blow out fire and all ;

So I to her, and so she yields to me,

For I am rough, and woo not like a babe.

Bap. Well may'st thou woo, and happy be
thy speed !

But be thou arm'd for some unhappy words.

Pet. Ay, to the proof, as mountains are for
winds,

That shake not, though they blow perpetually.

Re-enter HORTENSIO, with his head broken.

Bap. How now, my friend ? why dost thou
look so pale ?

Hor. For fear, I promise you, if I look pale.

Bap. What, will my daughter prove a good musician?

Hor. I think, she'll sooner prove a soldier: Iron may hold her, but never lutes.

Bap. Why, then thou canst not break her to the lute?

Hor. Why, no, for she hath broke the lute to me.

I did but tell her she mistook her frets,
And bow'd her hand to teach her fingering,
When, with a most impatient, devilish spirit,
"Frets call you these?" quoth she; "I'll
fume with them!"

And with that word she struck me on the head,
And through the instrument my pate made
way;

And there I stood amazed for a while,
As on a pillory, looking through the lute,
While she did call me rascal fiddler,
And twangling Jack, with twenty such vile
terms,

As had she studied to misuse me so.

Pet. Now, by the world, it is a lusty wench!
I love her ten times more than e'er I did:—
O, how I long to have some chat with her!

Bap. Well, go with me, and be not so dis-
comfited:

Proceed in practice with my younger daughter;
She's apt to learn, and thankful for good
turns.—

Signior Petruchio, will you go with us,
Or shall I send my daughter Kate to you?

Pet. I pray you do; I will attend her here,
[*Exeunt BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO,*
and HORTENSIO.]

And woo her with some spirit when she
comes.

Say, that she rail; why, then I'll tell her
plain,

She sings as sweetly as a nightingale:

Say, that she frown; I'll say, she looks as
clear

As morning roses newly wash'd with dew:

Say, she be mute, and will not speak a word;

Then I'll commend her volubility,

And say, she uttereth piercing eloquence:

If she do bid me pack, I'll give her thanks,

As though she bid me stay by her a week:

If she deny to wed, I'll crave the day

When I shall ask the bans, and when be
married.—

But here she comes; and now, Petruchio,
speak.

Enter KATHARINA.

Good morrow, Kate, for that's your name, I
hear.

Kath. Well have you heard, but something
hard of hearing:

They call me Katharine, that do talk of me.

Pet. You lie, in faith; for you are call'd
plain Kate,

And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the
curst;

But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom;
Kate of Kate Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates: and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation:—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of, and thy beauty sounded,
Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.

Kath. Mov'd! in good time: let him that
mov'd you hither,

Remove you hence. I knew you at the first,
You were a movable.

Pet. Why, what's a movable?

Kath. A joint-stool.

Pet. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.

Kath. Asses are made to bear, and so are
you.

Pet. Women are made to bear, and so are
you.

Kath. No such jade as bear you, if me you
mean.

Pet. Alas, good Kate! I will not burden
thee;

For, knowing thee to be but young and light,—

Kath. Too light for such a swain as you to
catch,

And yet as heavy as my weight should be.

Pet. Should be? should buzz.

Kath. Well t'en, and like a buzzard.

Pet. O slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard
take thee?

Kath. Ay, for a turtle, as he takes a buz-
zard.

Pet. Come, come, you wasp; i' faith, you
are too angry.

Kath. If I be waspish, best beware my
sting.

Pet. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

Kath. Ay, if the fool could find it where it
lies.

Pet. Who knows not where a wasp does
wear his sting?

In his tail.

Kath. In his tongue.

Pet. Whose tongue?

Kath. Yours, if you talk of tails; and so
farewell.

Pet. What! with my tongue in your tail?
Nay, come again:

Good Kate, I am a gentleman.

Kath. That I'll try. [*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms :
If you strike me, you are no gentleman, 220
And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? O! put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine; you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me.

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face? 220

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by Saint George, I am too young for you.

Kath. Yet you are wither'd.

Pet. 'Tis with cares.

Kath. I care not.

Pet. Nay, hear you, Kate: in sooth, you 'scape not so.

Kath. I chafe you, if I tarry: let me go.

Pet. No, not a whit: I find you passing gentle.

'T was told me, you were rough, and coy, and sullen,

And now I find report a very liar;

For thou art pleasant, gamesome, passing courteous,

But slow in speech, yet sweet as spring-time flowers. 220

Thou canst not frown, thou canst not look askance,

Nor bite the lip, as angry wenches will;

Nor hast thou pleasure to be cross in talk;

But thou with mildness entertain'st thy wooers,

With gentle conference, soft and affable.

Why does the world report that Kate doth limp?

O slanderous world! Kate, like the hazel-twig,

Is straight, and slender; and as brown in hue

As hazel-nuts, and sweeter than the kernels.

O! let me see thee walk: thou dost not halt.

Kath. Go, fool, and whom thou keep'st command. 221

Pet. Did ever Dian so become a grove,
As Kate this chamber with her princely gait?
O! be thou Dian, and let her be Kate,

And then let Kate be chaste, and Dian sportful.

Kath. Where did you study all this goodly speech?

Pet. It is extempore, from my mother-wit.

Kath. A witty mother! witless else her son.

Pet. Am I not wise?

Kath. Yes; keep you warm.

Pet. Marry, so I mean, sweet Katharine, in thy bed. 220

And therefore, setting all this chat aside,
Thus in plain terms:—your father hath consented

That you shall be my wife; your dowry 'greed on;

And, will you, nill you, I will marry you.

Now, Kate, I am a husband for your turn;

For, by this light, whereby I see thy beauty,

Thy beauty that doth make me like thee well,

Thou must be married to no man but me:

For I am he am born to tame you, Kate,

And bring you from a wild Kate to a Kate

Comformable, as other household Kates: 221

Here comes your father: never make denial;

I must and will have Katharine to my wife.

Re-enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, and TRANIO.

Bap. Now, Signior Petruchio, how speed you with my daughter?

Pet. How but well, sir? how but well?

It were impossible I should speed amiss.

Bap. Why, how now, daughter Katharine? in your dumps?

Kath. Call you me daughter? now, I promise you,

You have show'd a tender fatherly regard,

To wish me wed to one half lunatic; 222

A mad-cap ruffian, and a swearing Jack,

That thinks with oaths to face the matter out.

Pet. Father, 't is thus:—yourself and all the world,

That talk'd of her, have talk'd amiss of her.

If she be curst, it is for policy,

For she's not froward, but modest as the dove;

She is not hot, but temperate as the morn;

For patience she will prove a second Grissel,

And Roman Lucrece for her chastity;

And to conclude,—we have 'greed so well together, 220

That upon Sunday is the wedding-day.

Kath. I'll see thee hang'd on Sunday first.

Gre. Hark, Petruchio: she says she'll see thee hang'd first.

Tra. Is this your speeding? nay then, good night our part.

Pet. Be patient, gentlemen, I choose her for myself:

If she and I be pleas'd, what 's that to you?
 'T is bargain'd 'twixt us twain, being alone,
 That she shall still be curst in company.
 I tell you, 't is incredible to believe
 How much she loves me. O, the kindest
 Kate!

She hung about my neck, and kiss on kiss
 She vied so fast, protesting oath on oath,
 That in a twink she won me to her love.
 O! you are novices: 't is a world to see,
 How tame, when men and women are alone,
 A meacock wretch can make the curstest
 shrew.—

Give me thy hand, Kate: I will unto Venice,
 To buy apparel 'gainst the wedding-day.—
 Provide the feast, father, and bid the guests;
 I will be sure, my Katharine shall be fine.

Bap. I know not what to say: but give me
 your hands:

God send you joy, Petruchio! 't is a match.

Gre., Tra. Amen, say we: we will be wit-
 nesses.

Pet. Father, and wife, and gentlemen, adieu.
 I will to Venice; Sunday comes apace.

We will have rings, and things, and fine
 array:

And kiss me, Kate, we will be married o'
 Sunday.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA,*
severally.]

Gre. Was ever match clapp'd up so sud-
 denly?

Bap. 'Faith, gentlemen, now I play a mer-
 chant's part,

And venture madly on a desperate mart.

Tra. 'T was a commodity lay fretting by
 you:

'T will bring you gain, or perish on the seas.

Bap. The gain I seek is—quiet in the
 match.

Gre. No doubt but he hath got a quiet
 catch.—

But now, Baptista, to your younger daughter.
 Now is the day we long have looked for:

I am your neighbour, and was suitor first.

Tra. And I am one, that love Bianca
 more

Than words can witness, or your thoughts can
 guess.

Gre. Youngling, thou canst not love so
 dear as I.

Tra. Gray-beard, thy love doth freeze.

Gre. But thine doth fry.

Skipper, stand back: 't is age, that nourisheth.

Tra. But youth, in ladies' eyes that
 flourisheth.

Bap. Content you, gentlemen; I'll com-
 pound this strife:

'T is deeds must win the prize; and he, of
 both,

That can assure my daughter greatest dower,
 Shall have Bianca's love.—

Say, Signior Gremio, what can you assure
 her?

Gre. First, as you know, my house within
 the city

Is richly furnished with plate and gold:

Basins, and ewers, to lave her dainty hands;

My hangings all of Tyrian tapestry;

In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;

In cypress chests my arras, counterpoints,

Costly apparel, tents, and canopies,

Fine linen, Turkey cushions boss'd with pearl,

Valance of Venice gold in needlework,

Pewter and brass, and all things that belong

To house, or housekeeping: then, at my farm,

I have a hundred milch-kine to the pail,

Sixscore fat oxen standing in my stalls,

And all things answerable to this portion.

Myself am struck in years, I must confess;

And if I die to-morrow, this is hers,

If whilst I live she will be only mine.

Tra. That "only" came well in.—Sir, list
 to me:

I am my father's heir and only son:

If I may have your daughter to my wife,

I'll leave her houses three or four as good,

Within rich Pisa walls, as any one

Old Signior Gremio has in Padua;

Besides two thousand ducats by the year

Of fruitful land, all which shall be her jointure.—

What, have I pinch'd you, Signior Gremio?

Gre. Two thousand ducats by the year of
 land!

My land amounts not to so much in all:

That she shall have; besides an argosy,

That now is lying in Marseilles' road.—

What, have I chok'd you with an argosy?

Tra. Gremio, 't is known, my father hath
 no less

Than three great argosies, besides two galli-
 asses,

And twelve tight galleys: these I will assure
 her,

And twice as much, what'er thou offer'st
 next.

Gre. Nay, I have offer'd all, I have no
 more;

And she can have no more than all I have:—

If you like me, she shall have me and mine.

Tra. Why, then the maid is mine from all
 world,

By your firm promise. Gremio is out-vied.

Bap. I must confess, your offer is the best;
 And, let your father make her the assurance,

She is your own ; else, you must pardon me :
If you should die before him, where's her
dower ?

Tra. That's but a cavil : he is old, I young.

Gre. And may not young men die, as well
as old ?

Ber. Well, gentlemen,
I am thus resolv'd.—On Sunday next, you
know,

My daughter Katharine is to be married :
Now, on the Sunday following shall Bianca
Be bride to you, if you make this assurance ;
If not, to Signior Gremio :
And so I take my leave, and thank you both.

[*Exit.*

Gre. Adieu, good neighbour.—Now I fear
thee not :

Sirrah, young gamester, your father were a
fool

To give thee all, and, in his waning age,
Set foot under thy table. Tut ! a toy !
An old Italian fox is not so kind, my boy.

Tra. A vengeance on your crafty wither'd
hide !

Yet I have faced it with a card of ten.

'T is in my head to do my master good :—

I see no reason, but suppos'd Lucentio

Must get a father, call'd—suppos'd Vincentio ;

And that's a wonder : fathers, commonly,

Do get their children ; but in this case of
wooing,

A child shall get a sire, if I fail not of my
cunning. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Room in BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter LUCENTIO, HORTENSIO, and BIANCA.

Luc. Fiddler, forbear : you grow too for-
ward ; sir,

Have you so soon forgot the entertainment
Her sister Katharine welcom'd you withal ?

Hor. But, wrangling pedant, this is
The patroness of heavenly harmony :
Then give me leave to have prerogative ;
And when in music we have spent an hour,
Your lecture shall have leisure for as much.

Luc. Preposterous ass, that never read so
far

To know the cause why music was ordain'd !
Was it not to refresh the mind of man,
After his studies, or his usual pain ?
Then give me leave to read philosophy,
And while I pause serve in your harmony.

Hor. Sirrah, I will not bear these braves of
thine.

Bian. Why, gentlemen, you do me double
wrong,
To strive for that which resteth in my
choice.

I am no breeching scholar in the schools :
I'll not be tied to hours, nor 'pointed times,
But learn my lessons as I please myself.
And, to cut off all strife, here sit we down :—
Take you your instrument, play you the
whiles ;

His lecture will be done, ere you have
tun'd.

Hor. You'll leave his lecture, when I am
in tune ? [*Retires.*

Luc. That will be never :—tune your
instrument.

Bian. Where left we last ?

Luc. Here, madam :—

*Hic ibat Simois ; hic est Sigeia tellus ;
Hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

Bian. Construe them.

Luc. *Hic ibat*, as I told you before,—
Simois, I am Lucentio,—*hic est*, son unto
Vincentio of Pisa,—*Sigeia tellus*, disguised
thus to get your love ;—*Hic steterat*, and that
Lucentio that comes a-wooing,—*Priami*, is
my man Tranio,—*regia*, bearing my port,—
celsa senis, that we might beguile the old
pantaloon.

Hor. [*Returning.*] Madam, my instrument's
in tune.

Bian. Let's hear. [*Hor. plays.*] O fie !
the treble jars.

Luc. Spit in the hole, man, and tune
again.

Bian. Now let me see if I can construe it :—
Hic ibat Simois, I know you not ;—*hic est*
Sigeia tellus, I trust you not ;—*Hic steterat*
Priami, take heed he hear us not ;—*regia*,
presume not ;—*celsa senis*, despair not.

Hor. Madam, 't is now in tune.

Luc. All but the base.

Hor. The base is right ; 't is the base knave
that jars.

How fiery and forward our pedant is !

Now, for my life, the knave doth court my
love :

Pedascule, I'll watch you better yet.

Bian. In time I may believe, yet I mis-
trust.

Luc. Mistrust it not ; for sure, *Æacides*
Was Ajax, call'd so from his grandfather.

Bian. I must believe my master ; else, I promise you,
I should be arguing still upon that doubt :
But let it rest.—Now, Licio, to you.
Good masters, take it not unkindly, pray,
That I have been thus pleasant with you both.

Hor. [To LUCENTIO.] You may go walk, and give me leave awhile :

My lessons make no music in three parts.

Luc. Are you so formal, sir ? [Aside.] Well, I must wait,

And watch withal ; for, but I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

Hor. Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learn the order of my fingering,
I must begin with rudiments of art ;
To teach you gamut in a briefer sort,
More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,
Than hath been taught by any of my trade :
And there it is in writing, fairly drawn.

Bian. Why, I am past my gamut long ago.

Hor. Yet read the gamut of Hortensio.

Bian. [Reads.]

"Gamut, I am, the ground of all accord,

A re, to plead Hortensio's passion

B mi, Bianca, take him for thy lord,

C fa ut, that loves with all affection :

D sol re, one cliff, two notes have I :

E la mi, show pity, or I die."

Call you this gamut ? tut ! I like it not :

Old fashions please me best ; I am not so nice,

To change true rules for odd inventions.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Mistress, your father prays you leave your books,

And help to dress your sister's chamber up :

You know, to-morrow is the wedding-day.

Bian. Farewell, sweet masters both : I must be gone.

[Exeunt BIANCA and Servant.

Luc. 'Faith, mistress, then I have no cause to stay.

Hor. But I have cause to pry into this pedant :

Methinks, he looks as though he were in love.—

Yet if thy thoughts, Bianca, be so humble,
To cast thy wandering eyes on every stale,
Seize thee that list : if once I find thee ranging,

Hortensio will be quit with thee by changing.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Same. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter BAPTISTA, GREMIO, TRANIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, LUCENTIO, and Attendants.

Bap. Signior Lucentio, this is the 'pointed day,

That Katharine and Petruchio should be married,

And yet we hear not of our son-in-law.

What will he said ? what mockery will it be,
To want the bridegroom, when the priest attends

To speak the ceremonial rites of marriage !

What says Lucentio to this shame of ours ?

Kath. No shame but mine : I must, forsooth, be forc'd

To give my hand, oppos'd against my heart,
Unto a mad-brain rudesby, full of spleen ;
Who woo'd in haste, and means to wed at leisure.

I told you, I, he was a frantic fool,

Hiding his bitter jests in blunt behaviour ;

And to be noted for a merry man,

He'll woo a thousand, 'point the day of marriage,

Make friends, invite them, and proclaim the banns ;

Yet never means to wed where he hath woo'd.

Now must the world point at poor Katharine,

And say,—“Lo, there is mad Petruchio's wife.

If it would please him come and marry her.”

Tra. Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too.

Upon my life, Petruchio means but well,
Whatever fortune stays him from his word :
Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise ;
Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Kath. 'Would Katharine had never seen him though !

[Exit, weeping, followed by BIANCA and others.

Bap. Go, girl ; I cannot blame thee now to weep,

For such an injury would vex a very saint,
Much more a shrew of thy impatient humour.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. Master, master ! old news, and such news as you never heard of !

Bap. Is it new and old too ? how may that be ?

Bion. Why, is it not news to hear of Petruchio's coming ?

Bap. Is he come ?

Bion. Why, no, sir.

Bap. What then ?

Bion. He is coming.

Bap. When will he be here?

Bion. When he stands where I am, and sees you there. 41

Tra. But, say, what to thine old news?

Bion. Why, Petruchio is coming, in a new hat, and an old jerkin; a pair of old breeches, thrice turned; a pair of boots that have been candle-cases, one buckled, another laced; an old rusty sword ta'en out of the town-armoury, with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with two broken points: his horse lipped, with an old mothly saddle, and stirrups of no kindred; besides, possessed with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine; troubled with the lam-pass, infected with the fashions, full of wind-galls, sped with spavins, rayed with the yellows, past cure of the fives, stark spoiled with the staggers, begnawn with the bots, swayed in the back, and shoulder-shotten; ne'er-legged before, and with a half-checked bit, and a head-stall of sheep's leather; which, being restrained to keep him from stumbling, hath been often burst, and now repaired with knots; one girth six times pieced, and a woman's cupper of velure, which hath two letters for her name fairly set down in studs, and here and there pieced with packthread. 62

Bap. Who comes with him?

Bion. O, sir! his lackey, for all the world caparisoned like the horse; with a linen stock on one leg, and a kersey boot-hose on the other, gartered with a red and blue list; an old hat, and "the humour of forty fancies" pricked in 't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparel, and not like a Christian footboy, or a gentleman's lackey. 70

Tra. 'T is some odd humour pricks him to this fashion;

Yet oftentimes he goes but mean-apparell'd.

Bap. I am glad he is come, howsoe'er he comes.

Bion. Why, sir, he comes not.

Bap. Didst thou not say, he comes?

Bion. Who? that Petruchio came?

Bap. Ay, that Petruchio came.

Bion. No, sir; I say, his horse comes, with him on his back.

Bap. Why, that's all one. 80

Bion. Nay, by Saint Jamy,
I hold you a penny,
A horse and a man
Is more than one,
And yet not many.

Enter PETRUCHIO and GRUMIO.

Pet. Come, where be these gallants? who's at home?

Bap. You are welcome, sir.

Pet. And yet I come not well.

Bap. And yet you halt not.

Tra. Not so well apparell'd,
As I wish you were.

Pet. Were it better, I should rush in thus.
But where is Kate? where is my lovely
Bride? 91

How does my father?—Gentles, methinks
you frown

And wherefore gaze this goodly company,
As if they saw some wondrous monument,
Some comet, or unusual prodigy?

Bap. Why, sir, you know, this is your
wedding-day.

First were we sad, fearing you would not
come;

Now sadder, that you come so unprovided.
Fie! doff this habit, shame to your estate,
An eyesore to our solemn festival. 100

Tra. And tell us what occasion of import
Hath all so long detain'd you from your wife,
And sent you hither so unlike yourself?

Pet. Tedious it were to tell, and harsh to
hear:

Sufficeth, I am come to keep my word,
Though in some part enforced to digress;
Which, at more leisure, I will so excuse
As you shall well be satisfied withal.

But, where is Kate? I stay too long from
her:

The morning wears, 't is time we were at
church. 110

Tra. See not your bride in these unreverent
robes.

Go to my chamber: put on clothes of mine.

Pet. Not I, believe me: thus I'll visit her.

Bap. But thus, I trust, you will not marry
her.

Pet. Good sooth, even thus; therefore ha'
done with words:

To me she's married, not unto my clothes.
Could I repair what she will wear in me,
As I can change these poor accoutrements,
'T were well for Kate, and better for myself.
But what a fool am I to chat with you, 120
When I should bid good-morrow to my bride,
And seal the title with a lovely kiss!

[*Reunt PETRUCHIO, GRUMIO, and
BIONDELLO.*]

Tra. He hath some meaning in his mad
attire.

We will persuade him, be it possible,
To put on better ere he go to church.

Bap. I'll after him, and see the event of
this. [*Exit.*]

Tra. But to her love concerneth us to add
Her father's liking: which to bring to pass,

As I before imparted to your worship,
I am to get a man,—whate'er he be,¹³⁰
It skills not much, we'll fit him to our turn,—
And he shall be Vincentio of Pisa,
And make assurance, here in Padua,
Of greater sums than I have promised.
So shall you quietly enjoy your hope,
And marry sweet Bianca with consent.

Luc. Were it not that my fellow-school-master

Doth watch Bianca's steps so narrowly,
'T were good, methinks, to steal our marriage;
Which once perform'd, let all the world say
no,¹⁴⁰
I'll keep mine own, despite of all the world.

Tra. That by degrees we mean to look into,
And watch our vantage in this business.
We'll over-reach the grey-beard, Gremio,
The narrow-prying father, Minola,
The quaint musician, amorous Licio;
All for my master's sake, Lucentio.

Re-enter GREMIO.

Signior Gremio, came you from the church?

Gre. As willingly as e'er I came from school.

Tra. And is the bride, and bridegroom,
coming home?¹⁵⁰

Gre. A bridegroom say you? 't is a groom indeed,

A grumbling groom, and that the girl shall find.

Tra. Curster than she? why, 't is impossible.

Gre. Why, he's a devil, a devil, a very fiend.

Tra. Why, she's a devil, a devil, the devil's dam.

Gre. Tut! she's a lamb, a dove, a fool to him.

I'll tell you, Sir Lucentio: when the priest
Should ask, if Katharine should be his wife,
"Ay, by gogs-wouns," quoth he; and swore
so loud,

That, all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And, as he stoop'd again to take it up,¹⁶⁰
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,

That down fell priest and book, and book and priest:

"Now take them up," quoth he, "if any list."

Tra. What said the wench, when he arose again?

Gre. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd, and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him.

But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine:—"A health!" quoth he;
as if

He had been aboard, carousing to his mates
After a storm:—quaff'd off the muscadel,¹⁷⁰
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other reason,
But that his beard grew thin and hungerly,
And seem'd to ask him sops as he was drinking.

This done, he took the bride about the neck,
And kiss'd her lips with such a clamorous smack,

That, at the parting, all the church did echo.
And I, seeing this, came thence for very shame;

And after me, 'I know, the rout is coming:¹⁸⁰
Such a mad marriage never was before.

Hark, hark! I hear the minstrels play.

[*Music.*

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, BIANCA, BAPTISTA, HORTENSIO, GRUMIO, and Train.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you
for your pains.

I know, you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding-cheer

But, so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night
come.¹⁸⁰

Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would entreat me rather go than stay.—

And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife.
Dine with my father, drink a health to me,
For I must hence: and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us entreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me entreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me entreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?²⁰⁰

Pet. I am content you shall entreat me stay,

But yet not stay, entreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse!

Gr. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are
green;²¹⁰

For me, I'll not be gone, till I please myself.—
'T is like you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O, Kate! content thee: pr'ythee, be
not angry.

Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to
do?—

Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir, now it begins to
work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal
dinner.

I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist. 220

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy
command.—

Obeys the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maddenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves.
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor
fret;

I will be master of what is mine own.
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my
house,

My household stuff, my field, my barn, 220
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands; touch her whoever dare,
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,

Draw forth thy weapon; we're beset with
thieves:

Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—

Fear not, sweet wench; they shall not touch
thee, Kate:

I'll buckler thee against a million.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and
GRUMIO.]

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet
ones.

Gre. Went they not quickly, I should die
with laughing. 240

Tra. Of all mad matches never was the
like!

Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your
sister?

Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly
mated.

Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

Bap. Neighbours and friends, though bride
and bridegroom wants

For to supply the places at the table,
You know, there wants no junkets at the
feast.—

Lucentio, you shall supply the bridegroom's
place,

And let Bianca take her sister's room.

Tra. Shall sweet Bianca practise how to
bride it? 250

Bap. She shall, Lucentio.—Come, gentle-
men, let's go. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Hall in PETRUCHIO'S Country
House.

Enter GRUMIO.

Gru. Fie, fie, on all tired jades, on all mad
masters, and all foul ways! Was ever man
so beaten? was ever man so rayed? was ever
man so weary? I am sent before to make a
fire, and they are coming after to warm them.
Now, were not I a little pot, and soon hot,
my very lips might freeze to my teeth, my
tongue to the roof of my mouth, my heart in
my belly, ere I should come by a fire to thaw
me; but, I, with blowing the fire, shall warm
myself, for, considering the weather, a taller
man than I will take cold. Holla, ho!
Curtis!

Enter CURTIS.

Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?

Gru. A piece of ice: if thou doubt it, thou
may'st slide from my shoulder to my heel,
with no greater a run but my head and my
neck. A fire, good Curtis. 20

Curt. Is my master and his wife coming,
Grumio?

Gru. O! ay, Curtis, ay; and therefore
fire, fire; cast on no water.

Curt. Is she so hot a shrew as she's re-
ported?

Gru. She was, good Curtis, before this frost;
but, thou know'st, winter tames man, woman,
and beast, for it hath tamed my old master,
and my new mistress, and myself, fellow
Curtis.

Curt. Away, you three-inch fool! I am no
beast. 20

Gru. Am I but three inches? why, thy
horn is a foot; and so long am I at the least.
But wilt thou make a fire, or shall I complain
on thee to our mistress, whose hand (she
being now at hand) thou shalt soon feel, to
thy cold comfort, for being slow in thy hot
office?

Curt. I pr'ythee, good Grumio, tell me,
how goes the world?

Gru. A cold world, Curtis, in every office

but thine; and, therefore, fire. Do thy duty, and have thy duty, for my master and mistress are almost frozen to death.

Curt. There's fire ready; and therefore, good Grumio, the news.

Grn. Why, "Jack, boy! ho, boy!" and as much news as thou wilt.

Curt. Come, you are so full of cony-catching.

Grn. Why, therefore, fire: for I have caught extreme cold. Where's the cook? is supper ready, the house trimmed, rushes strewed, cobwebs swept; the serving-men in their new fustian, their white stockings, and every officer his wedding-garment on? Be the Jacks fair within, the Jills fair without, the carpets laid, and everything in order?

Curt. All ready; and therefore, I pray thee, news.

Grn. First, know, my horse is tired; my master and mistress fallen out.

Curt. How?

Grn. Out of their saddles into the dirt; and thereby hangs a tale.

Curt. Let's ha't, good Grumio.

Grn. Lend thine ear.

Curt. Here.

Grn. There. *[Striking him.]*

Curt. This is to feel a tale, not to hear a tale.

Grn. And therefore 't is called a sensible tale; and this cuff was but to knock at your ear, and beseech listening. Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress,—

Curt. Both of one horse?

Grn. What's that to thee?

Curt. Why, a horse.

Grn. Tell thou the tale:—but hadst thou not crossed me, thou shouldst have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou shouldst have heard, in how miry a place; how she was bemoiled; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she prayed, that never prayed before; how I cried; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory, which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

Curt. By this reckoning he is more shrew than she.

Grn. Ay; and that thou and the proudest of you all shall find, when he comes home. But what talk I of this?—Call forth Nathaniel, Joseph, Nicholas, Philip, Walter, Sugar-sop,

and the rest: let their heads be sleekly combed, their blue coats brushed, and their garters of an indifferent knit: let them curtsy with their left legs, and not presume to touch a hair of my master's horsetail, till they kiss their hands. Are they all ready?

Curt. They are.

Grn. Call them forth.

Curt. Do you hear? ho! you must meet my master, to countenance my mistress.

Grn. Why, she hath a face of her own.

Curt. Who knows not that?

Grn. Thou, it seems, that callest for company to countenance her.

Curt. I call them forth to credit her.

Grn. Why, she comes to borrow nothing of them.

Enter several Servants.

Nath. Welcome home, Grumio.

Phil. How now, Grumio?

Jos. What, Grumio!

Nich. Fellow Grumio!

Nath. How now, old lad?

Grn. Welcome, you;—how now, you:—what, you;—fellow, you;—and thus much for greeting. Now, my spruce companions, is all ready, and all things neat?

Nath. All things is ready. How near is our master?

Grn. Even at hand, alighted by this; and therefore be not—Cock's passion, silence!—I hear my master.

Enter PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Pet. Where be these knaves? What! no man at door,

To hold my stirrup, nor to take my horse?

Where is Nathaniel, Gregory, Philip?

All Serv. Here, here, sir; here, sir.

Pet. Here, sir! here, sir! here, sir! here, sir!

You logger-headed and unpolish'd grooms!

What, no attendance? no regard? no duty?

Where is the foolish knave I sent before?

Grn. Here, sir; as foolish as I was before.

Pet. You peasant swain! you whoreson malt-horse drudge!

Did I not bid thee meet me in the park, And bring along these rascal knaves with thee?

Grn. Nathaniel's coat, sir, was not fully made, And Gabriel's pumps were all unpink'd i' the heel;

There was no link to colour Peter's hat, And Walter's dagger was not come from sheathing:

There were none fine, but Adam, Ralph, and Gregory;

The rest were ragged, old, and beggarly;

Yet, as they are, here are they come to meet you.

Pet. Go, rascals, go, and fetch my supper in.—
[*Exeunt Servants.*]

[*Sings.*] *Where is the life that late I led—*

Where are those—? Sit down, Kate, and welcome.

Soud, soud, soud, soud!

Re-enter Servants, with supper.

Why, when, I say?—Nay, good sweet Kate, be merry.

Off with my boots, you rogues, you villains! When?

[*Sings.*] *It was the friar of orders grey,
As he forth walked on his way:—*

Out, you rogue! you pluck my foot awry:
Take that, and mend the plucking of the other.—
[*Strikes him.*]

Be merry, Kate.—Some water, here; what, ho!—

Where's my spaniel Troilus?—Sirrah, get you hence,

And bid my cousin Ferdinand come hither:

[*Exit Servant.*]

One, Kate, that you must kiss, and be acquainted with.—

Where are my slippers?—Shall I have some water?

Enter a Servant with a basin and ewer.

Come, Kate, and wash, and welcome heartily.
You whoreson villain! will you let it fall? ¹⁵⁰

[*Strikes him.*]

Kath. Patience, I pray you; 't was a fault unwilling.

Pet. A whoreson, beetle-headed, flap-eared knave!

Come, Kate, sit down; I know you have a stomach.

Will you give thanks, sweet Kate, or else shall I?

What's this? mutton?

1 Serv. Ay.

Pet. Who brought it?

1 Serv. I.

Pet. 'T is burnt; and so is all the meat.

What dogs are these!—Where is the rascal cook?

How durst you, villains, bring it from the dresser,

And serve it thus to me that love it not?

There, take it to you, trenchers, cups, and all.

[*Throws the meat, &c., at them.*]

You heedless joltheads, and unmanner'd slaves! ¹⁶¹

What! do you grumble? I'll be with you straight.

Kath. I pray you, husband, be not so disquiet:

The meat was well, if you were so contented.

Pet. I tell thee, Kate, 't was burnt and dried away,

And I expressly am forbid to touch it.

For it engenders choler, planteth anger;

And better 't were, that both of us did fast,

Since, of ourselves, ourselves are choleric,

Than feed it with such over-roasted flesh. ¹⁷⁰

Be patient, to-morrow 't shall be mended,

And for this night we'll fast for company.

Come, I will bring thee to thy bridal chamber.

[*Exeunt PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and CURTIS.*]

Nath. Peter, didst ever see the like!

Peter. He kills her in her own humour.

Re-enter CURTIS.

Gru. Where is he?

Curt. In her chamber,

Making a sermon of contrivency to her;

And rails, and swears, and rates, that she, poor soul,

Knows not which way to stand, to look, to speak, ¹⁸⁰

And sits as one new-risen from a dream.

Away, away! for he is coming hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Thus have I politicly begun my reign,
And 't is my hope to end successfully.

My falcon now is sharp, and passing empty,
And, till she stoop, she must not be full-gorg'd,

For then she never looks upon her lure.

Another way I have to man my haggard,

To make her come, and know her keeper's call; ¹⁹⁰

That is, to watch her, as we watch these kites,
That bate, and beat, and will not be obedient.

She eat no meat to-day, nor none shall eat;
Last night she slept not, nor to-night she shall not:

As with the meat, some undeserved fault

I'll find about the making of the bed;

And here I'll fling the pillow, there the bolster,

This way the coverlet, another way the sheets:

Ay, and amid this hurly, I intend,

That all is done in reverent care of her; ²⁰⁰

And, in conclusion, she shall watch all night:

And, if she chance to nod, I'll rail and brawl,

And with the clamour keep her still awake.
This is a way to kill a wife with kindness;
And thus I'll curb her mad and headstrong
humour.

He that knows better how to tame a shrew,
Now let him speak: 't is charity to show.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S
House.*

Enter TRANIO and HORTENSIO.

Tra. Is't possible, friend Licio, that Mistress Bianca

Doth fancy any other but Lucentio?

I tell you, sir, she bears me fair in hand.

Hor. Sir, to satisfy you in what I have said,

Stand by, and mark the manner of his teaching.
[*They stand aside.*]

Enter BIANCA and LUCENTIO.

Luc. Now, mistress, profit you in what you read?

Bian. What, master, read you? first resolve me that.

Luc. I read that I profess, the Art to Love.

Bian. And may you prove, sir, master of your art!

Luc. While you, sweet dear, prove mistress of my heart.
[*They retire.*]

Hor. [*Coming forward.*] Quick proceeders, marry!—Now tell me, I pray,

You that durst swear that your Mistress Bianca

Lov'd none in the world so well as Lucentio.

Tra. O despitiful love! unconstant woman-kind!—

I tell thee, Licio, this is wonderful.

Hor. Mistake no more: I am not Licio,
Nor a musician, as I seem to be,
But one that scorns to live in this disguise,
For such a one, as leaves a gentleman,
And makes a god of such a cullion.

Know, sir, that I am call'd Hortensio.

Tra. Signior Hortensio, I have often heard
Of your entire affection to Bianca;
And since mine eyes are witness of her light-
ness,

I will with you, if you be so contented,
Forswear Bianca and her love for ever.

Hor. See, how they kiss and court!—Signior Lucentio,

Here is my hand; and here I firmly vow
Never to woo her more; but do forswear her,
As one unworthy all the former favours

That I have fondly flatter'd her withal.

Tra. And here I take the like unfeigned
oath,

Never to marry with her, though she would
entreat.

Fie on her! see, how beastly she doth court
him.

Hor. 'Would all the world, but he, had
quite forsworn!

For me, that I may surely keep mine oath,
I will be married to a wealthy widow,
Ere three days pass, which hath as long lov'd
me,

As I have lov'd this proud disdainful haggard.
And so farewell, Signior Lucentio.—
Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks,
Shall win my love:—and so I take my leave,
In resolution as I swore before.

[*Exit HORTENSIO.*—*LUCENTIO and BIANCA
advance.*]

Tra. Mistress Bianca, bless you with such
grace,

As 'longeth to a lover's blessed case!

Nay, I have ta'en you napping, gentle love,
And have forsworn you, with Hortensio.

Bian. Tranio, you jest. But, have you
both forsworn me?

Tra. Mistress, we have.

Luc. Then we are rid of Licio.

Tra. I' faith, he'll have a lusty widow
now,

That shall be woo'd and wedded in a day.

Bian. God give him joy!

Tra. Ay, and he'll tame her.

Bian. He says so, Tranio.

Tra. 'Faith, he is gone unto the taming-
school.

Bian. The taming-school! what, is there
such a place?

Tra. Ay, mistress, and Petruchio is the
master;

That teacheth tricks eleven and twenty long,
To tame a shrew, and charm her chattering
tongue.

Enter BIONDELLO, running.

Bion. O master, master! I have watch'd
so long

That I'm dog-weary; but at last I spied
An ancient angel coming down the hill,
Will serve the turn.

Tra. What is he, Biondello?

Bion. Master, a mercatant, or a pedant,
I know not what; but formal in apparel,
In gait and countenance surely like a father.

Luc. And what of him, Tranio?

Tra. If he be credulous, and trust my tale,
I'll make him glad to seem Vincentio,

And give assurance to Baptista Minola,
As if he were the right Vincentio.
Take in your love, and then let me alone.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO and BIANCA.

Enter a Pedant.

Ped. God save you, sir.

Tra. And you, sir! you are welcome.
Travel you far on, or are you at the furthest?

Ped. Sir, at the furthest for a week or two;
But then up further, and as far as Rome,
And so to Tripoli, if God lend me life.

Tra. What countryman, I pray?

Ped. Of Mantua.

Tra. Of Mantua, sir!—marry, God forbid!
And come to Padua, careless of your life?

Ped. My life, sir! how, I pray? for that
goes hard.

Tra. 'Tis death for any one in Mantua
To come to Padua. Know you not the cause?
Your ships are stay'd at Venice; and the
duke,

For private quarrel 'twixt your duke and
him,

Hath publish'd and proclaim'd it openly.

'Tis marvel; but that you are but newly
come,

You might have heard it else proclaim'd
about.

Ped. Alas, sir! it is worse for me than so;
For I have bills for money by exchange
From Florence, and must here deliver them.

Tra. Well, sir, to do you courtesy,
This will I do, and this I will advise you.—
First, tell me, have you ever been at Pisa?

Ped. Ay, sir, in Pisa have I often been;
Pisa, renowned for grave citizens.

Tra. Among them, know you one Vin-
centio?

Ped. I know him not, but I have heard of
him:

A merchant of incomparable wealth.

Tra. He is my father, sir; and, sooth to
say,

In countenance somewhat doth resemble you.

Bion. [*Aside.*] As much as an apple doth
an oyster, and all one.

Tra. To save your life in this extremity,
This favour will I do you for his sake;
And think it not the worst of all your
fortunes,

That you are like to Sir Vincentio.

His name and credit shall you undertake,
And in my house you shall be friendly lodg'd.

Look, that you take upon you as you should!
You understand me, sir;—so shall you stay
Till you have done your business in the city.

If this be courtesy, sir, accept of it.

Ped. O! sir, I do; and will repute you ever
The patron of my life and liberty.

Tra. Then go with me, to make the matter
good.

This, by the way, I let you understand:

My father is here look'd for every day,

To pass assurance of a dower in marriage

'Twixt me and one Baptista's daughter here:

In all these circumstances I'll instruct you.

Go with me, to clothe you as becomes you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in PETRUCHIO'S House.

Enter KATHARINA and GRUMIO.

Gru. No, no, forsooth; I dare not, for my
life.

Kath. The more my wrong, the more his
spite appears.

What, did he marry me to furnish me!

Beggars, that come unto my father's door,

Upon entreaty, have a present alms;

If not, elsewhere they meet with charity:

But I, who never knew how to entreat,

Nor never needed that I should entreat,

Am starv'd for meat, giddy for lack of sleep;

With oaths kept waking, and with brawling
fed.

And that which spites me more than all these
wants,

He does it under name of perfect love;

As who should say, if I should sleep, or eat,

'T were deadly sickness, or else present death.

I pr'ythee go, and get me some repast;

I care not what, so it be wholesome food.

Gru. What say you to a neat's foot?

Kath. 'Tis passing good: I pr'ythee let me
have it.

Gru. I fear, it is too choleric a meat.

How say you to a fat tripe, finely broil'd?

Kath. I like it well: good Grumio, fetch it
me.

Gru. I cannot tell; I fear, 't is choleric.

What say you to a piece of beef, and mustard?

Kath. A dish that I do love to feed upon.

Gru. Ay, but the mustard is too hot a
little.

Kath. Why, then the beef, and let the
mustard rest.

Gru. Nay, then I will not: you shall have
the mustard,

Or else you get no beef of Grumio.

Kath. Then both, or one, or anything thou
wilt.

Gru. Why, then the mustard without the
beef.

Kath. Go, get thee gone, thou false deluding slave, [*Bents him.*]
That feed'st me with the very name of meat.
Sorrow on thee, and all the pack of you,
That triumph thus upon my misery!
Go, get thee gone, I say.

Enter PETRUCHIO, with a dish of meat, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. How fares my Kate? What, sweeting, all amok?

Hor. Mistress, what cheer?

Kath. Faith, as cold as can be.

Pet. Pluck up thy spirits; look cheerfully upon me.

Here, love; thou seest how diligent I am, to dress thy meat myself, and bring it thee: [*Sets the dish on a table.*]

I am sure, sweet Kate, this kindness merits thanks.

What! not a word? Nay then, thou lov'st it not,

And all my pains is sorted to no proof.— Here, take away this dish.

Kath. I pray you, let it stand.

Pet. The poorest service is repaid with thanks,

And so shall mine, before you touch the meat.

Kath. I thank you, sir.

Hor. Signior Petruchio, fie! you are to blame.

Come, Mistress Kate, I'll bear you company.

Pet. [*Aside.*] Eat it up all, Hortensio if thou lov'st me.—

Much good do it unto thy gentle heart!

Kate, eat apace.—And now, my honey love, Will we return unto thy father's house,

And revel it as bravely as the best, With silken coats, and caps, and golden rings, With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and things;

With scarfs, and fans, and double change of bravery,

With amber bracelets, beads, and all this knavery.

What, hast thou din'd? The tailor stays thy leisure,

To deck thy body with his ruffling treasure.

Enter Tailor.

Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments;
Lay forth the gown.—

Enter Haberdasher.

What news with you, sir?

Hab. Here is the cap your worship did bespeak.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer;

A velvet dish: fie, fie! 't is lewd and filthy.

Why, 't is a cockle or a walnut-shell,

A knack, a toy, a trick, a baby's cap:

Away with it! come, let me have a bigger.

Kath. I'll have no bigger: this doth fit the time,

And gentlewomen wear such caps as these.

Pet. When you are gentle, you shall have one too

And not till then.

Hor. [*Aside.*] That will not be in haste.

Kath. Why, sir, I trust, I may have leave to speak,

And speak I will; I am no child, no babe:

Your betters have endur'd me say my mind,

And, if you cannot, best you stop your ears.

My tongue will tell the anger of my heart

Or else my heart, concealing it, will break:

And, rather than it shall, I will be free

Even to the uttermost, as I please, in words.

Pet. Why, thou say'st true: it is a paltry cap,

A custard-coffin, a bauble, a silken pic.

I love thee well, in that thou lik'st it not.

Kath. Love me, or love me not, I like the cap,

And it I will have, or I will have none.

[Exit Haberdasher.]

Pet. Thy gown? why, ay:—come, tailor, let us see 't.

O, mercy, God! what masking stuff is here?

What's this? a sleeve? 't is like a demi-cannon:

What! up and down, carv'd like an apple-tart?

Here's snip, and nip, and cut, and slish, and slash,

Like to a censer in a barber's shop.—

Why, what, o' devil's name, tailor, call'st thou this?

Hor. [*Aside.*] I see, she's like to have neither cap nor gown.

Tai. You bid me make it orderly and well, According to the fashion and the time.

Pet. Marry, and did: but if you be remember'd,

I did not bid you mar it to the time.

Go, hop me over every kennel home,

For you shall hop without my custom, sir.

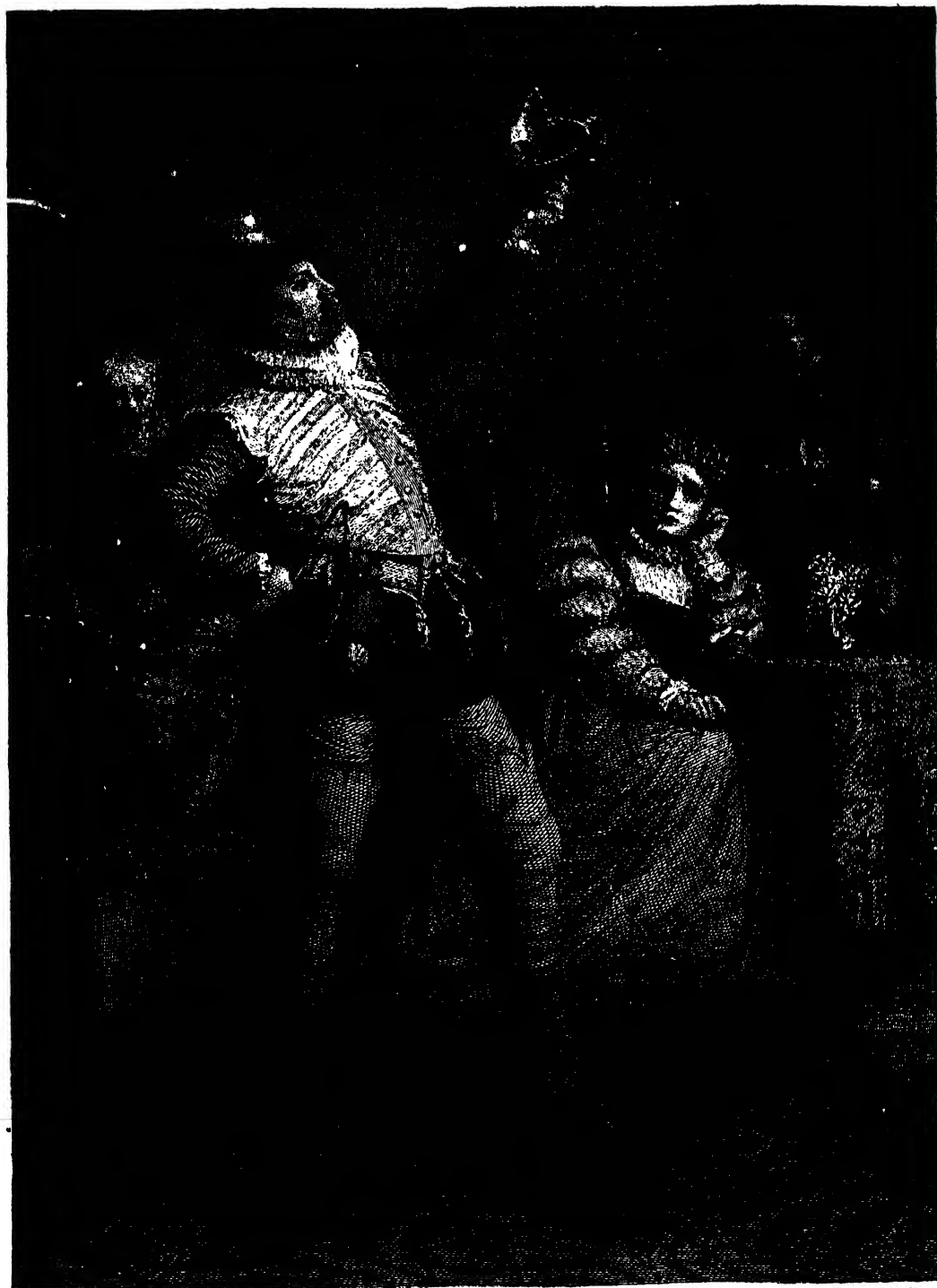
I'll none of it; hence! make your best of it.

Kath. I never saw a better-fashion'd gown, More quaint, more pleasing, nor more commendable.

Belike, you mean to make a puppet of me.

Pet. Why, true; he means to make a puppet of thee.

Tai. She says, your worship means to make a puppet of her.



A. H. TOURNIER, *Paint.*

HEATH, *Sculpt.*

KATHARINA AND PETRUCHIO.

Pet. Why, this was moulded on a porringer; .
• A velvet dish:—fie, fie!

"TAMING OF THE SHREW," *Act IV., Scene III.*

Pet. O monstrous arrogance! Thou liest,
thou thread,
Thou thimble,
Thou yard, three-quarters, half-yard, quarter,
nail!
Thou flea, thou nit, thou winter-cricket
thou!—
Brav'd in mine own house with a skein of
thread?
Away! thou rag, thou quantity, thou rem-
nant,
Or I shall so be-mete thee with thy yard
As thou shalt think on prating whilst thou
liv'st!

I tell thee, I, that thou hast marr'd her gown.

Tai. Your worship is deceiv'd: the gown
is made

Just as my master had direction.

Grumio gave order how it should be done.

Gru. I gave him no order; I gave him the
stuff.

Tai. But how did you desire it should be
made?

Gru. Marry, sir, with needle and thread.

Tai. But did you not request to have it
cut?—

Gru. Thou hast faced many things.

Tai. I have.

Gru. Face not me: thou hast braved many
men; brave not me: I will neither be faced
nor braved. I say unto thee,—I bid thy
master cut out the gown; but I did not bid
him cut it to pieces: *ergo*, thou liest.

Tai. Why, here is the note of the fashion
to testify.

Pet. Read it.

Gru. The note lies in 's throat, if he say I
said so.

Tai. "*Imprimis*, a loose-bodied-gown."

Gru. Master, if ever I said loose-bodied
gown, sew me in the skirts of it, and beat me
to death with a bottom of brown thread. I
said, a gown.

Pet. Proceed.

Tai. "With a small compassed cape."

Gru. I confess the cape.

Tai. "With a trunk sleeve."

Gru. I confess two sleeves.

Tai. "The sleeves curiously cut."

Pet. Ay, there's the villainy.

Gru. Error i' the bill, sir; error i' the bill.
I commanded the sleeves should be cut out,
and sewed up again; and that I'll prove
upon thee, though thy little finger be armed
in a thimble.

Tai. This is true, that I say: an I had
thee in place where, thou shouldst know it.

Gru. I am for thee straight; take thou!

the bill, give me thy mete-yard, and spare
not me.

Hor. God-a-mercy, Grumio, then he shall
have no odds.

Pet. Well, sir, in brief, the gown is not for
me.

Gru. You are i' the right, sir: 't is for my
mistress.

Pet. Go, take it up unto thy master's use.

Gru. Villain, not for thy life! Take up my
mistress' gown for thy master's use!

Pet. Why, sir, what's your conceit in that?

Gru. O, sir, the conceit is deeper than you
think for.

Take up my mistress' gown to his master's
use!

O, fie, fie, fie!

Pet. [*Aside.*] Hortensio, say thou wilt see
the tailor paid.—

Go take it hence; be gone, and say no more.

Hor. Tailor, I'll pay thee for thy gown to-
morrow:

Take no unkindness of his hasty words.

Away, I say; commend me to thy master.

[*Exit Tailor.*]

Pet. Well, come, my Kate; we will unto
your father's,

Even in these honest mean habiliments.

Our purses shall be proud, our garments poor;
For 't is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest
clouds,

So honour peereth in the meanest habit.

What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?

Or is the adder better than the eel,

Because his painted skin contents the eye?

O! no, good Kate; neither art thou the worse
For this poor furniture, and mean array.

If thou account'st it shame, lay it on me;
And therefore frolic: we will hence forthwith,

To feast and sport us at thy father's house.—
Go, call my men, and let us straight to him;

And bring our horses unto Long Lane end;
There will we mount, and thither walk on
foot.—

Let's see; I think, 't is now some seven
o'clock,

And well we may come there by dinner-time.

Kath. I dare assure you, sir, 't is almost two,
And 't will be supper-time, ere you come there.

Pet. It shall be seven, ere I go to horse.
Look, what I speak, or do, or think to do,

You are still crossing it.—Sirs, let't alone:
I will not go to-day; and ere I do,

It shall be what o'clock I say it is.

Hor. Why, so this gallant will command
the sun.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Padua. Before BAPTISTA'S House.

Enter TRANIO, *and the Pedant dressed like* VINCENTIO.

Tru. Sir, this is the house : please it you, that I call?

Ped. Ay, what else? and, but I 'be deceived,

Signior Baptista may remember me,
Near twenty years ago, in Genoa,
Where we were lodgers at the Pegasus.

Tru. 'Tis well ; and hold your own, in any case,
With such austerity as 'longeth to a father.

Enter BIONDELLO.

Ped. I warrant you. But, sir, here comes your boy ;
e good he w

Tru. Fear you not him. Sirrah Biondello,
Now do your duty thoroughly, I advise you :
Imagine 't were the right Vincentio.

Bion. Tut ! fear not me.

Tru. But hast thou done thy errand to Baptista?

Bion. I told him, that your father was at Venice,
And that you look'd for him this day in Padua.

Tru. Thou 'rt a tall fellow : hold thee that to drink.
Here comes Baptista.—Set your countenance, sir.—

Enter BAPTISTA *and* LUCENTIO.

Signior Baptista, you are happily met.—
Sir, this is the gentleman I told you of.
I pray you, stand good father to me now,
Give me Bianca for my patrimony.

Ped. Soft, son !—

Sir, by your leave : having come to Padua
To gather in some debts, my son Lucentio
Made me acquainted with a weighty cause
Of love between your daughter and himself :
And, for the good report I hear of you,
And for the love he beareth to your daughter,
And she to him,—to stay him not too long, so
I am content, in a good father's care,
To have him match'd ; and, if you please to
like

No worse than I, upon some agreement,
Me shall you find ready and willing
With one consent to have her so bestow'd ;
For curious I cannot be with you,
Signior Baptista, of whom I hear so well.

Bap. Sir, pardon me in what I have to say:

Your plainness, and your shortness please me well.

Right true is it, your son Lucentio here
Doth love my daughter, and she loveth him,
Or both dissemble deeply their affections ;
And, therefore, if you say no more than this,
That like a father you will deal with him,
And pass my daughter a sufficient dower,
The match is made, and all is done :
Your son shall have my daughter with consent.

Tru. I thank you, sir. Where then do you know best,

We be affied, and such assurance ta'en,
As shall with either part's agreement stand ;

Bap. Not in my house, Lucentio ; for, you know,

Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants.
Besides, old Cremo is harkening still,
And, happily, we might be interrupted.

Tru. Then at my lodging, an it like you :
There doth my father lie, and there this night
We'll pass the business privately and well.
Send for your daughter by your servant here ;
My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently.
The worst is this,—that, at so slender warn-

ing,
You're like to have a thin and slender pit-

tance.
Bap. It likes me well :—Cambio, hie you home,

And bid Bianca make her ready straight ;
And, if you will, tell what hath happened :
Lucentio's father is arriv'd in Padua,
And how she's like to be Lucentio's wife.

Luc. I pray the gods she may, with all my heart !

Tru. Dally not with the gods, but get thee gone.—

Signior Baptista, shall I lead the way ?
Welcome : one mess is like to be your cheer.
Come, sir ; we will better it in Pisa.

Bap. I follow you.

[*Exeunt* TRANIO, *Pedant*, *and* BAPTISTA.

Bion. Cambio !—

Luc. What say'st thou, Biondello ?

Bion. You saw my master wink and laugh upon you ?

Luc. Biondello, what of that ?

Bion. 'Faith, nothing ; but he has left me here behind, to expound the meaning or moral of his signs and tokens.

Luc. I pray thee, moralise them.

Bion. Then thus. Baptista is safe, talking with the deceiving father of a deceitful son.

Luc. And what of him ?

Bion. His daughter is to be brought by you to the supper.

Luc. And then?—

Bion. The old priest at Saint Luke's Church is at your command at all hours.

Luc. And what of all this?

Bion. I cannot tell, except they are busied about a counterfeit assurance: take you assurance of her, *cum privilegio ad imprimendum solum*. To the church—take the priest, clerk, and some sufficient honest witnesses. If this be not that you look for, I have no more to say,

But bid Bianca farewell for ever and a day.

Luc. Hear'st thou, Biondello?

Bion. I cannot tarry: I knew a wench married in an afternoon as she went to the garden for parsley to stuff a rabbit; and so may you, sir; and so adieu, sir. My master hath appointed me to go to Saint Luke's, to bid the priest be ready to come against you come with your appendix. *[Exit.]*

Luc. I may, and will, if she be so contented:

She will be pleas'd, then wherefore should I doubt?

Hap what hap may, I'll roundly go about her: It shall go hard, if Cambio go without her.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Public Road.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, and HORTENSIO.

Pet. Come on, o' God's name: once more toward our father's.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

Kath. The moon! the sun: it is not moonlight now.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.

Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.

Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house.—
Go one, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.

Kath. Forward, I pray, since we have come so far,

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please.
An if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth, I vow, it shall be so for me.

Pet. I say, it is the moon.

Kath. I know, it is the moon.

Pet. Nay, then you lie: it is the blessed sun.

Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun:

But sun it is not, when you say it is not,
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so for Katharine.

Hor. Petruccio, go thy ways: the field is won.

Pet. Well, forward, forward! thus the bowl should run,

And not unluckily against the bias.

But soft; what company is coming here?

Enter VINCENTIO, in a travelling dress.

[To VINCENTIO.] Good morrow, gentle mistress: where away?—

Tell me, sweet Kate, and tell me truly too,
Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?
Such war of white and red within her cheeks!
What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty,

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee.—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

Hor. 'A will make the man mad, to make a woman of him.

Kath. Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away, or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;
Happier the man, whom favourable stars
Allot thee for his lovely bedfellow!

Pet. Why, how now, Kate? I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd
And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

Kath. Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun,
That everything I look on seemeth green.

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father;
Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

Pet. Do, good old grandsire; and, withal, make known

Which way thou travellest: if along with us,
We shall be joyful of thy company.

Vin. Fair sir, and you my merry mistress,
That with your strange encounter much amaz'd me,

My name is call'd Vincentio; my dwelling—
Pisa;

And bound I am to Padua, there to visit
A son of mine, which long I have not seen.

Pet. What is his name?

Vin. Lucentio, gentle sir.

Pet. Happily met; the happier for thy son.

And now by law, as well as reverend age, ⁶⁰
I may entitle thee—my loving father:
The sister to my wife; this gentlewoman,
Thy son by this hath married. Wonder
not,

Nor be not griev'd: she is of good esteem,
Her dowry wealthy, and of worthy birth
Beside, so qualified as may besem
The spouse of any noble gentleman.
Let me embrace with old Vincentio;
And wander we to see thy honest son,
Who will of thy arrival be full joyous. ⁷⁰

Vin. But is this true? or is it else your
pleasure,

Like pleasant travellers, to break a jest
Upon the company you overtake?

Hor. I do assure thee, father, so it is,

Pet. Come, go along, and see the truth
hereof;

For our first merriment hath made thee
jealous.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA,
and VINCENTIO.]

Hor. Well, Petruchio, this has put me in
heart⁶

Have to my widow; and if she be froward,
Then hast thou taught Hortensio to be un-
toward. [*Exit.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Padua. Before LUCENTIO'S House.

Enter on one side BIONDELLO, LUCENTIO, and
BIANCA; *GREMIO walking on the other side.*

Bion. Softly and swiftly, sir; for the priest
is ready.

Luc. I fly, Biondello; but they may chance
to need thee at home: therefore leave us.

Bion. Nay, 'faith, I'll see the church o'
your back; and then come back to my master
as soon as I can.

[*Exeunt* LUCENTIO, BIANCA, and BIONDELLO.]

Gre. I marvel Cambio comes not all this
while.

Enter PETRUCHIO, KATHARINA, VINCENTIO,
and Attendants.

Pet. Sir, here's the door, this is Lucentio's
house: ¹⁰

My father's bears more toward the market-
place;

Thither must I, and here I leave you, sir.

Vin. You shall not choose but drink before
you go.

I think, I shall command your welcome here,
And, by all likelihood, some cheer is toward.

[*Knocks.*]

Gre. They're busy within; you were best
knock louder.

Enter Pedant above, at a window.

Ped. What's he, that knocks as he would
beat down the gate?

Vin. Is Signior Lucentio within, sir? ²⁰

Ped. He's within, sir, but not to be spoken
withal.

Vin. What, if a man bring him a hundred
pound or two, to make merry withal?

Ped. Keep your hundred pounds to your-
self: he shall need none, so long as I live.

Pet. Nay, I told you, your son was well
beloved in Padua.—Do you hear, sir?—to
leave frivolous circumstances,—I pray you,
tell Signior Lucentio, that his father is come
from Pisa, and is here at the door to speak
with him. ³⁰

Ped. Thou liest: his father is come from
Pisa, and here looking out at the window.

Vin. Art thou his father?

Ped. Ay, sir; so his mother says, if I may
believe her.

Pet. [To VINCENTIO.] Why, how now,
gentleman! Why, this is flat knavery, to
take upon you another man's name.

Ped. Lay hands on the villain. I believe,
'a means to cozen somebody in this city under
my countenance.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Bion. I have seen them in the church to-
gether: God send 'em good shipping!—But
who is here? mine old master, Vincentio!
now we are undone, and brought to nothing.

Vin. [Seeing BIONDELLO.] Come hither,
crack-hemp.

Bion. I hope I may choose, sir.

Vin. Come hither, you rogue. What, have
you forgot me?

Bion. Forgot you? no, sir: I could not
forget you, for I never saw you before in all
my life. ³¹

Vin. What, you notorious villain, didst
thou never see thy master's father, Vincentio?

Bion. What, my old, worshipful old master?
yes, marry, sir; see where he looks out of the
window.

Vin. Is't so, indeed? [*Beats BIONDELLO.*
Bion. Help, help, help! here's a madman
will murder me. [*Exit.*

Ped. Help, son! help, Signior Baptista! 50
[*Exit from the window.*

Pet. Pr'ythee, Kate, let's stand aside, and
see the end of this controversy. [*They retire.*

*Re-enter Pedant below; BAPTISTA, TRANIO,
and Servants.*

Tra. Sir, what are you, that offer to beat
my servant?

Vin. What am I, sir? nay, what are you,
sir?—O immortal gods! O fire villain! A
silken doublet! a velvet hose! a scarlet cloak!
and a copatain hat!—O, I am undone! I am
undone! while I play the good husband at
home, my son and my servant spend all at
the university.

Tra. How now? what's the matter? 70

Bap. What, is the man lunatic?

Tra. Sir, you seem a sober ancient gentle-
man by your habit, but your words show you
a madman. Why, sir, what 'cerns it you if
I wear pearl and gold? I thank my good
father, I am able to maintain it.

Vin. Thy father? O villain! he is a sail-
maker in Bergamo.

Bap. You mistake, sir: you mistake, sir.
Pray, what do you think is his name?

Vin. His name? as if I knew not his name:
I have brought him up ever since he was three
years old, and his name is Tranio. 80

Ped. Away, away, mad ass! his name is
Lucentio; and he is mine only son, and heir
to the lands of me, Signior Vincentio.

Vin. Lucentio! O! he hath murdered his
master.—Lay hold on him, I charge you, in
the duke's name.—O, my son, my son!—Tell
me, thou villain, where is my son Lucentio?

Tra. Call forth an officer. 90

Enter one with an Officer.

Carry this mad knave to the gaol.—Father
Baptista, I charge you see that he be forth-
coming.

Vin. Carry me to the gaol!

Gre. Stay, officer: he shall not go to prison.

Bap. Talk not, Signior Gremio. I say, he
shall go to prison.

Gre. Take heed, Signior Baptista, lest you
be conycatched in this business. I dare swear
this is the right Vincentio.

Ped. Swear, if thou darest. 100

Gre. Nay, I dare not swear it.

Tra. Then thou wert best say, that I am
not Lucentio.

Gre. Yes, I know thee to be Signior Lu-
centio.

Bap. Away with the dotard! to the gaol
with him!

Vin. Thus strangers may be halcd and
abus'd.—O monstrous villain!

*Re-enter BIONDELLO, with LUCENTIO and
BIANCA.*

Bion. O, we are spoiled! and yonder he is:
deny him, forswear him, or else we are all
undone.

Luc. Pardon, sweet father. [*Kneeling.*

Vin. Lives my sweet son!

[*BIONDELLO, TRANIO, and Pedant run out.*

Bian. Pardon, dear father. [*Kneeling.*

Bap. How hast thou offended?
Where is Lucentio?

Luc. Here's Lucentio,
Right son to the right Vincentio;
That have by marriage made thy daughter
mine,

While counterfeit supposes bear'd thine eyene.
Gre. Here's packing with a witness, to
deceive us all!

Vin. Where is that damned villain, Tranio,
That fac'd and brav'd me in this matter so?

Bap. Why, tell me, is not this my Cambio?

Bian. Cambio is chang'd into Lucentio. 120

Luc. Love wrought these miracles.
Bianca's love

Made me exchange my state with Tranio,
While he did bear my countenance in the
town;

And happily I have arrived at the last

Unto the wished haven of my bliss.

What Tranio did, myself enfore'd him to;

Then pardon him, sweet father, for my sake.

Vin. I'll slit the villain's nose, that would
have sent me to the gaol. 130

Bap. [*To LUCENTIO.*] But do you hear, sir?
Have you married any daughter without
asking my good will?

Vin. Fear not, Baptista; we will content
you: go to; but I will in, to be revenged
for this villainy. [*Exit.*

Bap. And I, to sound the slepht of this
knavery. [*Exit.*

Luc. Look not pale, Bianca; thy father
will not frown.

[*Exeunt LUCENTIO and BIANCA.*

Gre. My cake is dough; but I'll in among
the rest,

Out of hope of all, but my share of the feast.
[*Exit.*

PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA advance.

Kath. Husband, let's follow, to see the end
of this ado. 140

Pet. First kiss me, Kate, and we will.

Kath. What, in the midst of the street?

Pet. What! art thou ashamed of me?

Kath. No, sir, God forbid; but ashamed to kiss.

Pet. Why, then let's home again.—Come, sirrah, let's away.

Kath. Nay, I will give thee a kiss: now pray thee, love, stay.

Pet. Is not this well?—Come, my sweet Kate:

Better once than never, for never too late.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in LUCENTIO'S House.

A Banquet set out. Enter BAPTISTA, VINCENTIO, Gremio, the Pedant, LUCENTIO, Bianca, Petruchio, Katharina, Hortensio, and Widow; Tranio, Biondello, Grumio, and others, attending.

Luc. At last, though long, our jarring notes agree:

And time it is, when raging war is done,
To smile at scapes and perils overblown.—

My fair Bianca, bid my father welcome,
While I with selfsame kindness welcome thine.—

Brother Petruchio,—sister Katharina,—
And thou, Hortensio, with thy loving widow,
Feast with the best, and welcome to my house:

My banquet is to close our stomachs up,
After our great good cheer. Pray you, sit down;

For now we sit to chat, as well as eat.

[*They sit at table.*]

Pet. Nothing but sit and sit, and eat and eat!

Bap. Padua affords this kindness, son Petruchio.

Pet. Padua affords nothing but what is kind.

Hor. For both our sakes I would that word were true.

Pet. Now, for my life, Hortensio fears his widow.

Wid. Then never trust me, if I be afraid.

Pet. You are very sensible, and yet you miss my sense:

I mean, Hortensio is afraid of you.

Wid. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round.

Pet. Roundly replied.

Kath. Mistress, how mean you that?

Wid. Thus I conceive by him.

Pet. Conceives by me!—How likes Hortensio that?

Hor. My widow says, thus, she conceives her tale.

Pet. Very well mended. Kiss him for that, good widow.

Kath. He that is giddy thinks the world turns round:—

I pray you, tell me what you meant by that.

Wid. Your husband, being troubled with a shrew,

Measures my husband's sorrow by his woe:

And now you know my meaning.

Kath. A very mean meaning.

Wid.

Right, I mean you.

Kath. And I am mean, indeed, respecting you.

Pet. To her, Kate!

Hor. To her, widow!

Pet. A hundred marks, my Kate does put her down.

Hor. That's my office.

Pet. Spoke like an officer.—Ha' to thee, lad.

[*Drinks to HORTENSIO.*]

Bap. How likes Gremio these quick-witted folks?

Gre. Believe me, sir, they butt together well.

Bian. Head and butt? an hasty-witted body

Would say, your head and butt were head and horn.

Vin. Ay, mistress bride, hath that awaken'd you?

Bian. Ay, but not frightened me; therefore, I'll sleep again.

Pet. Nay, that you shall not; since you have begun,

Have at you for a bitter jest or two.

Bian. Am I your bird? I mean to shift my bush,

And then pursue me as you draw your bow.—You are welcome all.

[*Exeunt BIANCA, KATHARINA, and Widow.*]

Pet. She hath prevented me.—Here, Signior Tranio;

This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not:

Therefore, a health to all that shot and miss'd.

Tra. O sir! Lucentio slipp'd me, like his greyhound,

Which runs himself, and catches for his master.

Pet. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well, sir, that you hunted for yourself:

'Tis thought, your deer does hold you at a bay.

Bap. O ho, Petruchio! Tranio hits you now.

Luc. I thank thee for that girl, good
Tranio.

Hor. Confess, confess, hath he not hit you
here?

Pet. 'A has a little gall'd me, I confess; ⁶⁰
And, as the jest did glance away from me,
'T is ten to one it maim'd you two outright.

Bap. Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio,
I think thou hast the veriest shrew of all.

Pet. Well, I say no: and therefore, for
assurance,

Let's each one send unto his wife;
And he, whose wife is most obedient
To come at first when he doth send for her,
Shall win the wager which we will propose.

Hor. Content. What is the wager?

Luc. Twenty crowns.

Pet. Twenty crowns! ⁷¹

I'll venture so much of my hawk, or hound,
But twenty times so much upon my wife.

Luc. A hundred then.

Hor. Content.

Pet. A match! 't is done.

Hor. Who shall begin?

Luc. That will I.

Go, Biondello, bid your mistress come to me.

Bion. I go. *[Exit.*

Bap. Son, I will be your half, Bianca
comes.

Luc. I'll have no halves; I'll bear it all
myself.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

How now! what news?

Bion. Sir, my mistress sends you word,
That she is busy, and she cannot come. ⁸¹

Pet. How! she is busy, and she cannot
come

Is that an answer?

Gre. Ay, and a kind one too:

Pray God, sir, your wife send you not a
worse.

Pet. I hope, better.

Hor. Sirrah Biondello, go, and entreat my
wife

To come to me forthwith. *[Exit BIONDELLO.]*

Pet. O ho! entreat her

Nay, then she must needs come.

Hor. I am afraid, sir,

Do what you can, yours will not be entreated.

Re-enter BIONDELLO.

Now, where's my wife? ⁹⁰

Bion. She says, you have some goodly jest
in hand;

She will not come: she bids you come to her.

Pet. Worse and worse: she will not come?

O vile,

Intolerable, not to be endur'd!

Sirrah Grumio, go to your mistress; say,
I command her come to me. *[Exit GRUMIO.]*

Hor. I know her answer.

Pet. What?

Hor. She will not.

Pet. The fouler fortune mine; and there an
end.

Enter KATHARINA.

Bap. Now, by my holidame, here comes
Katharina! ¹⁰⁰

Kath. What is your will, sir, that you send
for me?

Pet. Where is your sister, and Hortensio's
wife?

Kath. They sit conferring by the parlour
fire.

Pet. Go, fetch them hither: if they deny
to come,

Swinge me them soundly forth unto their
husbands.

Away, I say, and bring them hither straight.
[Exit KATHARINA.]

Luc. Here is a wonder, if you talk of a
wonder.

Hor. And so it is. I wonder what it bodes.

Pet. Marry, peace it bodes, and love, and
quiet life,

An awful rule, and right supremacy; ¹¹⁰
And, to be short, what not that's sweet and
happy?

Bap. Now fair befall thee, good Petruchio!
The wager thou hast won; and I will add
Unto their losses twenty thousand crowns;
Another dowry to another daughter,
For she is chang'd, as she had never been.

Pet. Nay, I will win my wager better yet,
And show more sign of her obedience,
Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See, where she comes, and brings your froward
wives ¹²⁰

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

*Re-enter KATHARINA, with BIANCA and
Widow.*

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not:
Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

*[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws
it down.]*

Wid. Lord! let me never have a cause to
sigh,

Till I be brought to such a silly pass!

Bian. Fie! what a foolish duty call you
this?

Luc. I would, your duty were as foolish
too:

The wisdom of your duty, fair Bianca,

Hath cost me an hundred crowns since supper-time.

Bian. The more fool you for laying on my duty.

Pet. Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women,

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

Wid. Come, come, you're mocking: we will have no telling.

Pet. Come on, I say; and first begin with her.

Wid. She shall not.

Pet. I say she shall:—and first begin with her.

Kath. Fie, fie! unknit that threatening unkind brow,

And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor: It blots thy beauty, as frosts do bite the meads,

Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds,

And in no sense is meet, or amiable.

A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,

Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty;

And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty

Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.

Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,

Thy head, thy sovereign; one that cares for thee,

And for thy maintenance; commits his body To painful labour, both by sea and land,

To watch the night in storms, the day in cold, Whilst thou liest warm at home, secure and

safe;

And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

But love, fair looks, and true obedience,

Too little payment for so great a debt.

Such duty as the subject owes the prince,

Even such a woman oweth to her husband;

And when she's froward, peevish, sullen,

sour,

And not obedient to his honest will,

What is she but a foul contending rebel,¹⁰⁰ And graceless traitor to her loving lord?—

I am asham'd, that women are so simple

To offer war, where they should kneel for peace;

Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway, When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.

Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,

Unapt to toil and trouble in the world, But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,

Should well agree with our external parts? Come, come, you froward and unable worms,

My mind hath been as big as one of yours,¹⁷¹ My heart as great, my reason, haply, more

To bandy word for word, and frown for frown; But now I see, our lances are but straws,

Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare,—

That seeming to be most, which we indeed least are.

Then vail your stomachs, for it is no boot, And place your hands below your husband's foot:

In token of which duty, if he please, My hand is ready; may it do him ease.¹⁸¹

Pet. Why, there's a wench!—Come on, and kiss me, Kate.

Luc. Well, go thy ways, old lad, for thou shalt ha't.

Vin. 'Tis a good hearing, when children are toward.

Luc. But a harsh hearing, when women are froward.

Pet. Come, Kate, we'll to bed.—

We three are married, but you two are sped, 'Twas I won the wager, though you lit the

white;

And being a winner, God give you good night.

[*Exeunt* PETRUCHIO and KATHARINA.

Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst shrew.

Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd so.¹⁹⁹

[*Exeunt.*

KING RICHARD III..

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

| | | |
|--|--------------------------|--|
| KING EDWARD THE FOURTH. | | SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN. |
| EDWARD, <i>Prince of Wales,</i> | } <i>Sons to the</i> | SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF. |
| RICHARD, <i>Duke of York,</i> | | SIR WILLIAM CATESBY. |
| GEORGE, <i>Duke of Clarence,</i> | } <i>Brothers to the</i> | SIR JAMES TYRREL. |
| RICHARD, <i>Duke of Gloster,</i> | | SIR JAMES BLOUNT. |
| <i>A young Son of Clarence.</i> | | SIR WALTER HERBERT. |
| HENRY, <i>Earl of Richmond.</i> | | SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, <i>Lieutenant of the</i> |
| CARDINAL BOURCHIER, <i>Archbishop of Canter-</i> | | <i>Tower.</i> |
| <i>bury.</i> | | CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, <i>a Priest.</i> |
| THOMAS ROTHERHAM, <i>Archbishop of York.</i> | | <i>Another Priest.</i> |
| JOHN MORTON, <i>Bishop of Ely.</i> | | <i>Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire.</i> |
| DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM. | | ELIZABETH, <i>Queen of King Edward IV.</i> |
| DUKE OF NORFOLK. | | MARGARET, <i>Widow of King Henry VI.</i> |
| EARL OF SURREY, <i>his Son.</i> | | DUCHESS OF YORK, <i>Mother to King Edward</i> |
| EARL RIVERS, <i>Brother to King Edward's</i> | | <i>IV., Clarence, and Gloster.</i> |
| <i>Queen</i> | | LADY ANNE, <i>Widow of Edward, Prince of</i> |
| MARQUESS OF DORSET, <i>and LORD GREY, her</i> | | <i>Wales.</i> |
| <i>Sons.</i> | | <i>A young Daughter of Clarence.</i> |
| EARL OF OXFORD. | | <i>Lords, and other Attendants ; two Gentlemen,</i> |
| LORD HASTINGS. | | <i>a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Citizens, Mur-</i> |
| LORD STANLEY. | | <i>derers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, &c.</i> |
| LORD LOVEL. | | |

SCENE.—ENGLAND.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Now is the winter of our discontent
 Made glorious summer by this sun of York ;
 And all the clouds that lour'd upon our
 house
 In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
 Now are our brows bound with victorious
 wreaths ;
 Our bruised arms hung up for monuments ;
 Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
 Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
 Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled
 front ;
 And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds,
 To fight the souls of fearful adversaries, " He
 capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;

I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's
 majesty,
 To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling Nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time " 20
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up,
 And that so lamely and unfashionable,
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—
 Why I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determined to prove a villain,
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate the one against the other :

And if King Edward be as true and just,
As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
This day shall Clarence closely be mew'd up,
About a prophecy, which says—that G
Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
Dive, thoughts, down to my soul : here Clarence comes.

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard,

That waits upon your grace ?

Clar. His majesty,
Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Glo. Upon what cause ?

Clar. Because my name is George.

Glo. Alack ! my lord, that fault is none of yours ;

He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O ! belike, his majesty hath some intent,
That you should be new-christen'd in the
Tower. 50

But what's the matter, Clarence ? may I know ?

Clar. Yea, Richard, where I know ; but I protest,

As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams ;
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says, a wizard told him, that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he. 50
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these,
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Glo. Why, this it is, when men are rul'd
by women !

'Tis not the king, that sends you to the Tower :
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Antony Woodville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the
Tower,

From whence this present day he is deliver'd ?
We are not safe, Clarence ; we are not safe. 50

Clar. By Heaven, I think, there is no man
secure

But the queen's kindred, and night-walking
heralds

That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress
Shore.

Heard you not, what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery ?

Glo. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I'll tell you what ; I think, it is our way,

If we will keep in favour with the king,
To be her men, and wear her livery : 50
The jealous o'erworn widow, and herself,
Since that our brother dubb'd them gentle-
women,

Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

Brak. I beseech your graces both to pardon
me

His majesty hath straitly given in charge,
That no man shall have private conference,
Of what degree soever, with his brother.

Glo. Even so ; an't please your worship,
Brakenbury,

You may partake of any thing we say.

We speak no treason, man : we say, the king
Is wise and virtuous, and his noble queen 51
Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous :—
We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing
tongue ;

And that the queen's kindred are made
gentlefolks.

How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

Brak. With this, my lord, myself have
nought to do.

Glo. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ?
I tell thee, fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
Were best to do it secretly, alone. 100

Brak. What one, my lord ?

Glo. Her husband, knave. Wouldst thou
betray me ?

Brak. I beseech your grace to pardon me ;
and withal,

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clar. We know thy charge, Brakenbury,
and will obey.

Glo. We are the queen's objects, and must
obey.

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;

And whatsoever you will employ me in,

Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,
I will perform it to enfranchise you. 110

Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

Clar. I know, it pleaseth neither of us well.

Glo. Well, your imprisonment shall not be
long ;

I will deliver you, or else lie for you :

Meantime, have patience.

Clar. I must perforce : farewell.

[*Exeunt CLARENCE, BRAKENBURY, and
Guard.*

Glo. Go, tread the path that thou shalt
ne'er return,

Simple, plain Clarence !—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If Heaven will take the present at our hands.

But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Good time of day unto my gracious lord.

Glo. As much unto my good lord chamberlain.

Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hast. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;

But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks,

That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Glo. No doubt, no doubt, and so shall Clarence too;

For they that were your enemies are his, 130
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

Hast. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,

While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Glo. What news abroad?

Hast. No news so bad abroad as this at home:—

The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Glo. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.

O! he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person: 140
'T is very grievous to be thought upon.

What, is he in his bed?

Hast. He is.

Glo. Go you before, and I will follow you.
[*Exit HASTINGS.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die,
Till George be pack'd with posthorse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;
And, if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live: 150
Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,

And leave the world for me to bustle in:
For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter:

What though I kill'd her husband, and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,
Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love

As for another secret close intent,
By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market: 100
Clarence still breathes; Edward still lives and reigns

When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Street.

Enter the corse of King HENRY the Sixth, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds, to guard it; and Lady ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load—

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse—
Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—
Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster!
Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost,
To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son,
Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!

Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes:—
O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!

More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
Than I can wish to adders, spiders, toads,
Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives! 20
If ever he have child, abortive be it,
Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
And that be heir to his unhappiness!
If ever he have wife, let her be made
More miserable by the death of him,
Than I am made by my young lord, and thee!—

Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,

Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30
And still, as you are weary of this weight,
Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.
[*The Bearers take up the corse and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Stay you, that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,

To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Glo. Villains! set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,

I'll make a corse of him that disobeys.

1 Gent. My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Glo. Unmanner'd dog! stand thou when I command:

Advance thy halberd higher than my breast,
Or, by Saint Paul, I'll strike thee to my foot,
And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What! do you tremble? are you all afraid?

Alas! I blame you not; for you are mortal,
And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!

Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have: therefore, be gone.

Glo. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing tries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—

O, gentlemen! see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths and bleed afresh!—

Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:

Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—

O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!

O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!

Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,

Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,

Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered!

Glo. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st no law of God nor man:

No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Glo. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O wonderful, when devils tell the truth!

Glo. More wonderful, when angels are so angry.—

Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed evils, to give me leave,
By circumstance, but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,

For these known evils but to give me leave,
By circumstance, to curse thy cursed self.

Glo. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have

Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make

No excuse current, but to hang thyself.

Glo. By such despair, I should accuse myself.

Anne. And by despairing shalt thou stand excus'd;

For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Glo. Say, that I slew them not.

Anne. Then say they were not slain:
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

Glo. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then, he is alive.

Glo. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw

Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,

But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Glo. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,

That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,

That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.

Didst thou not kill this king?

Glo. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me too,

Thou may'st be damned for that wicked deed!
O! he was gentle, mild, and virtuous.

Glo. The better for the King of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Glo. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither;

For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell.

Glo. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

ACT I.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE II.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Glo. Your bed-chamber. 111

Anne. Ill rest, betide the chamber where thou liest!

Glo. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Glo. I know so—But, gentle Lady Anne,—
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall somewhat into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward,
As blameful as the executioner?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most
accurs'd effect. 120

Glo. Your beauty was the cause of that
effect;

Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep,
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homi-
cide,

These nails should rend that beauty from my
cheeks.

Glo. These eyes could not endure that
beauty's wrack;

You should not blemish it, if I stood by:

As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that; it is my day, my life. 130

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and
death thy life!

Glo. Curse not thyself, fair creature; thou
art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on
thee.

Glo. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my hus-
band.

Glo. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy
husband,
Did it to help thee to a better husband.

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon
the earth. 140

Glo. He lives that loves you better than he
could.

Anne. Name him.

Glo. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Glo. The selfsame name, but one of better
nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Glo. Here. *[She spitteth at him.]*

Why dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for
thy sake!

Never came poison from so sweet a
place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.
Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes.

Glo. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected
mine.

Anne. 'Would they were basilisks, to strike
thee dead!

Glo. I would they were, that I might die
at once;

For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn
salt tears,

Sham'd their aspects with store of childish
drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;

No, when my father York and Edward wept
To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made,

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at
him;

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,
Told the sad story of my father's death, 150

And twenty times made pause to sob and
weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,
Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad
time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence
exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with
weeping.

I never sued to friend, nor enemy;

My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing
word;

But now thy beauty is propos'd my foe,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue

to speak. 170

[She looks scornfully at him.]

Teach not thy lip such scorn; for it was made
For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.

If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
Lo! here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword;

Which if thou please to hide in this true
breast,

And let the soul forth that adareth thee,

I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,

And humbly beg the death upon my knee.

[He lays his breast open: she offers at it with his sword.]

Nay, do not pause; for I did kill King
Henry;—

But 't was thy beauty that provoked me. 180

Nay, now despatch; 't was I that stabb'd
young Edward:—

But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[She lets fall the sword.]
Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler; though I wish
thy death,

I will not be thy executioner.

Glo. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Glo. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and ever with the word,
This hand, which, for thy love, did kill thy love,

Shall, for thy love, kill a far truer love : 190

To both their deaths shalt thou be accessory.

Anne. I would, I knew thy heart.

Glo. 'Tis figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me, both are false.

Glo. Then never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Glo. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

Glo. But shall I live in hope ?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so. 200

Glo. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give.

[*She puts on the ring.*]

Glo. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;
Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may
But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,
Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

Anne. What is it ?

Glo. That it may please you leave these
sad designs 210

To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place ;
Where, after I have solemnly interr'd,
At Chertsey monastery, this noble king,
And wet his grave with my repentant tears,
I will with all expedient duty see you :
For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,
Grant me this boon.

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it
joys me too,

To see you are become so penitent.— 220

Tressel, and Berkley, go along with me.

Glo. Bid me farewell.

Anne. 'Tis more than you deserve ;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,
Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady ANNE, TRESSSEL, and BERKLEY.*]

Glo. Sirs, take up the corse.

Gent. Towards Chertsey, noble lord ?

Glo. No, to White Friars ; there attend my coming.

[*Exeunt the rest, with the corse.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd ?

Was ever woman in this humour won ? 230

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What ! I, that kill'd her husband, and his father,

To take her in her heart's extremest hate ;
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by ;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars
against me,

And I no friends to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil, and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing !
Ha !

Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months
since, 240

Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury ?

A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman,—

Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,

Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right
royal,—

The spacious world cannot again afford :

And will she yet abase her eyes on me,

That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet
prince,

And made her widow to a woful bed ?

On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety ?

On me, that halt, and am misshapen thus ?

My dukedom to a beggarly denier, 250

I do mistake my person all this while :

Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,

Myself to be a marvellous proper man.

I'll be at charges for a looking-glass :

And entertain a score or two of tailors,

To study fashions to adorn my body :

Since I am crept in favour with myself,

I will maintain it with some little cost. 260

But, first, I'll turn you fellow in his grave,

And then return lamenting to my love.—

Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,

That I may see my shadow as I pass. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Room in the
Palace.

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, Lord RIVERS, and
Lord GREY.*

Riv. Have patience, madam : there's no
doubt, his majesty

Will soon recover his accustomed health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes
him worse :

Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good
comfort,

And cheer his grace with quick and merry
words.

Q. Eliz. If he were dead, what would be
tide on me ?



J. D. WATSON, *Paint.*

J. A. WRIGHT, *Sculpt.*

RICHARD AND LADY ANNE.

Richard. But shall I live in hope?
Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Grey. No other harm, but loss of such a lord.

Q. Eliz. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,

To be your comforter when he is gone. ¹⁰

Q. Eliz. Ah! he is young; and his minority

Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,

A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Riv. Is it concluded, he shall be protector?

Q. Eliz. It is determin'd, not concluded yet: But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buck. Good time of day unto your royal grace.

Stan. God make your majesty joyful as you have been!

Q. Eliz. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord of Stanley, ²⁰

To your good prayer will scarcely say Amen. Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she's your wife, And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd, I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stan. I do beseech you, either not believe The envious slanders of her false accusers; Or, if she be accus'd on true report, Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds

From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Q. Eliz. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley? ³⁰

Stan. But now, the Duke of Buckingham and I

Are come from visiting his majesty.

Q. Eliz. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buck. Madam, good hope: his grace speaks cheerfully.

Q. Eliz. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buck. Ay, madam: he desires to make atonement

Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,

And between them and my lord chamberlain; And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Q. Eliz. 'Would all were well!—But that will never be. ⁴⁰

I fear, our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Glo. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—

Who are they that complain unto the king, That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not? By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.

Because I cannot flatter, and speak fair, Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,

Duck with French nods and apish courtesy, I must be held a rancorous enemy. ⁵⁰

Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm, But thus his simple truth must be abus'd With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Glo. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction? A plague upon you all! His royal person (Whom God preserve better than you would wish!)

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while, ⁶⁰ But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Q. Eliz. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.

The king, on his own royal disposition, And not provok'd by any suitor else, Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred, That in your outward action shows itself Against my children, brothers, and myself, Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Glo. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad, ⁷⁰

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch:

Since every Jack became a gentleman, There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, we know your meaning, brother Gloster:

You envy my advancement, and my friends'. God grant, we never may have need of you!

Glo. Meantime, God grants that we have need of you:

Our brother is imprison'd by your means, Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions ⁸⁰ Are daily given, to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Q. Eliz. By Him that rais'd me to this careful height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd, I never did incense his majesty

Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
An earnest advocate to plead for him.—
My lord, you do me shameful injury,
Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Glo. You may deny, that you were not the
mean 20

Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Riv. She may, my lord; for—

Glo. She may, Lord Rivers,—why, who
knows not so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that:
She may help you to many fair preferments,
And then deny her aiding hand therein,
And lay those honours on your high desert.
What may she not? She may,—ay, marry,
may she,---

Riv. What, marry, may she?

Glo. What, marry, may she? marry with a
king, 100

A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
I wis, your grandam had a worser match.

Q. Eliz. My Lord of Gloster, I have too
long borne

Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs;
By Heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
I had rather be a country serving-maid,
Than a great queen, with this condition,
To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at:
Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Enter Queen MARGARET, behind.

Q. Mar. And lessen'd be that small, God, I
beseech him!

Thy honour, state, and seat, is due to me.

Glo. What! threat you me with telling of
the king?

Tell him, and spare not: look, what I have
said

I will avouch in presence of the king:

I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.

'Tis time to speak; my pains are quite forgot.

Q. Mar. Out, devil! I do remember them
too well:

Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the
Tower,

And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Glo. Ere you were queen, ay, or your
husband king,

I was a pack-horse in his great affairs;

A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,

A liberal rewarder of his friends;

To royalise his blood, I spent mine own.

Q. Mar. Ay, and much better blood than
his, or thine.

Glo. In all which time, you, and your
husband Grey,

Were factious for the house of Lancaster;—

And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your
husband

In Margaret's battle at St. Albans slain? 130

Let me put in your minds, if you forget,

What you have been ere this, and what you
are;

Withal, what I have been, and what I am

Q. Mar. A murderous villain, and so still
thou art.

Glo. Poor Clarence did forsake his father
Warwick,

Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu
pardon!

Q. Mar. Which God revenge!

Glo. To fight on Edward's party, for the
crown;

And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
I would to God, my heart were flint, like
Edward's, 140

Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine:
I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Q. Mar. Hie thee to hell for shame, and
leave this world,

Thou caedemon! there thy kingdom is.

Riv. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy
days,

Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign
king;

So should we you, if you should be our king.

Glo. If I should be!—I had rather be a
pedlar.

Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof!

Q. Eliz. As little joy, my lord, as you
suppose 151

You should enjoy, were you this country's
king,

As little joy you may suppose in me

That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Q. Mar. A little joy enjoys the queen
thereof;

For I am she, and altogether joyless.

I can no longer hold me patient.---

[Advancing.]

Hear me, you wrangling pirates, that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from
me!

Which of you trembles not, that looks on me?

If not, that, I being queen, you bow like
subjects, 161

Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like
rebels!—

Ah! gentle villain, do not turn away.

Glo. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou
in my sight?

Q. Mar. But repetition of what thou hast
marr'd;

That will I make, before I let thee go.

Glo. Wert thou not banished 'en pain of death?

Q. Mar. I was; but I do find more pain in banishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband, and a son, thou ow'st to me,—
And thou, a kingdom;—all of you, allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours,
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Glo. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows
with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes;
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout,
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland;—

His curses, then from bitterness of soul
Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee;
And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed.

Q. Eliz. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hast. O! 'twas the foulest deed to slay that babe,
And the most merciless, that e'er was heard of.

Riv. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported,

Dor. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buck. Northumberland, then present, wept to see it.

Q. Mar. What! were you snarling all, before I came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
And turn you all your hatred now on me! Did York's dread curse prevail so much with Heaven,

That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,

Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
Should all but answer for that peevish brat?
Can curses pierce the clouds, and enter heaven?—

Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses!—

Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
As ours by murder, to make him a king!

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,

For Edward, my son, that was Prince of Wales,

Die in his youth by like untimely violence!
Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self!

Long may'st thou live, to wail thy children's loss,

And see another, as I see thee now,
Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine!

Long die thy happy days before thy death;
And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen!

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers-by,
And so wast thou, Lord Hastings, when my son

Was stabb'd with bloody daggers: God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Glo. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag.

Q. Mar. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou shalt hear me.

If Heaven have any grievous plague in store,
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O! let them keep it, till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!

The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,

And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,

Unless it be while some tormenting dream

Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!

Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!

Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity

The slave of nature, and the son of hell!

Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!

Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!

Thou rag of honour! thou detested—

Glo. Margaret.

Q. Mar. Richard!

Glo. Ha!

Q. Mar. I call thee not.

Glo. I cry thee mercy then; for I did think,
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Q. Mar. Why, so I did; but look'd for no reply.

O! let me make the period to my curse.

Glo. 'T is done by me, and ends in—
Margaret.

Q. Eliz. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself.

Q. Mar. Poor painted queen, vain flourish
of my fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,

Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?

Fool, fool! thou whett'st a knife to kill thyself.

The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this pois'nous bunch-back'd toad.

Hast. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,

Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Q. Mar. Foul shame upon you! you have all mov'd mine.

Riv. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your duty. 230

Q. Mar. To serve me well, you all should do me duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.

O! serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty.

Dor. Dispute not with her, she is lunatic.

Q. Mar. Peace, master marquess; you are malapert:

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.

O! that your young nobility could judge,
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!

They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,

And if they fall, they dash themselves to pieces. 240

Glo. Good counsel, marry:—learn it, learn it, marquess.

Dor. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Glo. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high,

Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Q. Mar. And turns the sun to shade,—
alas! alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath

Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.— 270

O God! that seest it, do not suffer it:
As it was won with blood, lost be it so!

Buck. Peace, peace! for shame, if not for charity.

Q. Mar. Urge neither charity nor shame to me:

Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.

My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage!

Buck. Have done, have done.

Q. Mar. O princely Buckingham! I'll kiss thy hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee:

Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buck. Nor no one here; for curses never pass

The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Q. Mar. I will not think but they ascend the sky,

And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.
O Buckingham! take heed of yonder dog:

Look, when he fawns, he bites; and, when he bites, 290

His venom tooth will rankle to the death:
Have not to do with him, beware of him;

Sin, death, and hell, have set their marks on him,

And all their ministers attend on him.

Glo. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham?

Buck. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Q. Mar. What! dost thou scorn me for my gentle counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from?
O! but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300

And say, poor Margaret was a prophetess.—
Live each of you the subjects to his hate,

And he to yours, and all of you to God's!

[Exit.

Hast. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Riv. And so doth mine. I muse, why she's at liberty.

Glo. I cannot blame her: by God's holy mother,

She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof, that I have done to her.

Q. Eliz. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Glo. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310

I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.

Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to futting for his pains;—

God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Riv. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,

To pray for them that have done scath to us.
Glo. So do I ever, [aside] being well advis'd;

For had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Madam, his majesty doth call for you; 320

And for your grace ; and you, my noble lords.
Q. Eliz. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go with me ?

Riv. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but GLOSTER.*]

Glo. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad,
 I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do beweepe to many simple gulls ;
 Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham ;
 And tell them, 't is the queen and her allies
 That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it ; and withal whet me
 To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey :
 But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them, that God bids us do good for evil :

And thus I clothe my naked villainy
 With odd ends stol'n forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint, when most I play the devil.

Enter two Murderers.

But soft ! here come my executioners.—

How now, my hardy, stout, resolved mates !

Are you now going to despatch this thing ?

1 Murd. We are, my lord ; and come 'to have the warrant,

That we may be admitted where he is.

Glo. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me. [*Gives the warrant.*]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,

Withal obdurate : do not hear him plead,

For Clarence is well-spoken, and, perhaps,
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

1 Murd. Tut, tut ! my lord, we will not stand to prate ;

Talkers are no good doers : be assur'd,

We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Glo. Your eyes drop millstones, when fools' eyes fall tears :

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight ;

Go, go, despatch.

1 Murd. We will, my noble lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O ! I have pass'd a miserable night,

So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,

And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
 And in my company my brother Gloster,
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England,

And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,

Struck me (that thought to stay him) overboard,

Into the tumbling billows of the main.

O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !

What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !

What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !

Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks ;

A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;

Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,

All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea.

Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes

Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 't were in scorn of eyes) reflecting gems,
 That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,

To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had, and often did I strive

To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
 Stopt in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
 But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not in this sore agony ?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;

O ! then began the tempest to my soul !
 I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,

Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who spake aloud,—“What scourge for perjury

Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?”

And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,—

“Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd

Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—

Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,

I trembling wak'd, and, for a season after,

Could not believe but that I was in hell;

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;

I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things,

That now give evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds, 'tis
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone:

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—

Keeper, I prythee, sit by me awhile;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord: God give your grace good rest.— [*CLARENCE sleeps.*]

Sorrow breaks seasons, and reposing hours;
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil;

And, for unfelt imaginations,

They often feel a world of restless cares:

So that, between their titles, and low name,

There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 Murd. Ho! who's here?

Brak. What wouldst thou, fellow! and how cam'st thou hither?

1 Murd. I would speak with Clarence, and I came hither on my legs.

Brak. What! so brief?

2 Murd. 'Tis better, sir, than to be tedious.—

Let him see our commission, and talk no more,
[*A paper delivered to BRAKENBURY,*

who reads it.

Brak. I am, in this, commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands:—

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless from the meaning.

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king, and signify to him,

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 Murd. You may, sir; 'tis a point of wisdom: fare you well. [*Exit BRAKENBURY.*]

2 Murd. What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

1 Murd. No; he'll say, 'twas done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 Murd. Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment-day.

1 Murd. Why, then he'll say, we stabb'd him sleeping.

2 Murd. The urging of that word, judgment, hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 Murd. What! art thou afraid?

2 Murd. Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damn'd for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me.

1 Murd. I thought, thou hadst been resolute.

2 Murd. So I am, to let him live.

1 Murd. I'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 Murd. Nay, I prythee, stay a little: I hope, this passionate humour of mine will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 Murd. How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 Murd. Some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me.

1 Murd. Remember our reward, when the deed's done.

2 Murd. 'Zounds! he dies: I had forgot the reward.

1 Murd. Where's thy conscience now?

2 Murd. O! in the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 Murd. When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 Murd. 'Tis no matter; let it go: there's few or none will entertain it.

1 Murd. What, if it come to thee again?

2 Murd. I'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward; a man cannot steal, but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear, but it checks him; a man cannot lie with his neighbour's wife, but it detects him: 'tis a blushing shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold, that by chance I found; it beggars any man that

keeps it: it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man, that means to live well, endeavours to trust to himself, and live without it. 145

1 *Murd.* 'Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke.

2 *Murd.* Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not: he would insinuate with thee, but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murd.* I am strong-fram'd; he cannot prevail with me. 150

2 *Murd.* Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murd.* Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room.

2 *Murd.* O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murd.* Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murd.* Strike.

1 *Murd.* No; we'll reason with him.

Clar. [*Waking.*] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine. 160

1 *Murd.* You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clar. 'In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murd.* A man, as you are.

Clar. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murd.* Nor you, as we are, loyal.

Clar. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murd.* My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clar. How darkly, and how deadly dost thou speak!

Your eyes do menace me: why look you pale? Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come? 170

Both Murd. To, to, to—

Clar. 'To murder me?

Both Murd. Ay, ay.

Clar. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,

And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murd.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clar. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murd.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clar. Are you drawn forth among a world of men, 180

To slay the innocent? What is my offence? Where are the evidence that do accuse me?

What lawful quest have given their verdict up Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounce'd The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death?

Before I be convict by course of law,

To threaten me with death is most unlawful. I charge you, as you hope to have redemption By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,

That you depart, and lay no hands on me; 190 The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murd.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murd.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clar. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings

Hath in the table of his law commanded, That thou shalt do no murder: will you then Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?

Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,

To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murd.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on thee, 200

For false forswearing, and for murder too.

Thou didst receive the sacrament, to fight

In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murd.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,

Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade

Unripp'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murd.* Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murd.* How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,

When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clar. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed? 210

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake;

He sends you not to murder me for this;

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O! know you yet, he doth it publicly;

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm:

He needs no indirect or lawless course,

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murd.* Who made thee then a bloody minister,

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet, That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clar. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage. 220

1 *Murd.* Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy faults,

Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clar. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster;

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death. 230

2 *Murd.* You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates you.

Clar. O! no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

Both Murd. Ay, so we will.

Clar. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,
And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship:
Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murd.* Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clar. O! do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murd.* Right; as snow in harvest.—
Come, you deceive yourself; 24

'Tis he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clar. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,

And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,

That he would labour my delivery.

1 *Murd.* Why, so he doth, when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murd.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clar. Have you that holy feeling in your souls, 25

To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind,

That you will war with God by murdering me?

O! sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murd.* What shall we do?

Clar. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murd.* Relent! no: 't is cowardly, and womanish.

Clar. Not to relent, is beastly, savage, devilish.—

Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,

If two such murderers as yourselves came to you, 260

Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;

O! if thine eye be not a flatterer,

Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,

As you would beg, were you in my distress.

A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murd.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murd.* Take that, and that: [*stabs him*]
if all this will not do,

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*]

2 *Murd.* A bloody deed, and desperately despatch'd! 270

How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murder.

Re-enter First Murderer.

1 *Murd.* How now! what mean'st thou,
that thou help'st me not?

By Heaven, the duke shall know how slack
you have been.

2 *Murd.* I would he knew that I had sav'd
his brother!

Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say,
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [*Exit.*]

1 *Murd.* So do not I: go, coward, as thou art.

Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial:

And when I have my need, I will away;

For this will out, and then I must not stay.

[*Exit.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter King EDWARD, led in sick, Queen ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

K. Edw. Why, so:—now have I done a good day's work.—

You peers, continue this united league:

I every day expect an embassy

From my Redeemer to redeem me hence;

And more in peace my soul shall part to heaven,

Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.

Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand;
Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Riv. By Heaven, my soul is purg'd from
grudging hate;

And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hast. So thrive I, as I truly swear the like!

K. Edw. Take heed, you dally not before
your king;

Lest he that is the supreme King of kings

Confound your hidden falsehood, and award

Either of you to be the other's end.

Hast. So prosper I, as I swear perfect love!

Riv. And I, as I love Hastings with my heart!

K. Edw. Madam, yourself are not exempt from this,—

Nor you, son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you;—

You have been factious or against the other. Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand;

And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Q. Eliz. There, Hastings:—I will never more remember

Our former hatred, so thrive I, and mine!

K. Edw. Dorset, embrace him;—Hastings, love lord marquess.

Dor. This interchange of love, I here protest,

Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hast. And so swear I, my lord.

[*They embrace*]

K. Edw. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, and make me happy in your unity.

Buck. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate

Upon your grace [*to the QUEEN*], but with all dutious love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me With hate in those where I expect most love. When I have most need to employ a friend, And most assured that he is a friend, Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile, Be he unto me. This do I beg of Heaven, When I am cold in love to you or yours.

[*They embrace.*]

K. Edw. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,

Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.

There wanteth now our brother Gloster here, To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buck. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Glo. Good morrow to my sovereign king, and queen;

And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

K. Edw. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—

Gloster, we have done deeds of charity; Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate, Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

Glo. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.—

Among this princely heap, if any here, By false intelligence, or wrong surmise, Hold me a foe;

If I unwittingly, or in my rage, Have aught committed that is hardly borne By any in this presence, I desire To reconcile me to his friendly peace:

'Tis death to me to be at enmity;

I hate it, and desire all good men's love.— First, madam, I entreat true peace of you, Which I will purchase with my dutious service;

Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham, If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us; Of you, and you, Lord Rivers, and of Dorset, That all without desert have frown'd on me; Of you, Lord Woodville, and, Lord Scales, of you,

Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen; indeed, of all. I do not know that Englishman alive With whom my soul is any jot at odds, More than the infant that is born to-night: I thank my God for my humility.

Q. Eliz. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter:—

I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—

My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Glo. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,

To be so flouted in this royal presence? Who knows not, that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*]

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

K. Edw. Who knows not, he is dead! who knows he is?

Q. Eliz. All-seeing Heaven, what a world is this!

Buck. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dor. Ay, my good lord; and no man in the presence.

But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

K. Edw. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Glo. But he, poor man, by your first order died,

And that a winged Mercury did bear; Some tardy cripple bare the countermand, That came too lag to see him buried.

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,

Nearer in bloody thoughts, and not in blood, Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,

And yet go current from suspicion.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

K. Edw. I pr'ythee, peace : my soul is full of sorrow.

Stan. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

K. Edw. Then say at once, what is it thou request'st.

Stan. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life ;

Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman,
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

K. Edw. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,

And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man, his fault was thought,

And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?

Who told me, how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me?
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescu'd me,
And said, "Dear brother, live, and be a king?"
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments; and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind.

But when your carters, or your waiting-
vassals,

Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon,
pardon ;

And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.—
O God! I fear, thy justice will take hold
On me, and you, and mine, and yours, for
this.—

Come, Hastings, help me to my closet. Ah,
poor Clarence!

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, HASTINGS, RIVERS,
DORSET, and GREY.

Glo. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd
you not,

How that the guilty kindred of the queen
Look'd pale, when they did hear of Clarence'
death?

O! they did urge it still unto the king:
God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go,

To comfort Edward with our company?

Buck. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—London. A Room in the Palace.

*Enter the Duchess of YORK, with a Son and
Daughter of CLARENCE.*

Son. Good grandam, tell us, is our father
dead?

Duch. No, boy.

Daugh. Why do you weep so oft? and beat
your breast;

And cry—"O Clarence, my unhappy son!"

Son. Why do you look on us, and shake
your head,

And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
If that our noble father were alive?

Duch. My pretty cousins, you mistake me
both;

I do lament the sickness of the king.

As loath to lose him, not your father's death.
It were lost sorrow to wail one that's lost.

Son. Then you conclude, my grandam, he
is dead?

The king mine uncle is to blame for it:

God will revenge it; whom I will importune
With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Daugh. And so will I.

Duch. Peace, children, peace! the king
doth love you well:

Incapable and shallow innocents,

You cannot guess who caus'd your father's
death.

Son. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle
Gloster

Told me, the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him:

And when my uncle told me so, he wept,

And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek;

Bade me rely on him as on my father,

And he would love me dearly as his child.

Duch. Ah! that deceit should steal such
gentle shape,

And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!

He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,

Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Son. Think you, my uncle did dissemble,
grandam?

Duch. Ay, boy.

Son. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise
is this?

*Enter Queen ELIZABETH, distractedly; RIVERS
and DORSET following her.*

Q. Eliz. Ah! who shall hinder me to wail
and weep,

To chide my fortune, and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duch. What means this scene of rude impatience

Q. Eliz. To make an act of tragic violence:

Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—
Why grow the branches, when the root is gone?

Why wither not the leaves, that want their sap?

If you will live, lament; if die, be brief;
That our swift-wing'd souls may catch the kings;

Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er changing night.

Duch. Ah! so much interest have I in thy sorrow,

As I had title in thy noble husband.
I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images;
But now, two mirrors of his princely semblance

Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow: yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left:
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,

And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,

Clarence and Edward. O! what cause have I
(Thine being but a moiety of my moan),
To over-go thy woes, and drown thy cries!

Son. Ah, aunt! you wept not for our father's death

How can we aid you with our kindred tears?

Daugh. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd;

Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept.

Q. Eliz. Give me no help in lamentation;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,

That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!

Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward!

Chil. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence!

Duch. Alas, for both! both mine, Edward and Clarence.

Q. Eliz. What stay had I but Edward? and he's gone.

Chil. What stay had we but Clarence? and he's gone.

Duch. What stays had I but they? and they are gone.

Q. Eliz. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Chil. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duch. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs:

Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.

She for an Edward weeps, and so do I;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:

These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;

I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—

Alas! you three on me, threefold distress'd,

Pour all your tears, I am your sorrow's nurse,
And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dor. Comfort, dear mother: God is much displeas'd,

That you take with unthankfulness his doing.
In common worldly things 't is call'd ungrateful,

With dull unwillingness to repay a debt,
Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;

Much more to be thus opposite with Heaven,
For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Ric. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,

Of the young prince your son: send straight for him:

Let him be crown'd; in him your comfort lives.

Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,

And plant your joys in living Edward's throne.

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RATCLIFF, and others.

Glo. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause

To wail the dimming of our shining star;
But none can cure their harms by wailing them.—

Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee

I crave your blessing.

Duch. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,

Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Glo. Amen; [*aside*] and make me die a good old man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing;

I marvel, that her grace did leave it out.

Buck. You cloudy princes, and heart-sorrowing peers,

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,

Now cheer each other in each other's love :
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.
 The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept :
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be
 fet

Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

Ric. Why with some little train, my Lord
 of Buckingham ?

Buck. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break
 out ;

Which would be so much the more dangerous,
 By how much the estate is green, and yet
 ungovern'd ;

Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm, as harm apparent, ¹²⁰
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

Glo. I hope the king made peace with all
 of us ;

And the compact is firm and true in me.

Ric. And so in me ; and so, I think, in all :
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which, haply, by much company might be
 urg'd :

Therefore, I say, with noble Buckingham,
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hast. And so say I. ¹²⁰

Glo. Then be it so ; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to
 Ludlow.

Madam,—and you, my sister,—will you go
 To give your censures in this business ?

[*Exeunt all but BUCKINGHAM and GLOSTER.*]

Buck. My lord, whoever journeys to the
 prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
 For by the way I'll sort occasion,

As index to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the queen's proud kindred from the
 prince.

Glo. My other self, my counsel's consistory,
 My oracle, my prophet !—My dear cousin, ¹²¹
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction.

Towards Ludlow then, for we'll not stay
 behind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—The Same. A Street.

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

Cit. Good morrow, neighbour : whither
 away so fast ?

2 Cit. I promise you, I scarcely know my-
 self.

Hear you the news abroad ?

1 Cit. Yes ; that the king is dead.

2 Cit. Ill news, by 'r lady ; seldom comes
 the better :

I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 Cit. Neighbours, God speed !

1 Cit. Give you good morrow, sir.

3 Cit. Doth the news hold of good King
 Edward's death ?

2 Cit. Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help,
 the while !

3 Cit. Then, masters, look to see a troublous
 world.

1 Cit. No, no ; by God's good grace, his
 son shall reign. ¹⁰

3 Cit. Woe to that land that's govern'd by
 a child !

2 Cit. In him there is a hope of govern-
 ment ;

That, in his nonage, council under him,
 And, in his full and ripen'd years, himself,
 No doubt, shall then, and till then, govern
 well.

1 Cit. So stood the state, when Henry the
 Sixth

Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 Cit. Stood the state so ? no, no, good
 friends, God wot ;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
 With politic grave council : then the king ²⁰
 Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 Cit. Why, so hath this, both by his father
 and mother.

3 Cit. Better it were, they all came by his
 father,

Or by his father there were none at all ;
 For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
 Will touch us all too near, if God prevent
 not.

O ! full of danger is the Duke of Gloster ;
 And the queen's sons and brothers haught
 and proud :

And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
 This sickly land might solace as before. ³⁰

1 Cit. Come, come ; we fear the worst ; all
 will be well.

3 Cit. When clouds are seen, wise men put
 on their cloaks ;

When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand ;
 When the sun sets, who doth not look for
 night ?

Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.

All may be well ; but, if God sort it so,
 'T is more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Cit.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear :

You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread.

3 *Cit.* Before the days of change, still is it so.

By a divine instinct, men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger ; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boisterous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away ?

2 *Cit.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Cit.* And so was I : I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Palace.

Enter the Archbishop of YORK, the young Duke of YORK, Queen ELIZABETH, and the Duchess of YORK.

Arch. Last night, I heard, they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night :
To-morrow, or next day, they will be here.

Duch. I long with all my heart to see the prince.

I hope, he is much grown since last I saw him.

Q. Eliz. But I hear, no : they say, my son of York

Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duch. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night, as we did sit at supper,

My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother : "Ay," quoth my uncle Gloster,

"Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace :"

And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,

Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duch. 'Good faith, 'good faith, the saying did not hold

In him that did object the same to thee :
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,

So long a-growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious.

Arch. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duch. I hope, he is ; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,

I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duch. How, my young York ? I pr'ythee let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say, my uncle grew so fast,

That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old :
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest.

Duch. I pr'ythee, pretty York, who told thee this ?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duch. His nurse ! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Q. Eliz. A parlous boy. Go to, you are too shrewd.

Arch. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Q. Eliz. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Arch. Here comes a messenger : what news ?

Mess. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Q. Eliz. How doth the prince ?

Mess. Well, madam, and in health.

Duch. What is thy news ?

Mess. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duch. Who hath committed them ?

Mess. The mighty dukes, Gloster and Buckingham.

Arch. For what offence ?

Mess. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd :
Why, or for what, the nobles were committed,
Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Q. Eliz. Ah me ! I see the ruin of my house.
The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind ;
Insulting tyranny begins to jet

Upon the innocent and awless throne :

Welcome, destruction, blood, and massacre !

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duch. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld !

My husband lost his life to get the crown,

And often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy, and weep, their gain and loss :

And being seated, and domestic broils
Clean over-blown, themselves, the conquerors,
Make war upon themselves; brother to brother,
Blood to blood, self against self :—O ! prepos-
terous

And frantic outrage, and thy damned spleen,
Or let me die, to look on death no more.

Q. Eliz. Come, come, my boy ; we will to
sanctuary.

Madam, farewell.

Duch. Stay, I will go with you.

Q. Eliz. You have no cause.

Arch. [To the QUEEN.] My gracious
lady, go,

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.
For my part, I'll resign unto your grace

The seal I keep : and so, betide to me,

As well I tender you, and all of yours.

Go ; I'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—London. A Street.

*The Trumpets sound. Enter the Prince of
WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, Cardinal
BOURCHIER, and others.*

Buck. Welcome, sweet prince, to London,
to your chamber.

Glo. Welcome, dear cousin, my thoughts'
sovereign :

The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the
way

Have made it tedious, wearisome and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Glo. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of
your years

Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit :

No more can you distinguish of a man

Than of his outward show ; which, God he
knows,

Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.

Those uncles which you want were dangerous ;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts :
God keep you from them, and from such false
friends !

Prince. God keep me from false friends !
but they were none.

Glo. My lord, the mayor of London comes
to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor, and his Train.

May. God bless your grace with health and
happy days !

Prince. I thank you, good my lord ; and
thank you all.— [*Exeunt Mayor, &c.*]
I thought my mother and my brother York
Would long ere this have met us on the way :
Fie ! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no.

Enter HASTINGS.

Buck. And in good time here comes the
sweating lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What ! will
our mother come ?

Hast. On what occasion, God he knows,
not I,

The queen your mother, and your brother
York,

Have taken sanctuary : the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your
grace,

But by his mother was perforce withheld.

Buck. Fie ! what an indirect and peevish
course

Is this of hers.—Lord cardinal, will your
grace

Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently ?

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,

And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Card. My Lord of Buckingham, if my
weak oratory

Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here : but if she be obdurate

To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid

We should infringe the holy privilege

Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land

Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buck. You are too senseless-obstinate, my
lord,

Too ceremonious and traditional :

Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,

You break not sanctuary in seizing him.

The benefit thereof is always granted

To those whose dealings have deserv'd the
place,

And those who have the wit to claim the
place :

This prince hath neither claim'd it, nor
deserv'd it ;

And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have
it :

Then, taking him from thence that is not
there,

You break no privilege nor charter there.

Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,

But sanctuary children, ne'er till now:

Card. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for once.—

Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me?

Hast. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—

[*Exeunt Cardinal and HASTINGS.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,

Where shall we sojourn till our coronation?

Glo. Where it seems best unto your royal self.

If I may counsel you, some day or two

Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:

Then, where you please, and shall be thought most fit

For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—

Did Julius Caesar build that place, my lord?

Buck. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,

Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buck. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,

*Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,

As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Glo. [*Aside.*] So wise so young, they say,
do never live long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

Glo. I say, without characters, fame lives long.

[*Aside.*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralise two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Caesar was a famous man:

With what his valour did enrich his wit.

His wit set down to make his valour live:

Death makes no conquest of this conqueror,

For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—

I'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buck. What, my gracious lord?

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,

I'll win our ancient right in France again,

Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Glo. [*Aside.*] Short summers lightly have a forward spring.

[*Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the Cardinal.*]

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. Richard of York! how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.

Too late he died, that might have kept that title,

Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O! my lord,

You said, that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle!

Glo. O! my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you, than I.

Glo. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;

And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O! then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts:

In weightier things you'll say a beggar, nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How!

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.—

Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.

Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,

He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons

To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,

He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Glo. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself, and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the Tower,
my lord? 180

Prince. My lord protector needs will have
it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the
Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry
ghost:

My grandam told me, he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope, I need not
fear.

But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 190

[*A Sennet. Exeunt PRINCE, YORK,
HAST., Card., and Attendants.*]

Buck. Think you, my lord, this little
prating York

Was not incensed by his subtle mother

To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Glo. No doubt, no doubt. O! 't is a
parlous boy;

Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable:

He 's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buck. Well, let them rest.—Come hither,
Catesby; thou art sworn

As deeply to effect what we intend,

As closely to conceal what we impart.

Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the
way:— 160

What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Cates. He for his father's sake so loves the
prince,

That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buck. What think'st thou then of Stanley?
will not he?

Cates. He will do all in all as Hastings
doth.

Buck. Well then, no more but this. Go,
gentle Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord
Hastings, 170

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy, cold, unwilling,
Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Glo. Commend me to Lord William: tell
him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,

Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buck. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Cates. My good lords both, with all the
heed I can.

Glo. Shall we hear from you, Cat-shy, ere
we sleep?

Cates. You shall, my lord.

Glo. At Crosby Place, there shall you find
us both. [*Exit CATESBY.*]

Buck. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if
we perceive 191

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Glo. Chop off his head;—something we will
determine:—

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables

Whereof the king, my brother, was possess'd.

Buck. I'll claim that promise at your
grace's hand.

Glo. And look to have it yielded with all
kindness.

Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards

We may digest our complots in some form. 200
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Before Lord HASTINGS' House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord!— [*Knocking.*]

Hast. [*Within.*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hast. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hast. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these
tedious nights?

Mess. So it appears by that I have to say.

First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hast. What then?

Mess. Then certifies your lordship, that
this night 10

He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm:

Besides, he says, there are two councils held;

And that may be determin'd at the one,

Which may make you and him to rue at th'
other.

Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's
pleasure,—

If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the
north,

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go, fellow, go : return unto thy lord ;
Bid him not fear the separated councils :

His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,
Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.

Tell him, his fears are shallow, without
instance :

And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.

To fly the boar, before the boar pursues,

Were to incense the boar to follow us,

And make pursuit, where he did mean no
chase.

Go, bid thy master rise and come to me ;

And we will both together to the Tower,

Where, he shall see, the boar will use us
kindly.

Mess. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what
you say. [Exit.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. Many good morrows to my noble
lord !

Hast. Good morrow, Catesby : you are
early stirring.

What news, what news, in this our tottering
state ?

Cates. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord ;
And, I believe, will never stand upright.

Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

Hast. How ! wear the garland ! dost thou
mean the crown ?

Cates. Ay, my good lord.

Hast. I'll have this crown of mine cut
from my shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.

But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it ?

Cates. Ay, on my life ; and hopes to find
you forward

Upon his party, for the gain thereof :

And thereupon he sends you this good news,—

That this same very day your enemies.

The kindred of the queen, must die at
Pomfret.

Hast. Indeed, I am no mourner for that
news,

Because they have been still my adversaries ;

But, that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,

To bar my master's heirs in true descent,

God knows, I will not do it, to the death.

Cates. God keep your lordship in that
gracious mind.

Hast. But I shall laugh at this a twelve-
month hence,

That they which brought me in my master's
hate,

I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older,
I'll send some packing that yet think not
on't.

Cates. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious
lord,

When men are unprepar'd, and look not for
it.

Hast. O monstrous, monstrous ! and so falls
it out

With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey ; and so't will
do

With some men else, who think themselves
as safe

As thou and I ; who, as thou know'st, are
dear

To princely Richard, and to Buckingham.

Cates. The princes both make high account
of you ;

[*Aside.*] For they account his head upon the
bridge.

Hast. I know they do, and I have well
deserv'd it.

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on : where is your boar-spear,
man ?

Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided ?

Stan. My lord, good morrow :—good mor-
row, Catesby :—

You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hast. My lord, I hold my life as dear as
yours ;

And never, in my days, I do protest,

Was it so precious to me as't is now.

Think you, but that I know our state secure,
I would be so triumphant as I am !

Stan. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode
from London,

Were jocund, and suppos'd their states were
sure,

And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust ;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast :

This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt.

Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !

What, shall we toward the Tower ? the day
is spent.

Hast. Come, come, have with you.—Wot
you what, my lord ?

To-day, the lords you talk of are beheaded.

Stan. They, for their truth, might better wear their heads,
Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
But come, my lord, let's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hast. Go on before; I'll talk with this good fellow.

[Exeunt STANLEY and CATESBY.]

How now, sirtah? how goes the world with thee!

Purs. The better, that your lordship please to ask.

Hast. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now,

Than when thou mett'st me last, where now we meet:

Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
By the suggestion of the queen's allies; 100
But now, I tell thee (keep it to thyself),
This day those enemies are put to death,
And I in better state than e'er I was.

Purs. God hold it, to your honour's good content.

Hast. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me. *[Throwing him his purse.]*

Purs. I thank your honour. *[Exit.]*

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord; I am glad to see your honour.

Hast. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.

I am in your debt for your last exercise;
Come the next Sabbath, and I will content 110
yon.

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain!

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest:

Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hast. 'Good faith, and when I met this holy man,

The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower?

Buck. I do, my lord; but long I cannot stay there:

I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hast. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buck. *[Aside.]* And supper too, although thou know'st it not. 120

Come, will you go?

Hast. I'll wait upon your lordship.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—Pomfret. Before the Castle.

Enter RATCLIFF, with a Guard, conducting RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN to execution.

Riv. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this:—

To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you!

A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaugh. You live, that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Rat. Despatch: the limit of your lives is out.

Ric. O Pomfret, Pomfret! O thou bloody prison,

Fatal and ominous to noble peers!

Within the guilty closure of thy walls

Richard the Second here was hack'd to death;

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,

We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Riv. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings:—O, remember, God,

To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister, and her princely sons,

Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,

Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt

Rat. Make haste: the hour of death is expiate.

Ric. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan;—let us here embrace:

Farewell, until we meet again in heaven.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—London. A Room in the Tower.

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, the Bishop of ELY, CATESBY, LOVEL, and others, sitting at a table: Officers of the Council attending.

Hast. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met

Is, to determine of the coronation:

In God's name, speak, when is the royal day?

Buck. Are all things ready for the royal time?

Stan. They are; and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.
Buck. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?

Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buck. We know each other's faces; for our hearts,

He knows no more of mine than I of yours;
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hast. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;

But, for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd
His gracious pleasure any way therein:

But you, my honourable lords, may name the time;

And in the duke's behalf I'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he'll take in gentle part.

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Glo. My noble lords and cousins, all, good morrow.

I have been long a sleeper; but, I trust,
My absence doth neglect no great design,
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buck. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,

William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,

I mean, your voice, for crowning of the king.

Glo. Than my Lord Hastings, no man might be bolder:

His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.

My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart. *[Exit.]*

Glo. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you. *[Takes him aside.]*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,

And finds the testy gentleman so hot,

That he will lose his head ere give consent,
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

Buck. Withdraw yourself awhile; I'll go with you.

[Exeunt GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Stan. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.

To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden;

For I myself am not so well provided,
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Re-enter Bishop of ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloster?

I have sent for these strawberries.

Hast. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There's some conceit or other likes him well,
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit.

I think, there's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;

For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stan. What of his heart perceive you in his face,

By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hast. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;

For, were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Re-enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Glo. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve,

That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that hath prevail'd

Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hast. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,

Makes me most forward in this princely presence

To doom the offenders: whosoe'er they be,
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Glo. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.

Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up;

And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore,

That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hast. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Glo. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,

Talk'st thou to me of ifs!—Thou art a traitor!
Off with his head!—now, by St. Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—

Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;

The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.

[Exeunt Council, with GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.]

Hast. Woe, woe, for England! not a whit for me;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this. 80
Stanley did dream, the boar did raise his helm;
And I did scorn it, and disdain'd to fly.
Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did
stumble,

And started when he look'd upon the Tower,
As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.
O! now I need the priest that spake to me:
I now repent I told the pursuivant,
As too triumphing, how mine enemies
To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,
And I myself secure in grace and favour. 90
O Margaret, Margaret! now thy heavy curse
Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head.

Rat. Come, come, despatch; the duke
would be at dinner:

Make a short shrift, he longs to see your head.

Hast. O momentary grace of mortal men!
Which we more hunt for than the grace of
God.

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,
Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast;
Ready with every nod to tumble down
Into the fatal bowels of the deep. 100

Loc. Come, come, despatch; 't is bootless
to exclaim.

Hast. O bloody Richard!—miserable Eng-
land!

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee,
That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.
Come, lead me to the block, bear him my head:
They smile at me, who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—The Same. The Tower Walls.

*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten
armour, marvellous ill-favoured.*

Glo. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and
change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with
terror?

Buck. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep
tragedian;

Speak, and look back, and pry on every
sid

Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion: ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles;
And both are ready in their offices, 10
At any time to grace my stratagems.

But what! is Catesby gone?

Glo. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor
along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buck. Lord mayor,—

Glo. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buck. Hark! a drum.

Glo. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buck. Lord mayor, the reason we have
sent—

Glo. Look back, defend thee: here are
enemies.

Buck. God and our innocency defend and
guard us!

*Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS'
head.*

Glo. Be patient, they are friends; Ratcliff
and Lovel. 20

Loc. Here is the head of that ignoble
traitor;

The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Glo. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must
weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian;
Made him my book, wherein my soul re-
corded

The history of all her secret thoughts:
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of
virtue,

That, his apparent open guilt omitted,
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife, 30
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

Buck. Well, well, he was the covert'st
shelter'd traitor

That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe
(Were't not that by great preservation
We live to tell it), that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me, and my good Lord of Gloster?

May. Had he done so?

Glo. What! think you we are Turks, or
infidels? 40

Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

May. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his
death;

And your good graces both have well pro-
ceeded,

To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buck. I never look'd for better at his
hands,

After he once fell in with Mistress Shore; 50
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;

Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, have prevented :

Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak, and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons ;
That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply, may
Misconster us in him, and wail his death.

May. But, my good lord, your grace's words
shall serve,

As well as I had seen, and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Glo. And to that end we wish'd your lordship
here,

To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buck. But since you come too late of our
intent,

Yet witness what you hear we did intend :
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell.

[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Glo. Go after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall lies him in all
post

There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children :
Tell them, how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown ; meaning, indeed, his
house,

Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ;
Which stretch'd unto their servants,
daughters, wives,

Even where his raging eye, or savage heart,
Without control lusted to make a prey.

Nay, for a need, thus far come near my
person :

Tell them, when that my mother went with
child

Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father then had wars in France ;
And by true computation of the time,
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments,
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.
Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off ;
Because, my lord, you know, my mother lives.

Buck. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the
orator,

As if the golden fee, for which I plead,
Were for myself : and so, my lord, adieu.

Glo. If you thrive well, bring them to
Baynard's Castle ;

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers, and well-learned
bishops.

Buck. I go ; and, towards 'three or four
o'clock,

Look for the news that the Guildhall affords.
[*Exit.*]

Glo. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor
Shaw,—

Go thou [to CATES.] to Friar Penker :—bid
them both

Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.
[*Exeunt LOVEL and CATESBY.*]

Now will I go, to take some privy order,
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight ;
And to give notice, that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—The Same. A Street.

Enter a Scrivener.

Scriv. Here is the indictment of the good
Lord Hastings ;

Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's :
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a-doing ;
And yet within these five hours Hastings
liv'd,

Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here's a good world the while !—Who is so
gross,

That cannot see this palpable device ?
Yet who so bold but says he sees it not ?

Bad is the world ; and all will come to
naught,

When such ill dealing must be seen in
thought.
[*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.—The Same. The Court of
Baynard's Castle.

*Enter GLOSTER at one door, and BUCKINGHAM
at another.*

Glo. How now, how now ! what say the
citizens ?

Buck. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Glo. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's
children ?

Buck. I did ; with his contract with Lady
Lucy,

And his contract by deputy in France ;
The insatiate greediness of his desires,
And his enforcement of the city wives ;
His tyranny for trifles ; his own bastardy,
As being got, your father then in France ;¹⁰
And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
Withal I did infer your lineaments,
Being the right idea of your father,
Both in your form and nobleness of mind ;
Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
Your bounty, virtue, fair humility ;
Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
Untouch'd, or slightly handled in discourse ;
And, when my oratory drew toward end,²⁰
I bade them that did love their country's good,
Cry—" God save Richard, England's royal
king !"

Glo. And did they so ?

Buck. No, so God help me, they spake not
a word ;

But, like dumb statues, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
And ask'd the mayor, what meant this wilful
silence :

His answer was, the people were not us'd
To be spoke to but by the recorder.³⁰
Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :—
" Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke
infern'd ;"

But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
When he had done, some followers of mine
own,

At lower end of the hall, hurl'd up their caps,
And some ten voices cried, " God save King
Richard !"

And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
" Thanks, gentle citizens, and friends," quoth
I ;

" This general applause and cheerful shout
Argues your wisdom, and your love to
Richard :"⁴⁰

And even here brake off, and came away.

Glo. What tongueless blocks were they !
would they not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren
come ?

Buck. The mayor is here at hand. Intend
some fear ;

Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit :
And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
And stand between two churchmen, good my
lord :

For on that ground I'll make a holy descant :
And be not easily won to our requests ;
Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and
take it.⁵⁰

Glo. I go ; and if you plead as well for
them.

As I can say nay to thee for myself,
No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buck. Go, go, up to the leads ! the lord
mayor knocks. [*Exit GLOSTER.*]

*Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and
Citizens.*

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter, from the Castle, CATESBY.

Now, Catesby ! what says your lord to my
request ?

Cates. He doth entreat your grace, my
noble lord,

To visit him to-morrow, or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;⁶¹
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd ;
To draw him from his holy exercise.

Buck. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious
duke :

Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his
grace.

Cates. I'll signify so much unto him
straight. [*Exit.*]

Buck. Ah, ha ! my lord, this prince is not
an Edward ;⁷⁰

He is not lolling on a lewd day-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtisans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping, to engross his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England, would this virtuous
prince

Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof ;
But, sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

May. Marry, God defend his grace should
say us nay !⁸⁰

Buck. I fear, he will. Here Catesby comes
again.—

Re-enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Cates. He wonders to what end you have
assembled

Such troops of citizens to come to him :
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buck. Sorry I am, my noble cousin should
suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By Heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;

And so once more return, and tell his grace.

[Exit CATESBY.]

When holy and devout religious men
Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them
thence ;

So sweet is zealous contemplation.

*Enter GLOSTER, in 'a gall' y above, between
two Bishops. CATESBY returns.*

May. See, where his grace stands 'tween
two clergymen !

Buck. Two props of virtue for a Christian
prince,

To stay him from the fall of vanity ;
And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
True ornament to know a holy man.—
Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
Lend favourable ear to our requests, 100
And pardon us the interruption
Of thy devotion, and right Christian zeal.

Glo. My lord, there needs no such apology ;
I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
Who, earnest in the service of my God,
Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
But, leaving this, what is your grace's
pleasure ?

Buck. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth
God above,

And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Glo. I do suspect, I have done some offence,
That seems disgracious in the city's eye ; 111
And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buck. You have, my lord : 'would it might
please your grace,

On our entreaties to amend your fault.

Glo. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian
land ?

Buck. Know then, it is your fault that you
resign

The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
The scepter'd office of your ancestors,
Your state of fortune, and your due of birth,
The lineal glory of your royal house, 120
To the corruption of a blenish'd stock ;
Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy
thoughts,

Which here we waken to our country's good,
This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
Which to recure we heartily solicit
Your gracious self to take on you the charge
And kingly government of this your land : 131
Not as protector, steward, substitute,
Or lowly factor for another's gain ;
But as successively from blood to blood,

Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
For this, consorted with the citizens,
Your very worshipful and loving friends,
And by their vehement instigation,
In this just cause come I to move your grace.

Glo. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence,
Or bitterly to speak in your reproof, 141
Best fitteth my degree, or your condition :
If not to answer,—you might haply think,
Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
So season'd with your faithful love to me,
Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
Therefore, to speak, and to avoid the first, 150
And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
Definitely thus I answer you.

Your love deserves my thanks ; but my desert
Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty, and so many, my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my great-
ness, 160

Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me ;
And much I need to help you, were there
need ;

The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 170
The right and fortune of his happy stars ;
Which God defend that I should wring from
him !

Buck. My lord, this argues conscience in
your grace ;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say, that Edward is your brother's son :
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife ;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd 180
To Bona, sister to the king of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree
To base declension and loath'd bigamy.

ACT IV.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE I.

By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
This Edward, whom our manners call the
prince.

More bitterly could I expostulate,
Save that, for reverence to some alive,
I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
This proffer'd benefit of dignity;
If not to bless us and the land withal,
Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
From the corruption of abusing times,
Unto a lineal true-derived course.

May. Do, good my lord; your citizens entreat you.

Buck. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Cates. O! make them joyful: grant their lawful suit.

Glo. Alas! why would you heap this care on me?

I am unfit for state and majesty:
I do beseech you, take it not amiss;
I cannot, nor I will not, yield to you.

Buck. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,
Loath to depose the child, your brother's son;
As well we know your tenderness of heart,
And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse,
Which we have noted in you to your kindred,
And equally, indeed, to all estates,—
Yet know, wher' you accept our suit or no,
Your brother's son shall never reign our
king;

But we will plant some other in the throne,
To the disgrace and downfall of your house:
And in this resolution here we leave you.—
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exeunt* BUCKINGHAM and Citizens.]

Cates. Call him again, sweet prince; accept their suit:

If you deny them, all the land will rue it.

Glo. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?

Call them again: I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,

[*Exit* CATESBY.]

Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM, and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden, wher' I will, or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal, or foul-fac'd reproach,
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

May. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Glo. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buck. Then I salute you with this royal title,—

“Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!”

All. Amen.

Buck. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Glo. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buck. To-morrow then we will attend your grace:

And so most joyfully we take our leave.

Glo. [*To the Bishops.*] Come, let us to our holy work again.—

Farewell, my cousin:—farewell, gentle friends.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Before the Tower.

Enter, on one side, Queen ELIZABETH, Duchess of YORK, and Marquess of DORSET; on the other, ANNE, Duchess of GLOSTER, leading Lady MARGARET PLANTAGENET, CLARENCE'S young daughter.

Duch. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet,

Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she's wand'ring to the Tower,

On pure heart's love, to greet the tender princes.—

Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both A happy and a joyful time of day.

Q. Eliz. As much to you, good sister: whither away?

Anne. No further than the Tower; and, as I guess,

Upon the like devotion as yourselves,

To gratulate the gentle princes there.

Q. Eliz. Kind sister, thanks: we'll enter all together.

Enter BRAKENBURY.

And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,

How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brak. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,

I may not suffer you to visit them:

The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Q. Eliz. The king! who's that?

Brak. I mean the lord protector.

Q. Eliz. The Lord protect him from that kingly title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me?

I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duch. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:

Then bring me to their sights; I'll bear thy blame,

And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brak. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:

I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. *[Exit.]*

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,

And I'll salute your grace of York as mother, And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.—

[To ANNE.] Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Q. Eliz. Ah! cut my lace asunder,

That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,

Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news.

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dor. Be of good cheer:—mother, how fares your grace?

Q. Eliz. O Dorset! speak not to me, get thee gone;

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels: Thy mother's name is ominous to children.

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas, And live with Richmond, from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee, from this slaughter-house,

Lest thou increase the number of the dead, And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—

Nor mother, wife, nor England's 'counted queen.

Stan. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours; You shall have letters from me to my son In your behalf, to meet you on the way: Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duch. O ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O, my accursed womb! the bed of death, A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world, Whose unavoided eye is murderous!

Stan. Come, madam, come: I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O! 'would to God, that the inclusive verge Of golden metal, that must round my brow, Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain! Anointed let me be with deadly venom; And die, ere men can say—God save the queen!

Q. Eliz. Go, go, poor soul, I envy not thy glory;

To feed my humour, wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he, that is my husband now,

Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse; When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,

Which issu'd from my other angel husband, And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd;

O! when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, This was my wish,—“Be thou,” quoth I,

“accurs'd,

For making me, so young, so old a widow! And, when thou wedd'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;

And be thy wife (if any be so mad) More miserable by the life of thee,

Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!”

Lo! ere I can repeat this curse again, Within so small a time, my woman's heart

Grossly grew captive to his honey words, And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's

curse:

Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;

For never yet one hour in his bed Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,

But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.

Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick, And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Q. Eliz. Poor heart, adieu; I pity thy complaining.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dor. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory.

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it.

Duch. [To *Dor.*] Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide thee!—

[To *ANNE.*] Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To *Q. ELIZ.*] Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me

Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Q. Eliz. Stay yet; look back with me unto the Tower.

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes,
Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls;
Rough cradle for such little pretty ones!
Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
For tender princes, use my babies well!
So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Room of State in the Palace.

Flourish of Trumpets. RICHARD, crowned;
BUCKINGHAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.

K. Rich. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham,—

Buck. My gracious sovereign!

K. Rich. Give me thy hand. [*Rich. ascends the throne.*] Thus high, by thy advice,

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated:—
But shall we wear these glories for a day,
Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them?

Buck. Still live they, and for ever let them last!

K. Rich. Ah! Buckingham, now I do play the touch,
To try if thou be current gold indeed.—

Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak.

Buck. Say on, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Why, Buckingham, I say, I would be king.

Buck. Why, so you are, my thrice-re-nowned lord.

K. Rich. Ha! am I king? 'Tis so; but Edward lives.

Buck. True, noble prince.

K. Rich. O bitter consequence,
That Edward still should live!—"True, noble prince."—

Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull:—
Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead;

And I would have it suddenly perform'd.
What say'st thou now? speak suddenly, be brief.

Buck. Your grace may do your pleasure.

K. Rich. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buck. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear lord,

Before I positively speak in this:

I will resolve you herein presently. [*Exit.*]

Cates. [*Aside.*] The king is angry: see, he gnaws his lip.

K. Rich. [*Descends from his throne.*] I will converse with iron-witted fools,

And unrespective boys: none are for me

That look into me with considerate eye.

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.

Boy!

Page. My lord.

K. Rich. Know'st thou not any, whom corrupting gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit:

Gold were as good as twenty orators,

And will, no doubt, tempt him to anything.

K. Rich. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

K. Rich. I partly know the man: go, call him hither, boy.— [*Exit Page.*]

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,

And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stan. Know, my loving lord,

The Marquess Dorset, as I hear, is fled

To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

K. Rich. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad,

That Anne, my wife, is very grievous sick;

I will take order for her keeping close.

Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,

Whom I will marry straight to Clarence's daughter:—

The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—

Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out;

That Anne, my queen, is sick, and like to die:

About it; for it stands me much upon,

To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—
[Exit CATESBY.]

I must be married to my brother's daughter,
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her? ^{as}
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Re-enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyr. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

K. Rich. Art thou, indeed?

Tyr. Prove me, my gracious lord.

K. Rich. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyr. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies.

K. Rich. Why, then thou hast it: two deep enemies,
Foes to thy rest, and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon.

Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyr. Let me have open means to come to them,

And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

K. Rich. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come hither, Tyrrel:

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear.

[*Whispers.*]

There is no more but so:—say, it is done,
And I will love thee, and prefer thee for it. ^{so}

Tyr. I will despatch it straight. [Exit.]

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buck. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind

The late request that you did sound me in.

K. Rich. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Richmond.

Buck. I hear the news, my lord.

K. Rich. Stanley, he is your wife's son:—well look unto it.

Buck. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;

The earldom of Hereford, and the movables,
Which you have promised I shall possess. ^{as}

K. Rich. Stanley, look to your wife: if she convey

Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buck. What says your highness to my just request?

K. Rich. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth

Did prophesy, that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.

A king!—perhaps—

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. How chance, the prophet could not at that time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him? ¹⁰⁰

Buck. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

K. Rich. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,

The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it—Rougemont: at which name I started,

Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buck. My lord,—

K. Rich. Ay; what's o'clock?

Buck. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind

Of what you promis'd me. ¹¹⁰

K. Rich. Well, but what's o'clock?

Buck. Upon the stroke of ten.

K. Rich. Well, let it strike.

Buck. Why, let it strike?

K. Rich. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buck. Why, then resolve me whether you will, or no.

K. Rich. Thou troublest me: I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King RICHARD and Train.*]

Buck. And is it thus? repays he my deep service

With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O! let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Same.

Enter TYRREL.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre,

That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn

To do this piece of ruthless butchery,

Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,

Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like to children in their death's sad story

"Oh! thus," quoth Dighton, "lay the gentle babes,"—

"Thus, thus," quoth Forrest, "girdling one another" ¹⁰

Within their alabaster innocent arms :
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
And, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.

A book of prayers on their pillow lay ;
Which once," quoth Forrest, "almost chang'd my mind ;

But, O! the devil"—there the villain stopp'd ;
When Dighton thus told on,—"We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature,
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd."
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse : ²⁰

They could not speak ; and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter King RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord !

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news ?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge

Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. But didst thou see them dead ?
Tyr. I did, my lord.

K. Rich. And buried, gentle Tyrrel ?

Tyr. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ²⁵

But where, to say the truth, I do not know.

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, at after-supper,

When thou shalt tell the process of their leath.

Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.

Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;

His daughter meunly have I match'd in marriage ;

The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne, my wife, hath bid this world good night.

Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter, ³⁰
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,

To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My lord !—

K. Rich. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so bluntly ?

Cates. Bad news, my lord : Morton is fled to Richmond ;

And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,

Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

K. Rich. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near,

Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. ³⁵

Come ; I have learn'd, that fearful commenting

Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;

Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :

Then fiery expedition be my wing,

Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king.

Go, muster men : my counsel is my shield ;
We must be brief, when traitors brave the field. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Before the Palace.

Enter Queen MARGARET.

Q. Mar. So, now prosperity begins to melt low,

And drop into the rotten mouth of death.

Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
To watch the waning of mine enemies.

A dire induction am I witness to,

And will to France ; hoping, the consequence
Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.

Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret : who comes here ? [*Retiring.*

Enter Queen ELIZABETH and the Duchess of YORK.

Q. Eliz. Ah, my poor princes ! ah, my tender babes !

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets ! ¹⁰

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,

And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,

Hover about me with your airy wings,
And hear your mother's lamentation.

Q. Mar. Hover about her ; say, that right for right

Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duch. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,

That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—

Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead ?

Q. Mar. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet ; ²⁰

Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Q. Eliz. Wilt thou, O God ! fly from such gentle lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?
When didst thou sleep, when such a deed was
done?

Q. Mar. When holy Harry died, and my
sweet son.

Duch. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal
living ghost,
Woe's scene, world's shan.; grave's due by
life usurp'd,
Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth,

[*Sitting down.*]

Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood!

Q. Eliz. Ah! that thou wouldst as soon
afford a grave,

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat;
Then would I hide my bones, not rest them
here!

Ah! who hath any cause to mourn but we?

[*Sitting down by her.*]

Q. Mar. [*Coming forward.*] If ancient sor-
row be most reverend,

Give mine the benefit of seniority,
And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.
If sorrow can admit society,

[*Sitting down with them.*]

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine:—
I had an Edward, till a Richard kill'd him;
I had a Henry, till a Richard kill'd him;
Thou hadst an Edward, till a Richard kill'd
him;
Thou hadst a Richard, till a Richard kill'd
him.

Duch. I had a Richard too, and thou didst
kill him;

I had a Rutland too; thou help'st to kill him.

Q. Mar. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and
Richard kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath
crept

A hell-hound, that doth hunt us all to death;
That dog, that had his teeth before his eyes,
To worry lambs, and lap their gentle blood:
That foul defacer of God's handy-work,
That excellent grand-tyrant of the earth,
That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,
Thy womb let loose, to chase us to our
graves.—

O! upright, just, and true-disposing God,
How do I thank thee, that this carnal cur
Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duch. O, Harry's wife! triumph not in my
woes:

God witness with me, I have wept for thine.

Q. Mar. Bear with me: I am hungry for
revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.

Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my
Edward;

Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my
Edward;

And the beholders of this frantic play,
The adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan,
Grey,

Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves.
Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor, to buy souls,
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints
pray,

To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—
Cancel his bond of life, dear God! I pray,
That I may live and say, the dog is dead.

Q. Eliz. O! thou didst prophesy, the time
would come,

That I should wish for thee to help me curse
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd
toad.

Q. Mar. I call'd thee then vain flourish of
my fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was;
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd o' high, to be hurl'd down below;
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,
To be the aim of every dangerous shot;
A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble;
A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.

Where is thy husband now? where be thy
brothers?

Where be thy two sons? wherein dost thou
joy?

Who sues, and kneels, and says—God save the
queen?

Where be the bending peers that flatter'd thee?
Where be the thronging troops that follow'd
thee?

Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
For happy wife, a most distressed widow;
For joyful mother, one that wails the name;
For one being sued to, one that humbly sues;
For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care;
For she that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me;
For she being fear'd of all, now fearing one;
For she commanding all, obey'd of none.

Thus hath the curse of justice whirl'd about,
And left thee but a very prey to time;
Having no more but thought of what thou
wast,

To torture thee the more, being what thou art.

Strike up the drum!

Duch. I pry'thee, hear me speak. 180

K. Rich. You speak too bitterly.

Duch. Hear me a word;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

K. Rich. So.

Duch. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,

Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror;

Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.

Therefore, take with thee my most grievous curse;

Which, in the day of battle, tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st! 190

My prayers on the adverse party fight;

And there the little souls of Edward's children

Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,

And promise them success and victory.

Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end;

Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*]

Q. Eliz. Though far more cause, yet much less spirit to curse

Abides in me: I say Amen to her. [*Going.*]

K. Rich. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Q. Eliz. I have no more sons of the royal blood 200

For thee to slaughter: for my daughters, Richard,

They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens;

And therefore level not to hit their lives.

K. Rich. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,

Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Q. Eliz. And must she die for this? O! let her live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty;

Slander myself as false to Edward's bed;

Throw over her the veil of infamy:

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter, 210

I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

K. Rich. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Q. Eliz. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

K. Rich. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Q. Eliz. And only in that safety died her brothers.

K. Rich. Lo! at their birth good stars were opposite.

Q. Eliz. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

K. Rich. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Q. Eliz. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, 220
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

K. Rich. You speak, as if that I had slain my cousins.

Q. Eliz. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncle cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.
Whose hands soever lanc'd their tender hearts,
Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt,

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart,
To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame, 230

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys,

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,
Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

K. Rich. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise,

And dangerous success of bloody wars,
As I intend more good to you and yours,

Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd!
Q. Eliz. What good is cover'd with the face of heaven, 240

To be discover'd, that can do me good?

K. Rich. The advancement of your children, gentle lady.

Q. Eliz. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their heads?

K. Rich. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,

The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Q. Eliz. Flatter my sorrow with report of it:

Tell me, what state, what dignity, what honour,

Canst thou demise to any child of mine?

K. Rich. Even all I have; ay, and myself and all,

Will I withal endow a child of thine; 250
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs,

Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Q. Eliz. Be brief, lest that the process of thy kindness

Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.
K. Rich. Then know, that from my soul I love thy daughter.

Q. Eliz. My daughter's mother thinks it
with her soul.

K. Rich. What do you think?

Q. Eliz. That thou dost love my daughter
from thy soul.

So, from thy soul's love, didst thou love her
brothers;

And from my heart's love I do thank thee for
it.

K. Rich. Be not so hasty to confound my
meaning.

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her Queen of England.

Q. Eliz. Well then, who dost thou mean
shall be her king?

K. Rich. Even he that makes her queen:
who else should be?

Q. Eliz. What! thou!

K. Rich. Even so: how think you of it?

Q. Eliz. How canst thou woo her?

K. Rich. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour.

Q. Eliz. And wilt thou learn of me?

K. Rich. Madam, with all my heart.

Q. Eliz. Send to her, by the man that slew
her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then, haply, will she
weep:

Therefore present to her—as sometime Marg-
aret

Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's
blood,—

A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brother's body,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal.
If this inducement move her not to love, 280
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds;
Tell her, thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt
Anne.

K. Rich. You mock me, madam; this is not
the way

To win your daughter.

Q. Eliz. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

K. Rich. Say, that I did all this for love of
her?

Q. Eliz. Nay, then indeed, she cannot
choose but hate thee, 290

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

K. Rich. Look, what is done cannot be now
amended:

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent:
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,

To make amends I'll give it to your daughter.

If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,

To quicken your increase, I will beget

Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter.

A grandam's name is little loss in love 300

Than is the doting title of a mother:

They are as children but one step below,

Even of your mettle, of your very blood:

Of all one pain—save for a night of groans

Endur'd of her, for whom you bid like sorrow.

Your children were vexation to your youth;

But mine shall be a comfort to your age.

The loss you have is but a son being king,

And by that loss your daughter is made
queen.

I cannot make you what amends I would, 310

Therefore accept such kindness as I can.

Dorset, your son, that with a fearful soul

Leads discontented steps in foreign soil,

This fair alliance quickly shall call home

To high promotions and great dignity:

The king, that calls your beauteous daughter
wife,

Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother;

Again shall you be mother to a king,

And all the ruins of distressful times,

Repair'd with double riches of content. 320

What! we have many goodly days to see:

The liquid drops of tears that you have shed,

Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,

Advantaging their loan with interest

Of ten times double gain of happiness.

Go then, my mother; to thy daughter go:

Make bold her bashful years with your
experience;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale;

Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame

Of golden sovereignty; acquaint the princess

With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys:

And when this arm of mine hath chastised 330

The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,

Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,

And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed;

To whom I will retail my conquest won,

And she shall be sole victress, Caesar's Caesar.

Q. Eliz. What were I best to say? her
father's brother

Would be her lord? or shall I say, her uncle?

Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles?

Under what title shall I woo for thee, 340

That God, the law, my honour, and her love,

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years?

K. Rich. Infer fair England's peace by this
alliance.

Q. Eliz. Which she shall purchase with still
lasting war.

K. Rich. Tell her, the king, that may com-
mand, entreats.

Q. Eliz. That at her hands, which the kings' King forbids.

K. Rich. Say, she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Q. Eliz. To wail the title, as her mother doth.

K. Rich. Say, I will love her everlastingly.

Q. Eliz. But how long shall that title, ever, last? ³⁵¹

K. Rich. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Q. Eliz. But how long fairly shall her sweet life last?

K. Rich. As long as Heaven, and nature, lengthens it.

Q. Eliz. As long as hell, and Richard, likes of it.

K. Rich. Say, I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Q. Eliz. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

K. Rich. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Q. Eliz. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

K. Rich. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale. ³⁶⁰

Q. Eliz. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

K. Rich. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Q. Eliz. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead;—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

K. Rich. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Q. Eliz. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

K. Rich. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Q. Eliz. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

K. Rich. I swear—

Q. Eliz. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his holy honour; ³⁷⁰

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd, Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

K. Rich. Now, by the world,—

Q. Eliz. 'Tis full of thy foul wrongs.

K. Rich. My father's death,—

Q. Eliz. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

K. Rich. Then, by myself,—

Q. Eliz. Thyself is self-misus'd.

K. Rich. Why then, by God,—

Q. Eliz. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, The unity, the king my husband made, ³⁸⁰

Thou hadst not broken, nor my brothers died.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, The imperial metal, encircling now thy head,

Had grac'd the tender temples of my child; And both the princes had been breathing here,

Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust, Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.

What canst thou swear by now?

K. Rich. The time to come.

Q. Eliz. That thou hast wronged in the time o'erpast;

For I myself have many tears to wash ³⁹⁰ Hereafter time, for time past, wrong'd by thee.

The children live, whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,

Ungovern'd youth, to wail it in their age: The parents live, whose children thou hast

butcher'd, Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.

Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast

Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

K. Rich. As I intend to prosper, and repent, So thrive I in my dangerous affairs

Of hostile arms! myself myself confound! ⁴⁰⁰ Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!

Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!

Be opposite all planets of good luck To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,

Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts, I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!

In her consists my happiness and thine: Without her, follows to myself, and thee,

Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul,

Death, desolation, ruin, and decay: ⁴¹⁰ It cannot be avoided but by this;

It will not be avoided but by this. Therefore, dear mother (I must call you so),

Be the attorney of my love to her. Plead what I will be, not what I have been;

Not my deserts, but what I will deserve: Urge the necessity and state of times,

And be not peevish-fond in great designs.

Q. Eliz. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus?

K. Rich. Ay, if the devil tempt thee to do good. ⁴²⁰

Q. Eliz. Shall I forget myself to be myself?

K. Rich. Ay, if yourself's remembrance wrong yourself.

Q. Eliz. Yet thou didst kill my children.

K. Rich. But in your daughter's womb I bury them :
Where, in that nest of spicery, they will breed

Selves of themselves to your recomforture.

Q. Eliz. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

K. Rich. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Q. Eliz. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
And you shall understand from me her mind.

K. Rich. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so farewell. (*Kissing her.*)

[*Exit Q. ELIZABETH.*]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman
How now ? what news ?

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Rat. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast

Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
And there they hull, expecting but the aid
Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

K. Rich. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of Norfolk :—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ?

Cates. Here, my good lord.

K. Rich. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Cates. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

K. Rich. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury :

When thou com'st thither,—[*To CATESBY.*]
Dull, unmindful villain,

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke ?

Cates. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

K. Rich. O ! true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight

The greatest strength and power he can make,
And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Cates. I go. [*Exit.*]

Rat. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury ?

K. Rich. Why, what wouldst thou do there, before I go ?

Rat. Your highness told me, I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

K. Rich. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley,
what news with you ?

Stan. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing ;

Nor none so bad, but well may be reported.

K. Rich. Heyday, a riddle ! neither good nor bad ?

What need'st thou run so many miles about,
When thou may'st tell thy tale the nearest way ?

Once more, what news ?

Stan. Richmond is on the seas.

K. Rich. There let him sink, and be the seas on him !

White-liver'd runagate ! what doth he there ?

Stan. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

K. Rich. Well, as you guess ?

Stan. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton,

He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

K. Rich. Is the chair empty ? is the sword unsway'd ?

Is the king dead ? the empire unpossess'd ?

What heir of York is there alive, but we ?

And who is England's king, but great York's heir ?

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas ?

Stan. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

K. Rich. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,

You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes.

Thou wilt revolt, and fly to him, I fear.

Stan. No, my good lord ; therefore mistrust me not.

K. Rich. Where is thy power then to beat him back ?

Where be thy tenants, and thy followers ?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships ?

Stan. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

K. Rich. Cold friends to me : what do they in the north,

When they should serve their sovereign in the west ?

Stan. They have not been commanded, mighty king.

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends, and meet your grace,

Where, and what time, your majesty shall please.

K. Rich. Ay, ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with Richmond :

But I'll not trust thee.

Stan. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

I never was, nor never will be false.

K. Rich. Go then, and muster men: but leave behind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stan. So deal with him, as I prove true to you. [Exit.]

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised, 500
Sir Edward Courtney, and the haughty prelate,
Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
With many more confederates, are in arms.

Enter another Messenger.

2 Mess. In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in arms;

And every hour more competitors
Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 Mess. My lord, the army of great Buckingham—

K. Rich. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of death! [He strikes him.]

There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 Mess. The news I have to tell your majesty 510

Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters,
Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd;
And he himself wander'd away alone,
No man knows whither.

K. Rich. I cry thee mercy:
There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.
Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 Mess. Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 Mess. Sir Thomas Lovel, and Lord Marquess Dorset,

It is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms:
But this good comfort bring I to your highness,— 521

The Bretagne navy is dispers'd by tempest.
Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat
Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks,
If they were his assistants, yea, or no;
Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,

Hois'd sail, and made his course again for Bretagne.

K. Rich. March on, march on, since we are up in arms;
If not to fight with foreign enemies, 530
Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Cates. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;

That is the best news. That the Earl of Richmond

Is with a mighty power landed at Milford,
Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

K. Rich. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason here,

A royal battle might be won and lost.—
Some one take order, Buckingham be brought
To Salisbury: the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. A Room in Lord STANLEY'S House.

Enter STANLEY and Sir CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stan. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me:—

That, in the sty of the most bloody boar,
My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
The fear of that holds off my present aid.

So, get thee gone: commend me to thy lord.
Withal, say, that the queen hath heartily consented,

He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Chris. At Pembroke, or at Ha'rford-west, in Wales. 10

Stan. What men of name resort to him?

Chris. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier,

Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;
Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,

And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew;
And many other of great name and worth:
And towards London do they bend their power,

If by the way they be not fought withal.

Stan. Well, hie thee to thy lord; I kiss his hand;

My letter will resolve him of my mind. 20
Farewell.

[Giving papers to Sir CHRISTOPHER.]

[Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—Salisbury. An Open Place.

Enter the Sheriff, and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buck. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sher. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buck. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward, Vaughan, and all that have miscarried By underhand corrupted foul injustice, If that your moody discontented souls Do through the clouds behold this present hour,

Even for revenge mock my destruction!— This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not? 10

Sher. It is.

Buck. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's doomsday.

This is the day, which, in King Edward's time, I wish'd might fall on me, when I was found False to his children, or his wife's allies:

This is the day, wherein I wish'd to fall By the false faith of him whom most I trusted;

This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.

That high All-Seer, which I dallied with, 20 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head, And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.

Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms:

Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck:—

"When he," quoth she, "shall split thy heart with sorrow,

Remember, Margaret was a prophetess."—

Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame; Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

[*Exeunt BUCKINGHAM and Officers.*]

SCENE II.—A Plain near Tamworth.

Enter, with drum and colours, RICHMOND, OXFORD, Sir JAMES BLUNT, Sir WALTER HERBERT, and others, with Forces, marching.

Richm. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,

Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny, Thus far into the bowels of the land Have we march'd on without impediment: And here receive we from our father Stanley Lines of fair comfort and encouragement. The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar, That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,

Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough

In your embowell'd bosoms, this foul swine 30 Lies now even in the centre of this isle, Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn: From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.

In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends, To reap the harvest of perpetual peace By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxf. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,

To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herb. I doubt not, but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends, but what are friends for fear, 20

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richm. All for our vantage: then, in God's name, march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings;

Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Bosworth Field.

Enter King RICHARD, and Forces; the Duke of NORFOLK, Earl of SURREY, and others.

K. Rich. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bosworth Field.—

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad?

Sur. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

K. Rich. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Nor. Here, most gracious liege.

K. Rich. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Nor. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

K. Rich. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;

But where to-morrow?—Well, all's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Nor. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power.

K. Rich. Why, our battalia trebles this account:

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength, which they upon the adverse faction want. Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen. Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—Call for some men of sound direction.—Let's lack no discipline, make no delay, For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Exeunt*]

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, Sir WILLIAM BRANDON, OXFORD, and other Officers. Some of the Soldiers pitch RICHMOND'S Tent.

Richm. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And, by the bright track of his fiery car, Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent: I'll draw the form and model of our battle, Limit each leader to his several charge, And part in just proportion our small power: My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me. The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment: Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him,

And by the second hour in the morning Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me. Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd, do you know?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colour much

(Which, well I am assur'd, I have not done). His regiment lies half a mile, at least, South from the mighty power of the king.

Richm. If without peril it be possible, Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him,

And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it:

And so, God give you quiet rest to-night!

Richm. Good night, good Captain Blunt. Come, gentlemen,

Let us consult upon to-morrow's business; In to my tent; the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the Tent.*]

Enter, to his Tent, King RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and CATESBY.

K. Rich. What is't o'clock?

Cates. It's summer-time, my lord: it's nine o'clock.

K. Rich. I will not sup to-night.—

Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was, And all my armour laid into my tent?

Cates. It is, my liege; and all things are in readiness.

K. Rich. Good Norfolk, bid thee to thy charge.

Use careful watch; choose trusty sentinels.

Nor. I go, my lord.

K. Rich. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Nor. I warrant you, my lord. [*Exit*]

K. Rich. Ratcliff!

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms: To Stanley's regiment: bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall Into the blind cave of eternal night.—

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.

Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff!—

Rat. My lord?

K. Rich. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Rat. Thomas the Earl of Surrey and himself,

Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

K. Rich. So: I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine:

I have not that alacrity of spirit, Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Rat. It is, my lord.

K. Rich. Bid my guard watch. Leave me. Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent,

And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*King RICHARD retires into his tent.*]

Exeunt RATCLIFF and CATESBY.

RICHMOND'S Tent opens, and discovers him and his Officers, &c.

Enter STANLEY.

Stan. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm!

Richm. All comfort that the dark night can afford,

Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!

Tell me, how fares our loving mother?

Stan. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother.

Who prays continually for Richmond's good.
 So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
 And flaky darkness breaks within the east.
 In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning ;
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes, and mortal-staring war.
 I, as I may (that which I would I cannot),
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms :
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love,
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse,
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell
 upon.

God give us leisure for these rites of love !
 Once more, adieu.—Be valiant, and speed
 well !

Richm. Good lords, conduct him to his
 regiment.

I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a
 nap :

Lest leaden slumber peise me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory.
 Once more, good night, kind lords, and
 gentlemen.

[*Exeunt Lords, &c., with STANLEY.*]

O ! Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye ;
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries !
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory !
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes :
 Sleeping, and waking, O ! defend me still !

[*Sleeps.*]

*The Ghost of Prince EDWARD, Son to HENRY
 the Sixth, rises between the two Tents.*

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on
 thy soul to-morrow !

Think, how thou stabb'dst me in my prime
 of youth

At Tewksbury : despair, therefore, and die.—
 [To RICHM.] Be cheerful, Richmond ; for the
 wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf :
 King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of King HENRY the Sixth rises.

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] When I was mortal,
 my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

Think on the Tower, and me : despair, and
 die ;

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair, and die !—
 [To RICHM.] Virtuous and holy, be thou
 conqueror !

Harry that prophesy'd thou shouldst be king,
 Doth comfort thee in sleep : live, and flourish !

The Ghost of CLARENCE rises.

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit heavy on
 thy soul to-morrow !

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,
 Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death !
 To-morrow in the battle think on me,
 And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and
 die !

[To RICHM.] Thou offspring of the house of
 Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee ;
 Good angels guard thy battle ! Live, and
 flourish !

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN,

Ghost of Riv. [To K. RICH.] Let me sit
 heavy on thy soul to-morrow !

Rivers, that died at Pomfret. Despair, and
 die !

Ghost of Grey. [To K. RICH.] Think upon
 Grey, and let thy soul despair.

Ghost of Vaugh. [To K. RICH.] Think upon
 Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy lance. Despair, and die !—

All. [To RICHM.] Awake, and think, our
 wrongs in Richard's bosom
 Will conquer him.—Awake, and win the day !

The Ghost of HASTINGS rises.

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] Bloody and guilty,
 guiltily awake ;

And in a bloody battle end thy days.

Think on Lord Hastings. Despair, and die !—

[To RICHM.] Quiet untroubled soul, awake,
 awake !

Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's
 sake.

The Ghosts of the two young Princes rise.

Ghosts. [To K. RICH.] Dream on thy cousins
 smother'd in the Tower :

Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
 And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and
 death.

Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair, and
 die !—

[To RICHM.] Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace,
 and wake in joy ;

Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy !

Live, and beget a happy race of kings.
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish.

The Ghost of Queen ANNE rises.

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] Richard, thy wife,
that wretched Anne thy wife, 161
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations:
To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword. Despair, and
die!

[To RICHM.] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a
quiet sleep;
Dream of success and happy victory:
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM rises.

Ghost. [To K. RICH.] The first was I that
help'd thee to the crown;
The last was I that felt thy tyranny. 170
O! in the battle think on Buckingham,
And die in terror of thy guiltiness.
Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and
death:
Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy
breath!

[To RICHM.] I died for hope ere I could lend
thee aid:

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd:
God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;
And Richard falls in height of all his pride.

[*The Ghosts vanish. King RICHARD starts
out of his dream.*]

K. Rich. Give me another horse!—bind
up my wounds!—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—
O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict
me

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead mid-
night.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling
flesh.

What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:
Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No;—yes; I am:
Then fly,—what, from myself? Great reason,
why:

Least I revenge. What, myself upon myself?
Alack! I love myself. Wherefore? for any
good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O! no: alas! I rather hate myself,
For hateful deeds committed by myself.

I am a villain. Yet I lie; I am not.

Fool, of thyself speak well:—fool, do not
flatter.

My conscience hath a thousand several
tongues,

And every tongue brings in a several tale,
And every tale condemns me for a villain.
Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree;
Murder, stern murder, in the dir'st degree;
All several sins, all us'd in each degree, 200
Throng to the bar, crying all,—Guilty! guilty!
I shall despair.—There is no creature loves
me;

And if I die, no soul shall pity me:—
Nay, wherefore should they? since that I
myself

Find in myself no pity to myself.
Methought, the souls of all that I had mur-
der'd

Came to my tent; and every one did threat
To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

Enter RATCLIFF.

Rat. My lord,—

K. Rich. Who's there? 210

Rat. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early
village cock

Hath twice done salutation to the morn:
Your friends are up, and buckle on their
armour.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a
fearful dream.—

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove
all true?

Rat. No doubt, my lord.

K. Rich. O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—

Rat. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of
shadows.

K. Rich. By the Apostle Paul, shadows to-
night

Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard,
Than can the substance of ten thousand
soldiers,

Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.
It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:

Under our tents I'll play the eaves-dropper,
To hear if any mean to shrink from me.

[*Exeunt.*]

*RICHMOND wakes. Enter OXFORD and
others.*

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richm. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful
gentlemen,
That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richm. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-
boding dreams,

That ever enter'd in a drowsy head, 220
Have I since your departure had, my lords.
Methought, their souls, whose bodies Richard
murder'd,

Came to my tent, and cried on victory:

I promise you, my heart is very jocund
In the remembrance of so fair a dream
How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richm. Why, then 'tis time to arm, and
give direction.—

[He advances to the Troops.]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
The leisure and enforcement of the time
Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,—
God and our good cause fight upon our side;
The prayers of holy saints, and wronged souls,
Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our
faces.

Richard except, those whom we fight against
Had rather have us win, than him they follow.
For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
A bloody tyrant, and a homicide,
One rais'd in blood, and one in blood estab-

lish'd;

One that made means to come by what he
hath,

And slaughter'd those that were the means
to help him;

A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
Of England's chair, where he is falsely set
One that hath ever been God's enemy.

Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
God will, in justice, ward you as his soldiers;
If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
If you do fight against your country's foes,
Your country's fat shall pay your pains the
hire;

If you do fight in safeguard of your wives,
Your wives shall welcome home the con-
querors;

If you do free your children from the sword,
Your children's children quit it in your age.
Then, in the name of God, and all these rights,
Advance your standards, draw your willing
swords.

For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold
face;

But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
The least of you shall share his part there-
of.

Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and
cheerfully;

God and Saint George! Richmond and
victory!

[Exeunt.]

*Re-enter King RICHARD; RATCLIFF, Atten-
dants, and Forces.*

K. Rich. What said Northumberland, as
touching Richmond?

Rat. That he was never trained up in arms

K. Rich. He said the truth: and what said
Surrey then?

Rat. He smil'd and said, the better for our
purpose.

K. Rich. He was i' the right; and so, indeed
it is. *[Clock strikes.]*

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—
Who saw the sun to-day?

Rat. Not I, my lord.

K. Rich. Then he disdains to shine! for, by
the book,

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago:
A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Rat. My lord!

K. Rich. The sun will not be seen to-day:
The sky doth frown and lour upon our army.
I would, these dewy tears were from the
ground.

Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame
heaven,

That frowns on me, looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Nor. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts
in the field.

K. Rich. Come, bustle, bustle. Caparison
my horse.

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his
power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,
And thus my battle shall be ordered.

My forward shall be drawn out all in length,
Consisting equally of horse and foot:

Our archers shall be placed in the midst.
John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.
They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle; whose puissance on either
side

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.
This, and Saint George to boot!—What

think'st thou, Norfolk?

Nor. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—
This found I on my tent this morning.

[Giving a scroll.]

K. Rich. *[Reads.]* "Jocky of Norfolk, be not
too bold,

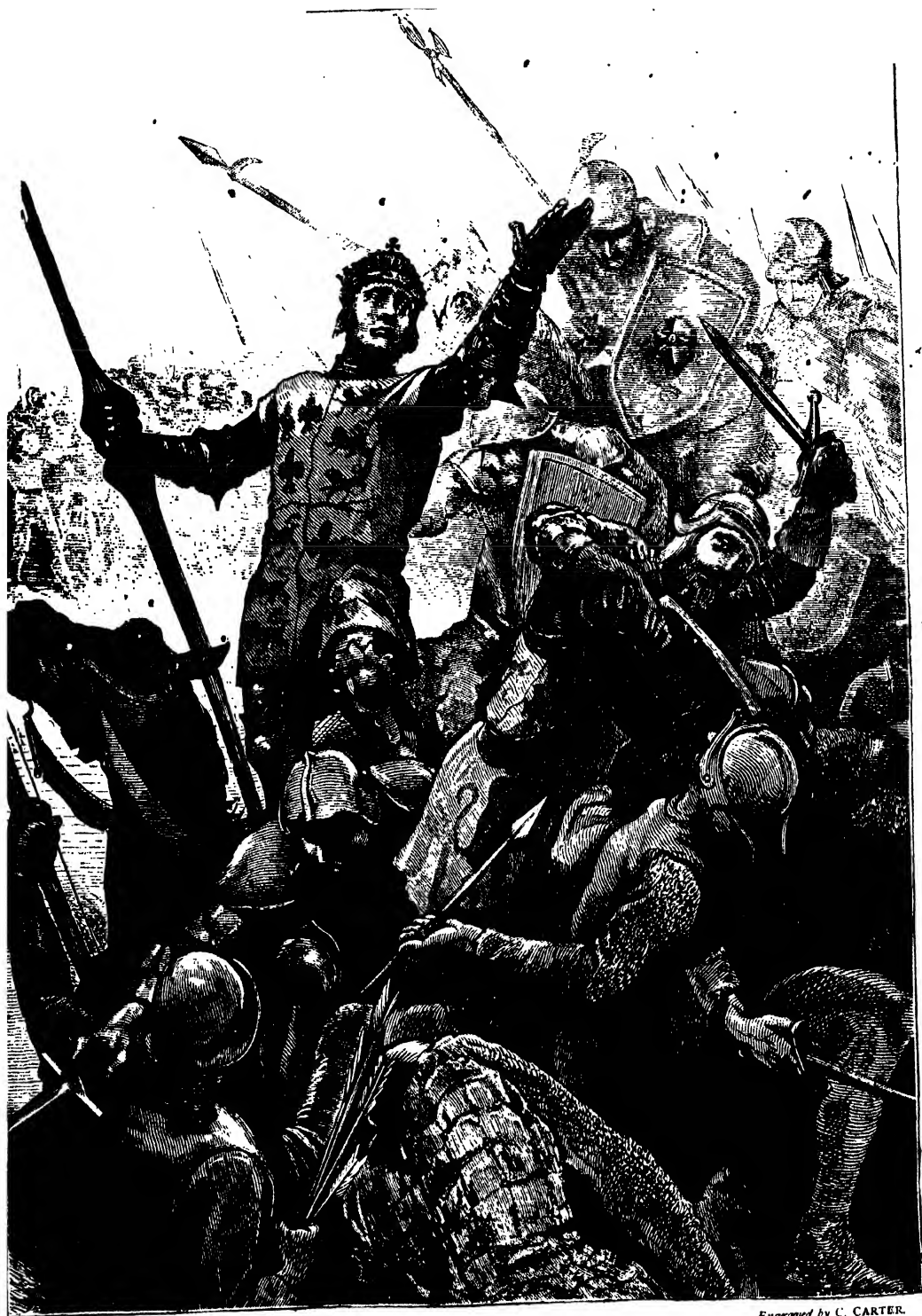
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold."
A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen; every man to his charge.
Let not our babbling dreams affright our

souls;

Conscience is but a word that cowards use,
Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe;

Our strong arm be our conscience, swords our
law.



Drawn by A. HOPKINS.

Engraved by C. CARTER.

RICHARD AT BOSWORTH FIELD.

King Richard. I think there be six Richmonds in the field ;

March on, join bravely, let us to't pell-mell;

If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—

What shall I say more than I have infer'd?

Remember whom you are to cope withal;—

A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,

A scum of Breagnes, and base lackey peasants,

Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth;

To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction.

You sleeping safe, they bring to you unrest;
You having lands, and bless'd with beauteous wives,

They would restrain the one, distain the other.

And who doth lead them, but a paltry fellow,

Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost?

A milksop, one that never in his life

Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow?

Let's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again;

Lash hence these overweening rags of France,

These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives;

Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,

For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.

If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,

And not these bastard Breagnes, whom our fathers

Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,

And, on record, left them the heirs of shame.

Shall these enjoy our lands? lie with our wives?

Ravish our daughters?—*[Drum afar off.]*

Hark; I hear their drum.

Fight, gentlemen of England! fight, bold yeomen!

Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head!

Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood!

Amaze the welkin with your broken staves!

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Mess. My lord, he doth deny to come.

K. Rich. Off with his son George's head!

Nor. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh:

After the battle let George Stanley die.

K. Rich. A thousand hearts are great within my bosom.

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—Another Part of the Field.

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK, and Forces; to him CATESBY.

Cates. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

The King enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter King RICHARD.

K. Rich. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

Cates. Withdraw, my lord: I'll help you to a horse.

K. Rich. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day, instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[Exeunt.]

Alarums. Enter King RICHARD and RICHMOND; and exeunt fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY,

bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richm. God, and your arms, be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stan. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.

Lo! here, this long-usurped royalty

From the dead temples of this bloody wretch

Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;

Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it.

Richm. Great God of heaven, say Amen to all!—

But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stan. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town,

Whither, if you please, we may withdraw us.

Richm. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stan. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord

Ferrers,

Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richm. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us;

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red:—

Smile Heaven upon this fair conjunction,

ACT V.

KING RICHARD III.

SCENE IV.

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—
What traitor hears me, and says not Amen?
England hath long been mad, and scarr'd her-
self;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,
The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the
sire;

All this divided York and Lancaster
Divided in their dire division.

O! now, let Richmond and Elizabeth,
The true succeders of each royal house,
By God's fair ordinance conjoin together!
And let their heirs (God, if thy will be so)

Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd
peace,

With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days!
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody days again,
And make poor England weep in streams of
blood!

Let them not live to taste this land's increase,
That would with treason wound this fair land's
peace!

Now civil wounds are stopp'd, peace lives
again:

That she may long live here, God say Amen!
[*Exeunt.*]

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